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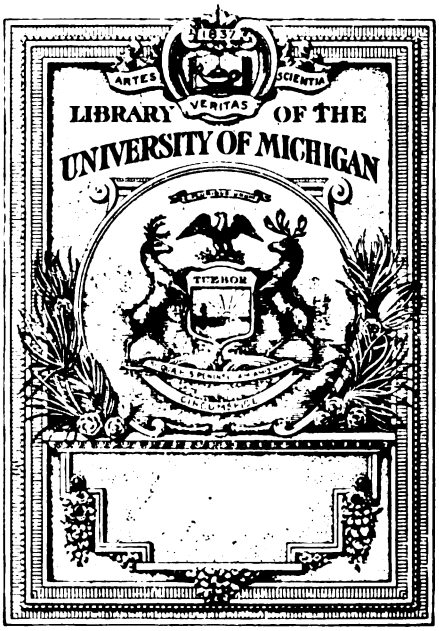

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THE

WESTERN

LITERARY MESSENGER,

A

FAMILY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, MORALITY,

AND

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOLUME X.

BUFFALO:
JEWETT, THOMAS & CO., PUBLISHERS,
Commercial Advertiser Buildings.

1848.

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WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1847. NUMBER I.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Lines:

On the retirement from office, of Hon. Thomas S. Williams, Chief Justice of Connecticut.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

When from the post of honor and renown,
The great in mind, the pure in heart retire,
And lay the Aristidean balance down,
For such repose as gathered years require,

They, who to all of human kind the friend,
Were ne'er from paths of equity entic'd,—
But skill'd with heavenly alchymy to blend
The sword of Themis with the Cross of Christ,

Not unattended by a people's praise
Should they to shades of private life repair,
But grateful zeal emba'm for future days
Their blameless course of labor and of care.

And thou, who thus, with studious lore profound
Unchanged, unswerving, didst the truth maintain,
Still, in each path of toil or duty found,
Above suspicion, and without a stain,—

Thine be a crown of blessing on thy head,
And thine a prayer to Him who rules above
That each returning year, with downy tread,
May richly ripen for the realm above.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The False Vow.

BY ARIEL.

It was in midwinter. The Heavens were shrouded with deep dark clouds, from which fell thick and fast the driving snow. Neither a star, nor the slightest ray from the moon, shone forth to guide the wanderer's way, and even the mantle of white which clad the earth, served not to lighten the impenetrable darkness which reigned around. Thicker and faster poured forth those clouds of black their fleecy contents, which were driven by the fierce gale with irresistible force through the now deserted streets, forming deep furrows and high drifts, through which the unfortunate wayfarer of that night must wade breast-deep. No foot prints marked the path; for the wind as it surged along, bearing great masses of snow upon its wings, obliterated every track and effaced every land-mark. It was indeed a terrible night; one in which the charitable, and those surrounded by life's comforts might well exclaim, "May God have mercy upon the poor!" But sincere indeed was the philanthophy, and heartfelt the charity, which braved the terrors of those icy blasts, to extend the kind hand of relief to the destitute and the needy.

It was upon such a night, with the fierce storm howling without, but where all was light and beauty within, that my friend first beheld Flora ———. There was nothing within that brilliant hall, to remind of the war of the elements which raged without. Enlivening music drowned the roaring of the wind as it moaned along like a troubled spirit, and the sweet strains rose above the dashing of the driven snow upon the windows. Those stirring notes forbade the tripping feet to falter, or weary of their task.

"On, on with the dance;
No sleep 'till morn, when youth and beauty meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Yet brighter far, than the rays of light thrown from the lamps upon the scene, were the eyes of the lovely women there assembled; more thrilling than the strains from the music band, were the happy tones of their sweet voices. All was mirth and merriment. No grief or sorrow had ever touched any of the young hearts in that gay throng; or if they had, the gloomy shadows of the mind were for the time transformed by the mery dance and exciting music, into rays of happiness and of joy.

No eye shown brighter, no heart beat happier than Flora's upon that evening. Among the many lovely women the occasion had called together, she was distinguished for her beauty. Many a fair face, which viewed alone would have received its just homage of admiration, sank into the shade when beneath the influence of her surpassing loveliness. She was in the freshness and bloom of early youth, for not more than seventeen summers had lent their warmth to tint the delicate coloring of her cheeks. No care had ever dimmed the mild but sparkling eye, no thought of sorrow had ever shaded the snowy brow. Her stature, rather above the medium height, harmonized well with the perfect symmetry of a full voluptous form, abounding in dignity and grace. Thick dark chesnut hair,—so dark that in the distance it resembled more the ravens wing—fell back from a brow which told not of a single grief; while from her bright yet soft dark eyes, there beamed a light whose mild influence penetrated into the inmost soul, leaving upon the heart an enduring and a happy thought. She was plainly dressed, as though conscious that ornament might conceal some charm, and as this bright and beautiful creation moved with enchanting grace through the lively dance, or engaged in the whirling waltz, admiration spoken from every eye.

Such was the impression which the first sight of Flora ——— produced upon my mind, and I was a disinterested observer. I had passed that period of youth, when the heart is so keenly sensitive to the attractions of beauty; and viewing her mere-

ly as the perfection of a master hand, I felt no desire to bring myself within the charm of her sweet clear voice, or nearer to brave the influence of her dark mild eye.

But not so my friend. The rays of light which emanated from that star of lovliness, gave warmth and life to many a picture of ideal beauty which hovered in his fancy. Before the company separated, he obtained an introduction to the lovely girl, and thus commenced an acquaintance which time and opportunity soon ripened into friendship. and finally into intimacy. Nor was he the only one who sought her friendship and her favor.—Her beauty had thrown its magic charm over many others, who acknowledged the influence of the spell. But upon no one did she bestow so much of her intimacy as upon my friend, and her marked preference for his society soon pointed him out as the one finding most favor in her sight. And well worthy was he of such a preference. Possessed of a tall, commanding person containing much of manly dignity, he had been endowed by nature with talents and an intellect of no ordinary standard. With a refined taste and a lively imagination were united an open and a generous heart, an unsuspicious and affable disposition. An apparent reserve of manner had given the name of pride to what was but the nature of a retiring disposition, and it was only to intimate friends that the real worth of his character was known. An extreme sensibility to slight or neglect as well as to insult, was a trait in his character which had lost him many friends, for it was carried to that extreme where ceasing to be a virtue. it became a fault. But this same sensibility made him more careful and guarded in his intercourse with others, lest he too might wound feeling as refined and as sensitive as his own.

Time passed on. Winter gave way to the more genial influences of spring, and with every succeeding month the intimacy of Flora and my friend increased; all rivals save one, had abandoned the field, and seemed to award the beautiful prize to him. One, however, still followed the phantom of his hopes, and she in the spirit of coquettry innate with Eve's fair daughters, bestowed upon him just enough encouragement to retain him in her train. He was of considerable personal beauty, yet boasted of few other attractions, unless it was faith, truth and devotion to the object of his worship. That he was faithful, true and devoted, there can be no doubt, for he persisted in his attentions long after hope of final success had ceased to whisper encouraging words to his reason, and obeyed only the dictates of his heart, whose leading strings were guided at will by another's hand.

Almost a year, with its chances and its changes, sped on, but it wrought no change in Flora and my friend. The many pleasant hours they had passed together; their frequent walks in the soft summer eve by the bright moonlight, had drawn still closer the chords of intimacy around them. They had never found any society so agreeable, or any friendship so replete with happy thoughts as their own. They had kept within the limits of friendly intimacy, for no declarations of mutual affection had ever yet passed between them; they were content with their friendship, and satisfied with the happiness it brought them. But Platonic love, beautiful indeed in theory, is not adopted to actual life. Age, it is true, with its cool blood and sober reasoning, may carry out its sublime precepts; but the heart in the glad period of youth, is not content with attachments formed by the mind alone; its own warm feelings involuntarily seek to entwine themselves with those of kindred heart, until they blend together in the enduring chain of mutual affection. Friendship but opens the way for stronger ties, which advance with stealthy step, and are not discovered until they have secured a resting place from whence they cannot be dislodged. Who can say to the inclinations, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther?" Vain the thought, vainer still the attempt when in constant communion with the one whom we esteem; and with woman this is peculiarly the case for their affections are the world in which they live and have their being.

Flora entertained for my friend, feelings of more than friendly intimacy: insensibly to herself, her heart had been drawn into warmer ties.—Her eye beamed for him a softer light, her voice contained a sweeter tone. She had never breathed her affection, she scarcely dared whisper it in secret to herself; but the close observer might have perceived a deeper color mantle her cheek, an instant brilliance light her eye at his approach, perhaps a shade of sorrow 'cloud her brow at the slightest attention bestowed upon another.

Some there were, who viewed the increasing intimacy of this youthful pair, with an evil eye; and who from feelings of personal jealousy would gladly have seen them divided and their friendship forever broken. They spared no efforts to accomplish this end. Under the guise of friendly solicitude, they whispered in her ear many a tale of his unworthiness; they maligned his character and traduced his motives; they misinterpreted his conduct, and charged him with actions he had never committed, and with expressing sentiments which had never passed his lips. These efforts failed. The heart has always an abiding confidence in those it loves, which nothing short of some act of positive unworthiness—proved beyond a doubt—can ever shake. A long and intimate acquaintance had convinced her of the existance of virtues irreconcilable with what they charged against him. She knew his to be a heart which beat responsive to every noble sentiment, and that dishonorable thoughts were strangers to his breast. They finally induced her relatives to join them in their endeavors; and when countenanced and assisted by these, they told her he possessed no thoughts in common with her own; that his professions of friendship were un-

meaning words; that he had made their intimacy the subject of idle jests, and that others were objects of his greater preference — a preference which he openly avowed—then indeed did the trusting confidence of the beautiful Flora begin to waiver. They had at least found the right chord upon which to strike, it was the chord connected with the heart. They brought forth apparently convincing proofs of the truth of what they uttered, and relatives whom she thought her friends confirmed the statements and assisted their endeavors. Conscious that she had bestowed upon him all that a woman can, and live, hope often whispered that it met return; she now felt that she loved him as woman alone can love, and as even woman loves but once, and every suspicion that her love met no response, was a thought which robbed her of her peace. She felt that suspense was even less endurable than a knowledge of the worst: conviction may break the heart at once, while suspense is a slow lingering torture which wastes it by degrees. She determined to know the worst, and if he loved her to bring him to an avowal of his attachment.

Instigated by such thoughts as these, she changed in her demeanor towards my friend. Sweeter smiles than was her wont were bestowed upon others, and more of her society granted to old admirers, who gladly returned to their allegiance, while she affected a satisfaction she could not feel, in her intercourse with them. She betrayed no marked or pointed coldness towards my friend; but there was an absence of that confiding trust, of that cordial feeling which had characterized their acquaintance; a pretended inability longer to participate in those evening rambles, so productive of pleasure to them both; in short a thousand little things, trifles in themselves and noticed only by him for whom they were designed. She thought in this way to induce him to seek an explanation, which hope promised would be followed by an avowel of his attachment. But the beautiful Flora had not yet learned the disposition of my friend, if she supposed success would crown such means. She had selected a course of all others the best calculated to destroy his preference, if such he felt, and to extinguish forever the flames of any attachment which may have slumbered in his breast. His was a nature so keenly sensitive to slight, that a confirmed suspicion that his society was not agreeable, or his friendship desired, was enough to arouse a pride which would seek no reconcilement, which would ask no explanation.

On the same spot, within the same brilliant hall, and upon an occasion similar to the one which witnesses their acquaintance just one year before, did their intimacy cease. My friend had long been conscious of a change in her demeanor towards him, but thinking it originated from some of the many false tales which daily reached her ears, he gave it no heed, trusting that the first beam of truth would instantly dissipate the cloud which hovered over their friendship. But upon the evening to which I refer, he received what his sensitive nature construed into a slight, conveying to his mind the impression that his society was less desired than formerly. This was sufficient to arouse all his pride, to awaken all his resentment. He asked not her reasons, he sought no explanation. Whispering in her ear a few hurried words which told of his appreciation of her actions, he waited for no reply, and bidding her a cold good night, was gone.

What changed the color of her cheek that instant, from the rose's hue, to the lily's white? He had often said good night before; yet the magic power of the voice can convey to words a hidden meaning, which but one alone can interpret.—Those words, so cold, so distant, fell upon her heart like the icy hand of death, chilling the warm blood as it bounded through the veins, and crumbling into nothing many an airy castle of the fancy. How different from the cordial tone of their former partings, when the lips breathed so much of friendly feelings, so much of warm solicitude; aye! her heart had after hoped, so much of true affection. Gladly would she have recalled the events of the past few days, most willingly have had him return for a moment's explanation. But he was gone—perhaps anger in his heart. His parting words lingering in her ear, drove from it every pleasant sound, and unable longer to remain among the merry throng with the blaze of light and the joyous notes from the music-band, she withdrew from a scene where none but the light of heart and the careless gay should be, and went to take communion with her own sad thoughts.—Hope's soft ray ever and anon lit up a rosy cloud which promised a happier dawn, but the first touch of those words "good night" to this bright vision, enveloped all in darkness and plunged her thoughts once more into despondent gloom. Hope, however, and anticipation, are influences ever more powerful upon the inexperience of eighteen summers than despondency and doubt, and Flora, before she closed her eyes that night, had united, in imagination, the broken chords, and she slept to dream of the happy scenes of their acquaintance—dreams bright and beautiful, such only as are dreamed by youth, and in the first gush of youthful love.

The morning brought with it a note from my friend; and as she took it from the bearer, her heart beat as though it would burst the narrow limits which confined it. It was long before she could summon courage to break the envelope. That little package, how pregnant with fate! It was either a confirmation of her dearest hopes, or the announcement that her happiness was wrecked and gone forever—Heaven forbid! fell from her lips as with trembling hand, she broke the seal:—

Miss Flora:—

It is your wish that the intimacy which has so long existed between us should cease. With

such a wish, I must conform. I possessed no claims upon your friendship, except such as you choose to grant, and our intimacy was but the creature of your will; that will which gave it life, has declared it shall exist no longer.

I cannot have misunderstood your meaning; if actions are at all a signification of the thoughts, your manner last evening can convey no other conclusion. Although long aware that some of yourrelatives and pretended friends, looking upon our growing intimacy with an evil eye, have put forth every effort to break it, yet I heeded not their endeavors so long as I knew that your own better judgment gave the lie to their false slanders. All this was well, and what friend owes to find. But a change ensued and a reserve incompatible with the friendship you professed,—alleging that you were compelled to such a course by relatives whose commands you felt bound to obey. If such was the cause, I was much mistaken in my acquaintance, for the Flora ——— whom I knew, possessed a spirit by far too proud and independent to suffer herself to be guided into a line of conduct at variance with her feelings, and with the convictions of her own better judgement. That the voice of calumny has at last effectually whispered in your ear many a falsehood, I cannot doubt, but can only wonder that they should have made such an impression upon your mind, as to have influenced your conduct. Whether these were the only reasons which induced you to end our intimacy, it matters not for me to enquire. Such being your wish, so be it.

Receive my thanks for the many pleasant hours passed in your society; nor can I doubt but that among your numerous admirers you may find one, who will occasion far happier ones to you Trusting that your future life, wherever cast, may be happy, I am yours, respectfully,

———.

It was the realization of her darkest fears. Her mind could scarcely realize the void created within her heart. To renounce forever one upon whom nearly every thought had long been centred; to forego those hours of pleasant intercourse which she was wont to regard as the happiest of her life; and to cast from her heart an image which it had so long in secret worshipped—all this at once was a blow hard indeed to bear.—Cold words cannot describe the burning thoughts which passed with lightening speed across her mind, as she sat for hours meditating upon the past and the future.

> "Keen were her pangs, but keener far to feel
> She nursed the pinion which impelled the steel."

It was the first trial which had ever fallen upon her young heart, it took from it every desire, save that of death. Bitterly did she now repent having given the occasion for this breach between them, and that she who had bestowed so much of her affection, had not given with it all her confidence. Could she drive him from her mind and forget that such a one had ever existed; she felt it impossible. Nor can we, by any power of the will alone, drive from our thoughts an image whose connecting ties are many happy associations, and around which the dearest recollections —linked indeed with the very clouds of life— have long been centred. The memory reverts with pleasure to every scene which has thrown its rosy hue of gladness over days gone by, keeping ever fresh and vivid in the mind the impressions that it once created.

They met again and often in society after this. At first, hope beat high in Flora's breast, that he would again address, again seek her out as was his wont; and she even sought to promote the opportunity by placing herself in his path where something must be spoken. But the cold and distant manner in which he addressed her, and his studied politeness when civility demanded an exchange of speech between them, extinguished forever this last faint glimmering spark of hope. It did more: it aroused all her woman's pride, it awakened her resentment and quickened her anger; it gave birth to thoughts that she who had offered up the richest treasures of her young heart, had received nothing in return; that her affection had been scorned, and her love cast back. While such thoughts reign in woman's breast, all others are subservient, and a keen sense of unmerited injury fills the mind. While in this state of wounded pride and of injured feeling, she accepted the addresses of that one of her admirers who had been so true and faithful, and who, taking advantage of a disunion which he himself had helped to cause, urged his suit with ardor and finally with success.

They stood before the alter, ready to unite their hands in that tie which binds until death. Joy beamed from the eyes of the happy bridegroom, and well might he be proud to call his own the treasure which stood beside him. He was tall in person, of a slim elastic build, with regular features, and a well proportioned form, and his light hair and tall figure made a pleasing contrast with the dark locks and full voluptous outline of her who was his partner. A casual observer would have called him decidedly handsome; but the eye which could read the inner virtues from a study of the outward features, distinguished but few of those more sterling qualities which adorn the man: good will, generosity and openness of heart, were well developed; but decision of character, energy of purpose and steadfastness of intention—those virtues which sustain under reverses and are quickened by difficulties, and which constitute man's superiority—were wanting. God grant that he may protect and cherish through the storms of life and the griefs and troubles of this cold selfish world, the weak and trembling woman who has chosen him for her protector: guide well her feet that they may not be wounded by the thorns which bestrew the path, and give her up at the end of a happy life, more perfect than when thy hands received her, so that

Heaven itself shall exclaim with admiration, that Love alone can stamp the last impress of beauty upon the soul.

The bride, dressed in simple white—fit emblem of her purity—almost seemed, in her transcendant beauty, a being of another world—the world of poets and of enthusiasts. She realized those creations of the artist's fancy, which, roaming through ideal realms, seeks to create a model which shall unite in itself the perfections of all that his eye had ever seen or his thoughts imagined. But why those downcast eyes, where anxious sadness seems to reign? why that solemn face, that unhappy look at a time when all should be bright and happy?—and though the pensive shade of melancholy thrown over beauty's face adds much to its attractions, yet surely the bridal eve is not the time to indulge in thoughts which give it rise. She should be happy; she has the chosen one beside her, to whom she is about to pledge her life-long troth. But it may be thoughts of the important step she is about to take, that has dimmed the usual brilliance of those bright eyes; or else the affectionate yearnings of her heart after the home she is on the point of leaving forever, that has diffused the care-worn look over her laughing face. So perhaps thought those to whom the circumstance gave food for reflection. But there was one present upon that occasion, who had made that bride a study; who could read deep into her very soul; whom long and close observation had enabled to interpret the lights and shadows as they flitted across her brow, and to read in her eye—the mirror of the soul—the passing thoughts which hovered in her mind. It was my friend, and he gave a different interpretation to the troubled brow, and the anxious face.—Gladly had the truth been known, would Flora have withdrawn from her place as a bride, and taken back her promises to the groom; for she now felt that she had never loved and could never love him, and bitterly repented the hasty impulse which had accepted his addresses. As she stood there, about to assume new ties and to cut asunder the associations which bound her to home and to the days of youth, the great solemnity of the step she was taking came in all its deep importance upon the mind. Well indeed might she be serious, and her countenance thoughtful: she was upon the eve of that era in woman's life, when leaving behind her the happiness and the known delights of home, she trusts her future weal to the keeping of a stranger. Important indeed is such a step, even when taken with one in whom our happiness is centred, and who possesses our full and trusting confidence; whose affection stimulates our hopes, and pours its healing balm into the wounds caused by the severing of old and hallowed associations. But Flora scarcely dared look forward to the future. She knew that she was leaving true and faithful hearts to which she had clung from childhood, exchanging them for uncertain happiness with one who already began to seem repulsive to her. Unhappy girl! that such thoughts should crowd thy mind while the myrtle wreath binds thy brow, and at a time when thine eye should beam nought but confidence, faith and deep devotion in him with whom thy lot in life will soon be cast. Look not around the careless throng who have assembled to witness thy espousal, for consolation or for sympathy: posessing no thoughts in common with their own they know not the unspeakable agony within thy heart. The only countenance which seems to participate in thy unhappiness, is the one in yonder corner, from whence glance eyes whose deep piercing gaze is felt within thy inmost soul. And yet thou durst not seek sweet sympathy there, for that countenance revives thoughts and recollections which another's bride should not recall, and which add to the misery of thy heart.

The vow was spoken. The holy man raised his hands in benediction above the heads of the beautiful pair, and as he invoked the blessing of Heaven upon the future life of the wedded ones, hot tears coursed down the cheeks of the lovely bride. Unhappy tears! Her heart denied the promises which her lips had uttered: she had called upon the God of heaven to bear witness to the falsity of her vows to cherish and to love, and in the presence of sorrowing angels, whose tears—if angels weep—fell thick and fast, had involved a soul—until then unstained—in the deep dark crime of moral perjury. Reats Heaven's blessing upon a union such as this?—

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Interesting Narative

Of the Capture, Adventures, Sufferings &c., of Major GAINES *and* BORLAND'S *party in Mexico.*

We abridge the account from the New Orleans *Delta*, July 16:

There arrived yesterday in our city, by the schooner Home from Tampico, John Swigert, John Scott, W Holeman of Capt. Milam's company of Kentucky cavalry, P. Tunk, of Capt. Pennington's and W. B. Denowitz, of Captain Heady's company, all of whom belong to the command of Major Gaines, which was captured last February near Encarnacien by a large Mexican force under Gen. Minon.

From Mr. SWIGERT we learned the following particulars:

Messrs. Gaines and Borland with three companies of Kentucky and Arkansas Cavalry, were out on a scouting party. It was thought that there were small bodies of the enemy's cavalry prowling about the country, but no one had the slightest apprehension that a large force could be so near Gen. Wool's camp.

Major Gaines having joined Borland at a rancho near Encarnacion, the two commands went into quarters for the night, after posting sentinels some distance in advance and on the top of the house in which they were encamped. That night, the officers, who, tired by a very long march, and laid down to sleep, were several times aroused by the alarms of the sentinel, who declared he saw an armed Mexican approaching the rancho. But the sentinels on the top of the house declared they could see nothing, and the man who gave the alarm, was treated as a rather

nervous and dreaming individual. The officers thereupon retired again to their blankets, but had scarcely fallen asleep, when they were aroused by another alarm from the sentinel, who declared that he had again seen an armed Mexican, and had pulled trigger on him, but his gun being wet, the cap did not explode. Other alarms were also given by other sentinels picketed some distance from the rancho. The night was now waning fast. It was very dark and misty. The officers bestirred themselves, and aroused the men, prepared to meet an attack, thinking that the enemy consisted of a force of four or five hundred, which Major Gaines had already been in pursuit of, and which he considered a force about equal to his own.

Our men were all collected on the top of that rancho, with their guns ready for action, full of courage and zeal, and warmly desirous of a handsome brush with the enemy. The morn broke slowly. The mist hung heavily around them, and although they could hear very plainly the approach of horsemen, they could see nothing. At last the light began to break through the mist, immediately in their front, and the faint outline of a strong body of armed horsemen was perceptible in the distance. And as the mist rolled and gathered into huge clouds, and gently ascended toward the neighboring heights, it revealed, with most painful distinctness, a whole regiment of splendidly equipped Mexican lancers drawn up in line of battle, and occupying a commanding position within three hundred yards of the rancho occupied by Major Gaines's party.

Undauntedly surveying and counting this strong force before them, our men prepared for action, crying out, "Oh there are only six hundred of them—it's a fair fight and we'll see it out!" But, stop! Look on the right as the mists leave that side of the rancho, there is another regiment, just as strong as that in front.

"Well," cried a stalwart Kentuckian, who kept all the while a bright eye on his long rifle, "this is coming it rather strong: the thing looks serious, most decidedly: but I reckon we can lick a thousand Greasers, and throw in two hundred for good measure." "Can't we?" was the unanimous cry of the party.

But "Oh cracky," cried the tall sergeant, "here's more of the varmints." And there sure enough on their left was another regiment about six hundred strong, whose bright helmets, flaming pennons and showy uniforms, loomed out conspicuously in the dark horizon. And there too, just a few hundred yards in their rear, was still another regiment. Thus was this small party of one hundred and twenty Americans entirely surrounded by a Mexican force of about three thousand cavalry, the finest in the country and commanded by one of their best officers.

Major Gaines ordered his bugler to blow with all his might the American charge, and directed the men to follow up the blast with three loud cheers. The order was cheerfully and heartily obeyed. The Mexicans, who were advancing upon the rancho, were so awed by the loud yells and terrific huzzas of our boys, that they halted, and looked at our little band in mute terror and astonishment that so small a party could make such a tremendous noise. "Give them three times three," cried out Cassius M. Clay, and the huzzas were prolonged to the full complement until they made the welkin ring for miles around, and so frightened the Mexicans that their Gen., to prevent his men from running away, had to order his fine brass band to strike up the Polka, and to wheel his men into column and put them on the march. In open order and with military precision the Mexicans marched around the rancho to the tune of the Cracovienne, and seemed, like the cat with its little victim, to be sporting with their captive before they destroyed him

An officer with an interpreter and white flag was sent to Major Gaines to demand his unconditional surrender. "Never," replied the gallant American. "Then no quarters will be given," remarked the Mexican. "Very well," exclaimed Capt. Clay; "remember the Alamo: before we surrender on such terms, more than five hundred of your yellow-bellied scoundrels shall be left to bleach on yonder plains."

It was finally agreed that Major Gaines should have an interview with Gen. Minon. From him the Major received very courteous treament, and was assured that in surrendering himself and his party, they would be treated with all the consideration of prisoners of war.

Capt. Henrie, whose name is familiar to all who have read the stirring history of Texan warfare and adventure, was very anxious for a fight, and strongly dissuaded Maj. Gaines from surrendering. He told the men to count their bullets, and if they had one for every two Mexicans, it was a fair game, and he would go it. He also cautioned them to hit the Mexicans below their beards, that they might frighten off the others by their groans, and to give them as much misery as possible. One of the Mexican officers, recognizing him, cried out in Spanish, "I shall have the pleasure of your company to the city of Mexico, Capt. Henrie!" "Excuse me, senor I generally choose my own company," replied the cool and courtly captain.

It was the second day after their capture that Maj. Gaines's high spirited mare showing considerable restlessness, the Major requested Capt. Henrie, who is a famous rider of the Jack Hays school, to "mount her and take off the wire edge of her spirit." The captain did so, and riding up to Capt. Clay, carelessly remarked, "Clay, I am going to make a burst." The Mexican commander, half suspecting his design, placed additional forces at the head and rear of the column of lancers within which the prisoners were placed, and rode himself by the side of Henrie, who would pace up and down the line, cracking jokes with the boys, and firing up the spirit of the mare by various ingenious manœuvres. At last, Henrie, seeing a favorable opportunity, plunged his spurs deep into the sides of the noble blood, and rushing against and knocking down three or four of the mustangs with their lancers, started off in full view of the whole party, at a rate of speed equal to the best time that Boston or Fashion ever made. After him rushed a dozen well mounted lancers, who, firing their escopetas at him, started off in full pursuit. But it was no race at all—the Kentucky blood was too much for the mustang. The lancers were soon distanced, and the last view they got of Henrie, he was flying up a steep mountain, waving his white handkerchief, and crying out in a voice which echoed afar off through the valley, "Adios, senores—adios, senores!"

After many narrow escapes from the enemy, and starvation, and after losing his noble mare, Henrie arrived safely at our camp, and gave the first authentic intelligence of the capture of Majors Gaines' and Borland's party.

In the rear of the Mexican army the prisoners met Capt. Riley, with his company of deserters from the American army. He had already eighty or ninety men, who constituted the main artillery for the army, and said he was picking up more every day. He made a great effort to persuade some of the prisoners to join him, promising them as much land and money as they wanted. It is unnecessary to say that the traitor's proposals

were received by our gallant volunteers with scorn and contempt. The prisoners were much gratified to hear some time afterward, in the Carcel St. Jago, that Capt. Riley's company was cut all to pieces and but twenty ever returned to the city of Mexico. This twenty, together with other American deserters, who had escaped from our army at Tampico and Vera Cruz, became so disorderly and unruly in their habits that they were ordered out of the city, and on their way, were attacked by a large Mexican force and all put to the sword.

On the first of March the prisoners arrived within nine miles of the city of Mexico, when the colonel in command of the guard received orders to retain them at the place where he was until the revolution, which was then raging in the city, had abated. But the revolution continuing longer than was expected, the prisoners were marched into the city on the night of the 5th of March, and were lodged in the secure prison fortress of San Jago, in the society of all the principal malefactors and convicts of Mexico, and a more rascally, filthy and villainous set were never before congregated.

Proposals were made by both of the parties to our prisoners to release them if they would fight on their side. The Mexicans had heard of the skill of our riflemen, and they believed that it was only necessary for the prisoners to join either party, to secure its success in the strife then going on in the city. But our boys preferred looking on, like the old woman in the fight between her husband and the bear, not caring a copper which whipped.

In the midst of the revolution the first news of the battle of Buena Vista reached the city. There was a great ringing of bells, and much rejoicing on account of the joyful tidings. Bad news travels fast, and the prisoners were soon informed by Mexicans of the total rout and capture of Gen. Taylor's whole army, the death of Gen. Butler, and several of our most distinguished officers.—Although but little disposed to rely on Mexican stories there was such an air of probability about this report that the prisoners were forced to give it some credence, and were overwhelmed with grief and mortification by the disastrous result.—But soon other stories were circulated, conflicting statements were given, all tending to throw doubt upon the story of Santa Anna's splendid triumph. At last the hurried despatch of the Mexican general was received, and the notes of rejoicing in the city subsided perceptibly. A copy of this despatch was thrown down, by means of a twine string, from the room where the officers were confined to the main court yard, where the men were, and was eagerly and joyously perused by them. It was evident that Gen. Santa Anna had sustained a decided repulse, and the prisoners could not restrain their exultation, but gave it relief in three loud cheers, which startled the inmates of the prison, and brought the Governor down upon them, in the greatest terror and perturbation.

Although the men suffered considerably from the want of exercise and bad diet, their health was generally good, and but one man died of their whole number since they were captured. After they had been in prison three months, the prisoners were told that they had been exchanged and would be sent to Tampico. Their officers, however, were not allowed to see them, but they were told they would join them in a few days.

They were then put in charge of a colonel and twenty lancers, and proceeded on their journey toward Tampico. The country through which they passed for four or five days was beautiful, and highly cultivated. The dark foliage of the evergreens, the luscious fruit, the teeming crops, the springs of cool water, gushing from the mountain side, the myriads of richly colored and variegated birds, the delightful variety of mountains and valleys, rendered the journey of the long-imprisoned Americans one of great interest and pleasure.

They were well treated by the officer who conducted them, and generally by the people of the towns through which they passed. There are, however, some exceptions to this remark. At the large mining town of Rio del Monte, the people assaulted the prisoners with stones, and would have murdered them, if the English residents had not interfered and protected them. For this generous and humane conduct of the English the prisoners express their great gratitude and thankfulness. After a long journey of two hundred miles, the prisoners arrived at the town of Huejutla, where they were received very kindly by Gen. Garay, and were allowed twenty-five cents a day for their support.

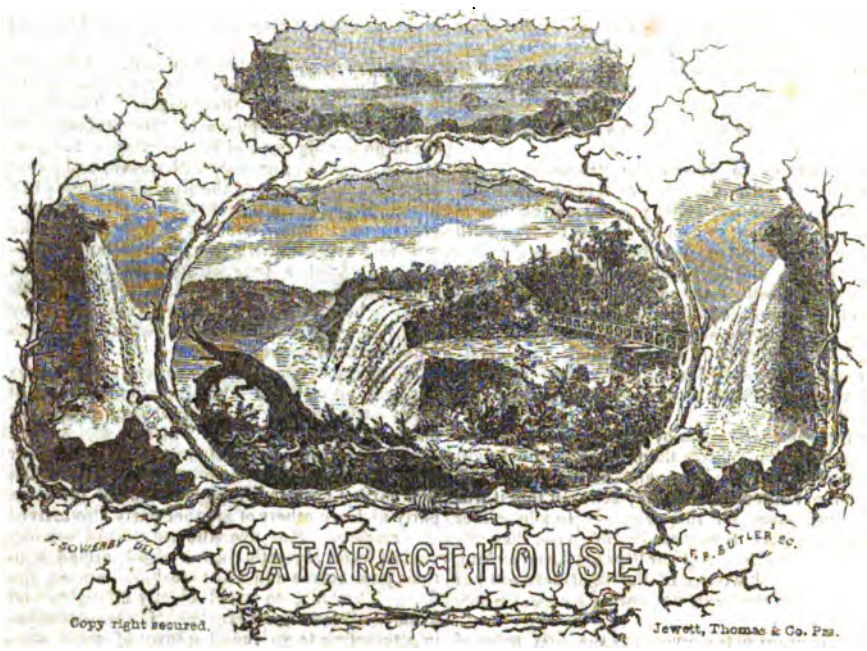
He there detained the prisoners some weeks but getting restless and impatient, several of them escaped out of the town and proceeded on their way to Tampico. The five who arrived here in the Home got safely into Tampico. Four others, who escaped before them, were retaken and carried back to Huejutla. One of the same party and two others of another party also arrived at Tampico. The five who are now in our city started from Huejutla in the night, armed with their jack-knives and one case-knife among the five. They had to travel chiefly at night, and avoided all towns and ranches. On one occasion, in attempting to go round a town of some size, they took a ravine, and suddenly found themselves in the very center of it.

They assumed, however, a very easy and indifferent carriage, and passed by the guard house where there were several soldiers lounging about. The soldier on guard cried out 'who goes there,' in Spanish, but the men, carelessly answering '*amigos, amigos,*' kept on their course and got safely out of the town.

Near Tampico they come suddedly upon a ranche, where were fifteen or twenty Mexicans, all armed with that formidable weapon, the *lariat.* Seeing that they were noted, the Americans walked boldly up to the Mexicans and commenced making signs to them of their friendly intentions. The Mexicans looked very threateningly, and seemed to be adjusting their *lariats* for immediate use, but the Americans showed their knives, and were permitted to proceed on their journey.

After many trials and sufferings, the prisoners at last arrived within sight of Tampico. The joy which filled their hearts, as they saw the noble banner of our Union, with its broad stripes and bright stars, waving from the lofty flag staff of Tampico, can be better imagined than described.

PARASOLS IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.—The introduction of gas-lights into private houses has been taken advantage of by the ladies, who under protest against the glare and dazzling uncomfortableness of such bright lights, deliberately *spread parasol* in an evening soiree, and, (incidental advantage) converse under and behind the same very agreeably. A pink parasol judiciously held between a lady's face and a gas burner, throws a tender, roseate hue over the complexion, and can be dexterously manœuvered, of course, to curtail an annoying perspective, or furnish glances in effective monopoly to the privileged. The Arts do not seem to have fallen behind the Sciences in the march of improvement!—*Home Journal.*



NIAGARA FALLS.

Above we present to our readers an exquisite engraving, comprising the four principal views of the Great Cataract, drawn from nature by F. Sowerby and engraved by F. P. Butler, a young artist recently established here. The engraving was executed for Messrs. Whitney, Jerauld & Co., of the celebrated Cataract House, Niagara Falls, to whose courtesy we are indebted for its use, it being a copy-right work. The top view is a representation of the entire Falls as seen from the river's edge on the Canada side, near the Ferry. The view on the left is the "American Fall" taken from below, near the railway to the Ferry. The centre view, a most beautiful and correct one, is taken from the "Hog's Back" on Goat Island, looking down the river, showing part of the "Centre Cascade," the "American Falls," "Luna Island," etc. The view on the right will be readily recognized as taken from below "Table Rock," and shows the spot where visiters usually enter to go behind the great sheet. Together the picture presents a complete epitome of this great wonder of nature, and reflects much credit upon the artists, as well as upon the spirit of the proprietors of the Cataract House, who have caused this beautiful embellishment to be prepared for the adornment of their letter-sheets, bills of fare, cards, etc., thus enabling all who visit their house to carry away with them a striking and faithful memento of their visit.

One word for the Cataract House itself.—Probably there is no hotel in the country, of more extensive dimensions, better accommodations, or with more gentlemanly and obliging hosts. The house, itself, with its well ventilated corridors and elegantly furnished apartments, forms one of the objects of attraction. Its fish-ponds, cold and warm baths, splendid parlors, dining-rooms, and its admirable *cuisine*, all present a most agreeable aspect to the sojourner there, after a day's ramble among the romantic and sublime. The visitors the present season have far outnumbered those of any previous one, and just now the falls are fully thronged.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Butterfly.

Do not yet depart:-
Dead times revive in thee.—Wordsworth.

Gay sporter in the summer air,
In careless circles flitting,
Of dancing Childhood, free from care,
An emblem how befitting!

I gaze on thee with rapt delight,
For back in fancy carried,
While links of broken years unite,
My heart to joy is married.

The friends that formed the merry ring
In Youth's delightful measures,
To Memory's hand in fondness cling,
Like troops of laughing Pleasures.

The radiant scenes of early years,
The glorious, the enchanted,
Arise to view, mid gushing tears,
With rainbow hues still haunted.

And lost awhile to manly toils,
The Present's high beseeming,
My spirit, pleased with Memory's spoils,
Is mid them sweetly dreaming.

O linger long, thou sporter gay,
To nurse the golden vision;
For, tarrying here, thou lead'st the way
Still on through fields Elysian.

But thou art gone! and ah, like thee
The blissful dream has vanished;
The cherished friends of infancy,
Like exiled ones, are banished.

Like them and thee, I soon depart,
Though where? to what dominions?—
O grant me, God! a sinless heart,
And guide and nerve my pinions.

J. Clement.

Rural Department.

Rotation of Crops.

There is living in Northampton county, Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Lehigh, a very aged man, whose success in falling upon a system of rotation, by which he could obtain the greatest possible yield of wheat, in a given term of years, has caused it to be generally adopted in that fertile region. It is called Sheimer's system, after the discoverer, Jacob Sheimer, whom I had the curiosity to visit at his most substantial homestead some years ago, and from whom I obtained the following account:

When a young man, with a large family of children growing around him, and dependent on him for support, he plainly perceived that under rude practice then existing, he would not be able to maintain them. He had thought over his difficulties while following his plough, and at length he determined upon his plan, which followed up without faltering, has conducted him in the decline of life to ease and affluence.

When I saw him he had resigned the active duties of his farm to his son, who was following in his footsteps: after having himself practised his system of rotation for thirty-five years, with a constant improvement in the quality of his land, which indeed had the unmistakable stamp of fertility upon it.

The farm contained one hundred acres, which was divided as nearly as possible into eight fields of 12 1-2 acres; each of which was carried through an eight years rotation.

Commencing with a fallow field, he

1st year. Manured and limed; ploughed three times, in May, June and August; harrowed and seeded one bushel and three pecks per acre of wheat, which was ploughed under.

2d. Clover seed sown on wheat in the spring, six quarts to the acre, which was pastured after harvest.

3d. Pastured clover in the spring, one bushel per acre; cut in June, and ploughed under second crop, and seeded again with wheat.

4th. Wheat—same as No. 2.

5th. Pastured early in the season, ploughed under second crop in August, and sowed wheat.

6th. Wheat again, and rye sowed on stubble.

7th. Sowed clover seed in the spring on rye.

8th. Ploughed under the clover sod and planted corn; and next season recommenced.

It will be observed that there was every year three fields in wheat, one with rye, one with corn, two with clover, and one fallow. The produce had one season reached as high as 1,400 bushels of wheat, 600 bushels of corn, and 400 bushels of rye.—*Hon. Morris Longstreth's Address.*

Salt for Hay.—Salt is good to preserve hay, (says the Boston Cultivator,) but, if farmers are not cautious, they will use too much for this purpose for the health of their animals. We have several times shown that animals have been injured, and that they have died, in consequence of using hay that was salted freely in order to keep it. Some use a half bushel, and others a bushel to the ton; but a peck is too much, as no animal having constantly a full supply of salt by free access to it, would eat a peck of salt while consuming a ton of hay. Four quarts to the ton is as much as animals will generally eat consuming a ton of hay. Coarse hay and bushes may be salted at the rate of a peck to the ton, if cattle are fed on it occasionally, and in the intervals fed on hay not salted.

Master and Man.—What an important relation is that of master and man! How it pervades the world; ascending from the lowest gradation of planter and slave, through the states of master and servant, landlord and laborer, manufacturer and artisan, till it comes to the higher degrees of rule which one cultivated man has to exercise over another, in the performance of the greatest functions. See, throughout, what difficulties and temptations encumber this relation. How boundless is the field of thought which it opens to us! how infinite the duties which it contains! how complete an exercise it is for the whole faculties of man! Observe what wretchedness is caused by a misunderstanding of this relation in domestic matters. See the selfish carelessness of those around them of men not ill-intentioned, nor unkind, perhaps, in their dealing with the world in general, but lamentably unfit for the management of a house. Then observe the effects of similar mismanagement in dealing with a country.—Look at the listless loiterers about a town; you would naturally say to yourself, "Surely this people have done all that there can be for them to do." You walk out of the town, and find the adjacent fields as listlesslooking and neglected as the men themselves. Think what a want there must be of masters of labor, that those hands and these weeds are not brought into closer contact—*The Claim of Labor.*

American Sculptors in Italy.—We have given, on the outside of this paper, some sketches, copied from the correspondence of the Boston *Atlas*, of American Painters in Italy. We copy below, from the same source, a few paragraphs upon the Sculptors who are now pursuing their labors in the land of art. Powers, Greenough and Crawford, form a *triumvirate* of which the country has just reason to be proud. Their distinctive excellence is thus pointed out by the writer in the *Atlas:*

Crawford is probably better than either in the grouping and expression of his figures. Powers excels in the beautiful finish of his marble, and Greenough certainly has a grander conception than either of them. Powers has at length accomplished his long cherished desire of sending his statue of a *Greek Slave* to the United States for exhibition, having shipped it from Leghorn for New York. It is thus spoken of by the critic:

The Slave differs from a Venus merely in the accessory of a chain on one of the lower limbs, and is decidedly the *chef d'œuvre* of modern sculpture, though not entirely free from faults—it is rather stiff when looked upon from the right side, and the lower limbs are certainly subject to the same fault. Powers commits the great fault of repeating this statue, instead of striking into the higher region of his art, and executing a group. His Eve has also been repeatedly remodeled, and the last re-production is lengthened out so as to improve the effect. He is now at work on a statue of John C. Calhoun, a few inches larger than life, after which he will execute a statue of Benjamin Franklin, for New Orleans.

Of Crawford and Greenough we have this account:

Mr. Crawford left for Florence, on his way to Venice, where he proposes spending the summer months. There is a life and spirit about his works not to be found in the studios of Powers or Greenough but he is not very prolific. The *Daughter of Herodias* is an exquisite composition representing her going for the head of St John, by order of her mother, with her timbrel and a vase. The dress of the dancing girl is elaborately executed—the *pose* naturally graceful—and the drapery worthy of high commendation. A bust of Mrs. Crawford, in which a flying veil is used to give effect to the head. finds many admirers, althoug the artists criticise it severely.

Mr. Greenough, as independent as he is bold in his designs, is understood to be quite satisfied that his Washington is finally put out of doors—it is what he wanted. He is now modelling a group which is said to be of high merit, but I have not seen it. He is also bringing out, as an episode to his own history—to commemorate the anonymous assistance he once received when almost despairing—$1,500 to enable him to study in Italy—a bas relief, representing a young student working desparingly by a dying lamp, which is replenished with oil from a vase held by a hand coming from the darkness above. Thorwaldsen conceived nearly the same design to commemorate a similar benefaction.

Another young artist, by the name of Mosher is spoken of as just commencing. Having executed several heads of merit, he has now attempted an imaginative work, a bust of *Pocahontas*, and so far as I can judge, says the correspondent of the Atlas, he has succeeded most admirably in combining classic beauties with the peculiarities with the Indian physiognomy, and the queenly expression which is said to have belonged to the savage heroine. Mosher has several orders for this work, and will yet make a noise in the world.

The World isn't what it used to be.—Every generation compared to the age it immediately succeeds, is but a further lapse from Paradise. Every grandfather is of necessity a wiser, kinder, nobler being than the grandson doomed to follow him—every grandmother chaster, gentler, more self-denying, more devoted to the beauty of goodness, than the giddy, vain, thoughtless creature, who in her time is sentenced to be grandmother to somebody, whose still increased defects will only serve to bring out the little lustre of the gentlewoman who preceded her. Man, undoubtedly, had at the first a fixed amount of goodness bestowed upon him; but this goodness, by being passed from generation to generation, has, like a very handsome piece of coin, with arms and legend in bold relief, become so worn by continual transit, that it demands the greatest activity of faith to believe that which is is now current in the world to be any portion of the identical goodness with which the human race was originally endowed.

"We shall never see such times again!"

"The world isn't what it used to be."

"When I was a boy, things hadn't come to this pass."

"The world gets wickeder and wickeder."

Since the builders of Babel were scattered, these thoughts have been voiced in every tongue. From the very discontent and fantasticalness of his nature, man looks backward at the lost Paradise of another age.

Let the poor man—the mechanic of a town—look around him. Let him in his own house, humble though it be, acknowledge the presence of a thousand comforts which, had he lived two centuries ago, he could not with a baron's wealth have purchased. Not mere creature enjoyments; but humanizing, refining pleasures, drawing man nearer to man, expanding the human heart, and imparting to humanity the truest greatness in the greatest gentleness.

We would go no step backward, but many in advance; our faith still increasing in the enlarged sympathies of men; in the reverence which man has learned and is still learning to pay towards the nature of his fellow-men; in the deep belief that whatever change may and *must* take place in the social fabric—we have that spirit of wisdom and tolerance (certainly *not* a social creature of the golden days) waxing strong among us—so strong that the fabric will be altered and repaired brick by brick, and stone by stone. Meanwhile, the scaffolding is fast growing up about it.—*Douglass Jerrold.*

The Chesapeake.—A criminal prosecution has been commenced against the officers of the *Chesapeake*, in the U. S. District Court, now sitting at Columbus.—Col. Bradbury received this morning a summons to appear before the Grand Jury at Columbus, forthwith. We understand he leaves tomorrow.—*Cincinnati Chron.*

A little girl walking in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, at Paris, and reading one after another the praises upon the tombs of those who slept beneath, suddenly exclaimed—"I wonder where they bury all the sinners!"

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Mental Culture.

It is a glorious thing to live! There is much in the world to enjoy. The fruit of the tree of life is not *half* of it bitter, and the portion that *is*, need not, much of it, be so. Those individuals who are always eating crab-apples, shake the wrong branch. Their vision is dim and consequently they make a mistake. In plain words, half the disquietude and misery daily witnessed, is the result of mental neglect. "Unrest, discontent, nay innumerable faults," says the charming Swedish romancer writer, "spring from want of mental culture." The fact is, an empty mind is one of the greatest burdens in life. Its crevices seem to be infested with innumerable vagrant fancies and untamed, frantic thoughts, which bewilder, lead astray and sadly disappoint, till one gets almost sick of the dull sameness, the weary round of daily toil. The labors of the uncultivated mind are a mere and miserable tread mill performance. One goes round and round in the same narrow and confined sphere—no change of exercise, no variety of field view; and what wonder, under these circumstances, if it seems to some, almost a luxury, "to shuffle off this mortal coil!"

It is a glorious thing to live, we repeat, but to such only as have within themselves resources for refined enjoyment. Says Miss Bremer, from whom we have before quoted, "in intellectual development—and the very highest may be arrived at in private life—the world opens itself to the eye of man, and infinite treasures are offered to the soul, more, far more than he can ever appropriate to himself." These "treasures" expand, and elevate and satisfy the inner man. The field of contemplation that is opened, constantly enlarges, and every new prospect is ennobling: the thoughts are raised by degrees higher and higher and become more and more purified, till, accustomed to lofty flights, they lose, at last, that attachment to the gross and debasing which makes man the slave of guilty passion and sometimes brings him to a level with the brute.

By mental culture we do not mean exclusively that degree of it which can be obtained by such persons only as devote their whole lives to scientific pursuits, but also that amount of mental expansion and refinement, by chaste, elegant and instructive reading, which may be obtained by almost any individual—the artizan, for instance—who diligently devotes the leisure which, under almost any circumstance, is at his command, to the enlargement of his fund of useful information. The persons who think they have no time to read, nine cases in ten, waste, in idleness or vain conversation, on an average one hour a day the year round, and one could make no inconsiderable advancement in literary knowledge in three hundred and sixty-five hours' choice and close application of the mind.

Let the reader, then, whoever he may be, however hard his daily toil, bear in mind that the pleasure of which we have spoken as the result of mental culture, may be shared *measurably*, to say the least of it, by himself. If it is lot—by no means a discouraging one—to devote ten or even twelve hours per diem to manual labor, let him do it with a newspaper in his hat or a book in his pocket, and he will find minutes almost every hour, and hours every day, which may be given to the feeding of the hungry and immortal mind.

BUFFALO MUSICAL INSTITUTE.—We call attention to the announcement of Prof. Coppock on our last page.—It would be superfluous in us to add any thing in commendation here: the reputation of Prof. C., as composer and teacher, is well known and appreciated—as his numerous and accomplished pupils give ample evidence. The establishment of an Institute, where a thorough musical education can be obtained, has long been a desideratum here, and we hail the fact of its attainment with much pleasure.

THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE for this month, nobly sustains the high reputation which this periodical has obtained. It is embellished with two splendid engravings, one of which is "*Christ Found in the Temple*," and the other, "*Lake Winnipisseogee, from Red Hill.*" We can vouch for the accuracy of the latter, and all others can speak a good word for its merits. In the literary department, Mrs. C. N. Butler, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. M. G. Sleeper and several other scarcely less able writers, lend a helping hand. Success to the Columbian.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The two poems sent by Mrs. SIGOURNEY, arrived just in season to get one of them inserted this week. Her kind remembrances of us, have, in times past, sent a ray of light into the darkest hours of our editorial life.

The poem by "D." of this city, is accepted. Let him persevere.

We must repeat that anonymous articles are very apt to be laid aside.

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.—We can supply our former patrons with missing copies of most numbers of the last volume, if they will let us know, free of expense, what they want to complete their files. By the way, will they not, each of them, get us a new subscriber? Some of them we know will do it, and will not all try? We strike off five hundred extra copies this week, in order to meet anticipated demands.

A NOVEL ENTERPRIZE.—The British ship Duke of Argyle, from Amoy, China, with 388 emigrants, said to be Chinese coolies, arrived at Havana about the 13th inst.

☞ Wasps—Spiders—and Magnetism.—"Do you know, sir," said Patrick O'Flecharty to us, last night, "that Magnetism was found out a long time before folks knowed it? See the wasps' nests upon the stone wall, sir: do you know, sir, how them devils make their nests? Two of them come together, sir, and pair, and then they get some mud, and set to work, and catch a spider, and then they magnetize him, sir, and put him to sleep, and lay an egg on him, and build him up in the mud, and the egg is hatched, and the grub feeds upon the spiders, and they ARE magnetized, sure enough, and keep asleep, because I've found them alive in the nests early in the spring, before the wasps are about." This was to us a new and interesting idea. We examined the nests, and found that the spiders were actually built up with mud in various cells, as nuns used to be with stone work, in "the good old times." We found also the larva or grub of the wasp, feeding upon the spiders thus strangely provided. Patrick's idea of magnetism arose undoubtedly from the spider's habit of "being such a fool as to" pretend to "be dead." The instinct of the wasp in shutting up the spider without killing him, is really wonderful.

Balloon Ascension.—Mr. J. Wise made an Ærial Voyage, embarking at Morris' Garden in this city, last Saturday afternoon, and anchored in the top of a hickory tree, near Williamsville, ten miles east. Was helped down by the good citizens of the place, and returned to the city in the evening.

☞ A paragraph is going the rounds of the papers, credited to a Lower Sandusky paper, stating that a number of plates, inscribed with hieroglyphics, had been discovered in an ancient mound near that place, and intimating that when deciphered, they might afford some information of a lost race of people. Mr. E. G. Squier, in a letter to Prof. Silliman, says he has examined the plates, and the hieroglyphics are nothing more or less than *discolorations* caused either by the infiltration of a mineral solution between the laminæ, or by its presence at the period of crystalization. The material is very well known as *graphic* or *hieroglyphic mica*, a deposit of which occurs upon the Schuylkill, not far above Philadelphia. Although the discoloration, following the planes of crystalization, falls in places into right lines, it seems utterly unaccountable that they were mistaken for the work of man. This is another illustration of the very loose manner in which facts relating to our antiquities have been placed before the world:—a looseness, unfortunately, not entirely peculiar to newspaper statements.

A Grammar of the English Language; adapted to the Schools of America. By Joseph R. Chandler, editor the United States Gazette. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. 1847.

This is a new grammar in which care has been taken to simplify the system by means of preparatory lessons for the beginner. Nothing more than such a book as this, in the hands of a judicious teacher, is necessary to ensure rapid progress in the pupil. It is highly expedient that this study should be pursued early in life, before the habits of verbal expression have become fixed.

For sale by the Deaf and Dumb Bookseller at Weyburn's.

Foreign Items.

The Washington left Southampton on the 10th, her regular day, but before she reached the Needles it was found that the furnace bars were partially burned; they were however replaced, and these in turn were affected, so that it became evidently unsafe to continue the voyage; under these circumstances, her head was turned at half past 3 A. M. on Sunday, and she arrived in Southampton again on the afternoon of the same day.

At a meeting of the passengers, a committee of investigation was appointed, consisting of nine persons altogether uninterested. This committee, after examining the coal and the furnaces, assisted by the officers of the vessel and the engineers, made a report, in which they arrived at the conclusion that from all the evidence brought before them, they can only ascribe the inability of the ship to pursue her voyage to the bad quality of coal employed, a species of anthracite, resembling somewhat the American in appearance, but which destroyed two sets of furnace bars within the short space of 24 hours.

The magnificent weather prevailing throughout England, which made sure an early and good harvest, it was thought would prevent any recovery of the prices of breadstuffs noted by the Britannia, which reached here on the 17th inst.

The great decline in the prices of Corn in the first week of July, was fully established in the London and Liverpool markets at the commencement of the week—but a frightful storm on Wednesday, accompanied with heavy rain, having swept over the metropolis and extended its ravages over most parts of the country, the downward tendency of the market was checked, and indeed an improvement of 1s to 2s per quarter took place.

The reports from all the markets of Europe are of the most promising character.

The rumors too of reappearance of rot among the potatoes had ceased—even in Ireland—and the early potatoes brought to market were found to be quite sound.

Willmer & Smith say—"Portions of the large fleet of vessels which lately passed the Dardanelles, laden with with wheat for ports in the Mediterranean and Western Europe, continue to arrive, and by the last advices no fewer than 500 passed the same strait in three days, to load wheat in the ports of the Danube and the Black Sea."

The quarterly revenue returns of England are spoken of as highly satisfactory—considering the general derangement of trade. The decreased comparative consumption of cotton wool, amounted however, to the enormous figure of 10,000 bales weekly.

The arrival out of the Cambria from this side had relieved, by the quotations she carried of foreign exchange, all apprehension of a farther drain of specie, and the effect of the news was to give a lift to Consols. Consols improved from 88⅝ to 88¾.

There is little or nothing of interest in our papapers as to the affairs of England. Parliament is hurrying through business of form preparatory to adjournment.

The installation of Prince Albert as Chancellor of Cambridge and the visit of the Queen, was the exciting topic a few days before the leaving of the steamer. The ceremony attracted not only her Majesty but almost all her Ministers and the members of the Court. The Duke of Wellington, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, and a great many Bishops and other personages of distinc-

tion were present, Prince Waldemar of Prussia, among them.

At the ceremony of installation, an ode in honor of the Prince and the occasion, was sung. It was written by Wordsworth, who, as our readers are aware, is Poet Laureate. It is well enough in its way, but does little honor to the author of the Excursion. The festivities on this occasion were numerous and splendid. Her Majesty attended all.

Ireland is glutted with provisions, and the merchants who have been hoarding will be losers.

It is stated in a private letter from Clonmel, that the merchants of that town, who have realized such immense profits by hoarding up their stocks of meal, &c., are now obliged to destroy great quantities of it, through its becoming heated in their stores. The river Suir now receives on its placid bosom what would have subsisted many who have gone off the stage forever.

The report about the marriage of the Duke and Miss Coutts is scouted as impertinent nonsense.

Paris dates are to the 13th. The extraordinary and scandalous trial of M. Teste furnishes the chief staple of the newspapers.

On the evening of Monday, 12th, after retiring from the audience before the Chamber of Peers, when most damning evidence was produced against him, M. Teste attempted suicide. The *London News* of the 15th gives these particulars of the occurence:

The bewildering doubts in which the report of the proceedings, and the air of confident innocence of the accused, left the public were soon destined to be dispelled, and this curious drama was to receive an unforeseen *denouement*. At half-past eight o'clock in the evening of Monday the report of fire arms was heard to issue from the apartments in the Luxembourg, occupied by the prisoner. The persons in charge and the guards instantly rushed to the rooms, and found that M. Teste had attempted suicide with pistols, but without success.

It appears that he first placed a pistol in his mouth and snapped it, but it missed fire. Provided with a second, he placed the mouth of the barrel close against his breast and discharged it. The ball under these circumstances seems not to have acquired force enough to enter the body.—It fell to the ground, merely leaving a black mark on the waistcoat and the skin, but without producing any contusion, as was incorrectly stated in some of the published accounts. The Chancellor, the grand referendary, and the members of the committee of the chamber appointed to conduct the trial, were immediately summoned, and the commissary of police of the district, as well as the prefect of the police attended.

The procureur-general and the police authorities made a *proces verbal* of the transaction. M. Teste was ordered to be kept *au secret*, with proper precautions against any attempt at self-destruction. The only person who visited M. Teste after his retirement to his apartment yesterday was his son, who is a member of the Chamber of Deputies. This circumstance has given rise to the report that the loaded pistols were thus supplied to him. A report is mentioned in Galignani's paper, that as he was leaving the Court on Monday evening, he was heard to exclaim: "Je suis un homme perdu!"

A report had been circulated in London of the illness of Louis Phillippe. But it seems unfounded—the Paris papers of the 1st, have this paragraph:

The King and Queen of the Belgians, with their son, the Duke of Brabant, are at Neuilly. The King and Queen of the French and Madame Adelaide, with the Duchess of Orleans and her children, are at Dreux, attending the religious solemnities which mark the anniversary of the death of the Duke of Orleans, which took place on July 13.

The same paper gives this account of the state of the weather in France:

The weather continues to be highly favorable. The late rains have been succeeded by an unclouded firmanent and high temperature. At six in the morning on Monday, the thermometer in the shade stood at 70½ deg., at noon it rose to 86 deg., and at two o'clock it attained 88½ deg., an unusual temperature in these latitudes.

It is said that the French government will grant the petition of Jerome Buonaparte to return to France.

The ports are filled with grain laden ships. The *Debats* reports the arrival of 450,000 tons at Marseilles; and on the 28th and 29th ult., six large American ships delivered at Havre, 28,523 barrels of flour, 17,602 sacks, or 1,500 tons of wheat and 1,453 sacks of rye.

The crops of wheat and rye are superb, the potatoes are promising, but oats and barley lacked rain. The consequence of these favorable circumstances is a general fall in the price of grain in the south and east of France.

The civil war in Portugal has come to a bloodless end. The Junta has submitted, and Oporto is occupied by the Spanish under the orders of Gen. Concha. The English are to take possession of Castle of Foy, and to bring in one or two steamers.

It is confidently expected at Paris that Donna Isabella will abdicate the throne of Spain, and that the Duchess of Montpensier will be established in her seat. Isabella is still attacked on all sides. With unprincipled ministers, treacherous friends, an alienated husband, and the mercenary French organs full of abuse of her character, she she seems to be literally at her wits' end. We find the following paragrah in the London Globe:

There is a strange story in one of the Madrid journals. It is stated that the Queen, when she last took an airing, without the escort of her father-in-law, suddenly disappeared, in company with a gentleman who is not named, but whose dress is very minutely described. According to this account, the Queen and her friend were for a long time wandering God knows where. This statement is denied by some of the other journals, and treated as an abominable calumny—as we dare say it is. Another story is, that poor Don Francis, the King of Spain, is kept so short of money by his wife, that he has been compelled to dismiss all his music-masters except one, who generously offered to remain without pay. A third story tells us of some old man who visited the King, and urged him to be reconciled with the Queen, on which his Majesty thanked him and sighed. It is a pity that the dispute between these royal personages should have reached such a height that gossip of this kind should find its way into the journals.

The dearness of food in Holland has produced serious disturbances among the people. In the town of Groningen, troops were called out. They made use of their arms, and it is said killed four persons and wounded twelve, some of them very seriously. Most of the wounded persons had taken no part in the disturbances, having been present only as spectators. On the morning of the 29th, order was re-established.

Abd-el-Kader had been attacked by the Emperor of Morocco, whose troops he defeated with great slaughter, and afterward put to death their commander, whom he had taken.

London Corn Exchange. July 14.

The accounts from all parts of the kingdom continue to give very favorable reports of the progress made by the growing grain crops to maturity; and if the present forcing weather last much longer, we may expect harvest operations to be pretty generally commenced in the south about the close of the month.

Whether a more gradual ripening of the grain would not have been more beneficial may be questioned, such extreme heat as that lately experienced being calculated to cause the corn to turn too suddenly. At the same time we we must remark that the complaints of blight and red gum are on the increase, and though these accounts are probably exaggerated, still we fear that the yield of wheat may not prove so plentiful as could be wished.

At all the markets held since Monday, prices of wheat have tended upwards; indeed, the rise in some instances has been important, and nowhere less than 2s. to 3s. per quarter. The cause of the advance has been the inadequacy of the supply to meet the consumptive demand, the deliveries from the growers having nearly ceased.

At our market today there was very little English wheat on sale, and a clearing of the Essex and Kent stands was speedily made at prices rather exceeding those of Monday last.

Foreign wheat was taken to a fair extent by buyers from the different parts of the country, at rather above previous prices.

The business in flour was not of much importance, but the late advance on American was well maintained.

Barley, beans, peas, and Indian corn were but little enquired for, and quotations for these articles remained much the same as in the beginning of the week.

The arrivals of oats were quite moderate, and having again rather an improved inquiry, former rates were slightly exceeded, particularly for good fresh parcels of Riga.

Liverpool.—There has been more firmness in the market since our last report, and prices, which had a declining tendency, have rather rallied. On the 6th there was a very full attendance of both local and country millers, and for all useful descriptions of British and foreign wheat a lively and ready sale at 1d to 2d below our last quotations. American flour, of good fresh quality, being in very active request, as well from consumers as for investment, the operations were considerble; and partly recovering the above named depression, prime Western brands realized 35s 6d to 36s, the trade ruling firm, and few parcels offering at the close of business. Barley, Beans and Peas were cheaper, and each difficult of sale. Oats, although rather more saleable, were also further degressed in value; and Oatmeal nearly without inquiry. Indian Corn, assuming an improved aspect, was taken off more freely at a slight amendment upon late prices: and Indian Meal was in moderate demand on the terms last noted. Since the 6th inst. the market has continued firm, and the weather has in some degree promoted an extended demand, partly speculative, for wheat, Indian corn, and flour, each of these articles acquiring a moderate advance on the current rates of that day. Yesterday was in tolerably good demand at an advance of 3d to 4d on Tuesday's rates. The best brands of Western Canal Flour were in demand at 37s. other kinds in proportion at an amendment of 1s per qr. Indian Corn was inquired for, but all other articles met a limited sale at our quotations.

Later from Gen. Taylor's Camp.

From the N, O. Picayune, July 22.

We are to day placed in possession of farther advices from the camp of Gen. Taylor by the receipt of our correspondence. We have also the Matamoros Flag, of the 17th inst., three days later than the number of that paper before received.

One of our letters which has not come to hand contains, as we learn by a private letter, an account of a sumptuous dinner given at Monterey on the 4th of July by the merchants and principal citizens of the to Gen. Taylor. The principal incident at the dinner was a speech from General Taylor, which was called forth by a toast associating his name with the Presidency. The speech was quite unexpected and listened to with great interest and aroused the greatest enthusiasm.

We understand that it was in the same spirit with the recent letters which have been published from him—that if he consented to the use of his name, it was at the call of the people of his country; and that if elected he should serve to the best of his ability for the benefit of the whole country, not of a party.

We are informed that it is the present purpose of Gen. Taylor to return to the United States some time in November next, should his military duties at that time allow him to pay a visit to his family.

It is represented to us that Gen. Taylor speaks freely upon the subject of moving to San Louis Potosi. It is said he has written the War Department, advising that should it have been determined upon that no advance shall be made to San Luis, he has now as many troops as are required to maintain his line, and may even spare a regiment from his present force; but that if he is expected to advance into the interior of Mexico, ten thousand men will be necessary.

The Flag appears to have some apprehensions about predatory bands of Mexicans in that vicinity.

New York, Aug. 2, 7½ P. M.

The *Hibernia* arrived about 9 o'clock this morning, having made her passage in 13 days.

The following are the Liverpool quotations of the 19th ult.

Flour, sweet 34a35s, sour do 27a29s. Wheat, red 9s 4d a 9s 8d, white 9s 10d a 10s 2d. Beef prime mess 88s to 94s per tierce, 55a60s per bbl. Pork, new mess 76s to 78s, old mess 68s to 72s, new prime 60s to 62s.

A Liverpool paper of the 20th ult, states that during the last 10 days the weather has been almost uninterruptedly fine, and each day strengthens the expectations entertained of an abundant harvest of grain, throughout Ireland and all Europe. The heavy decline in corn which took place at the beginning of the month, was checked since the 13th. The market has again given way. The prospects of receiving still larger supplies from the United States and by the way of the Mediteranean, added to the fine weather which prevails in our quarters oppressed the market, which presents every aspect of a downward movement.

The potato crop is represented to be free from danger, and contributed not a little to affect prices. During the last week however the market has been much firmer. The prices of the 13th inst became current and were maintained throughout the week, and yesterday in Mark Lane a farther advance of 1s took place. The trade in Indian Corn was however quite paralyzed, and Flour in barrels was quite neglected.

The Cotton Market has been steady since the 10th. Sales pretty large and a considerable portion taken on speculation and for export.

In cured provisions a limited business. Butter has receded. Transactions in Bacon are limited —prices receded through to 4s. Pork is in limited demand. American Hams are neglected, and prices, if anything, lower.

The reports from manufacturing districts are of a satisfactory and encouraging character.—Some few failures are noticed in the Manchester reports, but they are not to a very great extent. The woolen trade in Yorkshire is resuming a healthy position.

NEW YORK, July 29—7½ P. M.

A despatch from Richmond says, no mail beyond Petersburg.

A letter from Buenos Ayres, June 7th says:—It was generally believed there would be no settlement of the Rio Plate question. Mr. Harris had been consulted by Plenipotentiaries, and the proposals were today before him, and he had endeavored to induce those to accept of them, but without success.

By the arrival at New Orleans, of the steamer *James L. Day*, we have advices from the Brazos of the 18th inst. The Mexican forces at San Luis Potosi were variously estimated, by some at 14,000. They are commanded by Gen. Delancia, who it was reported, would join Santa Anna with 9,000 regulars. Gen. Wool's troops were in good health. Gen. Taylor has twelve days rations. 800 wagons and 25 mules were waiting to move forward. His force amounted to 2,900 men.

Gen. Urrea, it is positively stated, was at Victoria recently, and arrested the Governor of that place and sent him to the Capital, charged with treason against the Government; it is also said that Canales had been shot by him, for treasonable correspondence being found in his possession. The department of Tamaulipas has been put under contributions for a large sum of money. Gen. Urrea departed to enforce its collection with the bayonet. It was reported that he left Victoria for Tampico, but it was not credited. Caravajal is reported moving all over the country, letting few traders escape. The intended march of the Mexicans from San Luis against Gen. Wool, seems to have been abandoned.

A San Luis paper says that despatches ordering Taylor to join Scott via San Luis, had been captured, and the Mexicans are not certain that old Zuck will march upon that place. It was rumored at San Luis on the 8th, that Gen. Scott had marched for Puebla, but countermarched on learning that resistance would be offered when within 25 miles of the Capital.

RIOT AT PITTSBURGH.—There was a riot at Pittsburgh last night at a house of ill fame. Stones were thrown at the house, and the inmates fired upon the crowd in the street, wounding three mortally.

REFORM OF THE LAW PRACTICE.—The N. Y. True Sun speaks of the progress made in the labors of the reformers of the practice, Messrs. Loomis, Hill and Graham, and gives assurance that any apprehension that may have been felt of the character or extent of their labors will be removed by the first report to the Legislature next fall. They have already made, it says, considerable progress in their arduous undertaking, and are united in a resolve to reject every useless formula and construct the most simple and effective system that can be devised.

HAPPINESS ESSENTIAL TO LONGEVITY.—Longevity and happiness if not invariably, are generally, co-incident. If there may be happiness without longevity there cannot be longevity without happiness. Unless the state of the body be that of tolerable health, and the state the mind that of tolerable enjoyment, long life is unattainable: these physical and mental conditions no longer existing, the desire of life and the power of retaining it cease together. An advanced term of life and decrepitude are commonly conceived to be synonymous: the extension of life is vulgarly supposed to be the protraction of the period of infirmity and suffering, that period which is characterised by a progressive diminution of the power of sensation, and a consequent and proportionate loss of the power of enjoyment, the "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing." But this is so far from being true, that it is not within the compass of human power to protract in any sensible degree the period of old age properly so called, that is, the stage of decrepitude. In this stage of existence, the physical changes that successively take place clog, day by day, the vital machinery, until it can no longer play. In a space of time, fixed within narrow limits, the flame of life must then inevitably expire, for the processes that feed it fail. But though, when fully come, the term of old age cannot be extended, the coming of the term may be postponed. To the preceding stage, an indefinite number of years may be added. And this is a fact of the deepest interest to human nature.—*Philosophy of Health, by Southwood Smith, M. D.*

☞ The following paragraph beautifully illustrates the very pleasant way the English have of extending their benignant rule over the Nations of the East. Why should not John Bull be permitted to give us lectures on the enormity of Gen. SCOTT'S management of the campaign in Mexico?

THE BOOTY TAKEN IN SCINDE.—We understand that a grant has been made to the captors of the booty taken in Scinde by the troops under the command of Major General Sir Charles Napier, in February and March, 1843. The amount of bullion and treasure is stated at upwards of £400,000—what the value of jewels, &c., may be is not known, but they will probably realize £100,000; so that not less than half a million sterling will be divided among the captors. To the troops who were stationed in Scinde at the time of the battles of Meanee and Hyderabad, but who were not actually present in those battles, a specific portion (we believe one-sixth) is allotted. The residue is given to the forces engaged in the battles, after deducting what they have already received under the head of extra batta on this account. The stamp duty paid into the Bank of England on account of the bullion and treasure amounts to upwards of £21,000.—*Allen's Indian Mail.*

☞ A large Paper Mill, worked by steam, is about to be put in operation at Millwaukee, by Messrs. LUDINGTON & GARLAND of that city.—The *Sentinel & Gazette* says it is intended to manufacture a first rate article, and in quantities sufficient to supply the Territory and any demand there may be from Northern Indiana and Illinois.

FROGS.—A plague of frogs has appeared in St. Lawrence, N. Y. Millions of small green frogs cover the road leading from Plattsburg to Cumberland Head. Thousands of them are in the ruts, through the sand roads, and are crushed by the wheels of the passing wagons.

For the Western Literary Messenger

Life.

Oh, ho! life is a funny thing,
Free and wild, wildly free:
Made to frolic, laugh and sing,
What hath care to do with me?
Stepping on the flowery path, in life's first joy,
With a bounding life-pulse, so spake the *boy*.

Heigh ho! life is a mystic thing,
How it mingles light and shade!
Hope, fear, love, oh how they fling
Gloom into joy! *Why am I made?*
Pausing in the heart-strife, in life's deep truth,
With a long, sad, soulward gaze, so spake the *youth*.

Ah me! life is a solemn thing,
And battle is its perfect type;
Its hopes are only born to sting,
Its fruits are rotten ere they're ripe:
Sighing o'er the backward view of life's long span,
Taught in the trial-school, so spake the *man*.

JULY, 1847. B.

A BRAVE BOY.—We heard of a noble act, by a boy of only twelve years of age. It was called out by an accident which occurred at the steamboat *Michigan* on Wednesday last:

A gentleman and lady were stepping on board the steamer, and a number of boys endeavored to go on board at the same time, but an officer ordered them off. In turning quickly to get off the ship, one of the lads fell off the plank into the water, and the splash was the first intimation his comrades had of his danger. A brother of the drowning boy, a lad of some twelve years, was near by, and the moment he heard him strike the water he sprang in to his rescue, and actually succeeded in buoying him up until both were helped out. That boy will be heard of hereafter.—*Chicago Com. Adv.*

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—The storm of Thursday after noon passed over the village of Bethel (town of Danbury, Ct.) and Mr. WILLARD TAYLOR, recently from South America, and who was on a visit to his mother, while standing in the door of her house, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

Price Current—August 5, 1847.

Flour, bbl	$4 50	Turkeys, lb	—
Pork, bbl	15 00	Chickens	12½
Do slaugh. cwt	4 00	Geese, each	—
Beef, cwt	4@5 00	Clover seed, bu	3 50@3 75
Butter, lb	10@12½	Timothy	2 00
Lard	8½@9	Flax	1 00
Cheese	5@7	Grass	—
Hams	8	Whitefish, bbl	6 00
Shoulders	7	Cod, cwt	4 00@5 50
Cornmeal, cwt	1 50	Potatoes, bush	75
Wheat, bu	90@1 00	Salt, bbl	1 25
Corn	45	Apples, bbl	1 50@2 00
Oats	30	Do dried, bu	62½
Slaughter hides, lb	1@1½	Onions	62½
Dry do	8½@9	Eggs, doz	11
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb	5½
Sheep, slaughtered	1 12½	Soap	4@5
Lamb do	18½@25	Whiskey, gall	22
Dry	12½@50	Highwines	24
Hard wood, cord	1 00	Lead, hund	4 00
Hemlock	1 75	Beans, bu	87½
Bit. Pittsburgh coal, ton		Wool, lb	20@30
Blossburg		Hay	7 00

QUOTATION OF UNCURRENT FUNDS.

Canada, (Toronto and Hamilton	¾ ct. dis.	Baltimore	¾ ct. dis.
Lower Canada and Kingston	2	Philadelphia	1
Ohio	1	New Orleans	3
Indiana	1	Missouri	2
Kentucky	1	Virginia	2
Pennsylvania	1	Mich. State Bank	1
Relief notes	2	F. & M. Bk, Detroit	1
Pittsburgh Scrip	20	Mich. Ins. Company	1
Alleghany Scrip	20	Wis. F. & M. Ins. Co.	1
		East. Exch.	¾ ct. prem.

LAKE IMPORTS FROM COMMENCEMENT OF NAVIGATION TO AUGUST, FOR FIVE SEASONS.

The following comparative table of the imports of a few leading articles from the commencement of navigation to August, presents an increase this season over last in flour, to the extent of 550,121 barrels—wheat 6,320,550 bushels, and corn 865,372 bushels; and over the season of 1845, 968,111 barrels of flour—6,960,972 bushels of wheat, and 1,481,430 bushels of corn.

Ashes have fallen off soundly, and the demand which has existed thus far this season for almost every description has crippled the means of the stave and lumber dealers, and deterred them from pushing on their respective branches. The mid-summer months having set in, and much of the rolling freight disposed of, this leaway may yet possibly be made good:

	1847	1846	1845	1844	1843
Flour...bbls.	1,231,761	681,640	263,650	320,000	463,000
Pork	115,406	57,183	22,950	36,400	38,000
Whiskey	40,358	9,610	7,223	3,500	5,700
Ashes	97,107	18,346	24,305	21,000	18,000
Beef	142,209	18,337	10,070	17,700	5,785
Wheat...bu.	3,632,349	1311,790	671,370	1,137,788	830,000
Corn	1,504,115	638,748	21,685	72,800	56,300
Oats	178,923	178,483	10,765	9,500	2,640
Wool...bls	19,531	14,380	12,660	8,342	2,700
Staves	—	3,133	5,007	3,350	2,645
Lumber...ft	—	5,418	7,996	5,000	1,360
Rides	91,457	33,920	30,355	21,620	13,205

BUFFALO MUSICAL INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

At the residence of Prof. W. R. Coppock—Composer and Teacher of the Piano Forte, Organ, Singing and Composition.

An institute devoted exclusively to Musical Education is not yet common in this country; but in Europe the test of experience fully shows its great advantages over the too general superficial manner in which the important part of polite education is acquired. The advantages this institution offers to those desirous of completing their studies as Organists or practical players of the Piano Forte, together with a thorough system of imparting the same to others is fully established by the many precedents of the past 18 years. The pupils are constantly guarded in their practice, against all bad habits, and from the various stages of progress they may be in, are continually stimulated to effort and industry, by association with each other. The family too, are all players, and the theory is amusingly discussed, impressing its rules in a more pleasing manner, and more lasting upon the understanding, than by the mere dry study of an elaborate book. Music is composed and arranged from time to time, showing the various styles and harmonies analytically, and adapted for performance on several Pianos at the same time. This teaches a thorough knowledge of counting, and dividing passages into their given time. Vocal music is particularly attended to, and when the pupil has a moderate share of talent, we hesitate not to say, a correct and pleasing singer can be made. The Piano Fortes used are all new, and of the finest quality, and every inducement will be given to render the true spirit with us profitable. The building is commodious, and has a fine garden attached, with Green houses, Bathing rooms, &c., and is pleasantly situated in Seventh street, between Niagara Street, and the Falls rail road, and about midway to Prospect Hill.

Terms made known upon application at the Institute, or by mail, post paid, directed Prof. Coppock, Buffalo

Prof. Coppock, keeps constantly a choice selection of Piano Fortes for sale.

Buffalo, August 3, 1847.

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REMOVAL.

WILLIAM J. MAY has removed to No 274 Main St, in Kremlin Stores, where he will be happy to see his old customers. One price, good goods, small profits and fair dealing, will always be the rule at No. 274 au17 3m.

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The subscriber, dealer in Books and Stationery, at 186 Main Street, 4 doors above Seneca, keeps constantly on hand, an extensive stock, embracing the most valuable selections from Ancient and Modern Literature and a general variety of Theological, Classical, Gift and School Books, &c. &c. The Amateurs of Knowledge and all interested in the purchase of Books or Stationery are respectfully solicited to call. Print and Cap Paper at wholesale.

Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W BREED.

JEWETT, THOMAS & CO.

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WESTERN
LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1847. NUMBER II.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Transplanted Flower.*

How beautiful, how beautiful, in childhood's rosy morn,
While innocence bedews the heart and grief is yet unborn,
To see the tender bud unfold, and, ere its leaves are froze,
To have it borne away to heaven, to be at once a rose.

Such is its lot, the budding one, its parents' fond delight,
Whose absence leaves their bleeding hearts in sorrow's murky night;
Retaining still the fragrance of its native Holy Land,
The messenger has called it back in glory to expand.

J. CLEMENT.

* Died, at Lockport, N. Y., June 27th, Julia Frances, daughter of Joseph and Cynthia D. Carpenter, aged five years.

For the Western Literary Messenger

The False Vow.

BY ARIEL.

CONCLUDED.

Long years had been added to the dusty growth of time, since the occurrence of the events above related. I had been called away from my native city, and for ten years was a wanderer in strange lands and among strange people. But the days of my wandering were over, and it was with the feelings of a long banished exile that I once more beheld the shores of my much loved, native land.

I stood again in my native city. Time had wrought wondrous changes in its outward appearance. In size it had nearly doubled, and places which I had left wide and silent commons, were now compactly built, and resounded with the busy hum of thronging life. The obliterating hand of innovation was visible at every step.—And while time had been busily working these changes in the appearance of my native city, ten years had not been idle among my acquaintances and friends. Some had been laid beneath the silent turf; others were scattered far and near, and others still were so changed that I could no longer recognise them—changed not only in external appearance, but also in their domestic relations. My friend had likewise left his home soon after my departure, and had gained a reputation and a name in one of the western states. He had never married, and was enjoying the indpendence of bachelor life, esteemed by all his acquaintances, and loved by all who knew him.

One evening, soon after my return, I was strolling thro'some of the well remembered streets in a part of the city which had become comparatively old. It was in the month of August and on a lovely evening; the bright full moon was in the glory of her nocturnal majesty, with countless stars for her maids of honor. It was an evening well calculated to awaken a pensive mood, and particularly so in me, as I wandered through the streets, remarking at nearly every step some object around which were centred many youthful associations, and which striking a train of thought, slumbering for years, would call around me incidents and scenes long since forgotten, with all the vividness of recent events.

I came before a gloomy and dimly lighted shop, whose three emblematic balls, swinging over its portal, told the business and the calling of the occupant. No name was above the door; the three gilded balls themselves were enough to exhibit to the world in signification of his calling. Ten years before and a pawn-brokers shop was a thing unknown in my native city; but increase of population had brought with it the usual increase of poverty and want, as well as those occupations whose gains are wrung from the necessities and destitution of the unfortunate. In the dimly lighted window of this shop were scattered various articles of almost every description and value, and which having been unredeemed, were exposed for sale. Could those inanimate objects have written their own history, what soul-moving tales might they not have told! I stood and gazed, throwing around each article as it met my eye an imaginary history. There was a bracelet whose plain setting seemed to show, that the braids of auburn hair which composed it were considered by its former owner as of the greater value; perhaps it was the hair of some friend now dead, and endeared by the associations of many happy hours; perhaps shorn from the tresses of a mother and hallowed by filial affection. That locket from which the miniature had been taken, may have been a gift of love from the hand of him who had won the heart when the world was bright, and before the darkness of evil days had thrown its gloom over the soul; who knows but that the trinket may have been worn many a day upon a heart which beat responsive to every thought of him whose counterpart it had once enclosed? who can tell the bitter tears which had bedewed it, before the mind would consent to part with an object around which clustered so many endearing recollections.

The web of fancy which I was weaving around these objects of my interest, was suddenly broken by the arrival of a female, who, with hasty step, approached the pawn-brokers shop. She did not perceive me, for I stood at some little distance from the window, and in the shade cast by a neighboring house. She was poorly clad, though

cleanly, her whole attire and demeanor betokening extreme poverty. She passed the window slowly, gazing into the shop as she did so, and after passing a few paces beyond, turned and came back, and then again moved on, as though undecided to enter. Her actions interested me, and filled as my mind was with the pictures of imaginary interest which I had woven around the various objects exposed in the window, I determined to learn as much as was possible of the true tale which might be here revealed.

The object of my observation came back for the third time after going but a few steps, and finally stopped before the pawn-broker's shop.—Looking up and down the now deserted street to see if passers by were coming, she approached the door and extended her hand to raise the latch, but instantly withdrew it. Hesitation and indecision characterised her whole conduct, as though her mind was not yet fully made up as to the step she was about to take. She stood close beside the window, and the lamp hanging within fell full upon her face, revealing features delicate and regular, but strongly marked by a settled expression of melancholy and of care. A flitting thought seemed to connect her in my mind with a face I had seen before, but the impression vanished as soon as formed. Drawing from her finger a ring, she held it to the light and looked upon it long and affectionately; and as the rays of the lamp shone upon the three white jewels with which it was adorned, casting a reflection from the sparkling stones into her eyes—once perhaps as bright as they—I could perceive a tear drop gather on her eyelid and roll down her cheek. I would have given much to know the thoughts of sadness then passing through her mind as she thus regarded this trinket, inestimable to her perhaps as being connected with youthful years and with days of happiness. Perhaps it was one of the few remaining links that connected her with scenes which threw their glad shadows and sunshine over days gone by; perhaps a reminiscence of one who possessed her heart, and whom lapse of time had not been able to drive from the memory. It is truly a great and indeed almost the only consolation of the miserable and the unfortunate, that they can cast back the memory to scenes of happier days, and driving from the mind the consciousness of present evil, live only in the ideal world which such recollections create. How doubly precious then must be every relic, which can assist in promoting such enjoyment. But this poor creature seemed compelled to part with this trifle—evidently of the greatest value to her—for the purpose, perhaps, of procuring bread for herself, or for little ones more dear than self. She pressed it repeatedly to her lips, and hastily drying the tears which had bedewed her face, started as though seized with a sudden energy, and entered the shop. Stern necessity had gained the victory! the iron hand of want had laid its cold touch upon her heart, driving from it for a time the sweet reminiscences of earlier years, whose smouldering flames had burst forth with a dying brilliance, as she stood sunken in thought before the pawn-brokers window.

How cold and heartless must the manner of that man of business have seemed to her who had just passed through such an ordeal, as he critically examined the jewel offered for his inspection. He knew not the value which circumstances had thrown around that ring; it had for him but the intrinsic value of the materials alone. He thought not of the hot tears which had bedewed, nor the sighs which had embalmed that trinket before it reached his hands, or, if he did, it was but to calculate in his sordid heart the increased gain which might be wrung from the more than ordinary misery which compelled its sale. His avocation had long driven all charity from his heart; his was an every day soul, into which no ray of sympathy could penetrate. He named the pittance he was willing to give for the ring, a sum much below its real value, with the usual privilege of redemption. She took the trifle offered her and with it a ticket of redemption, in the hope—alas! her appearance betokened that it was but another of the sweet though false delusions of the charmer which had so often before beguiled her—that better days would come, when she might recover possession of this memento of earlier days, and again refresh her heart with the many recollections which those three inanimate stones could revive.

As she left the pawnbroker's shop and passed close beside me, I heard a sob; poor thing! the overburthened heart which had thus offered up one of its dearest treasures upon the altar of necessity, must find some outlet for its feelings, or break. Deeply interested in the fate of this unfortunate woman, who had evidently seen better days, I followed her, determined to know more of her history and of her misfortunes. My interest was the more strongly excited, since I could not drive from my mind the thought which connected her features with some one whom I had known or seen years before; yet all was vague and indistinct, nor could I associate her with a single person or object which my power of memory was able to call around me. She passed hastily along several streets, and finally striking down a gloomy, alley-like passage, entered a large but dilapidated and dirty building, whose peculiar construction—it being divided into numerous entrances, and rooms separated from the other, each one apparently occupied by a family—seemed to design it for the poorest classes. Indeed everything in and about the building and its inhabitants, plainly betokened that poverty and want held undisputed reign within its walls.

Before many days elapsed I went to visit the object of my interest. I inquired for her from one of the occupants of the part she had entered, describing her appearance, for I knew not her

name. "O! you want Mrs. F.; she lives in there." was the answer. The name was one which had fallen upon my ear before; and after a moment's reflection, the whole truth burst, like a blaze of light upon my mind. I entered the room indicated, and before me stood the once beautiful, the once happy and adored Flora. The occupant of this miserable room was she who had once been the brightest gem of the social party, whose smiles and favors all had sought, and around whose pathway only the roses of life, divested of every thorn, seemed strewn: whose future then promised a succession of nothing but happy years, with not a cloud to darken the fair prospect spread out before her. But now how changed in circumstances, how altered in appearance. The animated, happy look had been succeeded by the dull expression of melancholy and sorrow; the cheeks fresh with the bloom of health, were now sunken and blanched; her dark hair already began to show signs of a change which in happy lives comes not until late; and the sunken eyes, dimmed and lustreless, retained no trace of their once sparkling life. The hand of care and of grief had evidently implanted more wrinkles upon her brow than the hand of time, and premature old age was visible in her features and in her form; she seemed to be at least seven and thirty years of age, though I well knew she could not be more than eight or nine and twenty. To me the change was as unexpected as it was sudden When I last beheld her she was in the bloom and beauty of nineteen summers, the lovely and adored; she stood before the altar upon that era so important to woman's heart, with the myrtle wreath entwined among the locks of her rich, dark hair. But since then she had evidently drank the cup of life's bitterness to its very dregs; the happiness which then seemed to dawn upon her, was but an illusion, soon to fade and pass away.

I called upon her several times, and soon gained much of her confidence; for the days when I had first seen her, and the mutual friends of that happy period, were the connecting links between her confidence and mine. Her husband, she told me, had died about a year before, leaving her with two children, the youngest of whom had been a few months after, laid beside his father. The relatives from whom she could claim assistance, were either dead or afar off, and her very existence had long depended upon her own exertions. One day, after we had rolled back the tide of ten years' time, and had recalled the events which then transpired and the actors in them; after I had again repeated all I knew in relation to my friend, and had returned to her the ring with which she had so unwillingly parted, and which, as she took it, she kissed again and again—the fountains of her confidence were fully opened, and she related to me in detail, the history of her acquaintance with my friend, of her marriage, and of her life since that time. Most bitterly had she atoned for that false vow; from that event she dated her unhappiness. She confessed that she never loved him to whom she had been united, and that she consented to become his wife while almost maddened at the thought, that my friend had scorned and rejected the affection she bestowed upon him.

"That ring"—said she, once more pressing it to her thin lips, while her eyes brightened up with somewhat of their original brilliance—"was the only memento I possessed of him. He placed it upon my finger as we were returning one beautiful evening from the place where we had first met, bidding me keep it as a token of our friendship; and in all the vicissitudes through which I have since passed, it has been treasured as the only remaining object which connected me with days of happiness. I have often, during the past ten years, looked upon that ring, and—lost in the reminiscences it revived—been carried back in imagination, to those days of joy, forgetting at such times, for hours, the unhappiness which surrounded me. Alas! so much the more bitter were my waking moments, after having lived in such a world of imaginary joy, It had for me a priceless worth; it was a talisman with which I could at will, dissipate the dark clouds of the present, and throw around me the bright sunshine of happiness. You may wonder that I have so long cherished his memory in my heart, and that I retain, at this late day so warm a recollection of one who rejected my affection, but he was connected with and participated in my last days of unalloyed happiness, he was associated with the first warm feelings of my young heart;

> "Like a rose in the wilderness
> Blooming and free;
> Like a fount in the desert,
> Is his love to me."

And as I now look back through the weary waste of years which my unwilling feet have trodden, his friendship is the first bright flower which gladdens my eye, the first clear fount whose sweet influence falls like the dew of Heaven upon my wasted heart. I know that such recollections should have found no abiding place within my mind; but I could not endure that my memory and thoughts should dwell upon the events of the past ten years, and in looking beyond them to the gladsome days which preceded, he is so intimately connected with almost every thought and scene which then transpired, that should I expel him from my mind, it would be striking out the brightest and sunniest page in the history of my life. Alas! I have not so many bright and sunny leaves, that I can afford to lose that one, without leaving a void in my heart which could never be refilled.

"But still my conscience does not now reproach me with having failed in any duty to him who became my husband. If not happy, I had at least been brought to regard my lot with resignation, and I might almost say, with contentment. During the period of which I speak, he was affectionate and kind, and seemed to do all in his power

to promote my happiness. But darker days came upon him and things changed. Misfortunes in business and the failure of almost every project, brought despair and discouragement upon his mind. He was not so constituted as to bear up under reverses, or to be incited by discouragements to renewed exertions. He yielded to the despondency which had seized him, and sought excitement and distraction in the use of intoxicating drinks. From that time forward he continued to sink lower and lower, until at last no helping hand could save, no warning word recall. Abandoned by all his friends, there was none left but myself to care for him, and I too was strongly urged to abandon him to his fate. The very relatives who had been mainly instrumental in promoting our union, now came forward with offers of assistance on condition that I would leave him for ever. But the thought that he was the father of my children, drove from my mind every idea of abandonment. I felt it my duty to repair as far as lay in my power, the wrong I had committed at the altar in consenting to become his bride, and in promising to cherish him to whom I could not give my heart. Though unable to love him, it was within my power to cheer his despondent hours, to be beside him in sickness, and to comfort him in his afflictions. That I faithfully performed those duties, my conscience now gives me absolution. I watched beside him in his last illness, brought on by unceasing dissipation; I cooled his burning brow and smoothed his aching pillow; I pacified him in his moments of wild delirium, when a thousand horrid spectres seemed to hover around his bed; and last closed his eyes in their eternal sleep, shedding a sincere tear upon the lifeless brow of the father of my children."

Such was in part the tale that Flora poured into my ear, and which upon paper seems cold and passionless when compared with the words as they fell from her lips, her whole manner showing the deep emotion which filled her heart. An animation as of old, lit up her eye, and seemed to bring some color to her wasted cheek, so that I could again trace a slight remnant of that beauty for which she had been so pre-eminent, but which was now gone for ever. Her simple and affecting tale awakened in my mind an interest in her fate which I could not dispel. In the consciousness of duty, she had clung to him who had been the instrument of her unhappiness, rejecting offers of assistance coupled with abondonment; and had remained with him through all vicissitudes, nor quitted him so long as life remained, keeping weary vigils and hovering around like a ministering angel in his last hours, for he was the *father* of her *children*—names awakening in her bosom a thousand echoes, to which none but a mother's heart can respond.

O noble heart of woman! which, in the discharge of a high and holy duty, can thus cling to the instrument of thy sorrow and the author of thy unhappiness; comforting where thou shouldst have been comforted; sustaining where a sustaining arm should have encircled thee, and cherishing where thou shouldst have been the cherished one. Could there be such a thing as atonement in this world, for sins committed here, surely the bitter tears of ten long years of sorrow, had washed away, in their redeeming flow, every remembrance of Flora's guilt, and blotted out the record of her sin from the register of the recording angel.

But she had now passed her bitterest trials. The destitution under which she then lived, was relieved by willing hands, and brighter days opened before her—not days of perfect happiness, for such she could know no more—but of contentment and pious resignation. She was among sympathizing friends, and their smiles once more cast a ray of sunshine upon her heart. A bloom again appeared upon her cheek; but alas! it was the hectic bloom which told not of life, but warned of coming death—the prematnre bloom of the rose, which betrays the canker within its inmost folds. The trials of long years had wasted away her strength and sapped the foundations of life. Before many months had passed away, she softly closed her eyes in the sleep of death, and amid the sighs and tears of friends who had learned to love her, breathed her last breath gently as a vesper breeze:

> "So fades a summer cloud away,
> So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
> So gently shuts the eye of day,
> So dies a wave along the shore."

Her last request, that the redeemed ring should remain upon her finger, fell upon willing ears; and that parting spirit, as it took its final flight, bore upon its wings to Heaven, a prayer for the happiness of him who gave it.

BUFFALO, January, 1847.

How frequently does a remark not always true, pass current as a proverb, and the world, eager to reach conclusions but glad to avoid the labor of investigating facts, condemns where it should almost worship. This is well illustrated in the following tale by LAMAN BLANCHARD:

"FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES."—(THE OLD STORY.)

So say they in your case, Lyddie Erle—even this, and no more! What note takes mankind of tragedies, if they happen to be real!

Lyddie Erle's sacrifices began in early childhood. They were all joyfully made for a brother, her fellow-orphan and sole companion, whom, as long as she could remember, she idolized; and who, even in those giddy, boyish days, when the heart is most happy and generous, was ungrateful selfish and tyrannical. She was bright-minded as well as affectionate, and though two years younger than himself, pursued his studies, solely for the delight of doing his exercises for him when he happened to be idle or in a scrape. With the management that belongs to maturer years, she extricated him from all difficulties—things in which he had a wonderful faculty for getting entangled; gave him the best of advice, which he did not take, and the prettiest watches and purses with coins in them, which he did; set every bit of his bad conduct right with inquisitive friends,

and made, as he said, "all straight," without any crooked dealing at all.

She was the star of his life, a redeeming spirit, a sleepless angel snatching him from all harm.—But go wrong he would. However, when minor sacrifices were at an end, larger ones were ready. The debts he had contracted she provided for out of her scanty portion—a third of what his had been; and when he returned to her in wild passion, the money spent, and the debts not paid, she wept, indeed for his sake, piteously, but gave the full sum again without a sigh for her own.

A beggar, and with a character while yet so young, not entirely unblotted, his safety required sacrifices costlier far than gold. Tears and sleepless nights would not purify and save him; but thought, energy, well-directed influence might; and with a head like a sage man, but with an angel's heart, she devoted herself to the task.—Warm affection and a firm soul did the work of sagacity, and experience approved what the mere girl suggested. The enterprise by which her brother was to be advanced to independence, would need but part—not *all*—of her remaining store of money. It was but to exercise, for her own support, her skill in languages, and in music, if necessary; it would be a pleasure, not a hardship; self maintenance would be so easy—and oh! so very, very sweet!

But when this enterprise, so costly to her, but so pregnant with golden promise, fell to the ground with a ruinous crash, through misconduct and recklessness, unexcused now by the plea of ardent, inexperienced youth, the discovery of a new hope and a safer course became painfully difficult. Her own small gains—even if she reserved none of them—would be but the mockery of a supply to one of his extravagant habits; and how to speak to him imploringly of a pinching economy, without seeming to reproach him in the hour of his bitterness!

Self, however, will sometimes start a plan where even sympathy like hers is ineffective. The brother of Lyddie Erle was conscious of one *thing*, which Lyddie Erle could never have thought of; the priceless value of such a sister. Some months before, a sentiment had stolen into her mind favoring the advances of a youth possessed of manifest desert, whose passion spoke more in his silence than in his speech, and yet it was unequivocal. In her innocent nature, the little "bud of love" was silently opening to the sunshine, when her brother at once crushed it. The object of it was too noble for him to hold communion with; and besides, he could not afford to give away such a sister to any lover. Soft expostulations, fond assurances, and chiefly, lies foul with detraction, enabled him to stifle the growing prepossession.

Now, however, his view of marriage changed. A friend of his own, bold, dissolute, and hard-minded, but rich at present, came as a suitor to the startled and blushing Lyddie; who shrank back terror-stricken at the bare thought. She would have leapt into her brother's heart, had it been open to shelter her; but it repulsed her tenderly at first, then sternly, even fiercely, in anger and astonishment at her resistance. But resist with all her gentle and unpolluted blood she must; she did. His arguments, his passions, could not here prevail—though they shocked and wounded her. He spoke of his own ruined state, his starved hopeless prospects, and Lyddie trembled; he spoke of the secret uses to which he *could* turn the rich connexion formed by marriage, of the bright fortune which by certain contrivances it would bring him, and Lyddie shuddered!

Not *that!* even for the being most beloved by her under heaven; for him, compared with whom herself was nothing, dust. To give what was yet left of her store, to engage to work with head, heart, and hands, to raise what might be necessary for replacing him in the world, was easy—it was happiness: and to take it, together with the passionate assurances of the wonders her affection was yet to work in his behalf, was to him not difficult, and anything but misery.

People blamed the extravagance, the audacious swagger of the brother, while they extolled him as noble-hearted; but they blamed more the presumption of poor Lyddie, her want of affection for her relative, her insensibility to his interests, in refusing such a match. "There were faults," they said, "on both sides."

Trials were at hand that wrung from the girl's heart tears of blood. Not the silent sufferings hourly undergone in slights, injuries, insults, incurred by the anxious, indigent teacher; in bitter privations, endured rather than spend the produce of the music-lesson; of fatigue and misery, only not overwhelming and intolerable, because sustained for his sake; no, these were light trials—compared with the heavy, awful, life-darkening secret, which had fallen like a huge block of ice upon her soul, and seemed, so chilling and crushing was its influence, to bury her alive.

The rich *roue*, on a marriage-connexion with whom he was to have built his proud, mean fortune, had become his dupe in another way; and the life of honor, the life of virtue, the life of lofty manhood was in him extinct for ever. What he had once compassed in safety, the tempter bro't him, not reluctantly, to try again; but this time the theft was less securely effected, and Suspicion turned upon the paralyzed villain its cold, keen, unsleeping eye; cold, though, full of fiery light, which was ever shaded. He recovered, to repel the accusing spirit of that glance, by a bold, but quiet look; he hid deep the burning sense for vengeance; the thirst for safety; waited the dark hour, which his fate told him was sure to come; and planned the murder, which at the appointed moment, his very poverty (so it turned out) prevented him from executing. A post-chaise would have carried him as far as man could go on the great highway of crime; ah! he had at that nick of time no money; he was too poor (so his fate willed it) to pay for powder and shot. How he cursed his ill-luck!—how he execrated with bitterness, increased a thousand-fold, his sin-thwarting poverty. He was without a shilling to buy poison.

But the act committed, and the act intended, both were known to Lyddie. Oh! the agony of that knowledge. Yet, yet it should be endured, suppressed, nay, stifled:—or, rather the very knowledge should be cast forth from her mind, and its burning sparks be trodden out into darkness and blank oblivion. Penitence should come at once, and peace after long search be found.—Alas! of what avail this calm in the distant future! The crimes were known also to the man whose life was to have paid the price of his supicion of injury.

And yet here—here in the darkest abyss—a light shot up and kindled hope, wild hope and joy, in the heart of the malefactor. He had a sister who could buy him out of a bondage too dreadful to bear. Yes, it was so. The lesser profligate would pardon the great, and cheat justice. The price was Lyddie Erie.

Lyddie lived to hear the proposal—then dropped, and a soul untainted by the dust that fell seemed to have risen to heaven. But she again awoke, after long days, to consciousness; and

heard the proposition, painfully, eagerly, madly reiterated. She did not drop; but she summoned her reason, and armed her affections for fierce trial. She demonstrated the insanity of the prayer, and pleaded for pity and pardon for her brother. Too soon was she doomed to plead for these *from* him; for the enraged accuser, foiled in his scheme of sweeter vengeance, had his hand upon brother's forfeit life. The end then seemed approaching. Yet something remained for thought and energy to do. She sold, for almost nothing, what drawings she could make in the night-time; she collected what trifles might be secured by giving lessons during the night-like day—happy moral lessons to the young, and merry melodious tasks in music; and with the funds thus drawn together by patient, thoughtful, resolute toil, the accused surrounded himself with the means of defence. This was the holy and loving desire that kept Lyddie Erle alive. He would have the ablest counsel: he would not be deserted and undone in the desolate time.

What a pang had been thine, fair soul, could thy innocent and truth-speaking spirit have guessed that the gold would have been employed to buy witnesses also! Witnesses!——

God of purity! amidst the false they sought to include the true. With the suborned, they would have ensnared her also to their purpose, who had but one tongue, which was lifeless. But Lyddie Erie, they said, could save her brother yet. She had only to step into the witness-box; to give her evidence without wavering or wandering; to prove what no one else could; to establish her brother's innocence, his *innocence;* to rescue him from agony, from ignominy, perhaps from death.

Her brother's innocence!—and *she knew!*—To be proved, established triumphantly by her, who *knew!*—She to be called to give evidence, who, if compelled to speak a word———the thought brought a wild wish for instantaneous and universal darkness; she knew not where to hide herself, lest she should be dragged into the presence where Truth dare not be dumb.

It was in vain that she told them that it was *impossible!*—in vain that she uttered the same words over and over again a hundred times, expressing the one conviction of her soul which it seemed childish to repeat, and yet mad not to understand. But they could not understand why it was impossible. She had but to speak, and yes, one thing more—what so easy?—*to hold her tongue!* Why was it impossible?

And weeks after, when the brother was voyaging through the deep waters in a hideous felonship, and Lyddie Erle's grave was being turfed and bordered with spring violets, those who thus decorated her green dwelling, and who, as they thought, knew her well, and loved her too, could not help preaching over it the old world sermon—the solemnity which familiarity make ridiculous:

"Beautiful she was, never proud, and always kind to the poor; but she might have spoken up for her brother in his time of need. He was wild, but devoted to his sister. Both had grievous troubles, and both were to blame. THERE WERE FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES."

THE RIFLE.—Many persons who are very expert in the use of the rifle know nothing of the principle upon which it operates, and would be at a loss if asked why a grooved barrel throws a ball truer than a smooth bore. The reasons are these:

In the first place no bullet is or can be cast perfectly spherical. One side is always heavier than the other. The ball therefore swerves from the right line of projection. However hard it may be to prove this, theoretically, practice demonstrates. The same smooth bore, immovably fixed, twice loaded with the same charge of the same powder, and with balls cast in the same mould, will not plant them in the same spot, at the same distance.

The rifle barrel is a female screw, which gives the tightly driven ball a rotary motion; so that if the bullet or rather the slug swerves with one twist of the screw, another revolution corrects the errors. There are but three motions in the rifle ball, the straight forward, the spiral, and the downward, caused by the power of gravity. A rifle of thirty to the pound drops its ball about a foot in a hundred yards. Rifles are sighted, therefore, to meet this deviation. On leaving the barrel, the ball moves above the line of sight, continually falling in a parabolic curve till it intersects it. The point of intersection is called the point blank.

Who invented the rifle is unknown. Its principle was known to the North American Indians before the discovery of the continent. Their arrows are feathered spirally, and move precisely in the manner of a rifle ball.

"The Examiner."

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

We have purposely delayed the common courtesy of an editorial notice of the new anti-slavery paper established in Louisville by John C. Vaughan, Esq., till time should be allowed us to see in what manner it would demean itself among a community one of whose "peculiar institutions" it seeks to overthrow, and what would be the temper in which it would enter upon the interesting and important mission with which it is charged. Seven numbers have now been issued, and we have read some portions of each: and it affords us much pleasure, as personal friends of Mr. Vaughan, to say that it regularly bears evidence of great industry, of talent peculiarly fitted to the purpose it has in view, of a comprehensive and enlightened patriotism, and of true christian philanthropy. These are all high qualities, we are aware, but with a full understanding of the import of our language, we say that no one, who is not strongly prejudiced, can closely and calmly read the paper, and deny them to its conductors.

The Examiner has started the investigation and discussion of the Slavery question in Kentucky, in a period, it seems to us, particularly opportune. The Legislature provided at its last session for the taking of a vote of the people on the question of holding a Convention to revise the Constitution of the State; that vote is now being taken; and if it result in the affirmative, the Convention will be elected and held at an early day. One party contends that the subject of Slavery will not necessarily come before it when it is held. That is true; but while another party insists that this question is as important as any one that can be submitted to it, and that it *ought* to come up, it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to keep it down. In the midst of the discussion of this preparatory question, *The Examiner* is started, to show that the institution is one which has steadily retarded the growth of Kentucky—that it is now undermining the prosperity of the State—that it may be discussed without warmth of feeling or bitterness of language—that facts exist in abundance to render such a discussion interesting and profitable—and that the three classes of persons into which the people are divided on this question, those who are in favor of preserving Slavery in the State, those who oppose them and are ready for its abro-

gation, and those who, from either moral, political, or social reasons, favor emancipation, but fear the effects of an agitation of the subject, may, if they are so disposed, meet together in sectional primary assemblies, or in a great State Convention, and discuss the question with as much calmness as any other could be discussed of anything like its importance. This is itself a great end gained; yet this we think *The Examiner* has established. Certainly we cannot see how any body of good citizens can come together with the spirit and in the temper of *The Examiner*, and start any investigation which may not be conducted with the utmost coolness and deliberation, and be pursued to important if not final and satisfactory results.

The Examiner has no tone of slang—no taint of fanaticism—no language of denunciation. It works altogether in a Christian spirit, with weapons furnished by the institution of Slavery itself. By facts that are indisputable, and by calm and logical reasoning from admitted premises, it endeavors to show that Slavery is not calculated to promote the well-being of Kentucky, either morally, socially, or politically; that it paralyses industry, prevents immigration, and retards growth; that under it the natural resources of the State are not developed; that, in the language of one of Kentucky's eminent statesmen, "it is a wrong to the slave, and a curse to the master;" and in that of another, "a blistering sore that knows no healing." The paper contrasts Kentucky and Ohio a generation ago, and Kentucky and Ohio now; and thus shows the superiority of free over slave institutions. It addresses the reasons of the people, in all these ways and others, and studiously avoids appeals to passion or prejudice. To intelligent minds in Kentucky, we think its labors must be acceptable; and we cannot see how its elevated tone and philanthropic spirit can give offence to any one.

We observe that one of our Kentucky exchanges denounces Mr. Vaughan as an ultra Abolitionist, from Ohio. Mr. V., it is true, resided in this state a number of years, and coming as he did from an "ultra" Slave State (South Carolina,) drew a good deal of interest about him by the open, manly, and steady testimony which he bore against the institution, in the presence of which he had been born and reared; but that he was an Abolitionist, in the sense intended by the paper to which we refer, will be news to every one here. He was a warm and enthusiastic Whig, of the anti-slavery and anti-war stamp, and as such did good service in several hard campaigns, both by his tongue and his pen.

Fortunatus Cosley, Esq., one of the ripest scholars and best intellects in Kentucky, is Mr. V.'s associate in the editorial conduct of The Examiner. Under the management of two such men, the paper cannot but be useful. As a miscellaneous family journal alone, it is a very valuable sheet. The subscription price is $2 per year.

The London Times.—The *Courier & Enquirer* relates the following incident in the history of this paper, which it vouches for as true:

It was for a long time the most radical paper in England, and in a single twenty-four hours, changed its whole course and came out an *ultra Tory* paper; or if the Albion likes the phrase better—*ultra conservative*—which it now claims to be. Does the *Albion* know the history of that change? If not, the following *facts* related to us by one of its then Editors, since dead, will not be uninteresting.

Of course the Albion knows that it was alleged that Mr. Walter was bought up by the government, and that he received some two hundred thousand pounds sterling for changing the course of his paper. This is denied by some; while others say that if he did, it was *not bribery*, but only a fair remuneration for the risk he incurred.

But be this as it may, the then editors, Messrs. Barnes & Bacon—the ablest ever connected with that press, and both since dead—together with all its Parliamentary reporters, were invited on a certain day to breakfast with Mr. Walter, the proprietor. The breakfast over, Mr. Walter addressed all present and stated that it was feared that if the *Times* persisted in its then radical course, a revolution in England would be *inevitable;* and therefore, he had determined and *promised* that from that time forward the course of the paper should be changed, and he had called together its conductors, to announce his determination, and ask their co-operation! All were taken by surprise; and *all*, with the solitary exception of Francis Bacon, gave notice of their determination to withdraw, and did withdraw from the paper, but very soon returned to it! The sale of the *Times* on the day of that breakfast, exceeded *eleven thousand*, but within a week its sales fell off to a fraction over *four thousand!* We all know the result. The *Conservatives* of the whole nation came to its support; and consequently, it became what it now is, the leading paper of the world, and the most profitable.

A Peruvian Paradise.—The favorite residence of the Incas was at Yucay, about four leagues distant from the capital. In this delicious valley, locked up within the friendly arms of the Sierra, which sheltered it from the rude breezes of the east, and refreshed by gushing fountains and streams of running water, they built the most beautiful of their palaces. Here, when wearied with the dust and cares of the city, they loved to retreat and solace themselves with the society of their favorite concubines; wandering amidst the groves and airy gardens that shed around their soft intoxicating odors, and lulled the senses to voluptuous repose.—Here, too, they loved to indulge in the luxury of their baths, replenished by streams of crystal water, which were conducted through subterraneous silver channels into basins of gold.—The spacious gardens were stocked with numerous varieties of plants and flowers, that grew without effort in this temperate region of the tropics, while parterres of more extraordinary kind were planted by their side, glowing with the various forms of vegetable life skilfully imitated in gold and silver. Among them the Indian corn, the most beautiful of American grains, is particularly commemorated, and the curious workmanship is noticed with which the golden ear was half disclosed amidst the broad leaves of silver, and the light tassel of the same material that floated gracefully from its top. If this dazzling picture staggers the faith of the reader, he may reflect that the Peruvian mountains teemed with gold;—that the natives understood the art of working the mines to a considerable extent; that none of the ore was converted into coin; and that the whole of it passed into the hands of the sovereign; for his own exclusive benefit, whether for purposes of utility or ornament. Certain it is that no fact is better attested by the conquerors themselves who had ample means of information and no motive for misstatement. The Italian poets in their gorgeous picture of the gardens of Alcina and Morgana, came nearer to the truth than they imagined.—*Prescott's Conquest of Peru.*

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

Rural Department.

Fine Cattle and Sheep.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

There is probably no place in the United States where so many superior, thorough-bred cattle and sheep of the most approved English breeds exist, as in the vicinity of Buffalo. The large cattle herd of Lewis F. Allen, Esq., has long been celebrated as of the first character for excellence, as his uniform success at the State and County Cattle Shows, wherever his stock has been exhibited, has testified. This herd, kept on his farm at the head of Grand Island, in the Niagara River, consists of about one hundred and sixty head, chiefly dairy cows, and young stock. Among them are some thirty head of thorough-bred short horns of the choicest kind, kept in their purity, and bred with the greatest care. These have descended from some of the best importations ever made into this country, and will sustain the reputation of their ancestry. As dairy cows, the short horns are perhaps superior to any other breed in our country, while for beef they are hardly excelled by any others, and their introduction into the United States has greatly improved the inferior native cattle.

Another beautiful race bred by Mr. Allen is the Devon—the hardy, compact, graceful, deep red cattle so much admired by our New England and Northern farmers. The cows of this breed are also, though smaller than the short horns, excellent milkers, and in their close matching, docility and activity, the Devon oxen are unrivalled in the yoke. Of these there are some five and twenty thorough bred, and their uniformity of appearance, all being of a rich mahogany red color, with high spreading horns, mark them as general favorites in their attractive qualities.

Each of these separate kinds are bred distinct in their purity, and from them every year are purchased several animals by enterprising farmers and stock breeders in different parts of the United States and the Canadas, for the improvement of their herds. Aside from his thorough breds, Mr. A. has a large number of both short horn and Devon grade cows and heifers, which are used in the dairy, comprising probably the choicest herd of dairy cows in Western New York.

On this farm also is a flock of about one hundred select Cotswold and Southdown sheep, each bred in their purity. The former of these are celebrated for their great size as a mutton sheep, and yielding the long woole for combing purposes now coming into extensive use in our manufactories of muslin de laines and worsted stuffs. These sheep are from the celebrated flock imported by Messrs. Corning & Sotham in 1841. The Southdowns are the favorite mutton sheep of England. Exceedingly compact in shape and hardy in constitution, yielding a fleece of moderate quality wool, and highly esteemed in this country wherever they are known as furnishing the best of mutton, and a valuable "farmer's fleece."

In addition to the above, Mr. Sotham, who, with Mr. Corning, of Albany, has for some years past been extensively known as the importer of a select herd of Hereford cattle, has now, in connection with Wm. A. Bird, Esq., of Black Rock, purchased the interest of Mr. C. in them, and removed with his stock on to the fine farm lately occupied by Mr. Richard L. Allen, on the river just below the Rock. Mr. Sotham has been long known as a breeder of judgment and sagacity, and the numerous sales which he has made of his stock, at good prices, prove the high estimation in which his cattle are held in the United States. In England the Hereford oxen have long held successful rivalry with the short horns at the prize shows of fat cattle in the London Markets, while the cows occupy a respectable position as milkers in many of her dairy Counties. They are large in size, with high spreading horns, imposing and beautiful in their appearance, their color being deep red, with white faces, flanks, and bellies. They are eminently a grazier's cattle, being good and quick feeders, while their fine size and athletic frames equally fit them for the farmer as a working ox. To all such as admire fine cattle and sheep, or who wish to improve their herds and flocks, we commend them to a ride of half-a dozen miles down the Niagara to look at these beautiful animals.

While on this subject we may as well mention, though not least in our estimation, the noble pair of fat oxen, owned and fed by Messrs. Alberger & Boorem; on the farm of the former, near the Cold Springs. They are now six years old, about three-fourths short horn in blood, and probably the finest pair of fat cattle in the State, their weight being estimated by good judges at about 3,000 pounds each. Messrs. A. & B. are well known as among our most enterprising butchers, who take laudable pride in feeding, as well as providing some of the best cattle for our markets. These steers took the first prize at the State Cattle Show at Utica in 1845, and will, we are equally sure, bear away the first honors wherever they may be exhibited hereafter. We only regret that the out-of-the-way location of the next State Cattle Show, (at Saratoga) will probably prevent Messrs. Alberger & Boorem from drawing to our county the prize to which she would be justly entitled in their exhibition.

Added to all these we may mention as in our neighborhood, the excellent short horn cattle of Mr. Stevens at Batavia, probably comprizing, together with that of Messrs, Allen and Sotham, a greater variety of superior farm stock than can be found in the vicinity of any other interior town of the United States.

Breaking ground for the Factory.—The digging for laying the foundation of the Steam Cotton Factory, has been commenced this week. This is our third steam factory, and the largest of them all.—*Utica Gaz.*

For the Western Literary Messenger.

My Lute.

My long-loved lute, my long-loved lute!
I'll touch thy cords no more:
Thy music-tones seem sad to me,
And make my heart run o'er:
Of youth's glad time, of childhood's hour,
And long, long years since then,
They cause sad memories to rise,
Like shadows in a glen.

Yet still in parting from thee, lute,
I own I feel a pang;
Methinks the thought restores the hour
When first thy wild-notes rang;
In that sweet hour my guileless heart,
Knew not the world untrue;
Oh why, when other friends depart,
Why wouldst thou leave me too?

It cannot be, it cannot be,
We have been friends too long,
Thy voice has still the tone of love,
I feel my heart was wrong:
Joy follows grief, sweet peace the storm,
And morn the gloomy night;
Thy voice dispels dispondency,
And lures me to the *Right*.

The demons from my heart are gone,
Who caused me life to hate—
Who taught me ever to despond,
And murmur at my fate:
My lute restores the soul I had
When first I touched its strings,
When joy sat on my guileless heart,
And fanned it with her wings.

P. S.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Present Age.

BY GEO. MILLER.

The present is a *wonderful* age. It would appear that man had resolved, at length, to throw his last fetters off. We seem to be rousing from the sleep of ages, and to be rushing, with accelerated strides, from the inner chambers of darkness into the very eye of the meridian sun. No longer satisfied with the fair seemings of external show, we are now intent upon cracking time-honored shells, and feasting upon the kernels.—Age—*per se*—is no longer respected, and why should it be? Must the world be for ever tied to apron-strings? Is there never a period, at which, having once arrived, it were pusillanimous *not* to assume the "toga virilis," and demand our rights?

Already do "the knowing ones" squint, with awful suspicion, upon gray-haired sentiments.—We are beginning to act upon the maxim that presumptions are all against antiquity. Whatever admonitions our revered mothers and revered sires may have given to the contrary, we have now learned that sugar is *not* injurious to teeth. The spell, then, is broken. Our point is gained. The citadel is in our hands. On all sides, it is conceded, at last, that wisdom is not as old as one's grandmother. Views which are driven to hide themselves behind the sanction of more than one according century, we are, shrewdly enough, beginning to suspect at the brood of ignorance—hatched out under favor of the Dark Ages.

Amazingly critical have we *also* become in these latter days. And, indeed, taking it "in the abstract," we may very safely doubt (as what may we *not* doubt in this enlightened age) whether one generation has *the right* to impose its opinions upon another—to masticate the intellectual food of its successors for all time to come.—Grave questions are started—great misgivings are afoot. "The present age" will rebel—that is certain. We *will* think for ourselves. We *will not* think as our fathers thought, even though, to think differently, is to think erroneously. The "largest liberty" consists in having our own way. Our ancestors had *theirs* unmolested by *us*. It is now *our* time, and must we have the same dull round? Cucumbers rot, then why not opinions?

Such, in brief, are the enlarged tendencies of "the present age." It is not contended, we may remark, that *all* are equally enlightened. Far from it. We frankly, and in much sorrow, admit, that many are still lingering on the *borders* of illumination. They cry out for "the old paths." We may believe that they are still hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt. These people, as one might suppose, take fierce exceptions to the march of modern improvement. To our ridicule they oppose contempt—to contempt, ridicule. Nay, their audacity overleaps all bounds. Does our philosopher of the 19th century announce resplendent discoveries in the peopled moon—or transcendental views of mind—forthwith, in full chorus, and with the most provoking coolness, do these graceless lovers of the past, cry out, "prove it, sir, prove it." Prove it *yourselves* would be *our* indignant reply. "The present age" has no patience with these quibbling fellows. *Prove* it quotha! As if the march of science must be arrested, at every turn, just to please *you*. We'll see you hanged first. We give no reasons upon compulsion. *We* are satisfied *without* the proofs, if *you* are not, that is your business not ours.

By what assumed right, we may deign to ask, do these non-illuminati hang upon the wheels of the car of science, or about the flanks of the army of Pioneers, clogging its progress with their petty annoyances? Why, no sooner shall the benevolent sagacity of our age have reached the pinnacle of a tall conclusion, than some fellow bawls out the enquiry, *how got it there?* Is it not enough that we *are* there? What need we care, that he persists in having an explanation of our process of climbing, on pain of his denial that we can climb at all! "Prove me that" says one.—"Show me the *correctness* of that conclusion," exclaims another. Why just as reasonably might the Austrian have demanded proof that Napoleon had crossed the Alps, and denied the fact, unless that great commander would condescendingly subject himself to the fatigue and inconvenience of marching his whole army back again, and crossing anew! It was, we think, for all *practical* purposes at least, quite sufficient that Napoleon was, in very deed, upon the plains of Italy.

In the science of Phrenology, for example, we have known men to stand within the very shadow of the Temple itself—nay with one foot upon its very door-sill—demanding proofs that certain protuberances were infallible indication of particular traits of character and special manifestations of mind, when, perchance, the self same evidences, which they professed to seek, were piled, mountain high, on their own heads. Strange, is it not, that these gentry do not procure a mirror (the expense being quite inconsiderable; at most a shilling) and "examine" their own *crania* in the quiet recesses of home, instead of protruding them upon the attention of honest people, in the public lecture room, to the manifest disgust and annoyance of the votaries of science!

It is high time for "the present age" to assert its clear prerogatives. Is it to be borne that we must waste so much precious time to satisfy ignorance and convert scepticism? Must we be continually drawn off from the prosecution of the schemes and reforms and sciences of the day, because *somebody* who *should* have been born five centuries back, chooses to have his doubts—to interpose his objections and to start his difficulties? We trow not.

"Hence we conclude" that it is time—high time—past time—for this guerilla warfare against the "improvement" of the present age, to cease. But should it continue—should some still refuse to see, and seeing to acknowledge the light, we would affectionately ask our Reformers and Philosopbers to bethink themselves, and to *reconsider* their good-natured desire to carry all minds with them.

If it were permitted us to approach your august presence, ye itinerant expounder of the "Athies" and "Ologies" of these days, and ye transcendentalists of whatever name! we would humbly implore you somewhat on this wise: Why stand ye debating all the day with these "outside barbarians?" Why waste your strength for nought? Are ye fairly astride some huge truth—some ponderous conclusion? Make the most of it. Press on. New Alps await your coming. Have you dug up some *central* science? Press on. Heed not your adversaries—laugh their objections to scorn. Do they demand proofs? Let them *hunt* for them, as *you* have done—or *would have done* had you deemed them of consequence. If the facts and the world sustain you not, so much the worse for the world and the facts. With them be it, to arrange their own quarrels. It is no concern of yours, ye mental pioneers! Did not this same world persecute Galileo—decry Bacon—doubt Newton? And who are these that *now* refuse to follow unless you will kindly show them the way? Are they not the enemies of all progress? Do they know that they are living in the full blaze of this 19th century? Have they yet to learn "that wisdom was just as certainly born with you, as that it will die with you," ye lights of the present age?

Press on, then, "conquering and to conquer," and "the light that shined on glory's plume;" shall gleam in untold splendor about your heads.

Massilon, O.

Has Man Progressed?—Whilst we believe that man has made great and real progress in substantial happiness and intelligence, we would not be classed among those who see nothing excellent in the past, and we heartily subscribe to the ideas expressed by Hazlitt in the following words:

There is not a lower ambition, a poorer way of thought, than that which would confine all excellence, or arrogate its final accomplishment to the present, or modern times. We ordinarily speak and think of those who had the misfortune to write or live before us, as laboring under very singular privations and disadvantages in not having the benefit of those improvements which we have made, as buried in the grossest ignorance, or the slaves of 'poring pedantry:' and we make a cheap and infallible estimate of their progress in civilization upon a graduated scale of perfectibility, calculated from the meridian of our own times. If we have pretty well got rid of the narrow bigotry that would limit all sense or virtue to our own country, and have fraternized, like true cosmopolites, with our neighbors and contemporaries, we have made our self-love amends by letting the generation we live in engross nearly all our admiration, and by pronouncing a sweeping sentence of barbarism and ignorance on our ancestry backwards, from the commencement—as near as can be—of the nineteenth, or the latter end of the eighteenth century. From thence we date a new era, the dawn of our own intellect, and that of the world, like 'the sacred influence of light' glimmering on the confines of 'Chaos and old night;' new manners rise, and all the cumbrous 'pomp of elder days' vanishes, and is lost in worse than Gothic darkness. Pavilioned in the glittering pride of our superficial accomplishments and upstart pretensions, we fancy that every thing beyond that magic circle is prejudice and error; and all, before the present enlightened period, but a dull and useless blank in the great map of time. We are so dazzled with the gloss and novelty of modern discoveries, that we cannot take into our mind's eye the vast expanse, the lengthened perspective of human intellect, and a cloud hangs over and conceals its loftiest monuments, if they are removed to a little distance from us—the cloud of our own vanity and short-sightedness. The modern sciolist stultifies all understanding but his own, and that which he conceives like his own. We think, in this age of reason and consummation of philosophy, because we knew nothing twenty or thirty years ago, and began then to think for the first time in our lives, that the rest of mankind were in the same predicament, and never knew anything till we did; that the world had grown old in sloth and ignorance, had dreampt out its long minority of five thousand years in a dozing state, and that it first began to wake out of sleep, to rouse itself, and look about it, startled by the light of our unexpected discoveries, and the noise we made about them. Strange error of our infatuated self-love. Because the clothes we remember to have seen worn when we were children are now out of fashion, and our grandmothers were then old women, we conceive, with magnanimous continuity of reasoning, that it must have been much worse three hundred years before, and that grace, youth, and beauty are things of modern date—as if nature had ever been old, or the sun had first shone

word, the last generation, when tottering off the stage, were not so active, so sprightly, and so promising as we were, we begin to imagine that people formerly must have crawled about in a feeble, torpid state, like flies in winter, in a sort of dim twilight of the understanding; 'nor can we think what thoughts they could conceive,' in the absence of all those topics that so agreeably enliven and diversify our conversation and literature, mistaking the imperfection of our knowledge for the defect of their organs, as if it was necessary for us to have a register and certificate of their thoughts, or as if, because they did not see with our eyes, hear with our ears, and understand with our understandings, they could hear, see, and understand nothing. A falser inference could not be drawn, nor one more contrary to the maxims and cautions of a wise humanity.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Six:

OR THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE; a History of the Anglo Americans, from the period of the Union of the Colonies against the French, to the inauguration of Washington, the First President of the United States of America. Illustrated by numerous engravings of plans of battles, prominent events, interesting localities, and portraits of distinguished men of the Period. By BENSON J. LOSSING, New-York; EDWARD WALKER, 114 Fulton Street, 1847.

The American Revolution is the glory of the eighteenth century. Indeed it is the most sublime national drama the world ever saw. We care not who contemplates it; at this short remove from the period of its action, it has gathered around it a lustre which the eye of British prejudice, even, cannot behold but with feelings of admiration.

The Independence of the Colonies was the legitimate child of Oppression. Our fathers were true to the home government till that government began to impose upon them an unreasonable and illegal tax. Through all the Colonial wars up to 1763, the best blood of her American subjects was shed in defence of the rights and for the glory of the English Crown. In the march towards Fort Du Quesne, the expeditions against Crown Point, Kittaning, Louisburg, Niagara, Quebec, etc., etc., side by side fought the veteran soldiers of Britain and the undisciplined but brave and loyal yeomanry of the youthful colony. The blood of England and America, to use the language, slightly altered, of an Irish orator on another occasion, "flowed in the same stream, on the same fields; when the chill morning dawned their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited, the green arm of spring breaks from year to year on their commingled dust; the dew of heaven falls upon their union in the grave."—In almost the first expedition in the Colonial wars, the fidelity and bravery of the Anglo Americans shone in the most striking colors, a little band of Virginia Riflemen, alone, saving the defeated army from unmitigated disgrace. And on that occasion the foresight, military tactics and heroism of the young Washington at once outshone and for ever obscured the fame of the haughty and self-sufficient Braddock.

The Colonists, we repeat, were true to the home government till they were obliged to resist. They were not rash; they raised no arm of rebellion against the mother country till their wrongs were so aggravating that her own great Pitt rejoiced that they had resisted. When driven to arms, they felt the justice of their cause; they entered upon the contest resolved on "liberty or death;"

"They fought like brave men, long and well;"

they gained their Independence; and the glorious struggle of which it was the fruit, is narrated in glowing language in the magnificent volume before us.

To write a new history of the drama of Seventy-Six, would seem to require more courage than ability. The greatest minds in the country have been tasked to do it, and the work has been done nobly. Mr. LOSSING, in going over the ground, does it with true modesty. He is willing his work should be considered merely "*an echo* of the sweet voices of others who have chanted the heroics of the War of Independence." Such *is*, in fact, the character of the book; and who can expect it to be otherwise? Surely no one. And yet we are glad Mr. LOSSING *has* echoed those "sweet tones." He has a patriotic spirit, and sufficient literary ability to prepare a history, just such as the youth of America will find delight and profit in reading. The style of the work is neither slip-shod nor ornate, neither dry nor florid. It has not the dove-tailed compactness of Bancroft's nor the uniform strength and elegance of Prescott's; but it is plain without being childish, and possesses sufficient literary verbiage to render it interesting to the more cultivated class of historical students. The faults of the work are too few and trifling to need designation. While its body is but little more than a careful compilation —a liberal but credited use of other historians' labors—the Appendix contains several documents replete with valuable information, with which the youth of our country are generally unacquainted. The pictorial embellishments will form, to the young in particular, one of the most attractive features of the book. They are mostly "illustrative of facts, and fo[illegible] part of the record." The engravings of batt[illegible]though not all of them perfect, are spirited, and greatly add to the interest of the narrative. The portraits of distinguished individuals of "the times that tried men's souls," are no less than forty-five in number, and are said to have been copied with care from engravings enjoying public approbation. We most heartily recommend this work, and especially to the youth of the country, to whom the author dedicates it,

For sale at Pecks'.

THE POWER OF THE SOUL OVER THE BODY, considered in relation to Health and Morals. By GEORGE MOORE, M. D., member of the Royal College of Physicians of London, etc., etc. New-York. Harper & Brothers, publishers, 1847.

This book is No. 25 of the "New Miscellany." Those who have read "The Body and the Mind," to which we lately devoted considerable space in remarks and extracts, can form some idea of the style and general character of this volume. It is divided into two parts, and contains, in all, thirty chapters. A great variety of topics, touching the body and soul, their connection with each other, and the influence of the latter over the former, are discussed, and the book forms a valuable addition to this choice series of Miscellaneous works. We may refer to it again. For sale by Hawks.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, No. Twenty-Seven. HARPER AND BROTHERS, 82 Cliff-st., New-York. To be completed in about forty numbers. 26 cts.

This magnificent work is progressing rapidly, and will be all published in a few months. Number twenty-seven brings the history down to the Commonwealth. Hawks, agent.

ANOTHER BALLOON ASCENSION.—Last week on Friday, Mr. WISE made another ascension from Morris' Garden in the north part of the city. At four o'clock P. M., he rose and passed directly over the city in a southerly direction, at the height of about one mile, and *landed* in Lake Erie about three miles from the light house. He was taken up by the yawl of the brig *Eureka*, and got safely back to the city, "high," but not "dry."

GEN. TOM THUMB, will pay our city a visit next week, arriving on Monday the 16th. He is the *genuine* General, a man of refinement—in one word "a gentleman and scholar." Let our friends avail themselves of the privilege of seeing the littlest great man of the age. He leaves here for a tour through the Canadas, and will be in Toronto on the 19th, and Montreal on the 23d instant.

The best route for "M." and for every body else who goes from this city to the Falls, is by the Niagara river. The scenery is beautiful and one gets a good view of old Fort Erie, Grand and Navy Islands, and other places not unknown to fame. The Emerald, a safe and fast steamer, leaves Buffalo every morning and afternoon for Chippewa, two miles from the Falls, where a railway connects with the same.

THE HOME JOURNAL.—The publishers of this excellent weekly, are giving their readers "DOMBEY AND SON," (Dicken's new work) in numbers, *gratis*. This liberality on the part of Morris and Willis, will not be forgotten by their patrons. The Journal, by the way, is one of the raciest family papers in the country.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW for this month was out promptly, and is very welcome to our table. Its contents are as follows: "The Chicago Convention;" "The Council of Three;" "The life of John Rutledge;" "Suicide;" "The Planet Neptune;" "Life of Joseph Reed" (review); "Heine;" "Was it well," by L. L. Noble; "Natalie;" "A Word of Encouragement;" "Emerson's Poems," (reviewed); "Fresh Gleanings;" and "Critical Notices." Hawks, of this city, agent.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE for August contains original articles by Mrs. E. O. Smith, (Jack Downing's Lady) Horace Greeley, D. H. Howard, the Editor, and other able writers, and four or five very choice selections. This is a work which has a *heart* to it. Published two-monthly at $1,20 a year. GEO. W. LIGHT. Boston, editor and Proprietor.

THE UNION MAGAZINE for August, excels the first number in interest and ability. The article on "Social Life" by H. T. Tuckerman, is in a spirited style, and we most fully believe in its sentiment. Park Benjamin, Mrs. Osgood, T. S. Arthur, C. F. Hoffman, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Ellet, Miss H. F. Gould, and Mrs. Hewitt, also contribute. "Harvest," No. two of "Western Sketches" by the Editor, is in her own peculiar vein. The first engraving—a beautiful mezzotint—is certainly unique, and will elicit many a hearty laugh.

THE BINDERY ESTABLISHMENT of GEO. H. READ, advertized on another page, our friends who have work in his line to be done, will do well to bear in mind. The establishment is large, and dispatch, neatness and durability characterize its work.

INDICTED.—The Grand Jury of the U. S. District Court, sitting at Columbus, the Chronicle learns, have found true bills for manslaughter against B. Higgins, of Sandusky City, and D. N. Barney, of Cleveland, owners of the steamer Chesapeake. Also against the Captain, Clerk, and 1st and 2d Mates of said boat.—*Cincinnati Atlas.*

The *Chronicle* is in error. Bills for manslaughter have been found against the Captain, Clerk and first and second Mates of said boat, and the bills found against Messrs. HIGGINS & BARNEY, the alleged owners of the boat, are for a violation of the United States law. In reference to Mr. BARNEY, it is but just to state that he was in no wise connected with the ownership of the boat at the time of the disaster, having disposed of his interest in the same on the first day of January last.

CHURCH DISCIPLINE.—The N. Y. Observer, suggests that churches should compel their members who are able, to pay their honest debts; and make it a matter of church discipline.

☞ The propeller *Goliath* commenced taking in a load of 120 tons native copper at the Sault Ste. Marie on Tuesday morning last.

Organization of the Buffalo City Bible Society.

A meeting of many individuals from such of the congregations in the city, as from the community of religious sentiment can cordially unite in the furtherance of the important objects of this Society, was held last Sunday evening at the First Presbyterian Church. Our city is peculiarly in need of the aid of such a Society. It is composed to so great an extent of people who in leaving home, have ceased to be subject to the ordinary restraints, that the circulation of the Scriptures seems even more necesary than in places where the habits of the population are more settled. It is a field in which those who desire the welfare of mankind should engage with all their energies. Hitherto it has depended rather upon the efforts of one congregation than upon the united exertion of the Christian community. Division and dissension are among the chief impediments to religious progress, and whatever progress, without merging essential doctrines, is made in Christian union is an advancement for the best of all public causes. N. H. GARDINER presided. The proceedings of the meeting were opened by an impressive prayer by the Rev. Dr. TUCKER, of the Washington Street Baptist Church, who afterwards introduced the following resolution:

Whereas: There are stsong reasons to believe that there are numerous families in this city, living without the Bible—and as it is one of the first christian duties to furnish such families with th the sacred volume, therefore,

Resolved, That we proceed to reorganize a Bible Society for this city, to be denominated the Buffalo City Bible Society, auxiliary to the American B. S., and adopt the printed Constitution recommended in their annual report, preparatory to an effort to supply each destitute family in the city with a copy of the Holy Scriptures.

Dr. TUCKER added a few remarks as to the influence of the Holy Scriptures, upon individuals and communities, and pledged the efforts of his denomination to the cause.

Rev. Mr. HEACOCK, of the Lafayette Street Church, offered the following resolution:

That the influence of the Bible upon the young men, as a class, of a growing and commercial community, makes the geue al distribution of the scriptures in our city a matter of imperative christian duty.

He alluded with much effect to the dangers and temptations surrounding young men in our city.

Rev. Mr. ABBOTT, and the Rev. Mr. THOMAS, of the Niagara Street Methodist Church, also addressed the meeting, in some excellent remarks upon the subject of bible distribution, and upon the matters embraced in the resolution.

The resolution was adopted.

Rev. MANLY TOOKER, Agent of the American Bible Society for Western New York presented the following resolution:

That experience has shown the feasibility, as well as practical importance, of united effort among christians of different names in circulating the sacred scriptures.

Dr. HOPKINS congratulated the meeting and the friends of the cause on the prevalent spirit of hearty and zealous union.

The resolution was adopted.

A benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. STERNBERG, and an invitation given to those who chose, to remain and organize a Bible Society. A large number remained, and organized by the adoption of the following Constitution:

ART. 1. This Society shall be called the Buffalo City Bible Society, Auxiliary to the American Bible Society.

ART. 2. The object of the Society shall be to promote the circulation of the Holy Scriptures "without note or comment," and, in English, those of the commonly received version.

ART. 3. All persons contributing any sum to its funds, shall be members for one year; those contributing one dollar or more, shall receive, (if called for within twelve months) a common Bible in return; those contributing *fifteen* dollars at one time, or *twenty* dollars at *two* payments, shall be members for life.

ART. 4. All funds not wanted for circulating the Scriptures within the Society's own limits, shall be paid over annually to the Parent Society, to aid distributions among the destitute in other parts of the country, and in foreign lands.

ART. 5. The officers of the Society shall consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer, whose duties shall be such as their respective titles import.

ART. 6. The management of the Society shall be entrusted to an Executive Committee of ten, with the Secretary and Treasurer—five to constitute a quorum, which shall appoint its own Chairman and make its own By-Laws.

ART. 7. It shall be the duty of this Committee to meet frequently on adjournment, or on call of the Chairman; to keep a good supply of books on hand; to appoint local distributors; to see that collections in some way are made annually in every congregation; and that all funds are forwarded early to the Parent Society, with a statement as to the portion designed for the payment of books, and that as a free donation.

ART. 8. There shall be a general meeting of the Society on the evening of the 2d Wednesday of November of each year, when a full report of their doings shall be presented by the Committee, (a copy of which shall be furnished to the Parent Society) and when a new election of officers and committee shall take place. Should the Society fail of an annual meeting, the same officers and committee shall be continued until the election does occur.

ART. 9. No alteration shall be made in this Constitution, except at an annual meeting, and by consent of two-thirds of the members present.

After the adoption of the Constitution, the Society proceeded to the election of the following officers:

President—NOAH H. GARDNER.
Vice President—DANIEL BOWEN.
Secretary—D. M. VANDERPOOL.
Treasurer—GEORGE W. TIFFT.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

James Sully,	Sidney Shepard,
D. W. Williams,	Isaac Stone,
H. H. Reynolds,	Walter Brace,
Geo. B. Walbridge,	Jacob Kretner.

WATERLOO.—On the outskirts of a forest is the little village of Waterloo, whence the principal portions of the plain will be found about two miles distant. May no "citizen of the world" set foot on this sadly memorable plain without solemnly reflecting that "seventy thousand men were slaughtered on the field of Waterloo!"—And may no one return from it without a firm resove to do something towards the prevention of war, and the promotion of that feeling which recognises the perfect brotherhood of the great family of nations.—*Brackhand's Continental Guide.*

An Affecting Letter.

Lieut. FLETCHER, of the Alton (Ill.) Volunteers, was among the killed at Buena Vista. He was a widower and the father of a little girl, two years old. His remains, with others, were recently buried at Alton, and his little daughter, accompanied by her grand-parents, attended the funeral. The night before the battle, Lieut. F. wrote the following lettter, which presents, in a gratifying light, his paternal affections:

CAMP BUENA VISTA, Mexico, Jan. 14, 1847.

DEAR COLONEL:—Tomorrow we expect to have an engagement with a superior Mexican force, and on the eve of the affair, I have believed it proper to address you a few lines. As you are well aware, the object nearest my heart is the welfare of my *little child;* and, so far as I have been able, I have provided for her. My wages, to the amount of two hundred and eighty dollars, are due me from the Government; besides a small sum owing me as well as the contents of my trunk, and the books and other articles I may own, I have, in a memorandum in my trunk, left to her, and placed the whole in charge of Capt. Baker, to be forwarded to you in case I should *fall* —all of which I doubt not you will most religiously see appropriated to her use, as may best seem fit and proper by you and mother.

And now, with respect to the child. Should I *fall*, I leave her *entirely* with *you* and *your wife*; but I have written to my brother, requesting him to throw his brotherly protection over her; and if, at any time, you think fit to send her to him, he will receive her as his own child and protect her as such. Should she remain with you, I wish that she should receive as good an *education* as the little means left her will afford; and above all things, teach her that *truth* and virtue are to woman, what the soul is to the body—the life of its life. *Teach* her that to be *just* to all—in thought—in word—in deed, is the true —the great aim of a good mind; and those who strive to accomplish that purpose, seldom fail to live at peace with the world, and accomplish the "Great Destiny" for which they are created. I would say a thousand things more about her, and my wishes for her; but that would be superfluous—so I will revert to other subjects. * *

In death as in life, ever yours,

E. F. FLETCHER.

The Crops and Harvests of the West.

One of the editors of the *Courier*, who has recently made a journey through the States of Ohio and Indiana, along the route of the Wabash and Erie Canal, thus gives the results of his personal observations of the condition of the crops and the harvest in that region. His statements agree with those we have received from other authentic sources, and can, no doubt, be relied upon as correct:

It affords us pleasure to be able to state, that so far as our notice and information extended, there is every reason to believe that the amount of grain to come forward will be even larger than last year. The wheat has, of course, been already harvested, and unless an excess of wet weather has in a few sections prevented it from being housed in good order, the grain has come in of a superior quality, and with a fair average yield. The thinness of the straw, before the full heading out of the plant, gave little promise of more than half a crop in many parts, but the plumpness of the berry and the unusual length of the heads, has amply compensated for the sparseness of the stalk.

Indeed, most of the grain harvested will weigh 62 to 66 pounds to the bushel, and consequently make much more flour than last year's growth, which ranged from 50 to 60 pounds. The same number of pounds, therefore, of good, heavy wheat, will command in price from ten to twenty per cent. more than the lighter grain.

On farms opened from timbered lands, wheat seems to be a surer crop than on the prairies, or "openings" or "barrens." This has especially proved to be the case this year. In Indiana, we have known of many extensive wheat fields, on the prairies and "barrens," that were ploughed up this spring, so unpromising did they look, and spring crops put in. But although numerous, these failures have been unsufficient to affect the general average.

Rumors of deficiency in the wheat crop of Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, were rife at the west in the spring, but though we did not pass into those states, we have been assured by those who had, that the spring wheat which is extensively sown there, was coming in remarkably well, and would make up for the short comings of the regular crop. The spring wheat enters largely into the consumption of those portions of the west where it is raised, leaving the more merchantable commodity for shipping to the eastern market.

The red chaff wheat is principally raised in the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and the white in Michigan and Wisconsin. The former is said to make the most bread to the bushel, but the white is certainly preferable for shipment—selling more readily and a shade higher. There are other minor varieties to be found at the west, but the great bulk of production is, and will continue to be, of those old regular "stand-by" kinds. Some fancy farmers have experimented there, as elsewhere, with various new-fangled foreign species, as the Italian, the Egyptian, the Asiatic, and from the Baltic and the Black Sea, but somehow they don't take with the mass of producers. At least we do not hear of the arrival of such grains, in notable quantities.

There will be "any quantity" of oats, throughout the west, as, although uncut, when we left, the yield promised to be the most abundant. We have never seen them look finer, and they will turn out 40 or 50 bushels to the acre, which is very fair for western farming.

Potatoes—so far as dug for table use—exhibit a healthy appearance, and are much better in yield and condition than last year. Though not a staple of great importance, they are very decidedly missed, when they come up missing.

The prospects of the corn crop, too, are much better than the prevalence of cool weather in June gave reason to hope for. The low temperature and frequent showers that then proved so favorable to the healthy growth of the wheat, were by no means so congenial to corn; but the subsequent hot weather of July has worked wonders with that essential crop, and we have never seen it in better color, and generally in more thrifty condition. This favorable result is not a whit less important to the west than the safe harvesting of the wheat; for the value of the one is as great to her as the other—notwithstanding we have all our agricultural prices based on that of wheat alone. Indeed, of the two, the corn product is the more indispensable to the west, as it enters so largely into the domestic consumption of the country. Take away the corn, and the western farmer has lost his under-pinning entirely. His hogs, his stock, and his whole household, are at once placed in the vocative.

MAINE—PLURALITY LAW.—The subject of the election of members of Congress, and county officers, by a plurality instead of requiring a majority, as now, and the alteration of the Constitution, so as to extend the plurality system to Gov., members of the Senate and House of Representatives, was resumed in the Senate of Maine last Saturday. After some discussion it passed the Senate by a two-thirds vote, nineteen to nine.

In the House, in the evening of the same day, the plurality bill was passed by a vote of 91 to 17, and the plurality resolves for the amendment of the Constitution by a vote of 93 to 16.

It has, therefore, passed both Houses, by a two-thirds vote—and, so far as the election of members of Congress and county officers is concerned, it will go at once into operation. The others, being amendments to the Constitution, cannot be adopted until they receive the affirmative votes of a majority of the people. The vote will be taken at the September election—and, from what we can learn, there is little or no doubt the amendments will be carried.—*Boston Atlas.*

NEW YORK, Aug. 6th, 7 P. M.

Government has arranged with Rothchilds to place money in Mexico for the use of the Army, to be reimbursed here.

Nelson C. Marseilles, a clerk in the postoffice, was arrested this afternoon, on a charge of extracting money from letters passing this office. Several letters, from which money had been stolen, were found in his possession.

The Brazilian Slaves have been again remanded to the custody of Capt. De Costa, by Judge Edwards, on the ground that Judge Daily had passed upon the case and stopped farther proceedings on *habeas corpus*.

A Telegraphic despatch from Wheeling, to the Tribune, states that advices from Covington, Ky. to Monday night, give pretty full returns of the first day's voting in five counties of the 10th Congressional District, last represented by the Hon. J. W. Tibbatts, Democrat. Major John P. Gaines, Whig, is 556 ahead—so far, a gain of 266 from 1845, when Tibbatts carried the District by 242 majority. Major Gaines is now a prisoner in Mexico.

A despatch from Philadelphia, in reference to the Mexican news, failure of negotiations, &c., says that the British Minister has interfered, and for what purpose does not proclaim.

Richard Kidder Mead, democratic candidate, has been elected to Congress in Petersburgh district, in place of G. C. Dromgoole. His majority is supposed to be over 200.

The *Tribune* has received the following by telegraph:

RICHMOND, August 6.

By an arrival at New Orleans, from Mexico, we have intelligence of the failure of the peace negotiations.

Scott was preparing for an immediate advance upon the Capital. He was expected to move forward on the 16th of July.

Santa Anna was preparing to give fight with an army of 25,000.

Another skirmish between Gen. Pierce and the Guerillas.

The Mexicans were defeated.

Santa Fe has been totally destroyed by order of Gov. Wilson.

Price Current—August 11, 1847.

The money market is easy, and no difficulty is experienced in procuring accommodations on good business paper. Due caution, however, is observed on the part of the banks in negociating paper, based on produce operations, and the amount discounted within the past week has not been unusually large. In western funds there is rather more doing, the low rate at which they are purchased having had a tendency to increase the circulation in this quarter. There is about the same amount of Canada afloat as was noticed last week, and although as a general thing brokers purchase in accordance with the appended table, cases occur in which they are taken at a less rate.

QUOTATION OF UNCURRENT FUNDS.

Canada, (Toronto and Hamilton....)	℔ ct. dis. 2	Baltimore....	℔ ct. dis. 1
L. Canada and Kingston	2	Philadelphia	1
Ohio	½	New Orleans	3
Indiana	½	Missouri	2
Kentucky	½	Virginia	2
Pennsylvania	½	Mich. State Bank	½
Relief notes	2	F. & M. Bk, Detroit	½
Pittsburgh Scrip	20	Mich. Ins. Company	½
Alleghany Scrip	20	Wis. F. & M. Ins. Co.	½
		East. Exch...℔ ct. prem.	½

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE.

Flour, bbl	$5 00@5 25	Turkeys, ℔	—
Pork, bbl	15 00	Chickens	12½
Do slaugh. cwt	4 00	Geese, each	—
Beef, cwt	4@5 00	Clover seed, bu	$ 50@3 75
Butter, ℔	10@12½	Timothy	2 00
Lard	8½@9	Flax	1 00
Cheese	5@7	Grass	—
Hams	8	Whitefish, bbl	8 00
Shoulders	7	Cod, cwt	4 00@50
Cornmeal, cwt	1 50	Potatoes, bush	62½
Wheat, bu	91@1 06	Salt, bbl	1 25
Corn	50@52	Apples, bbl	1 50@2 00
Oats	31	Do dried, bu	62½
Slaughter hides, ℔	4@4½	Onions	62½
Dry do	8½@9	Eggs, doz	11
Calf	5½	Saleratus, ℔	5½
Sheep, slaughtered	1 12½	Soap	4@5
Lamb do	18½@25	Whiskey, gall	24
Dry	12½@50	Highwines	26@27
Hard wood, cord	2 00	Lead, hund	4 00
Hemlock	2 75	Beans, bu	87½
Bit. (O) coal, ton		Wool, ℔	30@30
Blossburg		Hay	7 00

The following are the exports by canal yesterday:

Flour	bbls 6,585	Cheese	lbs 831
Pork	7	Lard	16,530
Beef	—	Wool	36,675
Ashes	57	Seeds	—
Wheat	bu 17,354	Staves	340,000
Corn	8,423	Lead	31,500
Bacon	65,970	Spirits	galls 1,280
Butter	lbs 21,437	Lumber	feet 415,486
Tolls	$3,890 61	No. of clearances	43

BUFFALO WOOL DEPOT.

The attention of the public was called this spring to this new enterprise. The great importance of the wool trade—the rapid increase of production west of us renders any attempt at system that shall be beneficial to the producer and consumer of peculiar interest to an immense number of people.

There is no agricultural product of which the real value is so little known to the producer, as that of wool—and it is so from the fact that few or no manufacturers work more than one grade of wool, and that in every flock there is a variety of grades. The manufacturer wants but one kind, and if he can procure that kind, is willing to pay a fair price for it.

The plan adopted by Mr. PETERS has now been well tested at this place, and has operated in a highly satisfactory manner.

In his depot Mr. PETERS makes *ten* sorts. Merino wool is No. 1—and from that down to No. 5, which is the coarsest common wool. Saxony wool is sorted into extra—prime 1 and prime 2, and then he makes combing and de laines sorts. His sales are perhaps the best test of the successful operation of the system. During the week the depot sales have exceeded 20,000 lbs, at the following rates.

No. 5, 24c—No. 4, 27c—No. 3, 30c—No. 2, 35, and No. 1, 40c.

To all wool deniers and growers west, it is of the greatest interest, for they are [illegible] the market value for their wool, and before it leaves their doors they know exactly what it will cost them to get their wool to market. The depot charge is one cent. per pound for receiving, sorting and selling. Although the depot was only opened the 1st of June last, wool has been received there from six different States, and sales thus far have been made at prices which will bear favorable comparison with either New York or Boston markets. So important do we deem the enterprise, not only to our city but to the whole country, that we shall from time to time give depot prices of wool. It is but fair to state that street sales range from 20 to 30, with a slight advance on extra lots.

A Legal Ballad.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

An attorney was taking a turn,
In his shabby habiliments dressed:
His coat was most shockingly worn,
And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach,
His linen and worsted were worse:
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,
And not half a crown in his purse.

And thus as he wandered along,
A cheerless and comfortless elf,
He sought for relief in a song,
Or complainingly talked to himself.

"Most unfortunate man that I am.
My only client is grief;
The case is, I've "no case" at all,
And in brief, I've ne'er had a brief.

"The profession's already so full
Of lawyers so full of profession,
That a modest young man like myself,
Can't make the slightest impression.

"They grant I'm acquaintd with grants,
Can devise a "devise" or a plea,
Can make a good deed in "fee simple,"
But can't get the simplest fee.

"I've waited and waited in vain,
Expecting an "opening" to find,
Where an honest young lawyer might gain
Some reward for the toil of his mind."

While thus he was wandering along,
His eye accidentally fell
On a very deep hole in the ground,
And he sighed to himself, "it's all well."

To curb his emotion, he sat
On the curb-stone the space of a minute,
Then cried, "Here's an opening at last,"
And in less than a jiffy was in it.

Next day twelve citizens came,
The "coroner's 'quest" to attend;
To the end that it might be determined
How the man had determined his end.

"The man was a lawyer, it seems,"
Said the foreman, who "opened" of course..
"A lawyer, alas!" sighed another,
"He undoubtedly died of remorse."

A third said he "knew the deceased—
An attorney, well versed in the laws:
And as to the cause of his death,
'Twas no doubt for want of a "cause." "

The coroners at length gave a verdict,
Which finally settled the matter,
That the young man was drowned, because
"*He could not keep his head above water.*"

MARRIED.

On the 3d instant, by Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. JOHN WEBER, and Miss JANE A. E. WARREN.

On the 1st instant, by P. A. Child, Esq., Mr. PETER GROW, and Miss ELIZABETH MILLER, of Humberstone, C. W.

On the 25th ult., by the same, Mr. EDWARD SEAMAN, and Miss HELEN M. WHEATON.

On the 21th ult., by the same, Mr. STEPHEN CLIFFORD, and Miss BRIDGET FLEEHARTY.

In Cheektowaga, on the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. L. A. Skinner, Mr. A. L. GREEN, of Olivet, Mich., and EUNICE M., only daughter of I. N. Ely, of the former place.

At South Wales, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. R. Pennell, Mr. HENRY CHADBOURNE, of this city, and Miss JULIA M. ANDREWS, of the former place.

At Lancaster, on the 2d instant, very suddenly, of apoplexy, Mrs. MARY A. TAYLOR, wife of A. W. Taylor, Principal of the "Union School" at that place, aged 23 years.

At Black Rock, on the 7th inst., by Rev. A. P. Mather, Mr. WILLIAM DAVIS, and Miss JENNETT FINNEY, all of that place.

On the 5th inst., by the same, Mr. WILLIAM DUNCAN, of Brantford, C. W., and Miss BRIDGET COLLINS, of Hamburgh.

DIED.

On the 4th inst., Mrs JULIA ANN, wife of Daniel P. Lee, in her 30th year.

On the 5th inst., JOHN, only son of John D. and Clarissa J. Shepard, aged 8 months.

At Burlington, Vt., at the residence of Dr. J. Smith, on the 25th ult., after a short illness of congestive fever, Miss CAROLINE E., only daughter of Job Gorton, Esq., of Black Rock, N. Y. aged 19 years.

She had left home with the design of visiting friends in Mass., and was stopping by the way a little time with friends in Burlington, when sickness and death overtook her. [illegible] Papers in Mass. and N. Hampshire will please copy.

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BUFFALO MUSICAL INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

At the residence of Prof. W. R. Coppock—Composer and Teacher of the Piano Forte, Organ, Singing and Composition.

An institute devoted exclusively to Musical Education is not yet common in this country; but in Europe the test of experience fully shows its great advantages over the too general superficial manner in which this important part of polite education is acquired. The advantages this institution offers to those desirous of completing their studies as Organists—or practical players of the Piano Forte, together with a thorough system of imparting the same to others is fully established by the many precedents of the past 15 years. The pupils are constantly guarded in their practice, against all bad habits, and from the various stages of progress they may be in, are continually stimulated to effort and industry, by association with each other. The family too, are all players, and the theory is amusingly discussed, impressing its rules in more pleasing manner, and more lasting upon the understanding, than by the mere dry study of an elaborate book. Music is composed and arranged from time to time, showing the various styles and harmonies analytically, and adapted for performance on several Pianos at the same time. This teaches a thorough knowledge of counting, and dividing passages into their given time. Vocal music is particularly attended to, and when the pupil has a moderate share of talent, we hesitate not to say, a correct and pleasing singer can be made. The Piano Fortes used are all new, and of the finest quality, and every inducement will be given to render the true spirit with us profitable. The building is commodious, and has a fine garden attached, with Green houses, Bathing rooms, &c., and is pleasantly situatuated in Seventh street, between Niagara Street, and the Falls rail road, and about mid-way to Prospect Hill.

Terms made known upon application at the Institute, or by mail, post paid, directed Prof. Coppock, Buffalo

Prof Coppock, keeps constantly a choice selection of Piano Fortes for sale.

Buffalo, August 3, 1847.

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WILLIAM J. MAY has removed to No. 274 Main St, in Kremlin Stores, where he will be happy to see his old customers. One price, good goods, small profits and fair dealing, will always be the rule at No. 274. no17 3m.

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The subscriber, dealer in Books and Stationery, at 188 Main Street, 4 doors above Seneca, keeps constantly on hand, an extensive stock, embracing the most valuable selections from Ancient and Modern Literature—and a general variety of Theological, Classical, Gift and School Books, &c., &c. The Amateurs of Knowledge and all interested in the purchase of Books or Stationery are respectfully solicited to call. Print and Cap Paper at wholesale.

Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1847. NUMBER III.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Pleasant Memory.

ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A form was shrinking from the breath
Of each unfriendly gale,
That twelve short summers scarce had rear'd
In beauty sweetly frail,
And soon, no more, for pastime goy
She left her quiet chair; —
A pleasant memory is that child,
With cheek so pale and fair.

A chill and trembling hand she rais'd,
The water drop to shed
Upon the winter-shelter'd plants
That blossom'd round her bed;
And then, her gentle head she laid
Beneath the unsullied snow; —
A pleasant memory is the child
Who slumbereth there so low.

There beam'd a thought, a holy smile,
No pencil's power could paint,
As of a strange, new happiness
She spoke in murmurs faint;
Then, like a babe, by mother lull'd,
Clos'd soft the wearied eye; —
A pleasant memory is the child
Who hath her home on high.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Maids of All Work.

BY ANNA FLEMING.

Woman's love of dress is a common theme of man's animadversion. Moral lessons devoted to the innumerable evils resulting from this cause have been abundantly lavished upon society, ever since clothes were worn at all. Popular writers, *men* writers, of the present day, join in the cry, and declare a war of extermination against all ornamental articles of female apparel. The shops where such things are procured are spoken of, somewhat as if they were so many deep and dangerous gulfs, into which we are said to plunge headlong, regardless of the consequences, and to come out with new bonnets and shawls, to the utter ruin of husbands and fathers.

This severity may be merited in Europe, no doubt it is, but the case, (with some exceptions, of course,) is different in America. For a few years, very young girls do take great pleasure in their dress, and endeavor, by the work of their hands, to heighten the effect of their charms; but it soon passes away. Once married, and the serious cares of life begun, how generally do we see them gradually becoming utterly careless of their appearance.

Then the men begin again, and talk about "*want of neatness.*"

The fact is, that in this country, in families of small or even moderate means, the women are ever worked. We have all heard of such things as cooks, house-maids and nurses. We also know pretty well what the word seamstress and teacher mean. In Europe, each one of these capacities is said to require separate qualifications. How does it happen then, that so many American women unite all these in their own persons? We have no word in America to describe the "many-sided" personages they become. The English expression, *maid-of-all-work*, comes nearest to it.

And yet men, with a sort of romantic elevation do not understand these things. Perhaps the following little sketch will explain our meaning.

Mr. Elton was just returned from a two years' cruize in the Mediterranean. He had left his wife and children with his mother-in-law during his absence, and was now warmly welcomed by all. There was much to ask, and much to tell on both sides, and it was some weeks before any thing but the past could be spoken of. But when this excitement began to subside, bright visions of housekeeping cheered the heart of both man and wife, and many were the plans proposed by him, and assented to by her.

Let us listen to some of it.

"We shall not have a great deal of money, Mary, but we shall be very happy. Wealth is not happiness, you know."

Mary had an idea that *some money* was necessary to comfort, at least; she also thought that comfort was one of the ingredients of happiness, but she was of a timid disposition, and she did not say so.

"We shall require a good house," continued Mr. Elton, "very small houses are very inconvenient you know."

"Would not a small one be better. Servants' wages will cost us a great deal more, I am afraid."

"Oh, nothing at all; servants are great plagues: every body says so. There is a Spanish proverb which says, speaking of an enemy; "May he have many servants." As the Spaniards find them so very troublesome, how can we hope for a better fate. I am determined against many servants."

Mary was young and easily persuaded. She assented.

"We need not send any of the children to school; you can easily teach the elder to read. You will have nothing to do, you know, and that will be a delightful occupation for you. Remember what Thompson says,

"'Delightful task to rear the tender thought,
And teach the young idea how to shoot.'"

"Two hours a day will be sufficient for them both."

"I am afraid Harry is [illegible] me. I tried to teach him last summer, but he would not pay me the slightest attention. Perhaps though he may be better now; when you are at home."

"No doubt he will, and we shall have a delightful home. I will read aloud to you in the evenings, or you shall sing to me. By-the-bye, don't forget to buy a cookery book when you go out next—you will find it invaluable. I shall not be able to afford an expensive cook, and you will not object to supply various little deficiencies. An economical housekeeper is an excellent thing."

Mary was about as ignorant of cooking as she was of ship building. This part of the conver-

sation was, therefore, to say the least, not agreeable; so she changed the subject, and asked,

"Are you determined upon not sending Harry and Elizabeth to school?"

"By all means! think how cheerful they will make the house. They are old enough to be companions for you, now."

"I wish Harry would get over that dreadful habit he has of killing flies."

"You should not mind that—children will be children."

"But it is so horribly cruel."

"All boys are so; I was the same myself, and I am sure I am no Nero, now."

"No, I am sure you are not."

"There is one thing, Mary, that I had to say to you. I should so much like to see you always dressed in white—a woman never looks so well as when entirely in white. Do get plenty of white dresses—and from morning till night—if you wish to please me, let me never see you in anything else."

In a few weeks, after innumerable plans and counter-plans, small and great; after Mr. Elton and his wife had agreed that the latter was to perform the most laborious tasks, and to be an angel of sweetness and good humor withal, the new house was taken and furnished. It was a much larger house than the size of the family required; but that is the American custom. A very large sum of money was expended upon handsome furniture, so that very little remained for housekeeping expenses; but that is the American custom, too. A servant just arrived from Ireland in a state of semi-barbarism, but *very good-natured*, was engaged at low wages, to perform the various household services, of many of which she had never even heard. Mary found, as many have found before her, that it was easier to do almost everything herself than to make the hopeless attempt to teach the habits of our country to her New Zealander. But in so doing the piano was abandoned, and her ringlets neglected.

One morning Mr. Elton came in with some plants.

"Here, Mary, see what I have bought you. A fine collection of roots; I will plant them in the beds. If you will attend to them every morning, and water them twi[illegible] a day, with the bushes we have already, our garden will soon become a little Paradise. I have ordered a fine watering-pot."

Mary was delighted, and cheerfully agreed to devote some time before breakfast every morning to the plants.

"There is nothing so healthy," continued Mr. Elton, "the English women are a great deal in their gardens, and it is said that that is one reason why they are so very robust. I wish I could see you looking a little more healthy."

Whilst her husband read the newspapers every morning, through the hot weather, Mary watered the plants; but [illegible] the watering-pot was very large and heavy, sh[illegible]bly watered her own feet at the same ti[illegible] came in from the little Paradise very h[illegible] her white dress covered with catterpillars. Every body knows that these are tenacious creatures. Getting them off a dress is a process which arouses all their natural obstinacy, and one which is apt to cost them their life. Swans have been said to sing, when dying. Some fishes also, are said to exhibit beautiful and changing colors in their last hour. A caterpillar's death has no such advantages. After breakfast, whilst Mr. Elton was out, visiting his friends, etc., Mary began her round of household duties. During the time she spent in the society of the emigrant from "County Tyrone," the children were in the street, except Georgy, who was at that *interesting age*, when children climb upon every thing, cry for every thing, and throw every thing into the fire or out of the window. When the culinary operations were in some progress, Mrs. Elton having put the baby to sleep, and picked up all the china he had been allowed to break, and all the other articles which had been given him to strew over the floor by way of keeping him quiet, went in search of the elder ones. If they could be induced to come in doors, they were made to spell; if not, they were let alone. This state of things went on for three months, at the end of which time, they were sent to school, to "get them out of the way," as American mothers say.

By degrees the white dresses were replaced by dingy brown ones. Mr. Elton asked the reason why. He was told of various washing and ironing difficulties, that he could not understand—how should he? By degrees Mrs. Elton lost her cheerful smile and her color, her forehead began to be marked with deep lines. The children said she was cross, Mr. Elton said so, too; they did not know how incessant toil injures a delicate frame. We said before that she never [illegible] on the piano now; the piano had bec[illegible] for the baby; it was so much *easier* to [illegible] on it when he wished to do so, tha[illegible] it for fear of injury to the instrum[illegible] hair was often in disorder, but it wa[illegible] to [illegible] the child pull her hair than to hear [illegible] She could not bear to hear him cry. Mr. [illegible]tho't it very wrong that she should give up he[illegible]sic, but he believed her when she said she never had any time now to play, and he agreed with her in hating to hear the child cry.

It was not long before the gradual process of *fading*, that melancholy thing, from which so few American women are exempt, began to show itself.

It never entered Mrs. Elton's head that any of this might possibly be partly her own fault, that running up and down stairs incessantly *will* exhaust the strength, that nailing down carpets, and nailing up curtains, and carrying heavy children, etc., etc., *will* injure the finest form, that the thousand inevitable (so they say) and continually recurring acts of labor, not cheerful out of door labor, followed by amusement, but dull, depressing house-work, fully accounts for all that has been said respecting the frail and perishable nature of female beauty and health in America.

It never occurred to her that the time and attention devoted to teaching her servants might possibly be better spent in instructing her children, that the energies devoted to pots and pans might have been exerted upon something higher and better.

Strange to say these women never complain of their lot, never try to improve it, Year after year they go on in this manner like the woman in Schiller's "Song of the Bell," the description of whom, after summing up every possible sort of labor, ends with the line

"And rests never."

Is there much danger, is there a[illegible] danger, that such as these will ever be too f[illegible]?

Whilst we [illegible]ur own s[illegible]ach they deserve for [illegible]inflicte[illegible]th equal justice exonerate m[illegible]n the matter. The extreme[illegible] with [illegible] their household arrangem[illegible]times [illegible]ulated, is seldom owing t[illegible]. [illegible], poor [illegible]tures! they hear of thes[illegible]ngs with a [illegible] mystif[illegible] air, and a co[illegible]onate benevol[illegible]e which [illegible]ds us to [illegible] if [illegible] arcan[illegible] of domestic grieve[illegible] revealed to th[illegible] they would find a p[illegible]edy for [illegible] much that is amiss; reco[illegible]at if there [illegible] many cases where such a [illegible] hardship is indispensable,

there are yet innumerable others where it is very different, and where the sacrifice of a woman's health and cheerfulness is dearly earned by the most delicious pies and puddings, the best swept rooms, or the brightest of door handles.

Schools in Mississippi.

To those who are fixed by circumstances to a single spot or a single State, things may look quite gloomy or prosperous which to the traveller who judges from comparisons may appear the reverse. This thought occurs to me in reading late Nos. of the Ohio School Journal, where I find that education in that State is far behind what I suppose should be its point of excellence. We are accustomed, in Mississippi, to think ourselves fairly at the foot of the ladder in things of science.

Without a School Law of any practicable importance or a School Officer of any use at all; without a State Superintendent or a State College, or a [illegible] of any kind that is prospering; without a State Geologist or a Scientific Officer of any [illegible]; without a Mineralogical Cabinet a twelvemonth old, or a book of Science printed in the State: without a Book Printing establishment indeed without any thing but Cotton Bags, Wealth and Ignorance, we are claimed to be in our infancy of Intellect, real grubs in Science. But a new light is promised to us. There is decidedly a healthy action going on in the subject of Education, and men who have opportunities of knowing men who have worked up hill in Mississippi for year, now see a way opening before them, which they never saw before.

Teachers are more sought after and better retained. If no better paid (and prices have receded from the exorbitant rates of 1837) yet they are more regularly and more cheerfully paid.

Schools of both sexes are filling where they have been vacant for years. To instance a few: The Holy Springs Female Institute, under charge of Rev. M. Wetherby, numbers largely over 100, and Mount Sylvan Male Academy, by Rev. R. Morris, (only three Sessions old), seventy-one.—The different denominations are establishing schools or bring their heads together to talk about it.

The masons are stirring on the subject. The next Legislature is expected to appoint a Geologist and establish sound School Laws. The State University at Oxford is going up at the rate of $25,000 per year, and will be opened within two years.

These are the rays which tell of the rising sun, not many degrees obscured.

But now we want Teachers. Now we want men educated for the profession, educated at Normal Schools, grounded into the knowledge of all the tactics of this more than holy war.

Ohioans! we have heard of you, and we invite you [illegible] with your books and Apparatus and join us. Come to this *Slave State*, and be sure to manage your *tongues and your sentiments* discreetly, and these planters will receive you gladly. They want just such men as they think you are, and you shall have their sons and daughters to educate in abundance. Come and bring your plans of Teachers' Conventions and Teachers' Institutes and Associations, and these Teachers will welcome you. They want light on these things, and they think you have got it.—Come and help us, and in ten years more, this great and wealthy State will take that high position in Science which Nature has already given her in Commercial affairs.—*Ohio School Journal.*

"I've done with Tobacco."

What! after so long a servitude? Done with it, all done, and you will never use it again, not a particle of it. My friend, my heart is boiling over with the warmest congratulations, and I am to send them in so many directions that I am perplexed where to begin first: but not to lose time in such perplexity, I congratulate your own person. You have done a capital thing for your own *personal cleanliness.* No human being can be neat and yet use tobacco. You can no more bring the two things together, than you can the northern and southern pole. If you have pitched your snuff and tobacco box overboard, and sent your pipe and cigar after them, and have made an utter repudiation of the whole concern, then you are rid of unclean things; and because there is both beauty and comfort in cleanliness I give you joy and deliverance.

And you are a more fragrant member of the human family. Your must take it kindly, my friend, but it has been the fact that your contiguity to your friends has not been the most agreeable from this cause. The sweet and balmy atmosphere has been troubled by your presence, and many a one in the communings of conversation with you, has suffered something more than a "welcome fragrance." But you have done with the case of offence, have you? More comfortable therefore, will be your contiguity with your species. And I give you joy thereon.

2. But I must hasten to congratulate your *wife.* My good woman, your husband has made a noble triumph. Do but think of it. He says he is done with tobacco! You can now preside over your domestic affairs with a serene temper. You shall not be vexed with filthy spittoons, and bespattered andirons, and offensive blemishes on carpets and floors, etc. Will not all this take at least one of those wrinkles from your brow?—You had better have a jubilee on this deliverance. Suffer the suggestion, you will be a *better wife* for all this. You must give your good man one of the sweetest smiles so long as your own is the sweetest of your deliverance.

3. I cannot forbear congratulating also *your pew in church*—there have been sad sights there. It would have seemed that there is room enough in the creation without making the sanctuary the scene of such a practice. But there will be more sweetness and wholesomeness in the pew than there has been. The house of prayer will have one more section of it purified. That's a comfort.

4. *Your purse,* my friend, comes in for a share of this congratulation. You have stopped one very serious leak in it, who will dare dispute that? It will now be more apt to fill up, and grow portly and become heavier, and be a great pleasure to its owner.

And perhaps the widow of [illegible] fatherless may get a crumb or two more [illegible] the stoppage of that waste gate of your [illegible]nce.

5. I congratulate *the sm[illegible]y of your family.* If the father makes a funeral pile of the whole tobacco concern the sons are less likely to give up themselves to the dominion of that undeniable narcotic. If you are a hearty reformer in this matter, you certainly will damp the aspirations of the lads for this form of human greatness.—The little fellows, some of them at least, think that it is one of the most glorious testimonies and prerogatives and privileges of manhood, and that they are themselves pretty considerably advanced towards that exalted condition of humanity, if they can but snuff, smoke or chew as father does. So, my dear sir, you have made it less likely, than it was before your reform, that the

tobacco mania should have abbettors from our fireside.

But I cannot add any more links now to the chain of my congratulations. But will hasten to my conclusion, which is a most hearty welcome to the ranks of that portion of the human family who have neither never defiled themselves with tobacco or having done so, have had the good sense and conscience to make a clear escape from that kind of delinquency. I make you welcome also to all the quietness of mind; calmnesss of nerves, cleanliness of person, household purity, and feminine smiles, which a thorough purgation from tobacco carries in its train. And I make you welcome, with us to as smashing a warfare as moral suasion will suffer us to carry on against pipes, and snuff and tobacco boxes, and all paraphernalia generated by indulgence in the Indian weed.

Self-Education.

The Education, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be, chiefly, his own work. There is a prevailing and a fatal mistake on this subject. It seems to be supposed that if a young man be sent first to a grammar school, and then to college, he must of course become a scholar; and the pupil, himself, is apt to imagine that he is to be the mere passive recipient of instruction, as he is of the light and atmosphere which surround him. But, this dream of indolence must be dissipated, and you must be awakened to the important truth, that, if you aspire to excellence, you must become active and vigorous co-operators with your teachers, and work out your own distinction with an ardor that cannot be quenched, a perseverance that considers nothing done, while anything yet remains to be done. Rely upon it, that the ancients were right *Quis quc suæ fortunæ faber*—both in morals and intellect, we give their final shade to our own characters, and thus become, emphatically, the architects of our own fortunes. How else should it happen, gentlemen, that young men, who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate. You shall see, issuing from the walls of the same school—nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family—two young men, of whom the one shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other, scarcely above the point of mediocrity: yet; you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity and wretchedness; while, on the other hand, you shall observe the *mediocrs* plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting at length to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country. Now whose work is this? Manifestly their own. They are the architects of their respective fortunes. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you, can do no more than to afford you the opportunity of instruction; but it must depend at least on yourselves, whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your instruction.—And if this be assured—I speak from observation, *a certain truth*—*There is no excellence without great labor.* It is the *fiat* of Fate from which no power of genius can absolve you. Genius unexerted is like the poor moth that flatters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo above the clouds, and sustains itself at pleasure, in that empyreal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort. It is this capacity for high and long continued exertion—this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation—this careering and wide-sweeping comprehension of mind—and those long reaches of thought that

> Pluck bright honor from the pale faced moon
> Or drive into the bottom of the deep,
> Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
> And drag up drowned honor by the locks.

This is the prowess, and these the hardy achievments which are to enrol your names among the great men of the earth.

But how are you to gain the nerve and the courage for enterprises of this pith and moment? I will tell you: As Milo gained that *hoc signo vinces*: for this *must* be *your* work, not that of *your teachers*. Be you not wanting to yourselves, and you will accomplish all that your parents, friends and country have a right to expect.—*Wirt.*

Anecdote of a Parrot.—A Quaker lady in England had a little servant girl, whom she frequently called into the parlor to instruct her in reading, and as she had a low, mumbling voice, her mistress had frequently occasion to reprove her, telling her *to speak up—can if thee will—mutter, mutter, mutter, mutter.* A favorite parrot, which was caged in the parlor, from the frequent reiteration, learned to repeat the form of reproof verbatim. It happened that a ministering friend, in his travels, visited this family, and had what is called a family sitting, in which the friend felt a concern to speak, and beginning in a rather low voice, the parrot sung out—*speak up—can if thee will—mutter, mutter, mutter, mutter*—the preacher raised his voice a little. But presently he heard the same command—*speak up—can if thee will—mutter, mutter, mutter, mutter*—and the reproof was repeated until the preacher found that nothing but the audibility of his voice would silence the pert reprover. It is needless to state that Poll was never after permitted to be present during a family sitting.

Musical Catechism.—We find the following afloat in the papers:

What is a slur?

Almost any remark, which one singer makes about another.

What is a rest?

Going out of the choir to get some refreshment during sermon time.

What is singing "with the understanding?"

Marking time on the floor with the foot.

What is a staccato movement?

Leaving the choir in a huff, because one is dissatisfied with the leader.

What is a swell?

A professor of music, who pretends to know everything about the sentence, while he cannot conceal his ignorance.

How a Farmer out West preserves his Eggs.—A two gallon pot is filled with eggs; and one pint of lime, of the consistency of common white wash, is poured in, and the pot is filled with water. A board is then placed on the top, and the water, which is never changed, as well as the eggs, remains pure and sweet. This practice is the one most common in France, the inhabitants of which, to their love of frogs and soup, add also, it appears, a very commendable taste for eggs.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

St. John's Compass.

It is singular that this community, which has so much to do with inland commerce, and whose wealth and prosperity are so dependant upon it, should not have shown some interest in a recent great discovery—I mean that of the rule which enables the mariner at all times and in all places under the sun, to ascertain the precise variation of his compass. To the discoverer of this rule I am in a great degree a stranger; it is not therefore to compliment him that this public notice of this instrument is made. The proposition demonstrated by him has hitherto been considered an absurdity. Astronomers, Geographers, Navigators, all have supposed it impossible to detect the vagaries of the needle. Since the first Navigator ventured beyond the pillars of Hercules into the broad Atlantic to this day, one thing has been wanting to this invaluable instrument. Its true variation from the poles could never be ascertained under any circumstances. The mariner never laid his course with the certainty that his variations therefrom could be detected: and numerous accidents and losses prove this uncertainty. To remedy this defect has been the study of scientific men for ages. Its immense importance will at once be perceived. The discovery would amply repay years of patient exhausting labor. It must forever associate the name of the discoverer with that of the inventor, and make it a familiar sound wherever canvass whitens water. I wish our citizens would examine the compass of Mr St. John; the most unenlightened on the subject of Magnetism can comprehend its result: there is no escape from it. Attract the needle with a magnet, and the satellites attached to it, and moving with it, will tell with unerring certainty the degree of variation. The theory you may not understand, but the fact is evident. It remains to be ascertained whether the rule is true under all circumstances—and so far as the compass has been tried it has not yet failed.

This I am informed is the fact, and farther that it has been subjected to the test of experiment at Washington, and triumphed in every instance.—It is indeed a wonderful instrument and will yet be of inestimable benefit to the world. I trust that Mr. St. John will be rewarded for his patient toil in perfecting his discovery. Like other discoverers he may never be rewarded—but some less deserving man of another generation will build a fortune on his labors. It has been my lot to be connected in some degree with the marine of the ocean and the lakes. I know of large losses that have been paid by insurers, which never would have happened with St. John's Compass in the binnacle, and of many a gallant bark that has laid her bones on our coast, that with this unerring instrument might long have "walked the waters." I will not trouble you farther, but after witnessing the result of experiments with this instrument, I could not refrain from expressing my gratification at that result. Never having heard of it until a day or two since, my surprise was great that it had never come to my knowledge before, and you will pardon to the garrulity of an old man this tribute to an interesting and very important discovery.

The possession of the home of the Montezumas is not of half so much importance to this country as the discovery of the law that controls the variation of the Mariner's Compass.

P.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

A Trip to Chicago in the St. Louis.

NUMBER I.

On the evening of Monday the 29th of June, the *St. Louis* cast off her moorings in Buffalo Creek. She bore with her a crowd of people, most happily diversified, and drawn from all parts of the Union. There were editors of papers of all politics, politicians of all hues, Statesmen of divers dimensions, clergymen, poets, literary people, plain people, common people, all kinds of agreeable, instructive, polished and happy folks—indeed it seemed as though, somewhat like the ark, our steamer had congregated in it, and frequently in pairs too, the most excellent specimens of all the varieties of our race. (Indeed I heard a sober-looking gentleman inquire whether Captain Wheeler's name was not Noah, and he seemed disappointed when informed that it was Fred! Perhaps he was thereby cheated of a sparkling sentiment, having reference to our living cargo, he had conceived and would have else delivered at one of our daily festivals.) But there is no likeness without a difference, and no unclean animal was admitted into our ark, unless a pig in the forecastle, and a literary gentleman in the cabin, who was somewhat careless in the matter of his hair and linen, may be so styled. But then, these were both useful in their respective ways, and added materially to the gratification, carnal and spiritual, of those who liked them.

The last bell sent forth its last toll, the gangplanks were hauled in and the gang-ways closed, our band of music on the hurricane deck struck into a triumphant air, the last line was loosed, and with a tinkle of her little bell, and a dash of her wheels, the *St. Louis* headed into the stream, and so commenced the voyage. But such a commencement! One that I most sincerely hope can be experienced only at Buffalo. A passenger who was somewhat te[illegible]is talk, and therein only, so far as I [illegible], thought it was as tedious, and nearly [illegible]erous, as being embayed among the icebergs of the North.—The harbor below was crowded with craft of all descriptions, and it was funny and instructive both, to note the admirable patience and consummate skill, with which our large steamer was worked through the seemingly compact mass, for a full quarter of a mile. Her heavy fenders were rubbing continually; now grating against some tall brig or schooner, now threatening to crush an interloping canal boat, and now rolling and jerk-

ing against the side of a plebeian propeller, or the massive guards of some huge leviathan, with its aristocratic decks o'ertopping even our own. On we went however, at a snail's pace, picking our way—now backing, now hauling, now pushing off, now waiting until some lubberly captain pulled some dingy, wave-worn hulk aside, and now gaining a few feet by the rare motion of our paddles, until, at last, our noble steamer, emerging from the crash, rounded the light-house, and dashed westward, like a triton, over the fast darkening waves.

"How beautiful is night!"—particularly in its solemn quietude upon our lakes. As the flying steamer coursed along, the streets of the city showed their brilliant lines of light, and the churches and public buildings shot their spires and domes into the clear, starlit air. The stir of its still noisy streets was lost in the distance, and deep repose seemed to hover the city. It was beautiful—inexpressibly beautiful! And, as its lights faded, how attractive became the beacon, the all of Buffalo that was left to us, whose homes and hearts are there. The shivering stream of splendor with which it topped the wavelets, was my cynosure, and when that light was utterly eclipsed, and not before, I left the stanchion to which I had clung so long, and retired to my stateroom, abandoning the deck to the merry groupes and pairs of chatters and of flirters, who, for aught I know, abode there contentedly the liveleng night. F.

NUMBER II.

I was late at breakfast, and still later upon deck the next morning, for, under favorable circumstances, such as I enjoyed in the night, I love to wrap sleep around me, like a cloak, and nestle in its folds; and when morning, with its rosy fingers, would pluck it from me, I hug it all the closer. To me there was naught of uncommon interest in that portion of Lake Erie, and I delight in that half-waking sleep, when the Will has power, and fashions the dreams that slumber generates, according to our fancy, into the most delicious forms. I would have waked later, had it not been for a merry clatter in the cabin, and for the odor which penetrated the keyhole, and could not be transformed into a prairie perfume, nor the scent of ambrosia, nor anything but what it was,—the exhalation of a most capital, well-ordered breakfast. And so I laid aside my cloak, and welcomed the morning of another cloudless, beautiful, happy day.

When I emerged upon the deck, we had passed Erie, and were running on our straight course from Buffalo to Cleveland, along the coast. It is a pity, and yet no pity, that that coast is so low. It pleases not the eye, indeed, to ecstacy, though it has its humble beauty. But, were there no such neutral tints in Nature, where would be the efficacy of her decided colorings? If all her hues were gorgeous, and all her scenery of at least a certain brokenness and altitude, her richness of color would seem tame, and her scenery monotonous as now. And yet, if that line of coast, here parallel with our course, and there curving into an extended bay ending in a point projecting some miles into the Lake, and everywhere presenting an unvarying, wave-washed bank of clay, or slate, were backed by mountains, or even by such a range of hills as makes Chautauque charming, I would like it better.

This determining distances on the water is not so easy as the gentleman from Inland-town imagines. He says he'd swim ashore and back, with ease, in thirty minutes. I have journeyed somewhat, good sir, upon these waters, and could not guess the distance within a mile,—but, you may rely upon it, to swim to yonder bluff would be a feat requiring at least the aid of a pair of life preservers. Take notice, that, though the country is wooded, it looks as though 'twere mossed, and you cannot distinguish separate trees. Your eye, though keen, distinguishes no living thing upon the shore, and yet it is a cultivated and populous township we are passing. Can you chuck a biscuit into that steamer bound down, and now inshore abreast of us? You say it is a small steamer a quarter of a mile away:—I think it is quite a large one, and I think it must be more than one, and perhaps nearly two miles, from us, for, in this clear day, the men upon her upper deck, there, close by the wheel-house, are points which wear no semblance of humanity. You are not satisfied! Well, we'll inquire—but not of the man at the wheel—that would be against all rule.—Here comes one of the Mates—ask him.—About five miles to the shore, he says. This eye-measurement by the inexperienced is very fallacious. Vision, on an unbroken level, whether of land or water, has little to depend upon in its estimate of distances. Your mistake is a very common one. I have been often deceived in this same way, and doubt not I'll be so again. Everything depends upon use in such matters.

At two o'clock, P. M., we arrived at Cleveland, where we received some most acceptable accessions to our numbers, and remained there some hours. Of this important and delightful city, I may make some particular mention when I come to write of the downward trip,—but now, merely remarking, that we explored it thoroughly, and enjoyed it fully as a four hours' sojourn would permit,—we'll leave it;—nor will we linger o'er our course to the Detroit River, which we reached with early morning light on the first day of July,—for I am as impatient now as I was then, to be careering o'er the dark waters of the Upper Lakes. I love Lake Erie,—for it once satisfied my amplest notions of the majesty and loveliness of water scenery.—Its pale green face in calms has charms for me, and I love to watch the white waves breaking on her vast expanse. But I have seen Huron, and stormy Michigan, and looked upon their dark blue waters, telling

of soundless depths, and have lingered in their islands, and felt their power, and my soul panteth after them, and with them in view, will not be satisfied with aught but them, however lovely.

F.

If things inanimate could see, speak and hear, how great a knowledge of human nature stripped of all conventionalities and disguise might not a key hole, a bureau, a quarter of a dollar, or a mere cent convey to our minds! Hans Christian Anderson, a charming Danish writer represents the moon as giving an account of the scenes on which she has shone. One evening she said:

Often have I seen young officers, parading for the first time in their splendid uniforms—I have seen maidens in their ball-dress—the handsome bride of a prince arrayed in her festal attire; but no joy to be compared to that which I witnessed last evening in a child, a little girl four years of age. She had received a present of a new little blue frock, and a new rose-colored bonnet. The finery was already put on, and all present called out for candles, for the light of the moon-beams that shone in at the window was far too little. "Light, light!" was the cry. There stood the maiden as stiff as a doll; her little arms anxiously stretched out from the frock, and the fingers wide apart from each other; and oh, how her eyes and every feature beamed with joy!

"Tomorrow you shall go out," said her mother. And the little girl looked up at her bonnet, then down at her frock, and smiled with rapture. "Mother," said she, "what will the dogs think when they see me in my smart dress?"

And on another evening the the moon with all the silvery mildness and simplicity of Anderson's own beautiful writings, said:

I looked down upon the Tyrol with a soft and saddened smile, said the Moon, and the pine trees cast their deep shadows upon the rugged rocks.

* * * * * * *

High up, between two pointed summits of the western acclivity of the mountain-range, stands a lonely nunnery, looking like a swallow's nest wedged in between the rocks. Two of the sisters were above in the tower, tolling the bell; they were both young, and they looked forth over the mountains into the wide world beyond. A travelling carriage rolled past on the road below; the postillion's horn sounded, and as the poor nuns looked down on it, their thoughts unconsciously followed the glance; a tear glistened in the eye of the younger sister—the horn was heard more and more faintly, until at length the convent bells silenced its dying sound

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Creatures with Thousands of Eyes.—What would be thought of a quadruped whose head, with the exception of the mouth and place of juncture with the neck, was covered by two enormous masses of eyes, numbering upwards of 12,000 in each mass? Yet such is the condition of the organs of vision in the dragon fly. In the common bee the same structure is not less apparent. The fiery eyes of many gad flies, (Tabani) which present vivid bands of purple and green, are composed of similar lenses, and each eye contains nearly seven thousand. The ant has fifty lenses; the house fly four thousand; while above seventeen thousand have been counted in the eye of a butterfly, and more than twenty-five thousand in that of a species of beetle.—*Batterson's Introduction to Zoology.*

More Barn Burning in Taghkanic.—On Thursday night last a large barn on the premises occupied (and we believe now owned) by Robert Bush in the town of Taghkanic, was set on fire and burned to the ground. The fire was first discovered about 2 or 3 o'clock at night. The barn contained the principal part of Mr. Rush's crops of Grain, Hay, &c., and nearly all his farming utensils. Several stacks of grain outside the barn were also burned. There was no insurance as we understand, on the building or its contents, companies and agents being very reluctant to take risks in that neighborhood. The loss is estimated at from $800 to $1,000. The farm in question, which was recently purchased by Mr. Bush from Robert Swift Livingston, was formerly occupied, as we are informed, by a man named McIntyre, who was ejected not long since. When or where this dreadful state of things is to end cannot be foreseen. It certainly seems that the desperadoes who thus apply the midnight torch, could and would be ferreted out and brought to justice if the inhabitants of that section generally felt a disposition to do it.—*Hudson Rep*

Military Composition.—We have been favored, by a gentleman of this city, with the copy of a letter written by Gen. Scott to the Hon. Millard Fillmore. It is said to be authentic; it is annexed:

Headquarters of the Army.

My Dear Sir: I have received the two letters (one from the Rev. Mr. Angier, and the other signed by Mr. Van Wyck,) asking on several grounds the discharge of James Thompson, a private of the second Regiment of Artillery. 1st—He has, since his enlistment, reformed his habits. This is an argument in favor of his serving out his time lest he should relapse, if discharged, before confirmed in his reformation. 2d—He has become pious. This makes him at once a better soldier and better man, and fortunately we are not without many pious officers and men in our ranks; but 3d—It is alleged that he has imbibed conscientious scruples against performing military duty. If the man be mad he can be discharged on a surgeon's certificate to that effect—but if he has only turned coward, we have ample means of punishing him if he should, when ordered, refuse to fight.

I return the letters you enclosed, and remain, my dear sir, with great esteem, yours truly,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

Hon. M. Fillmore.

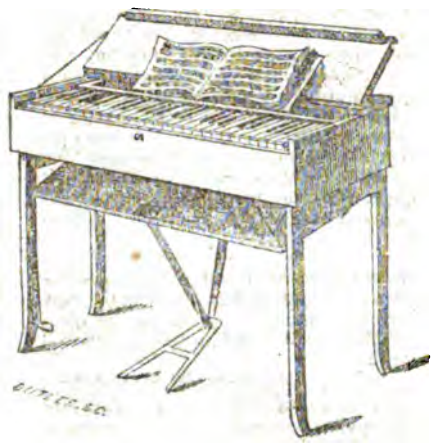
It is almost unnecessary to offer any comment on this letter; it speaks for itself. It is equal in point to the famous military order of the battle of Cerro Gordo.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Where does she belong?—A female, apparently about 25 years of age, about a middling size, with a black hair and dark eyes, was taken to the Poor House in Kingsville, in this county, on the —th ult. She had on a dark calico dress, considerably worn—no bonnet, shoes or stockings. She was first seen in Denmark, in this county—seems entirely bewildered, and likes to be in the wood, where she says she belongs. She has the appearance of having been in this condition for some time. She appears to understand how to do house work, but, owing to her bewildered state, it is very difficult to get her to do any thing. No clue has as yet been obtained as to her name or history, save that she says her father's name was William S. Rhodes, and she will take the same name.—*Conneaut Reporter.*

Labor Saving Soap.—To make it, take 2 lbs. of sal soda, 2 pounds of yellow bar soap, 2 qts. of water, or in like proportion. Cut the soap in thin slices, and boil together two hours, and then strain through a cloth into a tight box or tub; let it cool and it is fit for use. [illegible] it freeze.

To use it: Put the clo[illegible] the night before you wash. The [illegible]ning put the water into your kettle or [illegible] To every two pails of water add one pound of the soap. As soon as the water with its dissolved soap boils, wring out the clothes from the water in which they had been at soak during the night, and put them in the boiler without any rubbing. Let them boil one hour, then suds and rinse them, and they will be clean and white. They will need no rubbing, except a little on such places as are soiled, and for that no washboard will be required. The clothes should be rinsed in two waters.

House-Keepers, cut out this receipt and preserve it.



View of the Instrument when open for use.

Carhart's Improved Melodeon.

The above cut is a correct representation of a new Musical Instrument as yet but little known in the Musical World, and which is destined, we have no doubt, to be extensively introduced. The extreme cheapness, portability, and beauty of the Melodeon cannot but commend it as an universal favorite. It is thus described by Mr. GEORGE A. PRINCE, of 200 Main street, who has been engaged in introducing it to the public during the past year: —

"It is now about one year since I first offered these instruments for sale, and during that time the increased demand for them has been unparalleled. Ten workmen have been constantly employed in the manufacture, and yet the makers have not been able to supply the demand. An additional number of workmen have however been employed, and in future I hope to be able to supply all demands promptly.

"For the benefit of those residing at a distance, and consequently unable to inspect the Melodeon before purchassing, I will endeavor to give a short description of the instrument.

"The cases are made of Rosewood, and are as handsomely finished as any Piano Forte. The Key-Board is precisely the same as the Piano or Organ, and the tone (which is very beautiful,) closely resembles that of the Flute Stop of the Organ—the notes speak the instant the keys are touched, and will admit of the performance of as rapid passages as the Piano. The pedal on the left is intended for a *swell*, and with which the most beautiful effects can be produced—the pedal directly under the instrument supplies the wind, and works so easy that a child can manage it without any exertion. The bellows (which is something entirely new, for which a patent was granted in Dece[illegible]) is a reversed or exhaustion bellows, and [illegible]his in a measure which produces the peculiar tone. The instrument can be *immediately made portable* without detaching any part, the bellows receding into the body of the instrument, and the legs folding under, and springing to their places, leaving the whole in a compact form as represented in the cut below. Each instrument has a packing case secured by lock and key, and the whole when packed and ready for transportation weighs but forty-five pounds, and costs but forty-five dollars. The volume of tone is equal to that of a small organ, and by means of the swell may be increased or diminished at the pleasure of the performer—it is sufficiently loud for small churches, and is well calculated for a parlor instrument. Hundreds have examined them, and all have been loud in their praise, but the best evidence of their merit is the rapid sale. Bt it is a *new* in-trument, a new invention, and as yet but little known in the musical world, and it is for this reason that I call to it the attention of all lovers of music, believing that there are thousands who would lose no time in securing one were they aware of the existence of such an instrument, and *the low price at which it could be obtained.*

DIMENSIONS OPEN — Height 2 feet 7 inches, Length 2 feet 5 inches, Depth 13¾ inches.

DIMENSIONS CLOSED—Height 6 inches, Length 2 feet 5 inches, Depth 13¾ inches.

Orders from a distance are promptly supplied by Mr. PRINCE, from his establishment, No. 200 Main Street, Buffalo.

SENSATION OF BEING HANGED. — I have the most perfect recollection, even of the slightest sensation which I experienced; and were the whole business to recommence in an hour from this moment, I should not feel the least concern. When the rope had been fastened about my neck, and when the executioner had pushed me from the ladder, I was seized with a violent pain about the throat. Shortly afterwards I felt nothing.— The air inflated my lungs slowly, but punched up as they were, the slightest particle of the balmy breeze revived me; and besides being slightly balanced in mid-air, I might be said to breathe it at every pore. I can even recollect that this swing-swang motion was not without its charms. I beheld external objects as it were through a thin veil of gauze; my ear was rather fatigued by a stilly silence: I began gradually to lose myself in my meditations, though I can no longer exactly recollect the subject of them, unless it was the money I had won the evening before from my comrade Gregorio. All of a sudden I gasped for breath: I could no longer perceive objects distinctly; I no longer felt the swing-swang motion; I was dead.—*The half-hanged Italian—Monthly Magazine.*

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.—An accident of a shocking character, happened yesterday afternoon at the boat yard of W. W. Smith, on St. Paul st, The frame of a canal boat was upon the stocks, and a German named Derick Wissels, was sitting underneath, putting on the bottom boards, when the spikes gave way, letting the boat down upon him, crushing his head and face in a horrible manner, the former being completely smashed down! He lived but a very few minutes. Several others were at work on the boat, but all escaped without injury. The German resided near Green's Tavern, at the Landing, and leaves a wife and one child. He was an industrious, sober mechanic.—*Roch. Adv.*

A witty auctioneer of Norfolk, a few nights since, finding his company slow at bidding for clocks, put up "the last," and said, "Now, gentlemen, I present you with a new kind of clock; it is called the Santa Anna clock, and warranted to run without stopping,"

Did God so Will It?

BY ELIZA COOK.

Did God so will it? Truth is in the tone
That so arraigns the evil deeds of man,
And worshipers at the Eternal Throne
Will breathe it forth in face of mortal ban.
We note dark scenes that crowd upon our eyes,
Rousing the bosom but to chafe and chill it;
Oh, who shall gaze, nor feel the question rise—
Did God so will it?

The holy word, typed by the gentle bird
Of holy peace, is often yelled around
As a fierce war-cry—scaring while 't is heard,
Baffling and baying where bold thought is found.
"Be merciful," is the divine behest;
Priests with the mission, how do ye fulfill it?
Even as tyranny and strife attest—
Did God so will it?

The red-skinned savage holds his hunting field
As Nature's heritage by human law,
Content with what the bush and river yield,
His rugged wigwam and his tawny squaw.
But the smooth white-face drives him back and back;
Let his voice tell of right, and might shall still it,
Till his free steps are thrust from their own track—
Did God so will it?

The heirs of fortune eat, drink, laugh, and sleep,
Scarce knowing Winter's cold from Summer's heat;
Strange contrast with the lank pinched forms that creep
With roofless heads, and bleeding, heartless feet.
While sated Wealth reclines to cull and sip,
Where the full feast is decked with flowery fillet,
Wonder and Hunger ask with moody lip—
Did God so will it?

'T is a fit question when the coward hand
Deals needless anguish to the patient brute;
Proud upright thing of clay, thou had'st command
To rule, but not to torture the poor mute.
When thou would'st urge the brave steed to a task,
Knowing the mean, inhuman work will kill it,
Hearest not thou the voice of conscience ask—
Did God so will it?

Crime clothed in greatness holds a wondrous claim
On the world's tenderness—'t is few will dare
To call foul conduct by its proper name
When it can prowl and prey in golden lair;
But let the pauper sin—Virtue, disgraced,
Rears a high seat, and Vengeance stern must fill it,
Justice, thy bandage is not fairly placed—
Did God so will it?

'T is a fit question to be put to man
When he would trample hearts already sad,
Reckless what pressing trials crowd the span
Of others' days—so that his own is glad.
'T is a broad taxing but the chainless mind
Will dare to raise the doubtings that shall thrill it,
Inquiring oft, 'mid factions base and blind,
Did God so will it?

Who can look out upon the earth and see
Much that is there, without a startling fear
That Man has darkly set the upas tree
Where Nature gave him vineyard fruits to rear?
Sorrow, oppression, carnage, madness, pain—
Read the world's record—note how these shall fill it;
Shrink not, but question straight with heart and brain,
Did God so will it?

The art of loving our neighbor as ourselves, and even of loving our enemy, consists in keeping our eyes on the man in him.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

A Singular Letter.

MR. EDITOR—I once had a very dear friend, whose life seemed marked for disappointment; one of those ardent passion-full beings, who are ever painting life in the most brilliant, or most gloomy colors. He loved whom he loved with all his soul; and I doubt if he ever hated any one. I was deprived of his society by the misery of a disappointment which drove him into a long and gloomy seclusion from the world. He met one like himself, a lady whose soul lived in her "large, bright, spiritual eyes," and spoke, in their intense and eager glance, a spiritual language, which his soul but too well understood. He did not pause to think, but laying the reins on the back of his passion, he was soon irretrievably lost in the hopeless toils of a hopeless love. For she was married, though to one all unlike herself—a cold, money getting man. My friend was far too honorable to think of hope—and he fled from home, not to conquer his passion, but to indulge it where he could with safety. Not long since I received from him the following singular letter, which, for the sake of the singular ideas it contains of perfection and sadness, I send to you.

PROVINCE OF DESIDERIA, LAND OF GEMITUS.
September, 184–.

MY DEAR MUTUUS AFFECTUS:—

Wonder not at finding me in this province. You know my passionate character too well, I think, to need any explanation of the motives which led me here. The conflict of love and despair left me no other retreat. The land of Gemitus received its name from the *respiration* of its inhabitants. The atmosphere seems not to contain sufficient of the vital principle unless inhaled in large quantities, so that every breath is a deep and long-drawn *sigh*. And this sighing respiration of its inhabitants gave it the name of Gemitus, which you know is the old Roman word for a sigh. This particular province of *Desideria*, received its title from the particular sentiment which universally prevails in the hearts of all residents, native and foreign. Desideria you know is a word for which we have in English no equivalent. It expresses that hopeless, pining, that consuming longing for the *absent*, or the dead, which the Latins expressed directly by this word, but which we can only express by a *description*. It is this sentiment which le[illegible] its dwellers to the twilight shades of i[illegible]g willows, and among the pale tinted fl[illegible]t droop on their long slender stems. Her[illegible]neet beings of the purest and noblest sensibilities—fair young maidens leaving the glittering shows of the cold world's pageantries, to pine over the unreturning absence of "lover and friend." Here the mother's love weeps over the sad, sweet memories of the bright eyed, golden headed little ones whom the grave has hidden from her sight. All eyes beam with the softened liquid light of chastened and cherished grief. And from the willow bow

ers I hear the plaintive melodies in which the broken heart is pouring out, like the dying swan, its few remains of life. All glorious things are here, but they are shrouded in twilight. The sun shines never with the naked glare that wilts your flowers, and dazzles your eyes; but like an astral lamp, sheds a softened sheen. And here am I, my being occupied with one only thought, and memory eternally whispering the same sad tale. Yet would I not be different. Life, in all its deep and awful mysteries, is present as it never was before. I look down into the depths of my being and start at the slumbering capacities it holds. And do you know, I have come to think that all that is perfect is sad? You may charge my mind with disease, but look upon life even in your world, where hurling confusions hide truth from your sight much of the time. Does not every thing that deeply affects you, make you somewhat sad? Is not earnestness at all times tinged with sadness? Go and lay down beneath the blue canopy, and gaze into the serene and azure depths till the sublime vastness has entered your heart, and there will be a gentle sadness with it too. Go stand beneath the falling cataract at Niagara, and when the thunder of its roar goes up like the mighty anthem of its praise to God—when the might, the majesty, the terror of the scene has fastened on your heart, a sad atmosphere will settle over all, like the mists that are generated by the pouring torrent, and rise forever around those sublimities. Go, stand beside the most perfect human loveliness, and gaze on beauty till you wish to live only for the sake of that vision, and you will be sad. Listen to the most perfect music, and when your soul floats on its cadent harmonies, is spell-bound in the witchery of woman's voice, God's blessed gift to her, even in the mildest thrills which go like waves of ecstacy through your frame, you will be conscious of a gentle sadness. So every thing as it appaoaches perfection is attended with this chastened and chastening influence. Will not heaven then be sad? Sadness is not misery.—It is the *effluence of intensity*—whether of feeling, or, beauty or glory. I conceive a sadness of heaven which would, to me, in no degree impair its bliss, or dim its brightness. It is as if the blazing brilliance of Jehovah's presence was softened by a medium which made it *not less glorious*, but less dazzling; and so all its glories and raptures bounded and chastened by this [illegible]manation from its perfectness. Tell me [illegible]he sublime sadness which rests over t[illegible]eautiful and distant heavens the dimness of our own vision or the real presence which surrounds their brightness, and will not the melody of heavenly songs be like the music of Caryl's harp—

"Pleasant and mournful to the soul."

But, my dear friend, you will weary with my sad philosophy, and yet, by your leave, I think it would not injure you occasionally to look beneath the superfices of life, and find that

—"In those abysses hide
Beauty and wealth unknown."

And so I leave you for the present to ponder over a grief which years have not abated, and to wander with *Thoughts* alone for my companions. May they visit you ever in pleasant shapes.—Farewell." B.

THE CROSS ON TRINITY CHURCH.—The following, which we copy from the N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser*, conveys an impressive moral in beautiful language:

When the sky is clear and the sun is shining, it is scarcely more striking or prominent than other objects. But when sombre clouds, "enshring sulphurous fire," loom up from the horizon and spread their leaden-hued pall over the cerulean space; and comparative darkness and oppressive gloom enwrap surrounding objects: and anxious mortals hurry to and fro as though they feared some indefinite but impending evil; and men, whose souls are constructed on the duplex movement principle and whose limits of vibration are profit and loss, snatch their perishable wares from the side-walks and hurry them under shelter; and the young winds whistle their alarm, and cowering to the very dust, rush madly along the streets as though they too sought a hiding place; when the very sun has put on sack-cloth and all is cheerless and threatening—then that cross stands forth in bold relief from the lowering sky, firm amid all the commotion and shining brightest and most gloriously as the darkness darkens.

What a moral! What a lesson of hope for man! No one, who knows, will accuse us of Puseyism or its kindred superstitious faith, Roman Catholicism, yet we own that the removal of that cross—emblem of our faith, shining like burnished gold in the dark hours, and bright with glistening beauty caught from rays that reach not lower objects—would deprive us of many a pleasant and profitable thought; and a man can ill spare even one such consolation on his weary pilgrimage.—That cross—as a type or memento only—has its morals, its lessons of hope and truth which our feeble pen may but feebly echo. Yet this truth we cannot fail to see—it is most attractive, most suggestive, most inspiring, at the very moment when every thing else within the range of vision indicates disorder, darkness and despair.

'Tis even so. Elevated above the commotion beneath, immovable when every thing below is quivering in the violence of the gale, looming larger and more distinct as the clouds multiply and the rains descend, catching, concentrating upon itself and throwing back upon our contemplative vision rays of light gathered from regions beyond our ken, it becomes at once a type of that unseen cross which is the radiant star of hope when the sun of prosperity has set deep beyond the distant horizon—the guiding star to one's faith and the center of one's affections—a constellation of hope in the darkened sky and an assurance of a blissful immortality.

From Mexico.

The steamer Fashion has arrived at N. Orleans from Vera Cruz. She left the latter port on the 2d ult.

Gen. Scott was at Puebla on the 30th of July, when there was strong probability of an immediate advance on the capital. Gen. Valencia had arrived at the capital with four thousand troops. Gen. Pierce arrived at Perote after an action with the guerillas near the National Bridge. Lieut. Sipton, of Indiana, and the surgeon of the Pennsylvania regiment, are dead.

The courier of the British Legation arrived at Vera Cruz on the 31st, with correspondence from the capital of the 29th, and from Puebla to the 30th.

Mr. Kendall represents the chances of peace in an unfavorable light. He says Scott will march immediately on the arrival of Pierce—certainly in the first week in August, and it is more than probable that the hardest fight yet will be at the city of Mexico. The Mexicans were prepared to meet him, having all their fortifications completed, and twenty-five thousand men. The English Legation was secretly exerting every influence to keep the Americans out of the capitol.

Other letters to the Picayune, represent the chance of peace in a more favorable light, and think the resistance to our advance will be almost nominal. Congress had referred Mr. Buchanan's letter back to the Executive and thrown on him the responsibilities of the war. The peace party at the capital was strong and increasing. They have no faith in their Generals.

The Sun, of Anahuac, says that when the guerillas attacked Pierce, 600 Americans approached under their fire until within 100 yards of the Mexicans, when our forces opened a deadly fire, forcing them to an immediate retreat. While the Mexicans were retreating, the American cavalry rushed upon them, killing about one hundred.

The position of the Mexicans was one of the strongest in the country, but the Americans passed the bridge after a short engagement, and arrived at Perote in safety. Gen. Scott despatching Gen. Smith's brigade from Puebla to meet them at Peroto.

The Commercial Times considers the news a full confirmation of the failure of Mr. Trist's mission, and that all prospects of peace are dissipated. Its correspondence says there has been a contest about their constitutional rights, between Congress and Santa Anna, each charging the responsibility of making peace upon the other. The discussion has shown, what was generally supposed, that the latter personage sincerely desires the patching up of the difference between the two countries. He is ambitious of the dictatorship. When Congress dissolved, it was done by the withdrawal of such a number of members, as to leave the remainder below a constitutional quorum.

Santa Anna held a council of general officers, at which it was resolved to effect one more encounter, either by marching against Scott at Puebla, or rejecting the propositions for negotiations, calmly await his advance and act on the defensive. In order to be free to act, Government issued a decree suspending all newspapers except the official organ.

The Delta says that Congress had met and adjourned without coming to any decision upon the propositions of our Government. All letters from the capital agree that Gen. Scott can take the city without difficulty, and that the foreign merchants of the capital are anxious for his arrival. Lieutenant Whipple had arrived at the capital. He is treated well and expects soon to be exchanged.

Com. Perry has withdrawn his forces from Tabasco in consequence of the sickness prevailing among them, until the sickly season passes. The Sun of Anahuac attributes this withdrawal to the overwhelming force of the enemy, and fear of an attack. Gen. Almonte was still in confinement at Mejicalzingo. Alvarez was in the capital about the middle of July, and had several long interviews with Santa Anna. Mr. Trist had been indisposed, but was convalescent.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Mental Development:—Its importance to Females, particularly Mothers.

Mrs. Kirkland very queerly remarks that the condition of the women of the present day seems to bear no little resemblance to that of the unfortunate hens in the basket of the poulterer—restless, crowded and uncomfortable, evincing, ever and anon, by a faint, uneasy chirping, a desire for wider bounds, and occasionally risking strangulation by a spasmodic effort, which only forces the aspiring head through a mesh in the strong netting, occasions a great cackling among the sisterhood, and earns a rap on the pate from the hard-hearted owner." Now the fact is, a *part* of this "chirping" is made by a few of the bolder "biddies" who aspire to the *political* privileges of chanticleer. For such we have but little sympathy. The hens have occasion to chirp, but not because they cannot roost on the ballot box.

In our opinion, the apparent indifference of many among the male portion of community, as it regards the mental development of woman, is one of *her* greatest grievances. We often hear husbands *boast* that their wives are better employed than in reading, and that they have no time to devote to it. Such husbands—and they are *only* husbands, not *men*—cherish the mean and contemptible idea that females should be acquainted with nothing but domestic, manual labor. The truth is a part of their education should be obtained in the kitchen, but they can never be completely fitted to become mothers there. "The fireside virtues," as Mrs. Hugo Reid truthfully declares, "are not properly cultivated by a mere *house*-wife.

'Well ordered home man's chief delight to make,'

is a task which the accomplished woman can alone efficiently perform; she alone can make her fireside a scene of happiness and improvement to all who approach it; she alone can clearly show her children that the paths of wisdom and virtue are also those of pleasantness and peace; she alone will be as able and as solicitous to aid their mental development as to care for their physical comfort."

To mothers is assigned a considerable degree of the task of education. They are the first teachers of their offspring, and the character and often the amount of instruction are determined in a measure, by the mental habits and capabilities of the mother. Hence let the following remarks by Dr. Channing be pondered well. by husbands and those who expect to be. Though having particular reference to professional teachers, they may, with equal propriety, be applied to mothers, and may be considered a master plea for the mental development of the latter:

"Higher ability," says he, "is required for an educator of the young than for being a statesman. The statesman must study and manage the passions and prejudices of the community; the educator must study the essential, the deepest, the loftiest principles of human nature. The statesman works with coarse instruments for coarse ends; the educator is to work by the most refined influences on that delicate, ethereal essence—the immortal soul. * * * According to these views, we think it a greater work to educate a child in the true and large sense of the word, than to rule a state."

A Careless Critic.—A critic in the American Review for July, is very severe on Omoo. But while he points out the faults in the style of the book, he betrays a carelessness which lays *himself* open to criticism. Quoting some of its good things (and he finds a few) he says "there are hundreds of such happy expressions in Omoo, and as many passages of description as good, or better, than we have quoted."—that is, passages as good *than* we have quoted, or better.

Daniel Boone's Sword.—The Galena *Mercury* says: "We have in our possession at this office, the identical sword used by Daniel Boone, in his many battles with the Indians, in Ohio and Kentucky. It is a rough looking piece of furniture. The blade is short and roughly made, but appears to be good steel; the haft, or handle, is covered with a piece of buckhorn, and the guard is made of iron wrought to the thickness of one-eight of an inch.

It was the first, and for a long time the only sword in Kentucky; at the battle of Blue Licks it was the only one in possession of the whites. It was afterwards lost in the Licking river by Col. Todd, where it lay for several years, but was finally recovered, and identified by Mrs. Todd as the same sword which her husband had borrowed from Daniel Boone.

Commissioned.—Augustus H. Seward, the eldest son of ex-Gov. Seward, has received a commission as second Lieutenant in General Worth's Regiment of Infantry, the Tenth. He left Auburn on Wednesday to join his regiment.

☞ A man somewhat intoxicated entered Provoost's Soap Factory through a window, late on Saturday night, and dropped into a kettle of hot soap and was so severely sca[illegible] that his recovery is doubtful. He is a sailor employe[illegible] schooner *Sea-Gull*, and named Arthur Cole.

☞ A German, named Henry Frohmans, was working on the tower of St. John's Church, when an apparatus for hoisting stone and mortar gave way, and he was precipitated head foremost from the height of 80 feet. His death was of course instantaneous. Verdict in accordance with the above circumstances. An error has appeared in the morning papers as regards the number of his family. He left only one child and she has attained the age of seventeen years. The expenses attending the funeral will be defrayed out of the funds belonging to St. John's Church.

☞ Sudden Death at the Falls.—Peter G. Stuyvesant, Esq., from the city of New York, was found drowned in a cold plunging bath, on Bath Island, about seven o'clock last night. The discovery was made by two gentlemen, who, being desirous of a bath, asked Mr. Jacobs, the keeper of the bath, if it was occupied, they having seen the body of a man floating in it. He had entered the bath about half past 5 o'clock, having then returned with his family from Goat Island, and sent them to the Cataract House. It would appear probable that the sudden change of temperature produced serous congestion of the brain, and possibly of the lungs also. His remains will be taken to New York, and leave this place by the afternoon train of cars.—*Com. Adv.*

☞ The potatoes in this and the adjoining counties have generally a favorable appearance, and exhibit no premature signs of blight or decay, but an observant and judicious farmer informs us that the disease has in some instances made its appearance already.

☞ As an illustration of the capabilities of Buffalo, we may mention that last week there were gentlemen from one of the richest agricultural counties in this state, (Monroe county) purchasing, for use in that county, wool, wheat and corn.

☞ The Next State Fair.—The Saratoga Republican gives an extended account of the arrangements already made by the officers of the State Society for the next State Fair to be held at Saratoga on the 14th, 15th and 16th of September next. Thus early, says that paper, "are our landlords receiving orders for rooms, and agriculturists in various parts of the Union are directing preparations for this great and interesting exhibition."

☞ It will give many of our readers, much pleasure to hear that the subscriptions for the Buffalo University—the first public educational establishment of a higher grade than our common schools—are going on favorably.

☞ Mr. Wise made his 61th ærial voyage from Rochester last Saturday afternoon. He went up nearly perpendicularly to a great height, and then took a north east course, landing in Brighton about two miles and a half from the city. The receipts were very far from covering the expenses. In his memorandum for publication, Mr. Wise says:

There is but one point or peculiarity in my trip, that I shall particularly mention. I have noticed that certain sounds, produced on the surface of the earth, have a remarkable peculiar effect upon the ear of the æronaut when over them. Water-falls are the most remarkable. Even a common mill-dam produces a wonderful noise to one's ears when a mile above it. The Genesee Falls made a noise to my ears when above them over a mile, at least an hundred times louder than did Niagara when I stood upon its very brink.

☞ There was a distressing accident on the St. Lawrence river Saturday last, a week, by which many females were drowned. The Quebec Canadian says seven of the females drowned were mothers of families; the other eight were young women, and the young man, who made the sixteenth victim, was 17 years of age. The young woman, one of the three saved, is said to have been seriously injured.

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD.—The work on this road is pushed forward, it is said, with great vigor. It is intended to complete it from Otisville, the present terminus, to Port Jervis during the coming autumn. The distance is only twelve miles and contains much the hardest and heaviest work on the whole line of the road.—Upwards *of two thousand* men are now employed on those twelve miles. The directors are confident that when opened to Port Jervis, the receipts of the road will be increased at least thirty per cent.

It gives us pleasure to hear so good an account of the progress of this great, almost national, work, and we trust it will, hereafter, encounter none of the difficulties that have hitherto so seriously retarded its prosecution, and even jeopardged its existence. The New York and Erie is one of those great trunks of railway designed, like the Baltimore & Ohio and the Charleston & Nashville, to connect the seaboard with the West and is second to neither of these in importance or the aggregate of business it will command. In the general increase of business throughout the country, and the necessity for its prompt despatch, facilities such as will be afforded by the construction of this road are absolutely indispensable, and we look forward to its completion as a new era in the history of the trade, commerce and prosperity of the West.

In this connection it is with much gratification that we are able to say that the gentlemen having in charge the Attica & Hornellsville road—the link designed to connect this city with the New York & Erie, and make Buffalo in fact the western terminus of that work—fully appreciate the important interests committed to their charge, and will be able to command the amplest means to complete their road in the most substantial manner as speedily as may be desirable. The whole line from this city to New York, we confidently trust will be finished and in operation by the close of the year 1849, or early in the season of 1850.—Before that time the various companies on the line from here to Albany will have re-constructed their roads and re-laid the track with the heavy rail, and we shall then only need—what we must have—a railroad round the south shore of Lake Erie, and thence to the Mississippi, to make Buffalo as great a focus of railway traffic as it now is of trade by lake and canal craft. No jealousy need be entertained of the drafts made upon western trade by the Baltimore & Ohio, or routes still farther south. They are too far south to affect the trade that naturally tends hitherward, and were not this the fact, the business would suffice for all.

Production and consequent traffic have thus far greatly exceeded the commercial facilities that have been created. Take our harbor for an illustration. If all the projects that have been devised for its improvement and extension were at once undertaken and vigorously prosecuted, they would not be found more than sufficient when completed. The same is true of the various works designed to carry off the products of the vast and rapidly enlarging region that tends to this port as a common centre. Each year widens the area of our commercial transactions. The completion of the Illinois & Michigan Canal—an event that will be witnessed this fall—will draw hitherward a large share of the trade of Southern Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, that heretofore has descended the Mississippi and found New Orleans almost its exclusive market. Soon, too, the basin of Lake Superior will be opened, and in a few years will be witnessed there changes as magical as those which in the last ten years have made the shores of Lake Michigan a wonder and a miracle. The merely physical progress of our country at this time, is beyond all former precedent, yet none who watch it with observant eye, can doubt that all we see is but a faint foreshadowing of what is to come, if wise forecast and intelligennt enterprize shall govern our future movements.—*Com. Advertiser.*

The Mexican Rumors.

From the N. O. Picayune, Aug. 3.

Little light has been thrown since our last upon the rumored entry of Gen. Scott into the city of Mexico. The propeller Washington has arrived, having left Vera Cruz on the 22d ult.—not so late as the Massachusetts—Tampico on the 25th and Brazos on the 27th. The brig Mary Jane has also arrived from Tampico, having left there on the 26th ult. So far as we can learn, the latest accounts from Tampico made no mention whatever of Gen. Scott's victory. Letters of the 25th in abundance have been received in town from Tampico. They say not a word of the entrance said to have been made on the 17th—eight days previously.

It is clear that there was no such story current in Tampico. Private letters would have mentioned it, and Capt. Hussey, of the Mary Jane, would have heard of it. He heard nothing of the kind. How far communications between Tampico and the capital have been interrupted by the late expedition of Col. DeRussey, we have been unable to learn; we have no later Mexican papers by either of the arrivals. But even were the usual mail entirely broken up, it would seem as if so important an event as the fall of the capital must inevitably have reached Tampico in eight or nine days, transmitted "from mouth to mouth."

The National finds a confirmation of the news of its extra in a letter from the Brazos of the 27th, which says that an account of Scott's victory had been read to the troops at Matamoros on parade the evening of the [illegible]th. At Galveston they had the same rep[illegible]0th, brought by a vessel which left the [illegible]nde on the 26th. How far the original [illegible]r is confirmed by its prevalence at Matamoros on the 26th, and the absolute silence in regard to it at Tampico the same day, every reader can judge by a glance at the map.

We have taken some pains to follow to their sources many reports in relation to Gen. Scott's position. We still incline to the belief that he did not march from Puebla before the 15th. By the map most in vogue Puebla is eighty-seven miles from the capital, and we do not believe that his march will be entirely unopposed. We have thus barely indicated some points which the reader will consider in forming his opinion. It is

now supposed that our next intelligence from Vera Cruz will be brought by the Fashion. She left here on Thursday, the 22d ult., for that port, and should there be intelligence of importance to be communicated, it is thought she would return at once.

From the Army of Gen. Taylor.

The propeller Washington, from Vera Cruz and Tampico, touched at the Brazos on the 27th ult. and received a mail from the army of Gen. Taylor.

The American flag of the 24th ult. contains not a word of any interest here.

Passengers from Matamoros, who came over on the Washington, tell us that the day that they left that city news was received there by Mexican merchants that Gen. Scott had had an action with the Mexicans at Rio Frio and defeated them totally, with a loss on his part of three hundred men. This news the Bee says was read at the head of the troops at Matamoros.

We presume this was done on the 26th—the day before the Washington left the Brazos. If Gen. Scott entered Mexico on the 17th ult., this would give nine days for the news to reach Matamoros—a distance of 250 leagues by the way of San Louis Potosi and the Tula pass. The time is amply sufficient for the transmission of the news. But we have accounts to the 26th from Tampico also, which is several hundred miles nearer the capital, and yet not a word of Gen. Scott's victory.

Furthermore, our correspondent at Monterey, writing on the 13th, says they had received a rumor there that Gen. Scott had defeated a very large force, under Santa Anna near the city of Mexico. This was a Mexican rumor, and very possibly was as authentic as the one which reached Matamoros a few days later.

Correspondence of the N. O. Picayune.

MONTEREY, Mexico, July 13, 1847.

The day we started for Mamalequi an interesting incident occurred at Gen. Taylor's camp. A Mexican lady residing in Monterey drove up to the general's tent, accompanied by three young children, two girls and a boy, and solicited advice from him. She said she was extremely anxious that her children should be properly and thoroughly educated at some good institution in the United States, and particularly that they should be taught the English language, and she was desirous of taking them herself to the United States for that purpose, but being totally unacquainted there, wished the advice of some competent person as to what course she should pursue.

The general gave her good advice, and promised her conveyance and escort to the Brazos by the next train that goes down. She appeared to be a very intelligent and lady-like person, and of very pleasing manners. A happy thing would it be for Mexico if she had a few more such mothers as this one—probably would her destiny be changed.

Everything is pretty quiet here, but I suppose Dr. Lushington will be on hand this afternoon, creating some little confusion, as the five companies of the Massachusetts regiment are to be paid off today.

The unruly ones were taught a pretty severe lesson on Sunday last. Six or eight had been tried by courtmartial for drunkenness, disobedience of orders, and offences of that character, and they received their sentence in presence of the battalion. One sergeant was reduced to the ranks, and the rest were sentenced to do police duty and wear a ball and chain, for various periods of from one week to one month. It will do a world of good if followed up properly.

Intelligence was received here a few days since from San Luis, via Saltillo, that Gen. Scott had met a very large force under Santa Anna, near the city of Mexico, and defeated them. It is reported here that Maj. Chevalie, of the Texas Rangers, met with a serious accident a few days since at Saltillo, from which it is feared he will not recover. He was about starting for Parras, and while on horseback was taken with a fit and fell to the ground, receiving severe injuries. This may delay the expedition to Parras for some days. Gen. Cushing proceeds tomorrow morning to Saltillo to take command of his brigade, or such portion of it as is in the field there.

The inhabitants of Monterey seem to be gradually returning to the city.. At mass in the cathedral on Sunday morning there were full four hundred able-bodied men upon their knees, and nearly as many women and children.

A rumor is current here today, brought in by a Mexican, that a party which started from here day before yesterday morning, numbering something like twenty, were attacked near Agua Frio, on their way down, by a party of rancheros, and nearly half their number killed.

The party consisted of Col. Reuben Davis, 2d Mississippi regiment, Capt. Davis, assistant quartermaster U. S. A., and others. I place little confidence in the report, as it comes from a Mexican source, although the informant most positively avers that he saw six dead bodies himself. [This rumor was totally false—all the parties mentioned arrived here today.] The health of the city is good—at Saltillo not so good as it has been, the North Carolina and Mississippi troops suffering severely from diarrhœa.

Very late from Oregon and California.

Among the passengers last night on board the *Tributary*, from St. Joseph, were Messrs. Shaw and Bolder, direct from Oregon. They left the frontier settlement of that country on the 5th of May, and arrived at St. Joseph on the 27th ult., having made the trip in eighty-three days. The company to which they were attached, was composed of nineteen persons, three or four of whom stopped on the route. They met with little difficulty on the route, except from the Pawnees, who levied contributions upon them, in the shape of clothes, tobacco, a few mules, &c. Their danger might have been more serious had it not been for the intervention of an old chief, who gave them the protection of forty of his warriors for a fifteen miles race, and then deemed their services of sufficient value to enforce a further contribution.

These gentlemen inform us, that the emigrants to California and Oregon were making very handsome progress, being some twenty-five days ahead of the time usually occupied by the emigrants. One company, Davidson's, was met at Big Sandy, and two at Green River. The Mormons, with six hundred and seventy-six wagons, were met at the forks of the Platte, on their route to California. The *Twelve Apostles*, as they are called, were at Fort Bridger, and it was understood that the Mormons would not proceed, this season, further than the neighborhood of the Salt Lake. All the emigrants, as we have said, were getting along very well.

At Fort Hall, these gentlemen met with Mr. Samuel Brannan, and four others, who had arrived there for the purpose of piloting the emigrants on the route to California. From Mr. Brannan, who is described as the editor of the "California Star," they obtained information up to the 25th of May—the most important of which is, that Col. Fremont had been placed under arrest by Gen. Kearny, for disobedience of orders,

and ordered to the United States for trial. He either had left, or would leave immediately, for the States. Commodore Stockton was also on his way home. The American fleet was engaged in operations against Mazatlan, Acapulco and other towns in Lower California, and the troops had been ordered in the same direction.—Gen. Kearny, it was understood, would leave for California in time to reach home in September.—Things were not in a very quiet er settled condition.

These gentlemen add, if possible, to the horror of the accounts heretofore received in relation to the sufferings of the emigrating parties which failed to reach California last winter. Seventy-three of them perished in the snow, and from famine, and the living survived only by feasting on their dead companions. Among the number of this unfortunate party was a miscreant, by the name of Keysberg, who left the States in Col. Russell's company. He had a wife with him, and contrived, at the extremity of their sufferings, to send her to the California settlements, when relieved by persons who went out to aid them. This villian remained behind to rob the dead and living of their property. A family of the name of Donner, of Springfield, Ill., was robbed by him of about $4,000, which he *cached* along with other spoils. He was suspected, threatened, and finally preparations were made to hang him up, and then he disclosed the places where the money was to be found. To add to the enormity of his offences, he is said to have boasted of having lived, for a time, upon the dead body of Mrs. George Donner, even when provisions were within his reach. Other enormities are told of this devil incarnate, but he survived them all and was employed in the army at the last accounts. The whole of the family of Reeds, connexions of the Donners, has reached Sutter's settlement in safety, after enduring almost incredible sufferings.

It was the expectation of these gentlemen to be accompanied from Oregon by Commodore Drake, of the British ship *Modeste*, Mr. John J. Campbell, and perhaps others. But as they failed to meet them at the time appointed, at Fort Hall, this party traveled slowly, in the hope of being overtaken by them. This they did not do; and they are probably some fifteen days behind. As the party is small, the Pawnees may, it is feared, deal roughly with them, should they be met by them.

Regarding the affairs of Oregon, we have been able to obtain no news which would interest this section of the country.

The *Republican* of the next day adds the following:

The gentlemen who have recently arrived from Oregon have placed at our disposal a file of the *Oregon Spectator*, from March 4th, to April 29th. They are filled with discussions upon the relative merits of particular routes of travel, and matters purely local in their character.

We notice the appointment of J. Quinn Thornton, formerly of this State, and more recently of Quincy, Ill., to be Supreme Judge of Oregon territory, vice P. H. Burne, resigned.

William Hibbert, lately of Illinois, died at Oregon City on the 10th of March.

The Oregon Treaty does not appear to have been at all acceptable to the *Spectator*, or to any portion of the people of Oregon. Several versions of the treaty were received there, but the true one, which was received in the St. Louis *Republican*, of the 30th of July, was less acceptable than any of the others. Doubts were loudly expressed of its genuineness, but these doubts finally gave way, about the middle of April, as an official copy of the treaty, after its ratification, was then received. The *Spectator* says: "What we published in our last, as purporting to be the treaty, proves to be such, although we doubted it at the time. We can say nothing for the document, but much against it. It certainly, in our estimation, can never be popular with the great body of the Americans in Oregon. We shall wait anxiously to see how this singular circumstance can be accounted for at home, and how this surprising and unconditional surrender of right will be justified."

An election was to be held, on the first Monday of June, for Governor, county officers, and members of the Legislature. A. L. Lovejoy is announced as a candidate for Governor.

D. E. White, Indian Agent for the Oregon Territory, who was in the States in the early portion of last year, and took his departure for Oregon in July or August, by the way of Panama, had not reached Oregon City when these gentlemen left, and fears were entertained for his safety.

We ought to have stated, yesterday, that *all* the persons composing the family of the Donners, of Springfield, Ill., perished in the California mountains, last winter.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16th—7 P. M.

We have arrivals but no later news from Mexico. Santa Anna is in effect Dictator, a quorum of the National Congress cannot be got together. A council of Generals hope to await Gen. Scott's march instead of marching upon him. Money to support the army is collected with extreme difficulty. Santa Anna is said to have 23,000 men and near 100 pieces of artillery in the capital.

Col. Harney and his Dragoons with a white flag were allowed to go as far as Rio Frio. Canalizo and the Mexican soldiers were so frightened at the sight of him as to run away leaving their private baggage behind.

Gen. Almote has been sent off with but one day's notice to take command of Tulacingo, which his friends call a persecution. Filizola was between Durango and Saltillo, with 1,000 men, supposed to be watching for Gen. Taylor.

Pacheco is Minister of foreign relations, in place of Ibarra.

Tampico news to 30th ult, is received.

Lieut. Tannahill supposed to be killed in De Russy's expedition, is alive.

Prisoners doing well.

It is said Gen. Garay has 14 prisoners—20 fewer than reported were killed. Garay has 3,000 men within 10 miles of Tampico. He cuts off nearly all supplies from the country and has stopped interior trade. The U. S. Schooner Petrel with increased armament and a detachment of marines passed up the Panuco on the 29th, supposed to intimidate Garay's men, and prevent interception of despatches from Gen. [illegible]r.

Some Louisiana volunteers have been stealing cartridges and selling them to the Mexicans for 12½ cts. each. The troops are healthy.

INDICTED FOR MANSLAUGHTER.—The grand jury of the Court of Sessions indicted, yesterday, H. L. Kellogg, captain of the steamboat Niagara, and Hosea Birdsell, the engineer of the said boat, both of whom are indicted for manslaughter in the third degree, in causing the death of two firemen of the above boat, and scalding several of the passengers, by carrying too much steam, which blew up the steam chest, thereby causing the loss of life and limb. Capt. Fairchild of the 8th ward, arrested, yesterday, Hosea Birdsell, the engineer, on a bench warrant, issued by the court of Sessions, on the above charge, and the court held him to bail in the sum of $5000.—*N. Y. H.*

Rise!

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

Who are ye who sit and murmur
O'er your grievance hard and long?
Who are ye whose necks are trodden
By the iron foot of wrong?
Wear ye not God's mighty image?
Rise! assert it, and be strong!

Can ye see your wives and children
Under old oppressions cower
And not feel your right arm aching
With the fulness of their power?
Rise! a life of idle groan'ng
Is not worth one well wrought hour!

Able bodied, idle minded!
Do you weep beneath your pain?
Or, with empty cant of Freedom,
Do ye stagger with your chain?
Hear ye not your weaker brother?
Rise! or wear the curse of Cain!

Will ye sit in dust and ashes,
Gazing on the proud and great?
Know ye not that soul and sinew
Must achieve their own estate?
Rise! to action—or in garrets
Dream, and so deserve your fate!

Are ye Freemen—Freemen truly?
Do ye act as Freemen do?
Are your rulers not your leaders?
Are they many, are you few?
Rise! with purpose firm, and teach them
They must first be ruled by you.

Unto you belongs the vessel,
And the freedom of the sea;
Will you hear your servants dictate
What her freight or laws shall be?
Rise! and hurl their errors over,
Like the worthless chest of tea!

LATEST FROM GROSSE ISLE—CONTINUED MORTALITY AMONG THE EMIGRANTS.—The Canadian papers continue to give distressing accounts of the mortality among the emigrants reaching Canada. The Quebec Chronicle, of Tuesday, states that the latest intelligence from the Quarantine station is gloomy in the extreme. We are informed upon the most reliable authority, that since the season commenced, the sickness has not been more severe or the circumstances more perplexing to those in authority, than at present. The number in hospital yesterday was 2240. It was never so crowded, and the mortality is alarming. Captain Reid, of the Marquis of Breadalbane, died in hospital on the 7th, and the captain of the Virginius, the day after his arrival at Grosse Isle.

GREAT FIRE AT PORTLAND, ME.—The Telegraph [illegible] says there was a great fire at Portland [illegible] noon that day. It broke out in Foy's Twi[illegible]story, and one hundred or more houses on Front street, and the same number on Cotton street, are reported as destroyed. We trust there is some exaggeration in the report.

MARRIED.

On the 12th instant, by J. G. Dickie, Esq., Mr. LEANDER STONE, to Miss SARAH E. FURMAN.

On the 13th inst., by Rev. F. W. Graves, Capt. WM. DRURY, and Miss MARGARET CARRUTHERS, all of this city.

In this city, on the 13th inst., by Rev. F. W. Graves, Mr. JOEL M. FELLOWS, of Clay, Onondaga county, and Miss MARIA C. EASTWAY, of Eden, Erie county, N. Y.

Also, by the same, Mr. WM. VAN BRANT and Miss CAROLINE SHAVER, all of this city.

At Eden, on the 8th instant, by —— Wells, Esq., Mr. SAMUEL LAKE, of McHenry county, Illinois, and Miss SYLPHINA PIERCE, of Boston, in this county.

In Rochester, on the 5th inst., by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. JAMES M. GANSON, of this city, and Miss NANCY S., daughter of Ira Belden, of Rochester.

DIED.

This morning, 11th instant, CHARLES M. COOPER, Esq., son of Joseph and Hannah Cooper, aged 32 years.

On the 11th instant, of consumption, Miss MARIA SHUMWAY, aged 22 years.

In this city, on the 12th inst., at the residence of I. T. Hathaway, in the 17th year of her age, Miss MARY N., daughter of Doct. James and Catharine A. Billings, of Batavia.

Last evening, Miss PARTHENIA BEARD, aged 31 years.

At the residence of her father, at Cold Spring, on the morning of the 14th instant, SUSAN MARIA, daughter of William Hodge, Esq., aged 21 years.

At Hamburgh, on the 10th inst., GEORGE PATTERSON GARDNER, son of Capt. Charles Gardner, aged 8½ years.

GEORGE H. READ,

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Buffalo, August 3, 1847.

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Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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WESTERN
LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1847. NUMBER IV.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Fragment to Sarah.

BY E. J. EAMES.

I.

It is a scene I like sometimes,
But on this eve a musing sadness
Had gathered o'er my changeful mood,
And I ill could brook their eager gladness:—
So I turned away to a spot where lay
Picture and book and rare engraving,
And sat me down to indulge the want
That filled my spirit in its craving.
But listless I bent o'er the rich bound page—
Careless I glanc'd at the golden edge—
Then open'd a scrap-book in hopes to find
A charm for the gloom of an idle mind.

II.

Many quaint things were in the book,
Maxim an I riddle, rhyme and story—
But one alone enchain'd my eye
Though it told no tale of fame and glory.
And my heart-strings stirr'd with every word,
For I felt the touch of the minstrel's fingers,
I knew that beautiful lay was thine,
O, yet its sweetness round me lingers.
Tender and graceful each soft'ning hue—
From the sweet well-spring thy fancy drew,—
Oh! ever young sister, may *purity*
Breathe forth in each line that comes from thee,

III.

For purity adds the sweetest flower
To the fairy wreath of the Poet's twining;
And *natural* beauty of thought wins more
Than words with the scholar's smoothness shining.
More than art-wove lays that seek for praise
Doth a true taste prize the pearls of feeling
That be half hid in the heart's pure cells,
Gently their loveliness revealing.
Be such the thoughts,—and only such—
That spring 'neath thy fancy's wooing touch,
So shalt thou have the holy power
To charm ofttimes a lonely hour.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Elevation of Woman.

BY GEORGE MILLER.

The modern civilization of Europe, when compared with its ancient, and with the civilization of Asia, ancient or modern, is immeasurably superior, chiefly in this, that woman holds a higher position in the social scale. We feel warranted in speaking of Asiatic civilization as one unbroken whole, because it is observable, that, as touching the matter of which we treat, whilst European manners have undergone a radical change, those of the nations of Asia remain the same they were at the earliest period of which we have authentic account.

A brief notice, therefore, of the origin and progress of that wonderful revolution which has given to woman a commanding position among the nations of Europe, and among a portion, at least, of their descendants in this western world, will not, we trust, prove either useless or uninteresting.

We are aware, indeed, that the measure of respect so largely entertained for "the sex," in our day, is usually ascribed to other causes than those to which we would now call the reader's attention. Her elevation is claimed—and in a very important sense *justly* claimed—as a practical result of the pure energy of the Christian Faith. Among the many evidences of its divine origin, our religion commends itself remarkably in this, that it alone, of all the systems which have obtained among men, assigns to the sexes social equality, and, elevating woman to her "appropriate sphere," crowns her with dignity and honor.

Paganism, on the other hand, has, in all its forms, degraded and debased the female. The globe around, it has reduced her to abject slavery, and subjected her, an unresisting victim, to the cruel caprice of her master.

Among the aborigines of our own continent, polygamy was permitted and practised. Divorce took place by simple separation, or desertion, and without the least formality. The wife of the Indian was his slave.

Nor has paganism done more for woman on the plains of Asia. The millions of China hold her in neither veneration nor respect. She is there, to this day, bought and sold—an article of traffic. Mohammed but sanctioned and perpetuated that grossness which he found everywhere interwoven with the manners of the east. Polygamy, and its invariable concomitant—the utter degradation of both sexes—effeminacy in the male, and unquestioning subjection in the female—reign coextensive with the wide influence of his creed.

Neither was the genial influence of woman felt in the social circles of Greece. The Greek held her in servitude; compelled her into seclusion; regarded her as a domestic menial, wholly inferior to man, and unworthy to share his confidence, or to participate in his more serious employments.

At Rome, her condition was very similar. For, though it be true, that we read of a few instances of Roman matrons, whose exalted excellence challenged for them a place in the public annals, and in public regard; yet, it is none the less true, that to woman, *as such*, was assigned a low position in the social scale. And, whatever regard conspicuous examples of female virtue may have exacted from the haughty citizens of that republic, in her better days, their remembrance seems not to have stayed the rapid degeneracy of her people. Vice finally triumphed over the censorship; the grossest crimes were pleasantly styled the way of the world; manners became dissolute; debauchery more and more prevailed, until, at the advent of Christianity, public and private morals were become wholly and irreclaimably corrupt. Society had arrived at that stage where, recovery being past all hope, its speedy and entire dissolution was inevitable.

Now, it requires no argument to show, that the religion of Christ—regarded merely as a system of ethics—was irreconcilably at war with this wide spread scene of social desolation. It inculcates purity; the integrity and sanctity of marriage; an inviolable regard for the obligations of social and domestic life. These and kindred duties, it illustrates and enjoins as elementary principles, and enforces by the highest sanctions.

But, it is apparent, that tribes and nations, such as we have described, would be least likely to embrace such a religion. Their manners and customs would furnish a soil seemingly but ill adapted for the growth of such principles. Vicious practices, interwoven with the structure of society, are not easily eradicated. Institutions, social or domestic, which work an entire depravation of the mass, are not readily supplanted by those of a higher order. We accordingly find that Christian institutions, planted in Asia Minor, in Syria, in Greece, in Egypt, in Italy, and the Isles of the Mediterranean, did not long remain. The Christian code found no enduring home in those ungenial climes. "The light" could but feebly pierce the noxious vapors and death-dealing damps of those unpropitious skies, and soon "the candlesticks" were removed. The tree, whose leaves were for "the healing of the nations," had an Asiatic origin, to be soon transplanted. Its vigorous growth was for other skies. Another and far distant people was destined first to enjoy its shade. To find the willing recipients of a pure faith, we turn our eyes in another direction.

In *the woods of Germany* we behold a race whose native manners and habits seem better adapted to the reception of a self-denying code. It was there, that a distinct, peculiar people—barbarian as yet—was being disciplined in all those hardy and ennobling qualities upon which might successfully be engrafted the sterner virtues of a pure and exalted faith. It was there that *a natural stock*—yet wild and rude—awaited the *scions* of revealed truth.

To the "Treatise" of Tacitus, written about the year 98, must we chiefly refer for a nearer view of that remarkable people, whose existence had been known to the Romans but little more than a century, and whose armies of emigration, in less than four centuries afterwards, finally overthrew, in all the west of Europe, the mighty fabric of Roman empire, and permanently seated themselves in its fairest provinces, subjugating or exterminating the ancient possessors.

The vigor of these barbarian hordes displaced the enervated sons of Roman civilization. They impressed their own genius upon the countries they subdued, and brought with them, from the woods of the north, the germ of modern manners, and modern institutions.

Now, the German tribes are particularly distinguished from all others, whether ancient or modern, civilized or savage, of which we have any account, for the high-toned veneration with which they regarded their women. Our limits forbid even reference to all those passages of the "Treatise" which illustrate our statement. A few of the more prominent must suffice:

"To a German mind," says Tacitus, "the idea of a woman being led into captivity was most insupportable."

Again, "There was, in their opinion, something sacred in the female sex, and even the power of foretelling future events. Their advice, therefore, was always heard; they were always consulted, and their responses deemed oracular."

"They accompanied their husbands, fathers, and sons to the field of battle. In the heat of the engagement, the soldier heard the shrieks of his wife, and the cries of his children. These are the darling witnesses of his conduct, the applauders of his valor. Undismayed at the sight of the wounded, the women count each honorable scar, and suck the gushing blood."

Thus their sentiments and pursuits did not run counter to those of the other sex. Whatever was deemed worthy the effort and employment of the tribe, engaged *their* minds. The sexes were one in sentiment. They labored together for the same common object. They felt their interests to be identical.

The same author farther informs us that, among these tribes, marriage was considered a strict and sacred institution.

"In the national character there is nothing so truly commendable. In this respect they differ from all other savages. To be content with one wife is peculiar to the Germans. The married state is with them a life of affection and female constancy. Vice is not treated as matter of jest, nor is profligacy called the fashion of the age."

Such, in brief, were the manners of those fierce invaders, destined to introduce into Europe a new order of things; to plant new institutions; to work out for the human race enlightenment, improvement, elevation. Here are the men—here the women—*by* whom and *for* whom Christianity must produce her noblest fruits. They were, indeed, "the scourge of God" to the base, degenerate, and corrupt Roman. To them was committed to pour a tide of noble blood through the provinces of Europe, and to preserve and transmit to our times the leaven of an incorruptible faith. Their "mission" is as distinctly marked as that of the Jewish people. They were clearly within the controlling Omniscience of Him, who, in His own time, swept, as with the besom of destruction, Roman civilization from the earth. These tribes were the ministers of his vengeance. Historians have told us that, if called on to point out the period of extremist misery and suffering of the human race, they would, without hesitation, select those centuries, during which the Goth and the Vandal were depopulating Europe, and pouring, in lava-tide, towards the sunny provinces of the south.

But, out of terrible confusion has risen order, and beauty from ashes. The sun of modern civilization beams with a healing lustre upon the nations.

The gloom of the middle ages has passed away. But, during that rayless period, were sown the seeds of mighty events. There were germinating glorious institutions; magnificent results had there a beginning. And, as we behold the human race emerge from the thick darkness, lo! woman graces the scene. She inspires the generous thought, and proud hearts do her homage. Her power is acknowledged—her enchantment felt.

"—— Her eyes
Rain influence and award the prize."

She gains the ascendant, at first, in man's lighter moments, and then, in his more serious occupations. *In him—in her*—we recognize those features whose rugged outline captivated us in the woods of Germany. They are the same, yet not the same. Culture has done for them much. But, above all, religion—"the religion of the cross"—has softened their asperities, mellowed their character, refined their intercourse, and united them, each to the other, by all the attractions of an earthly, and by all the sanctions of spiritual, regard. The two are one: They stand on the platform of social equality. Neither is the slave of the other. They share in joy and sorrow, in weal and woe. Mutual hopes animate; mutual cares ennoble; mutual fears depress. Such, then, are *the influences*, and such *the transformation* being wrought in all the relations of social and domestic, public and private life.

MASSILLON, O.

UNKINDNESS.—More hearts pine away in secret anguish for unkindness, from those who should be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life.—*Young.*

The Left Eye.

A CALMUC TALE.—FROM THE RUSSIAN.

A rich old man who resided at the extremity of the camp, quite apart from the rest, had three daughters, the youngest of whom, named *Kookju*, was as much distinguished for her beauty, as for her extraordinary wisdom.

One morning as he was about driving his cattle for sale to the Chan's market-place, he begged his daughters to tell him what present they wished him to bring to them on his return. The two eldest asked him for trinkets; but the handsome and wise Kookju said that she wanted no present, but that she had a request to make which it would be difficult and even dangerous for him to execute. Upon which the father, who loved her more than the two others, swore that he would do her wish, though it were at the price of his live. "If it be so," replied Kookju, "I beg you do as follows:—sell all your cattle except the short-tailed ox, and ask no other price for it except *the Chan's left eye.*" The old man was startled; however, remembering his oath, and confiding in his daughter's wisdom, he resolved to do as she bade him.

After having sold all his cattle, and being asked the price of the short-tailed ox, he said that he would sell it for nothing else but the Chan's left eye. The report of this singular and daring request soon reached the ears of the Chan's courtiers. At first they admonished him not to use such an offensive speech against the sovereign; but when they found that he persevered in his strange demand, they bound him and carried him before the Chan. The old man threw himself at the Prince's feet, and confessed that his demand had been made at the request of his daughter, of whose motives he was perfectly ignorant; and the Chan, suspecting that some secret must be hidden under this extraordinary request, dismissed the old man under the condition that he would bring him the daughter who had made it.

Kookju appeared, and the Chan asked:

"Why didst thou instruct thy father to demand my left eye?"

"Because I expected, my Prince, that after so strange a request, curiosity would urge thee to send for me. I wish to tell thee a truth important to thyself and thy people."

"Name it!"

"Prince," replied Kookju, "when two persons appear before thee in a cause, the wealthy and noble generally stand on thy right hand, whilst the poor and humble stand on thy left. I have heard in my solitude that though most frequently favorest the noble and rich. This is the reason why I persuaded my father to ask for thy *Left Eye;* it being of no use to thee, since thou never seest the poor and unprotected."

The Chan, incensed and surprised at the daring of this maiden, commanded his court to try her. The court was opened, and the President, who was the eldest Lama, proposed that they should try whether her strange proceeding was the effect of malice or of wisdom.

Their first step was to send to Kookju a log of wood, cut even on all sides, ordering her to find out which was the root and which the top;—Kookju threw it into the water, and soon knew the answer, on seeing the root sinking, whilst the top rose to the surface.

From this trial the court was convinced that Kookju had not offended the Chan from motives of malice, but the inspiration of wisdom granted her from above. But not so the Chan: his vanity was hurt; and he resolved to puzzle her with questions, in order to prove that she was not wise. He therefore ordered her before him, and asked;

"On sending a number of maidens into the wood to gather apples, which of them will bring home most?"

"She," replied Kookju, "who, instead of climbing up the trees, remains below and picks up those which have fallen off from maturity or the shaking of the branches."

The Chan then led her to a fen, and asked her which would be the readiest way to get over it—and Kookju said, "to cross it would be the farthest, going round nearest." The Chan felt vexed at the readiness and propriety of her replies; and after having reflected for some time, he again inquired:

"Which is the safest means of becoming known to many?"

"By assisting many that are unknown."

"Which is the surest means of always leading a virtuous life?"

"To begin every morning with prayer, and conclude every evening with a good action."

"Who is truly wise?"

"He who does not believe himself so."

"Which are the requisites of a good wife?"

"She should be beautiful as a pea hen, gentle as a lamb, prudent as a mouse, just as a faithful mirror, pure as the scale of a fish; she must mourn for her deceased husband like a she camel, and live in her widowhood like a bird which has lost its wings."

The Chan was astonished at the wisdom of the Kookju; yet, enraged at her having reproached him with injustice, he still wished to destroy her.

After a few days he thought he had found means for attaining his object. He sent for her and asked her to determine the true worth of all his treasures; after which he promised to absolve her from malice in questioning his justice, and to admit that she intended, as a wise woman, merely to warn him.

The maiden consented, yet under the condition that the Chan would promise her implicit obedience to her commands for four days. She requested that he would eat no food during that time. On the last day, she placed a dish of meat before him, and said, "Confess, oh, Chan! that all thy treasures are not worth as much as this joint of meat!" The Chan was so struck with the truth of her remark, that he confessed the truth of it, acknowledged her as wise, married her to his son, and permitted her constantly to remind him to use his *Left Eye.*

Dufavel's Adventure in the Well.

One morning, early in September 1836, as Dufavel, one of the laborer's employed in sinking a well at a place near Lyons, in France, was about to descend in order to begin his work, one of his companions called out to him not to go down, as the ground was giving way, and threatened to fall in. Dufavel, however, did not profit by the warning, but, exclaiming, "I shall have plenty of time to go down for my basket first," he entered the well, which was sixty-[illegible] feet in depth,—When about half way down, he heard some large stones falling; but he nevertheless continued his descent, and reached the bottom in safety. After placing two pieces of plank in his basket he was preparing to reascend, when he suddenly heard a crashing sound above his head, and, looking up, he saw five of the side supports of the well breaking at once. Greatly alarmed, he shouted for assistance as loudly as he was able; but the next moment a large mass of the sandy soil fell upon him, precluding the possibility of his escape. By a singular good fortune, the broken supports fell together in such a manner, that they formed a species of arch over his head, and prevented the

sand from pouring down, which must have smothered him at once. To appearance, however, he was separated from the rest of the world, and doomed to perish by suffocation or famine. He had a wife and child, who now came into his mind, and the thought of them made him feel still more bitterly his imprudent obstinacy in descending into the well, after being warned of the danger to which he was exposing himself.

But although Dufavel regretted the past and feared for the future, he did not give way to despair. Calm and self-possessed, he raised his heart in prayer to God, and adopted every precaution in his power to prolong his life. His basket was fastened to the cord by which he had descended; and when his comrades above began to pull the rope, in the hope of drawing him up to the surface, he observed that, in their vain efforts, they were causing his basket to strike against the broken planks above him in such a manner, as to bring down stones and other things. He therefore cut the rope with his knife, which he had no sooner done, than it was drawn up by those at the top of the well: and, when his friends saw the rope so cut, they knew that he must be alive, and determine to make every exertion to save him.

The hole made by the passage of this rope through the sand that had fallen in, was of the greatest use to Dufavel: through it he received a supply of fresh air, and after a while, his friends contrived to convey food to him, and even to speak to him. Of course he was in utter darkness; but he was enabled, in a curious manner, to keep a reckoning of time. A large fly was shut up with him, and kept him company all the time that he remained there. When he heard it buzzing about, he knew that it was day, and when the fly was silent, he knew that it was night.—The fly boarded as well as lodged with him; he was as careful as he could not to interrupt it while taking its share of his meal; when he touched it, it would fly away, buzzing as if offended, but soon return again. He often said afterwards, that the company of this fly had been a great consolation to him.

More skilful persons than the poor laborers of the village of Champvert were soon engaged in the attempt to liberate Dufavel. The municipal authorities of Lyons procured the assistance of a band of military miners, who, under the direction of experienced officers, began to form a subterranean passage for the purpose of relieving him. Prayers for his safety were daily offered up in the churches of Lyons, and the most intense interest prevailed; it was found necessary to erect a barricade, and station a guard of soldiers round the scene of the accident, to keep off the flocking crowd from the neighborhood, all eager to obtain news, and see what was being done.

The cavity at the bottom of the well, over which the wooden rafters had so providentially formed a sort of roof, was at first about seven feet in heighth; but owing to the sand constantly running through, and pressing down the roof from above, by the third day the space became so small, that the poor man could no longer stand, or even sit upright, but was crushed upon the ground in a peculiarly painful manner, his legs doubled under him, and his head pressed on one side against his left shoulder. His arms however, were free, and he used his knife to cut away such parts of the woodwork as particularly incommoded him, and to widen the hole the passage of the rope had made. Through this hole, by means of a small bottle, soup and wine were let down to him, and, after a few days, what was quite as important, a narrow bag to receive and bring to the surface the constantly accumulating sand, which must soon have smothered him, if this means of removing it had not been devised, and he had not had strength and energy for such a painful labor as the constantly filling and refilling the bag soon became. Of course, any *pressure* from above would have forced in the temporary roof, so that nothing could be attempted in the way of removing the mass of sand, &c., that had fallen in.—They dared not touch the surface above; but they contrived, by means of a tube, to speak to him. A cousin of his, himself a well-digger, was let down for this purpose. This man spoke to Dufavel, and assured him that the miners were making progress, and would soon reach him; he inquired after his wife and child, and charged his cousin to tell her from him, to be of good cheer, and not lose heart, at this time he had been a week in the well.

Day succeeded day, and still the expectations of the miners were deceived. They worked night and day, but such was the treacherous nature of the soil, that neither pickaxe nor shovel could be used; the foremost miner worked upon his knees, inserting cautiously a flat piece of wood into the ground, and afterwards gathering up with his hands, and passing to those behind him, the sand which he thus disturbed. On the twelfth day of his imprisonment, they calculated they were only twelve inches from him, and yet it took them two days longer before they were able to reach him. Every minute the ground was giving way; and it sometimes took them many hours to repair the damage that a single moment had produced.—Besides, they felt it necessary to proceed with the utmost caution, when they approached Dufavel, for there was great reason to fear, whenever an opening was made, the mass of sand above his head would fall down and suffocate him. At length, about two o'clock in the morning of Friday, 16th September, they made a small opening into the well, just above his shoulders. The poor man shouted for joy, and was able with his knife to assist in extricating himself. He was carefully conveyed along the horizontal gallery, and wrapped in blankets before he was drawn up into the open air. Several medical men were in attendance, and one of them had him conveyed to his house, and put to bed.

We will not attempt to describe Dufavel's happy meeting with his wife, nor the tears of joy which he shed over his infant boy, who did not at first recognize him, muffled up as he was obliged to be to protect him from the cold, and his chin covered with a beard of more than a fortnight's growth. In the evening he was so well, that Dr. Bianvenu consented to his being conveyed to his own home; and he was accordingly transported thither in a litter, attended by a great concourse of happy and thankful spectaters.

The Evening Cloud.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

A cloud lay cradled by the setting sun;
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow.
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the soft radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow.
E'en in its very motion there was rest!
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought of the departed soul
To whose white robe there's beam of light is given;
And, by the breath of mercy made to roll,
Right onward to the golden gates of Heaven,
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

Anecdotes of English Judges.

To Americans of the legal profession, the names of the most celebrated among English Judges are familiar as household words. For this reason, as well as for their intrinsic merit we copy from TOWNSHEND'S "Lives of Twelve Eminent Judges," a few lively and entertaining anecdotes:

THURLOW AND ROSSLYN.

"Lord Thurlow survived his lucky rival more than a twelvemonth, and on hearing of his death at Bath, said candidly, 'Well, I hated the fellow, he could *parlez-vous* better than I could; but he was a gentleman!' His dislike afterwards vented itself in a bitter gibe. Being informed, we know not how truly, that George the Third, who had been laboring under mental hallucination, exclaimed on Lord Rosslyn's death, 'I have lost then the greatest scoundrel in my dominions!' 'Said he so?' exclaimed Lord Thurlow; 'then by — he is sane!'"

SCANT LAWYERS' FARE.

"When Lord Lyndhurst, then Chief Baron, first visited Dolgelly, he expressed his surprise to the high sheriff that there should not be a single prisoner for trial. That worthy official seemed afraid that his lordship might be offended at such a state of things, and answered, with much concern for the honor of Merionethshire, 'I can assure you, my lord, the whole country has been in pursuit of a sheep-stealer!'"

ELLENBOROUGH had many humorous and witty sayings, but they generally evinced his harsh and overbearing temper:

"When Mr. Park (the late Justice Allen Park) had been moved, in some case that appealed to the feelings, to repeated exclamations, and had called Heaven to witness and so forth, while addressing the jury—'Pray, sir,' said my lord, 'pray, don't swear in that way here in court!' The effect of this interruption, in a grave tone, was irresistible, and Mr. Park heartily joined in laughing at this unexpected practical pleasantry. When another counsel, too much addicted to self-praise, had declared, in the course of his address, that such things were enough to drive one from the profession of the law. 'Don't threaten the court,' said his lordship, 'with such a terrible calamity.' The austere lectures which he sometimes read flippant pedantry, or hopeless imbecility, are often remembered and quoted with malicious glee, for they possess a character of quaint and grave sarcasm peculiar to the man. An eminent conveyancer, who prided himself on having answered thirty thousand cases, came express from the Court of Chancery to the King's Bench to argue a question of real property. Taking for granted, rather too rashly, that common-law lawyers are little more acquainted with the Digest of Cruise than with the laws of China, he commenced his erudite harangue by observing, 'that an estate in fee-simple was the highest estate known to the law of England.' 'Stay, stay,' interrupted the Chief Justice, with consummate gravity, 'let me write that down.' He wrote, and read, slowly and deliberately, the note which he had taken of this A. B. C. axiom—'An estate in fee-simple is the highest estate known to the law of England. The court, sir, is indebted to you for the information.'

There was only one person present who did not perceive the irony, and that was the learned counsel who incurred it. But though impervious to irony, it was impossible even for his self-love to avoid understanding the home-thrust lunged by the judge at the conclusion of his harangue. He had exhausted the year books, and all the mysteries of real property law, in a sleepy oration which effectually cleared the court; insensible alike to the grim repose of the bench and the yawning impatience of the ushers, when, at the close of some parenthetical and apparently interminable sentences, the clock struck four, and the judges started to their feet; he appealed to know when it would be their *pleasure* to hear the remainder of his argument. 'Mr. P.,' rejoined the chief, 'we are bound to hear you, and shall do so on Friday; but *pleasure* has been long out of the question.' The hesitations of dulness and vagaries of fancy received from him no quarter. A young counsel commenced his stammering speech with the remark, 'The unfortunate client who appears by me,' and then came to a full stop; beginning again, and after an embarrassed pause, with a repetion of the remark, 'My unfortunate client,' he did not find his fluency of speech quickened by the calm raillery of the judge, who interposed in his softest tone, 'Pray go on—so far the Court is quite with you.' The late Sir Thomas Mackintosh, who used to chuckle over the narration of this incident, would however, sigh at the remembrance of its cruelty, and cruel it undoubtedly was. Another barrister was advancing rapidly into the regions of poetry in a grave argument at banc, and observing, 'It is written in the large volume of nature,' when the judge instantly recalled his wandering imagination by the caustic query, 'In what page, pray?' When a favorite pleader, Mr. Gazelee, was making an excursion, somewhat unexpected by his hearers as unwonted in him, into a pathetic topic, 'Are we not sir, rather getting now into the high sentimental latitudes?' The barn-door flight of the English special pleader was far inferior in sublimity to that of an Irish counsellor, who thought proper to suppose 'an eagle soaring high above the mists of earth, winging its daring flight against a mid-day sun, till the contemplation becomes too dazzling for humanity, and mortal eyes gaze after it in vain;' here the orator faltered, and after an abortive effort or two, sat down in confusion. 'The next time, sir,' said the judge, 'you bring an eagle into Court, I should recommend you to clip his wings.'"

ERSKINE was often unscrupulous but was sometimes outdone by one BEARCROFT

"A young gentleman of good family had married a woman of the town. His relatives and acquaintance deserted him. She plunged her husband into debt, and almost ruined him by her extravagance. He mustered courage to defend an action for goods furnished to her at enormous prices. Erskine was counsel for the defendant; and, aware of the wife's previous character, was obliged to make it a ground of appeal to the jury. He praised the amiable feelings of the husband, who had sought to restore his wife to the path of virtue, and inveighed against her base ingratitude, to which the plaintiff had lent himself. 'For her he gave up his family and sacrificed all his connexions.' When Bearcroft came to reply, he treated Erskine's eulogium of his client's virtue, and the demerits of his wife, as mere burlesque. 'My friend reproaches his client's wife with forgetfulness of the debt of gratitude which she owes him, that for her he had given up all his connexions: but the balance of obligation will be found on her side—for, for him, she gave up all mankind.'"

ERSKINE IN COURT.

"A witness was put into the box, who travelled to get orders. This description of persons go indiscriminately by the name of riders and travellers, but most affect the latter. 'You are, I un-

derstand, a rider?' 'A traveller, sir,' was the reply. 'Pray,' said Erskine, 'are you addicted to that failing usually imputed to travellers?' Another of the fraternity having baffled his cross-examination, he suddenly remarked, 'You were born and bred in Manchester, I perceive.' The witness admitted that it was so. 'I knew it,' said Erskine carelessly, "from the absurd tie of your neckcloth.' The traveller's weak point was touched, for he fancied that his dress had been perfect; and the counsel gained his object—the man's presence of mind was gone.

"When induced to make a personal observation on a witness, Erskine divested it of asperity by a tone of jest and good humor. In a cause at Guildhall, brought to recover the value of a quantity of whalebone, a witness was called of impenetrable stupidity. There are two descriptions of whalebone, of different value, the long and the thick. The defence turned on the quality delivered, that an inferior article had been charged at the price of the best. A witness for the defence baffled every attempt at explanation by his dulness. He confounded thick whalebone with long in such a manner that Erskine was forced to give it up. 'Why, man, you don't seem to know the difference between what is thick and what is long. Now, I'll tell you the difference. You are a thick headed fellow, and you are not a long-headed one!'

"In a cause at Guildhall, Mingay spoke of one Bolt, a wharfinger on the Thames, who loved litigation, and whose name regularly appeared as plaintiff or defendant in the cause-paper of the sittings after term, in very harsh terms, for his dishonest and litigious spirit. 'Gentlemen,' replied Erskine, 'the counsel has taken unwarrantable liberties with my client's good name. He is so remarkably of an opposite character, that he goes by the name of Bolt-upright.' This was all invention."

The last words of TENTERDEN, uttered by him in the delirium of death were, "Gentlemen of the Jury, you may retire."

☞ In Baron DERCSENYI's "Researches for a Philanthropical remedy against Communism," he specifies a remedial plan against the poisons which he thinks Owen and Fourier have taught. His remedy is based on what he deems the

FOUR PRINCIPAL WANTS OF MAN.

"1st. That a man, when he feels himself competent to work, may be able to find an employment that will afford him sufficient means to procure his daily bread; at the same time he desires that his employment may not be one that would degrade him in the eyes of the other classes of society. Besides, the possibility of his obtaining a livelihood of this nature ought not to depend upon the chance of the harvest being good, or upon the times being favorable to commerce and manufacture, or otherwise.

"2. The second principal want or desire of man, which, though I rank it as the second, is almost as important as the first (save to the thoughtless and frivolous, who, though such are to be found, form exceptions to the rule) is to be able to save sufficient to provide (at least for a short period) against sickness or accidents

"3. The third want of man is, that as parents they may be able to find the means, not only of supporting their children, but also of giving them an education suited to the class they belong to: a desire that with many parents is felt even more ardently than the two former.

"4. Fourthly comes the want or desire, in order to provide for old age, misfortunes, and, above all, to secure a better position for their prosperity, that a capital may be obtained bearing interest; and when it is obtained or inherited, that they be able to hold it without risk."

A BRITISH OUTRAGE ON AMERICAN SOIL.—Whilst at St. Peters, on the Upper Mississippi, a few days ago, we learned the following facts from a gentleman conversant with them, and whose authority is beyond question in this city, where he is well known. The circumstance may be regarded as trivial in itself, so far as the fate of the guilty men are concerned; but be this as it may, it is still an invasion of our soil, and an insult to our national jurisdiction. Although it may be a more humble, it is not a less exceptionable act, than the burning of the Caroline by British soldiers, in American waters, about which so much excitement was created a few years ago. In another aspect, it is yet more deserving of the consideration of our Government.

It is well known to every one familiar with the Indian trade carried on within the United States, that, when the American trader has been forced into conflict with the British trader, the former has been compelled to yield, even on American soil, to the arrogance and assumptions of the latter. The trader of the Hudson Bay Company is not only backed and sustained by the power of that great Company, but he is supported and defended by the British government itself. At the present time, the Hudson Bay Company has its own employees in the office of judge; jurors are selected from its tenants, and they take cognizance of every offence, even to those involving life. Even now, an American citizen is held to bail to answer in a court of their own creation, for an alleged offence against a law of their own enactment. In such a tribunal, thus constituted and influenced, the result of the trial is not doubtful.

Whilst their acts and their insolence are confined to their own side of the line, and exercised upon their own subjects, and do not affect American citizens, we might be disposed to let them pass. But even in their exactions, and especially in the *tarif of duties* which this overgrown Company imposes on merchandise purchased in the United States by the tenants of the Company, and carried into their jurisdiction, it might be well for our government to inquire whether there is not a want of conformity with the treaties subsisting between us and Great Britain. Of this, hereafter.

The outrage to which we allude has been stated to us as follows:

Pierre Chouteau, Jr. and Co., the successors of the American Fur Company, have a trading establishment in the Sioux country, on the head waters of the Red River of the North, several miles within the American territory and from the line dividing us from the British colonies. For some time past—in fact, ever since the apprehended difficulties between the two countries concerning the Oregon boundary—the British Government have kept stationed in the vicinity of Selkirk's settlement, a body of regular troops, who, it is now well understood, were intended, if hostilities had occurred, to take Fort Snelling and other posts and property on the Upper Mississippi. A short time since, some of these troops, as is alleged, deserted and came across into the American territory, and, we believe, some of them entered into the employ of the American traders. Subsequently, a British officer, with a force of regular soldiers, came over to the American trading station, and arrested these men, asserting that they were deserters. Against this act of invasion of our soil, and insult to our national authority, the agent at the station remonstrated.

He had neither the authority, or the means of resistance: nor was he disposed to protect the men against a lawful seizure, but he earnestly protested against the British Government exercising this high prerogative upon our soil, and this, too, without investigation, or the shadow of authority from the United States. His remonstrance and protests were unheeded: the men were seized, bound, and carried back into the British possessions. The fate of the parties arrested is not known.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the illegality of this act, or the insult it gives to the jurisdiction of the Government of the United States. All we now add is, that, for the truth of the facts, the testimony of men of the highest respectability may be had, if the Government thinks proper to look into it.—*St. Louis Rep.*

☞ Several of the New York papers contain brief obituaries of Mr. STUYVESANT, whose death whilst bathing at the Falls, we announced a few days ago. We extract the following:

DEATH OF PETER STUYVESANT.—Another of our old citizens is gathered to his fathers Peter G. Stuyvesant is dead. He was seventy-five years of age, and the proprietor of a large estate in the upper wards, formerly the Stuyvesant farm, inherited from his great ancestor, the celebrated Dutch governor of the same name. His property was so heavily taxed during the speculation mania of 1836, that he had to forfeit it for the assessments, but subsequently recovered it, and the estate is now probably worth fifteen millions of dollars. He died childless. His lady survives him. He was a man of excellent character, and took an active part in benevolent enterprises.—Since 1832 he has been a manager and for some time a Vice President of the American Bible Society. The N. Y. Historical Society, of which he was one of the earliest members, elected him their President for several years in succession. His character shone brightest in private life, where his pleasing manners were displayed to admiring circles. His death was very sudden. He had gone on an excursion up the lakes. with his lady and niece, and died while bathing in the "plunging bath," near the hotel. He had enjoyed excellent health, and although seventy-five years of age, he exhibited the buoyancy of middle life. We have not heard what disposition he has made of his property.

A HINT TO LADIES.—The Philadelphia Pennsylvanian publishes, from the pen of a lady, the following remarks on dress:

"Speaking of beauty, I wish people would dress pleasantly, benevolently. I saw a lovely girl today looking unlovely and unlovable, because her muslin dress was stiffly starched. *to keep clean the longer.* My laundress tries in vain to persuade me into the barbarous custom. To my mind a woman should always look as soft to the touch as a flower, and as pure. All her garments should be made of the finest and softest material possible; material that will easily dispose itself into folds, falling gracefully around her; and not, by being liable to ruffle it every moment, compel her to stiff attidudes and starched demeanor, denying her all luxury of lounge and loll; why, my very words would grow prim and precise, were I to wear a dress which depended on flour or potato for its propriety."

The steamer Albany has been sold by Captain Gager to the Boston Rail Road Company, and is to be overhauled and fitted up to run next season in a daily line between Detroit and Buffalo, in connection with said railroad.—*Clev. P. Dealer.*

Indian Attack-Eight Americans Killed.

The Indians on the Southwestern frontier are beginning to display a bold hostility, that, unless promptly and severely repressed, promises seriously to endanger, if not wholly inter upt communication with our troops in New Mexico. We have heretofore given accounts of Indian attacks upon small bands of traders and detachment of troops going to or returning from Santa Fe, but unless the parties were very small the Indians rarely ventured to do more than hover upon their flanks, and pick up a stray horse or two, or plunder a wagon that lagged behind. But by the western mail this morning we have news of a daring and bloody assault made by them upon a large detachment of the St. Louis Battalion bound for Santa Fe. This intelligence comes in a letter, dated Camp on Arkansas River, July 23, and was forwarded by a St. Louis correspondent to the *Louisville Courier*, from which we copy. The writer says:

The battalion has not moved together since we left Fort Leavenworth; Captains Shepard and Woecham were separate, while Captains Cunningham, Paul and Carnes were in one body, under the command of Lieut. Col. Easton. I have never heard any reason assigned why the other two companies do not join us, although I have enquired often.

On the evening of the 20th instant, while some of our men had crossed the Arkansas river (on the banks of which we were encamped,) for the purpose of procuring fire wood, the Indians pounced upon them, and before any assistance could be rendered, eight of them were killed and four wounded. The alarm was soon in camp that the Indians had attacked our men on the opposite shore, and in a few moments Capt. Barnes' Co., which was encamped at a point nearest the river, hastened to their relief, but before they could get in musket range the Indians had made good their retreat on their horses. Capt. McNair's Company of Cavalry, which has been with us since we left Council Grove, were soon in their saddles and in pursuit, but they did not succeed in overtaking them.

The party of Indians which made the attack was about 30 in number. Scouting parties, in all numbering, it is supposed, between three and four hundred, were seen on the surrounding heights. They were well mounted, and were, it is supposed, Camanches. Fifty of our men were across the river at the time attack was made, but were in small parties and entirely unarmed. Nearly all of the killed and wounded were horribly lanced and scalped. One of them was literally covered with lance and arrow wounds. The names of the killed and wounded are as follows: Company D—Killed—Capt. Paul, P. Porter and Charles Fraas. Wounded—Company of Capt. Barnes—Wm. Duncan, Lodwick, James and H. Barlow. Killed—Volunteer Regiment—J. Johnson, and ——, wounded. We will remain here four or five days, to repair wagons and to rig up Hayden's train of wagons, which are now lying at the Ford, the cattle for which were nearly all stolen by the Indians, preventing them from going over.

The report that the Fort had been surprised by the Indians proves to be erroneous. The Indians attacked and killed three men, but did not burn the Fort.

The man who built and has charge of it says he will abandon it unless some thirty men of our battalion are ordered to remain with him—of which I think there is no probability.

DEATH OF THE WHOLESALE MURDERER.—William Freeman, the murderer of the Van Nest family near Auburn, died in jail at that place on Saturday morning last, as we learn from the *Advertiser*. He has been in a most miserable condition for some weeks past, and all who have seen him within that time have become satisfied that whatever he may have been when he committed the horrid act for which he has been so long imprisoned, he had become a perfect idiot. A telegraphic despatch was sent to Dr. Brigham, of Utica, advising him of the fact, and on Saturday evening he visited Auburn, and held a post mortem examination upon the body, the result of which will probably be given hereafter.

From the Knickerbocker for August

Church-Yard Flowers.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

I.

Flowers of the Church-yard!
Ye are as bright of hue
As sisters that in greener spots
Quaff drops of morning dew:
A charm to the home of Death ye gave,
Springing in beauty on Childhood's grave:
Waving your heads in the wind, to and fro,
Types of the innocent sleeper below.

II.

Flowers of the Church-yard!
A part of her ye seem
Who in that heavy slumber lies
That knows no pleasant dream:
I saw her blue eyes in your violet gems,
The grace of her form in your flexible stems,
In diamonds of morn on your petals that lay
Her tears, that the sunshine of joy chased away.

III.

Flowres of the Church-yard!
Your leaves are odorous still;
Ye died before the biting frost
Of winter-time could kill:
Though vanished our lost one from earth's fading bowers,
Remembrance of her is like fragrance of flowers;
She dawned on our vision, a creature of light,
And passed ere the day was o'er-clouded by night.

IV.

Flowers of the Church-yard!
Her narrow house was cold;
Ye sprang, and warmed with summer tints
The damp and gloomy mould:
Thus came, when the path of existence was drear,
Our darling the hearth of our homestead to cheer,
But, ah! when our blossom was fairest to sight,
Gnawed the worm of decay, and descended the blight!

V.

Flowers of the Church-yard!
Another spring will wake
A painted band as deep in dye
Her grave couch bright to make;
But, ah! never more will our threshold be crossed
By mortal the peer of our loved and our lost;
Darkened earth was too poor such a treasure to own—
Heaven's casket is meet for such jewels alone.

AVON, June, 1847.

Rural Department.

Farming Utensils of the Mexicans.

The farming utensils of the Mexicans are of the rudest possible description. It has been well said, that they seem to be opposed to change of every kind, except in their governors and government. The same utensils which were used by Cortez, at the conquest, in the sixteenth century, are used at this day in Mexico.

Riding, on the 10th of December, up the valley in which Barras is situated, I came to a field where they were sowing wheat. The sower was sowing the wheat broadcast on the unploughed ground. Twenty-three ploughs followed each other, on the same land, ploughing the wheat in. A contrivance for a harrow levelled the ground after the ploughs. Each plough was drawn by two oxen. The ploughs were of the same pattern used by the Romans two thousand years since. They were made of the fork of a small tree, one prong of which answers for the beam, and was cut long enough to fasten the oxen to; the other prong was cut off about four feet long, and sharpened at the end, and a single stick fastened into the fork and projecting back made the handle. This was the whole plough—lock, stock and barrel. When a forked tree cannot be found, the short stick is mortised into the long one. The short prong was the coulter—the long one the beam. This was fastened by a raw-hide thong to the ox yoke, which, in turn, was fastened in front of, and to the horns of the oxen, by another raw-hide throng. The handle was held by a peon, who was armed in the other hand with a long pole, with a sharp goad in the end of it, which he unsparingly plunged into the oxen to quicken their speed, or to change their direction.

Some of the better ploughs have the coulter shod with a piece of iron, resembling a bull-tongue, eight inches long, and tapering from thence to two inches at the point. This is the greatest improvement made upon the plough.

The ground is never throughly broken up, and is only scratched into furrows a few inches deep. Efforts have been made to introduce better ploughs, and some have been brought from the United States. But the Mexicans did not like to use them. They were soon broken or thrown aside as useless, because no one would plough with them.

The harrow was as simple a contrivance as the plough, and consisted of a single stick of square timber, the size of a joist, fastened in two places with a raw hide rope to keep it square to the front, and drawn by a yoke of oxen to level the ground.

The *metate*, or stone corn-mill, used for preparing *tortillas*, is the same article that was used by the Indians at the first conquest of Mexico.

Their hoes are clumsy, rough machines, decidedly worse than the meanest hoe in Old Virginia—and that is about as bad a character as I know how to give them.

Their axes are long and clumsy, with blades about three inches wide, and resemble the upper part of a pick-axe or grubbing-hoe. It looks remarkable that they should ever be able to peck a tree down with one. The great superiority of the American axe is so evident, that some few venturesome persons have commenced the use of them.

A Mexican cart is the most unique of all their inventions. It has not a piece of iron in it or about it. It is constructed entirely of wood and raw-hide. The axletree is a rough-hewed log, rounded at the ends. The wheels are made of knotty liveoak, two feet and a half through the hub, and trimmed down to seven inches in the tread. Two slabs of the same width are pinned on to the centre piece, to give rotundity to the wheel. A heavy tongue is mortised into the axle, and has a wooden pin inserted through the upper end, by which to fasten it to the yoke.—The body is made of wooden poles, inserted into round saplings eight feet long. This is used for hauling wood, etc. When they wish to haul corn, corn-stalks are placed across the wooden poles, and lashed tightly to them with strips of raw-hide. When wheat or shelled corn is to be carried, they line the inside of the stalk bed with matting made of the *palmilla*, which resembles the material of which gunny-bags are made.

The ox yoke is a piece of timber five inches wide and three inches thick, slightly indented near each end. This is tied in front of and across the horns, with a piece of tough raw-hide. Another piece fastens the yoke tightly to the tongue of the cart. A second yoke of cattle is usually

fastened to the cart. A strong rope of raw-hide, of sufficient length, fastens their yoke to the tongue of the cart.

The driver moves along by the side of the cart sometimes on foot and sometimes riding an ugly, ill-natured looking mustang, with a long ox-goad in his hand. He uses this very freely, and when he wishes to "file left," he pops his goad into the off ox, who screws his tail and runs round his fellow, and changes the direction of the cart.—They move more briskly than American oxen. This is no wonder, for they are all taught to "walk Spanish."

They haul very large loads in these carts, and travel as fast as horse teams usually do on a journey. A Mexican frequently carries his wife and children in these carts. He then puts a raw-hide on the bottom, to keep the children from falling through, and puts another over the top for a cover, when in crawls the whole family. As soon as "all's set," he hisses at his oxen, as a bear hunter would do when close on brnin, and off starts the whole contrivance, with a full band of road music.

Some ladies in the United States seem to be fond of travelling in stages and railroad cars with squalling children, to the great annoyance of their fellow-passengers. I would advise such, by all means, to try a Mexican cart, for however much a cross grained brat may scream and ball, it would not in the least disturb his neighbors, or interfere with the harsh discord produced by the outlandish *screeching* of a Mexican cart.

Potato Digging Machine.—We have received from Mr. C. Bradbury, of Philadelphia, a drawing and description of a machine, invented, arranged and calculated for digging potatoes by the cart load, and thoroughly cleansing and separating them from the earth, &c., by merely hauling the machine through the field by a horse or yoke of oxen. The machine is mounted on a pair of wheels, and consists of a large cylinder of open work with scoops of pointed rods projecting at proper intervals from the periphery. This cylinder is mounted on pivots and so connected to the wheels by gear work, as to revolve in a direction contrary to that of the wheels; and in its revolutions, each scoop takes up a hill of potatoes and by its rotary motion, sifts out the earth therefrom, and deposits the potatoes in a central receptacle, and throws the vines and weeds out at the sides. We cannot give a very specific description without an engraving, but have no doubt that such a machine might be so constructed as to do this work thoroughly and rapidly where the soil is light and free from stones.—*Scientific American.*

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

A Trip to Chicago in the St. Louis.

NUMBER III.

There is a striking general similarity in three of the Straits or Rivers connecting the Great Lakes—the St. Clair, the Detroit, and that portion of the Niagara above the Falls; and it is almost or quite impossible to designate the particular features which make them, as they are, so very different to the eye. They have nearly the same volume, and glide on in broad, swift, clear currents, between shores presenting abrupt, low banks, or verdant slopes, and among islands now plashy and rush-covered, and now dry and wooded: and yet they vary widely from each other, and their diversity is in themselves, and independent of all villages, and buildings, and cultivation, and changes wrought by human labor upon their beauteous margins. So peculiar are they in their common grandeur, and yet so strong is their unlikeness, though inexpressible, that were one, familiar with the three, to be transported, in his sleep, from a remote region, and placed upon either, on any portion of it, however wild and untamed, he'd name it correctly soon as he waked. They are like beateous sisters born in the same hour: and they are twins too,—for, when Nature, in her throes, depressed the beds of Michigan, and Huron, and Green Erie, and reversed their outlet to the Sea, she gave these Rivers birth. They are most lovely, and amid our Water Deities might be termed the Graces, were they not too majestic. I love the St. Clair, the wildest and most impetuous of these noble sisters;—I love the Detroit, so much more staid and equable; but, of them all, the ever-varying, dimpling, sportful Niagara, most surely commands my heart's devotion.

How delightful was our too swift passage up the Detroit. We here made our first complaint of the St. Louis: she carried us so rapidly apast its scenery. A slower boat would have better suited us, who love to linger amidst the beautiful in Nature. But upward she ploughed her way, in early morn, to the great and rising city of Detroit, and allowing us but a few short hours to admire the substantial growth, and tasteful dwellings, wafted us on remorselessly. We could scarce say "How lovely!" ere the scene faded.—But then, as it vanished, new beauties came in view, appearing and departing in rapid succession. See that fantastic thorn, and that old embowered cottage by the river's side! How those cattle, which stood so quietly in the smooth, shallow water before us, a minute since, lazily flapping their fat sides, and chewing the cud of seeming contemplation, rush to the bank affrighted, as the waves in our wake swell and and dash up among them! How charming that knoll, whose sweet, grassy mantle, descends in a long sweep to the water's edge and mingles with it! What a quiet, venerable grove! Surely it shelters the graves of the great ones of the forest-loving Hurons! Don Quixote might here have freely indulged his insane propensity to fight with wind-mills, for, though they are planted thickly on the Canadian shore, they seem as lifeless as the enterprize that uses them in place of steam-mills. See, there's another! How picturesque are their low towers and jutting tops, on the river points and headlands, where they are placed to catch the air, that wings its way more freely close to the river's course! How gracefully those gulls float and wheel in the air, or drop into the wave, and swim like foam upon it! There is a black one, smaller, and more graceful than the others! They seem to heed us, as we foam along, no more than do those two bare-legged men, who, bending downward, with a long rope on their shoulders, slowly walk

along the beach of that meadowy isle, towing that little schooner against the current. But, what is this? It is too bad,—we are out of the river already, and this dreary expanse of shallow water is Lake St. Clair. Were its famed flats in the Detroit River, there would be less grumbling about them. I see no beauty in this lustreless sheet of dingy water, with its flat shores, dim in the distance. I'll go into the cabin, and listen, an hour or so, to a discussion among the politicians, or an amicable argument between theologists, or a chit-chat among the ladies, God bless them!—or the conversation of our literati, who are always talking, or—no, no! Upon the whole, I'll get my old friend, JOHN SMITH, who dropped in among us at Detroit, to sit with me upon the forecastle, and spin a yarn. F.

News by the Cambria.

We copy the following from the *Albany Evening Journal*, the only paper that has come to hand containing any report of the *Cambria's* news except that received by Telegraph, which we have heretofore given:

The Queen and Prince Albert were to leave London for Scotland on the 9th inst.

John Walter, Esq., principal proprietor of the London Times, died on the 28th ult. He had been at the head of that establishment for 44 years.

Mr. Macaulay, the distinguished and brilliant writer, lost his seat in Parliament from the city of Edinburgh on account of his vote in favor of a Catholic Education bill.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

Her Majesty prorogated Parliament on the 23d ult. The following is the Queen's Speech:

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I have much satisfaction in being able to release you from the duties of a laborious and anxious session. I cannot take leave of you without expressing my grateful sense of the assiduity and zeal with which you have applied yourselves to the consideration of the public interests.

Your attention has been principally directed to the measures of immediate relief, which a great and unprecedented calamity rendered necessary.

I have given my cheerful assent to those laws which, by allowing the free admission of grain, and by affording facilities for the use of sugar in breweries and distilleries, tend to increase the quantity of human food, and to promote commercial intercourse.

I rejoice to find that you have in no instance proposed new restrictions, or interfered with the liberty of foreign or internal trade, as a mode of relieving distress. I feel assured that such measures are generally ineffectual, and, in some cases, aggravate the evils for the alleviation of which they are adopted.

I cordially approve of the acts of large and liberal bounty by which you have assuaged the sufferings of my Irish subjects. I have also readily given my sanction to a law to make better provision for the permanent relief of the destitute in Ireland. I have likewise given my assent to various bills calculated to promote the agriculture and develope the industry of that portion of the United Kingdom. My attention shall be directed to such further measures as may be conducive to those salutary purposes.

My relations with foreign powers continue to inspire me with confidence in the maintenance of peace.

It has afforded me great satisfaction to find that the measures which, in concert with the King of the French, the Queen of Spain, and the Queen of Portugal, I have taken for the pacification of Portugal, have been attended with success; and that the civil war, which for many months had afflicted that country, has at last been brought to a bloodless termination.

I indulge the hope that future differences between political parties in that country may be settled without an appeal to arms.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

I thank you for your willingness in granting me the necessary supplies; they shall be applied with due care and economy to the public service.

I am happy to inform you that, notwithstanding the high price of food, the revenue has up to present time been more productive than I had reason to anticipate. The increased use of articles of general consumption has chiefly contributed to this result. The revenue derived from sugar especially has been greatly augmented by the removal of the prohibitory duties on foreign sugar.

The various grants which you have made for education in the United Kingdom will, I trust, be conducive to the religious and moral improvement of my people.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I think proper to inform you that it is my intention immediately to dissolve the present Parliament.

I rely with confidence on the loyalty to the throne, and attachment to the free institutions of this country, which animate the great body of my people. I join with them in supplications to Almighty God, that the dearth by which we have been afflicted may, by the Divine blessing, be converted into cheapness and plenty."

DONATION OF FOOD FROM THE U. STATES.

On the 20th ult., the following interesting debate took place:

Mr. Brotherton moved an address to her Majesty "that she be graciously pleased to direct that there be laid before this House a copy of the letter from the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to her Britannic Majesty's Minister at Washington, acknowledging the donations in food and money of the legislature and citizens of the United States of America for the relief of the famine in Ireland." The hon. gentleman then referred to the great amount of misery and destitution which had been experienced in Ireland, and to the very large contributions raised in America for the relief of that country, one committee having raised a sum of not less than £109,000, and another of £60,000. The expedition with which these large contributions were converted into food and transmitted to Ireland was also matter of surprise, as well as gratitute.

The hon. gentleman having read extracts from several letters received from various parts of the United States, to show the promptitude with which the humane exertions of the American people were conducted, proceeded to observe, that after the manifestation of such kindly feelings on their part, we could do no less than give expression to the gratitude which we felt. (Hear, hear.) He regarded the conduct of America, in this respect, as of great importance, seeing it tended to confirm those friendly relations that existed between the two countries, and would aid in laying the foundations of lasting peace. These reasons justified him in moving that this address be presented to her Majesty, simply with the view of eliciting the strong expressions of national gratitude which he was certain were felt in every part of her Majesty's dominions. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. W. Brown concurred in what had been said by the hon. gentleman with regard to the

effect upon the amicable relations of the two countries which the recent conduct of America was calculated to produce. It was not merely the amount of their contributions, but the promptness with which vessels were placed at the disposal of the contributors for the transmission of grain to Ireland, and the kindness and hospitality which were shown to those who went from this country to procure provisions, that demanded their gratitude and esteem. (Hear, hear.) There was one feature in the transaction deserving of particular notice, namely, that part of the donations came from our red brethren in the west.

Lord Palmerston—I have very great pleasure in acquiescing in and supporting the motion of my hon. friend. The only regret I can feel on the occasion is, that although the despatch for which he has moved expresses in strong terms the feelings of her Majesty's Government and the feelings which we believe animate the whole of the British nation, still I am sensible that no terms which could have been employed by me could adequately convey the feelings of thankfulness and admiration which the conduct of our brethren in the United States must have excited amongst all classes of her Majesty's subjects.

As my hon. friend has stated, not only was the supply sent large, liberal, and generous in amount, but the manner in which it was sent, the promptitude with which it was forwarded, and the strong feeling of interest which was expressed on the part of all those who had contributed to that supply, were more almost than could possibly be expected on the part of persons who, however united to us in origin, and bound to us by every tie of language and religion, of manners and habits, still, being separated by a mighty expanse of ocean, could not be animated perhaps by the same extent of sympathy by which our brethren in the United States have been so honorably distinguished.

I agree with my hon. friend that transactions of this nature are calculated to cement in the strongest manner those ties which ought to unite kindred nations, and it is this circumstance which ought not to be lost sight of—that while on the one hand acts of generosity such as these bind and rivet the affections of those upon whom they have been conferred, on the other hand they tend, by the very exercise which accompanies them of good and kindly feelings, to increase the affection of those by whom they are done towards those who have been the objects of those generous acts. And therefore, sir, both in regard to the feelings which those actions proclaim in America, I am happy to think that whatever may have been the sufferings and calamities which gave rise to these acts, at all events they will so far have been attended with happy results, that they have afforded to our brethren in the United States an opportunity of doing that which will never be forgotten by the people of this country, and, I hope, for a long time, will increase the good feeling of the people of the United States towards their brethren in this country. [Cheers.]

Lord Morpeth said, as he had very peculiar opportunities of noticing the warmth of feeling which existed in every part of the Union towards the inhabitants of this, which they called "the old" country, he could not help declaring his participation in the feelings of satisfaction and thankfulness exposed by the honorable member and his noble friend. It was impossible to overrate the strength of those feelings, evinced by the warmth of sympathy which had been called forth in America, and by the liberal and substantial tokens which had accompanied it, and which, he trusted, would be considered to be amply acknowledged by the despatch of his noble friend.

But he was not sorry that, before Parliament rose, feelings such as those expressed by the honorable members had found a vent within the walls of that House. He had received letters recently from New York, describing the measures taken there for securing the health and comfort of the destitute emigrants from this country, and at Boston an island had been set apart for, and appropriated to hospitals. He believed that the same kindly spirit prevailed all over the Union, from Maine to New Orleans, and although occasionally causes of soreness and subjects of altercation would unavoidably arise between the two countries, as between other nations, the touch-stone of calamity was only wanting to call forth at all times whatever was most generous and kind in our nature. He bore with pleasure his testimony to the value of those feelings which the calamities of Ireland had elicited in America. (Hear, hear.)

The motion was then agreed to.

A Touching Sight.—Standing a moment with a friend on Main street, on Thursday evening, we saw a spectacle which deeply stirred our sympathies. A man some forty years old, reeling with liquor and bearing in his face the marks of habitual drunkenness, came staggering up the sidewalk. To his hand his little son—a boy of some 8 years—clung with a tight grip of both his own. As the father, once or twice while we looked, stumbled and nearly fell, the little fellow braced his feet, and exerted all his strength to save him; his eyes all the time streaming with tears, and heavy sobs breaking from his young breast. What a sad change of duties and responsibilities! The father; impotent, not from the visitations of Providence but from his own vices, led and protected by his tender offspring whom he himself should protect and lead! Oh damnable vice, that strips manhood of its strength and dignity, and drenches the cheek of youth with the tears of premature sorrow.—*Cincinnati Atlas.*

The Rapidity of English Railway Traveling.—The Rev. Frederic H. Hedge of Bangor, who is now traveling abroad, takes occasion in one of his late letters graphically to convey an idea of the rapidity with which the cars took him from Coventry to London. "Our speed," he says, "seemed to increase with every station, as if feeling the attraction of the mighty maelstrom, —sucked irresistibly in by a systole from the heart of the world. And on we whirled, thunder, scream and rattle, now swallowed up by some mile-long Orcus of a tunnel, confounding the senses with Stygian fumes and infernal reverberations; now vomited forth again in bright day, and ever faster, until we were quietly deposited in Easton square.

A cab conveyed me to my lodgings, and within three weeks from the time of leaving Boston, I was settled in London, having already seen some of the chief *notabilia* of England."

A Revolting Scene.—A few days since, we understand, the horses attached to the hearse employed to convey the bodies of the deceased emigrants to the Roman Catholic burying ground, in Toronto, Canada, ran away, and in turning one of the streets, the hearse was upset and dashed to pieces, throwing out *three* coffins, and from which *four* bodies, almost in a state of nature, were cast upon the ground? The bodies were reduced almost to skeletons, and greatly discolored by disease.—*Roch. Adv.*

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

An Obituary Notice.

"Brilliant and beautiful! And can it be
That in thy radiant eye there dwells no light—
Upon thy cheek no smile? I little dreamed
At our late meeting, when thy cheering voice,
Breathed the soul's harmony, what shadowy form
Then rose between us, and with icy dart
Wrote, '*Ye shall meet no more!*' I little dreamed
That thy elastic step, Death's darkened vale
Would tread before me."

A few weeks since, in passing from Huron to Toledo, O., on the steamer Indiana, we became acquainted with a young lady who, in company with two sisters, some cousins and other friends, was taking a trip on lake Erie for pleasure. She was one of those gentle, fine-wrought spirits whose presence is ennobling and refining, "a rare and radiant maiden" whom one, though a stranger, hopes to meet again, and who seems too blooming to ever know blight or decay. The excellencies of her character were marked and striking, and more than one fellow traveller, in parting with her at Toledo, wished her well and hoped to meet her again. We had never seen her before—we are not to meet her again. She returned from that ride, to sicken in this city and, in three weeks, be carried to her home in Batavia, Genesee county, a lifeless corpse!

Miss MARY URILLA BILLINGS (whose demise was announced last week) was a daughter of Dr. JAMES A. BILLINGS, who has resided in Batavia for the last thirty years. She died at the age of 16 years and 11 months. For one so young she exhibited remarkable strength of mind, and her understanding was as clear as that of ordinary persons at twenty-five. In an eminent degree, she seemed to possess

"—— that keen glance of intellect which reads,
Intuitive, the deep and mazy springs
Of human action."

and being conversant with the sciences, well read in literary matters, and endowed with easy habits of communication, her conversation possessed a richness which it was a luxury to enjoy. Among other accomplishments, she was well versed in the science of music, and her voice seemed to have the softness of an Æolian harp. And yet, to all appearance, she was unconscious of her superior endowments. She was wholly devoid of affectation, the solidity of her character teaching her to despise it. She would sing when invited to, without making paologies and without the slightest attempt at vain airs.

We learn, through an acquaintance of hers in this city, that she was uniformly affable and urbane in her manners; that she was ready to forgive the injuries and overlook the faults of associates; and that she possessed a strong love of the beautiful, alike in the natural, the mental and the moral world. Her sickness was brief and severe, yet she bore her pains like a Christian, and left a large circle of near and devoted friends to lament her sudden exit from the shifting scenes of mortal life.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for this month is made up, in the prose department, of the most readable papers that one often sees within the blue covering of old Driedrich's monthly scrap book. "The Oregon Trail" and the "Illeberg Papers" are continued, and among the articles which are published entire, "Northern Mythology" and "Milton's Satan and Byron's Lucifer Compared," will attract attention. Poems are contributed by E. C. Hine, W. H. C. Hosmer, Esq., J. Clement, T. W. Parsons, and J. G. Saxe, Esq. The last named has ten verses of Rail road Rhymes, the measure of which "chords" most beautifully with the motion of the cars. The first verse is as follows:

"Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me!—this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail!"

The Editor of this magazine, LEWIS GAYLOR CLARK, Esq., took a trip up the lakes a few weeks ago, passing through Buffalo. He thus speaks of our city:

"There is no such place as Buffalo—*Buffalo is New-York!*' That was what we said to an excellent and esteemed friend, who had but recently swayed the metropolitan sceptre of that wonderful city, what time we were 'about town' with him. It was precisely our thought. You walk about the wharves, and for a mile see sail and steam-craft of every degree, and many of them of the largest class, choking the very stream; while the smokes from the great steamers, going out or coming in, are continually seen trading their long shadows over the waters of the beautiful harbor. Then look at the streets and buildings, public and private, and the life, the *busy* life that pervades and fills them! It was like Gotham, for example, to see a large block of flour and wheat storage-buildings going up, and the full flour-barrels, which were to be stored, forming the supports to the successive scaffoldings of the masons. Main-street, for a mile and a half, is 'New-York all over,' in its buildings, its bustle, and its various businesses. And *did n't* the town look glorious, as surveyed by us, standing in the round-top of the noble steamer HENDRICK HUDSON, Captain D. HOWE, (a vessel which, in every internal and external attribute of excellence and beauty, is excelled, if at all, by only *one* boat on the Hudson,) as she swept out into the harbor, a little after night-fall? It was a scene to be *seen*, not to be written about."

The above is found on the "Editor's Table," which is unusually well "set." The following small slice is among the edibles:

"A friend, writing from Newport, (Rhode Island,) says: 'I heard a very 'bull' here the other day. A lady had all her cherries stolen, in one night. The gardener was charging it on the robins. She was not to be 'done' in that way, and replied: 'I guess they were *two-legged* robins!' Probability certainly favored her conclusion!'"

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW for August opens with a valuable paper on "Mexico—The Church, and Peace," which is followed by an article on "The Existence of the Deity," of striking strength and merit. Then follow something about "De Tocqueville" and a review of Prescott's "Peru." The raciest article in this issue is a continuation of "Odds and Ends from a Portfolio," from which, under the head of ANACHRONISMS, BULLS AND BLUNDERS, we find the following:—

"But we must have a taste of real Hibernian wit and blunder. We begin with a certain Irishman, whose friend being arraigned for stealing a goose, and who having brought a neighbor to testify to the said emblem of wisdom having been in his possession ever since she was a gosling, and which testimony cleared him; Pat himself falling into a similar scrape respecting a *gun*, resorted to a like expedient, by prevailing on a countryman to assert, that he remembered the gun in his possession ever since it was a pistol. Walpole tells another story almost as good. An Irish baronet met his nurse one day, when the latter requested alms. 'I will give you nothing,' said he; 'you played me a mighty scandalous trick in my infancy.' The old woman, in amazement, inquired what injury she had done him? He answered, '*I was a fine boy, but you changed me.*' This is the very confusion of personal identity. It reminds us of the man, who, on being rescued from drowning in the Seine, promised never again to venture into the water till he had learned to swim. Never did a son of Erin utter a bull more replete with that confusion of identity they are so remarkable for, than that of honest Pat, who, being asked if his sister had been endowed by heaven with a son or daughter? Replied, '*Faith, I do not know whether I am an uncle or an aunt.*' But what can exceed the absurdity of the Irishman, who requested a history of the world before the creation? Yet this anachroniam of ideas is not unparalleled: there was a rabbi, mentioned by Bayle, who asserted that 'Providence questioned Adam concerning the Creation before he was born.' Corneille, the poet of the French court, in its Augustan age, utters some silly things withal; for example, he makes the voice of a certain princess to inform us that *half herself has buried the other half*—

"Weep eyes; melt into tears these cheeks to lave;
One half myself lays t'other in the grave."

"And an Indian poet intimates a no less astounding circumstance, concerning a celebrated hero, who finally falls in the action, and continues fighting, *even after he is slain*—

"Nor yet perceived the vital spirit fled,
But still fought on, nor knew that he was dead."

An elegant likeness of Mr. RICHARD VAUX, engraved by T. DONEY, serves as a frontispiece to this number of the Review.

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century By Miss Pardoe. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Numbers Three and Four of this work are out, and contain several beautiful embellishments. The third number concludes the second volume; hence the six parts, when complete, will make two volumes. They will be large, elegant, and valuable. For sale at Hawks.

THE MONTHS, a little volume of poetry by W. H. C. HOSMER, Esq., eastern papers say, has been issued by TICKNOR & Co., Boston. It appears in an elegant dress, and would not only ornament but enrich the centre table. About two years ago, in reviewing Mr. H.'s famous Indian poem, "YONNONDIO." in the *Southern* Literary Messenger, we saw fit to place him as second to only two poets in the country—Bryant and Street—as a sketcher of natural scenery. Since then his "Months" have appeared (originally in the New-York Tribune) and has elevated the author still higher in this sphere of poetic "etchings." Much as we admire Mr. Street's daguerreotype pictures of rural scenes, they possess less warmth, and no more truth to nature, than the "Months."—But we hope soon to meet with these poems in their new dress and have the privilege of introducing them more directly to the reader. The earliest opportunity will be embraced to notice them on their reception, when extracts will be given to substantiate what we have herein said relative to their superior excellencies. Some of our booksellers are about ordering them.

FRESH GLEANINGS, or, *A New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe.* By IK. MARVEL. Complete in two Parts, at fifty cents each. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1847.

These volumes are written in the running hand style, and by a jolly-hearted and very companionable traveller. The "Sheaf" contains some chaff, but the grain preponderates; and the reader will be well satisfied with the "Gleanings" which the author has made "from beyond the waters." The volumes appear in paper covers, and may be found at the Literary Depot in the Post Office

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—The readers of the Messenger will see by our first page, that Mrs. FAMES still remembers us. She may be considered a regular contributor. Letters have been received within a week pass from H. W. ROCKWELL, Esq., of Utica, and W. H. C. HOSMER, Esq., of Avon, each stating that their earliest leisure would be devoted to the service of our sheet.

We are obliged to Mrs. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN of Terre Haute, Ia., for her "*Song.*" Her poetry has always been well received by our readers.

Two communications have been received from a new contributor at Dansville, Liv. Co., and are filed for insertion. Let us hear from the young lady regularly.

"A CHARADE" will have admittance ere long, though our columns are very crowded just now.

"*To Niagara*" (second poem) and "*Childhood*," cannot appear.

JOSEPHUS ILLUSTRATED, No. 3, is issued, and may be found at Hawks. The Harpers will make a magnificent edition of this important work.

THE NEW BOOK STORE of Messrs. DERBY and HEWSON, 164 Main street, is a very valuable addition to this part of the trade of our city. In each of the several departments, Law, School, Library, and Miscellaneous Books, the assortment is excellent and extensive; and one can find almost any book there which he may call for.

LOST, an editorial knife of four blades, with the handle off and all the blades missing. We fear somebody has "cut sticks" with it.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT THE FALLS.—The *Hamilton* (C. W.) *Gazette* says the stock books for this undertaking were opened in that city, at the office of the Great Western Railroad, on Tuesday last, when the whole amount of Stock was subscribed for in a few hours, and the required one per cent. at once paid down. The Gazette adds that plans, &c., will be at once advertised for, and a sufficient length of time will, no doubt, be given, to enable persons in Europe to furnish plans and estimates of the work; thus securing every advantage which experience and genius may combine.

Farther Foreign Items by the Cambria.

The Freiburg Gazette gives an account of the destructive hail storm, which on the 20th July pursued its devastating course from Greisheim to Hugelheim. Fields and gardens are destroyed. All hearts are disconsolate at this fresh and unlooked-for calamity, which has befallen us before we have had time to recover from famine and death.

Fifteen vessels loaded with Indian corn, which is now a mere drug in the market, arrived in port since our last, an interval of three days.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

The London Atlas, speaking of the reported marriage of the Duke of Wellington and Miss Burdett Coutts, says: "There is no longer any doubt that the preliminary arrangements are nearly completed."

The Cork Examiner mentions the failure of six houses in the corn trade at Limerick, whose united liabilities amount to £300,000.

FRANCE.

TRIAL OF M. PELLAPRA.—On the 23d ult. the last act of the Teste and Cubieres drama terminated with the trial of M. Pellapra. The proceedings were little more than formal, the accused having already confessed.

M. Pellapra admitted his guilt in offering a bribe of 100,000 francs to a member of the Cabinet; and in doing so, he burst into tears. After some deliberation, the Court sentenced the accused to civil degradation, and a fine of 10,000 francs. The fine was paid in the course of the evening, and the prisoner was released.

Although the judgment of the Court was not delivered till five o'clock, M. Pellapra was the same evening seen in his box at one of the theatres; where he seemed to enjoy an excellent comedy with as much gusto as if he had not been engaged in the tragedy of the morning.

M. Teste continues overwhelmed with his disgrace. Since his removal to the Conciergerie, the symptoms of cerebral congestion have much increased, and fears are entertained for the result.

The July anniversary days passed off quietly. Preparations had been made against a riot, but there were no signs of any.

The Chamber of Peers voted, on the 30th ult., the bill for authorizing the city of Paris to contract a loan of 25,000,000 of francs, by 87 to 20; and the project of a law relative to foreign refugees, by 100 to 7.

The King, Queen, and the Royal Family, left the Palace of the Tulleries after the fireworks, on the 29th ult., and returned to the Chateau of Neuilly.

A frightful accident occurred, on the 21st ult., at the arsenal of Rochefort. While twenty-one persons were engaged in a workshop, where rockets, catridges, and similar articles were made, an explosion took place, and fourteen persons were killed, and others were much injured. A fire resulted from the disaster, and burnt for three hours.

SPAIN.

THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN QUEEN ISABEL AND HER HUSBAND.—Accounts from Madrid state that the Queen left the capital on the 18th ult, and the King had entered it; but they did not meet, and there is nothing like a reconcilliation. Before her departure for La Granja, the Queen expressed a wish that the King should not be allowed to reside in the palace, during her absence. The King issued orders for his apartments to be prepared, and gave instructions for a guard of honor to be in readiness; but General Cordova arrived at the palace from the Ministry of War, with an order prohibiting the King from taking up his residence there.

A Royal Levee was held at La Granja, on the 24th. The King still continued at the Prado. A report prevailed that the Cortes would be convoked after the return of the Court from La Granja.

BELGIUM.

BRUSSELS.—It is stated that King Leopold has abandoned all thoughts of abdicating the crown. Louis Phillippe and his daughter hope, according to the opinion of his medical attendants, that the mild influence of autumn, joined to the efforts of the faculty, will, in restoring health to the body, operate a happy change in the state of the royal patient.

RUSSIA AND CIRCASSIA.

THE CIRCASSIAN WAR.—The Augsburg Gazette states that on the 8th June a terrible combat took place between a Russian division, commanded by General Lepiski, and the mountaineers, under the orders of Mohammed Juba. Nearly 5000 fell on the field, neither party claiming the victory. The Circassians are greatly in want of powder, paying, it is said, 300 Turkish piastres the pound for it.

The cholera has broken out in the Caucasus, and rages in the very theatre of the war.

TURKEY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 14.—It is stated that though the Porte had not approved the decision of Prince Metternich with respect to the difference existing between Turkey and Greece, the ambassadors of the five Powers intended jointly to impress upon the Divan the necessity of acceding to it, and it was believed that the question would be speedily and finally adjusted.

INDIA AND CHINA.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.—On the 20th of July, the Calcutta mail arrived in London. The news is not important. India remained tranquil.

CHINA.

The state of affairs in China was still unsatisfactory. Up to the 23d of Mary, when the last accounts left Canton, all business remained suspended, and fresh disturbances were anticipated. The mob had menaced the governor, Keying, for his recent concessions to foreigners, and threatened to burn his palace if he attempted to

give effect to the terms of the late treaty; especially in so far as regarded a concession to the English of adequate land for dwellings, warehouses, &c., on the Honan side of the river, a site for the erection of a church, in the vicinity of the present factories, and space for the formation of a cemetery at Whampoa. Mr. Pope, who had been appointed to inspect the grounds for these purposes, had been obliged to abandon the attempt. Under these circumstances, a fresh expedition against Canton was expected. The Pluto was stationed opposite the British factory, and the Scout was ordered to approach as near as possible to the city.

A letter published in the London Times, from Hong Kong, of the 25th of May, states that the latest intelligence which had been received in the Island from Canton represented that city to be perfectly quiet, as indeed it had been ever since the departure of the English forces, with the exception of a slight disturbance which had occurred on the occasion of a meeting held at the Consul House, near the factories, by the persons interested in the land to be occupied at Honan by foreign merchants, under the late agreement. The disturbance was, however, promptly repressed. The Chinese authorities had evinced great alacrity in punishing parties who had misconducted themselves.

Frightful Loss of Life in a Belgian Coal Mine—Brussels, July 19.—On the night of the 16th inst., a destructive fire broke out on the premises connected with the Marihaye Coal Works, near Seraing. It originated in the engine room near the mouth of the pit, and rapidly spread, catching in its progress, and burning, the ladder and ropes which served for descending into the coal pit, and thus cutting off for the time all means of escape for 164 workmen who were at work therein. The first signal of their danger was the appearance of dense columns of smoke which came down the mouth of the pit. The workmen immediately rushed to the ladders, but the foremost, after ascending them a short distance, were either suffocated and fell dead on the ground, or killed by the falling of burning materials from the top of the shaft. The fire was, after great efforts, mastered, and a descent into the pit made, when a most frightful sight presented itself. The dead, the dying, and the wounded, lay all scattered about the place. Forty-nine dead bodies were taken out of the pit, and thirty-one alive, but most of them badly wounded. Search was being made for the remainder.

According to a recent statement of Mr. McGregor respecting the Oregon Question, Mr. Webster has the credit of settling that intricate affair. At the time, Mr. Pakenham refused to negotiate on the 49th parallel as the basis of a treaty, and when by that refusal the danger of a rupture between Great Britain and the United States became really imminent, Mr. Webster wrote a letter to Mr. McGregor, in which he strongly deprecated Mr. Pakenham's conduct, which, he said, if persisted in and adopted by the British Government, would certainly embroil the two countries, and he suggested an equitable compromise as the basis of an adjustment. Mr. McGregor agreed with Mr. Webster in the propriety of giving and taking, to avoid a rupture, and the contents of Mr. Webster's letter were communicated to Lord John Russell, who was then in Edinburgh, and he approved of Mr. Webster's proposal, and requested that it might be communicated to Lord Aberdeen. The result was, that the first steamer that left England afterwards, took to the United States the proposal on which the Treaty of Oregon was founded.

Perhaps the most important circumstance connected with the elections is the return of Baron Rothschild, the rich Jew, to represent the first commercial city of the world. Every member of the Church o England is alarmed at this; for it is feared that the established church will be endangered by admitting Jews to Parliament. Lord John Russell, however, has expressed his gratification at the result of the poll, and said he rejoiced that the disabilities which affected Roman Catholics and dissenters having been removed, the day had now arrived for the removal of the last vestiges of religious intolerance, by the election of Rothschild: and he hoped the next Parliament would have the glory of establishing at once the completion of the great social edifice of civil, commercial and religious freedom.

The recent elections give several remarkable specimens of the uncertainty of political life.—For instance, the rich and talented Bulwer is rejected at Lincoln. Mr. Samuel Warren, the powerful writer and eminent barrister, is put down by such a stump orator as Duncombe; and not only was he treated thus, but Mr. Wakley, the editor of the Lancet, heaped unmerited abuse upon him and his popular works—"The Diary of a Physician," and "Ten Thousand a Year."—The brilliant writer and eloquent member Macaulay, of Edinburgh, is rejected, to make room for a man who is entirely unknown in the political world! Mr. Fielden, of Oldham, a worthy free-trader and active man, is turned aside to make room for W. J. Fox, the Unitarian clergyman and League orator. Mr. Fox will soon gain for himself a great reputation, for he is one of the few really eloquent men now in public life.

Cobden and Bright are elected, the latter without opposition. Dr. Browning is returned, and Lord Ashley, the latter beating Roebuck, in Bath. Fergus O'Connor, the Chartist, is also returned from Nottingham, and with Mr. Walter, son of the late proprietor of the Times. Serjeant Talfourd is also elected.

Lieut. Whipple.—This officer, who was recently captured on the outskirts of Vera Cruz, by some guerrillas, has addressed a letter to his friends, relieving them from any apprehension as to his fate. His letter, which we cannot find room for today, speaks in terms the most eulogistic of the kind and handsome treatment which he has received from his captors. It is gratifying to find one instance of this kind among the many of bad faith and cruelty that have characterized the Mexicans. —*Albany Argus.*

STATE OF NEW YORK, } Albany, August 3
SECRETARY'S OFFICE, } 1847.

To the Sheriff of the County of Erie:

Sir: Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE.

A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney-General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICT.

One Senator for the Thirty-First Senate District, consisting of the county of Erie.

COUNTY.

Also, the following officers for the said county, to wit: Four Members of Assembly, one to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully,
N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

Erie County Sheriff's Office, }
Buffalo, August 6, 1847. }

A general election is to be held in the County of Erie, on the second day of November next, at which which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

au6oawtno2 TIMOTHY A. HOPKINS, Sherif.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Stanzas.

In the land of the east flows a beautiful stream,
As lovely as poet ere saw in a dream;
Through forest and meadow it dances along,
With light on its ripples and joy in its song!

And oh! the bright waters are clear as the light,
That the moon sheds abroad at the noon of the night,
And the flowers on its margin—the first in the year—
With blushes the loveliest, that streamlet endear,

But unheeding the beauty that glows by its side,
Through plain and through valley its bright waters glide,
Till, a streamlet no longer, glad, sparkling and free,
A river it rolls to the fathomless sea.

But mark how 'tis shorn of its beauty and grace!
The smile has departed that glowed on its face,
And turbid and gloomy it rushes along
No smile on its billows, no joy in its song!

No flowers on its borders are blossoming now,
With their loveliness glassed in the mirror below;
But o'er its dark surge, in their glory and pride,
With canvass and streamers, the armaments ride.

As I thought of the course of that beautiful stream,
How much to my heart like man's life did it seem!
When it gushed through the meadow translucent and wild,
How much it resembled the innocent child!

And then when the ocean it met in its wrath,
When its billows were turbid, and dark was its path,
Like manhood it seemed to my fond dreaming heart,
When the soul and its primitive purity part!

BUFFALO, Aug. 2, 1847. D. F. D.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23—P. M.

A letter dated Tampico, Aug. 6th, says Gen. SCOTT marched for the Capital on the 5th inst. Reports say the Mexicans advanced and intercepted correspondence with SCOTT and SANTA ANNA.

SANTA ANNA had commenced withdrawing his troops, thereby creating great excitement in the Capital. He issues a manifesto, stating it was only a ruse to enable him to surround SCOTT.

Another letter dated Tampico 9th, states that the vomito was prevailing in its worst forms.—Great mortality amongst the Americans. News from Mexico the day previous, says that SCOTT had not moved with his present force. This of course is a Mexican account. News of intercepted correspondence between SCOTT and SANTA ANNA confirmed.

A dozen houses burnt in New York last night; mostly dwelling houses at the head of Water and Front sts.

A SPECTACLE INDEED!—The annexed paragraph is taken from the *National Era*, a newspaper printed at the Capital of this boasted land of Freedom!

A SPECTACLE.—We were informed, as our paper was about to go to press, that last Saturday afternoon a coffle of slaves, to the number of one hundred, was marched over the Long Bridge, across the Potomac, in broad daylight, in full view of the President's House. At the same hour, we presume, the United States band of music, which every Saturday afternoon is listened to by numerous visitors to the President's grounds, was playing, with patriotic fervor, "Hail Columbia" or "Yankee Doodle."

When will the hour come when the City of Washington, the beautiful Capital of this great Republic, shall be relieved from the disgrace of such spectacles?

SENTENCED FOR ROBBING THE MAIL.—A young man named Sidney H. Hendryx, was convicted at the U. S. District Court at Auburn, Judge Conkling presiding, of purloining two letters from the Postoffice at Lyons, Wayne county, some time in April last, and was sentenced on Saturday to State's Prison for a period of *ten years*.

MARRIED.

At Painesville, O., by Rev. C. Smith, Mr. AUGUSTUS F. TRIPP, of this city, and Miss MARY M. STEELE, of the former place.

Also, at the same time and place, by the same, Mr. C. C. PEASE, and Miss HANNAH C. STEELE, both of Painesville.

DIED.

Last evening, 12th instant, MARY BELL, daughter of Charles and Isabella Barrow, aged 2 years and 5 months.

On the 22d inst., Mrs. FRANCES S., wife of Robert Russell, Esq., aged 47 years.

On the 20th inst., THOMAS, infant son of Thomas and Rachel Crothers, aged 4 months.

On the 23d inst., at the residence of Samuel Hecox, in the town of Black Rock, EMILY LOUISE, wife of Mr. William H. Hecox, of Buffalo, aged 23 years.

GEORGE H. READ,

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY AND FOOK BINDERY, Commercial Advertiser Buildings, 8. Main Street, Buffalo. Over the office of the Daily Commercial Advertiser

Blank Books of all descriptions ruled and bound to any pattern.

Periodicals, Music Books, Newspapers, Magazines, Old Books, etc., carefully arranged and bound in every variety of style, and at moderate prices. Ladies Albums, Port Folios, etc., made to order. n2

BUFFALO MUSICAL INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

At the residence of Prof. W. R. Coppock—Composer and Teacher of the Piano Forte, Organ, Singing and Composition.

An institute devoted exclusively to Musical Education is not yet common in this country; but in Europe the test of experience fully shows its great advantages over the too general superficial manner in which this important part of polite education is acquired. The advantages this institution offers to those desirous of completing their studies as Organists—or practical players of the Piano Forte, together with a thorough system of imparting the same to others is fully established by the many precedents of the past 10 years. The pupils are constantly guarded in their practice, against all bad habits, and from the various stages of progress they may be in, are continually stimulated to effort and industry, by association with each other. The family too, are all players, and the theory is amusingly discussed, impressing its rules in a more pleasing manner, and more lasting upon the understanding, than by the mere dry study of an elaborate book. Music is composed and arranged from time to time, showing the various styles and harmonies analyzed, and adapted for performance on several Pianos at the same time. This teaches a thorough knowledge of counting, and dividing passages into their given time. Vocal music is particularly attended to, and when the pupil has a moderate share of talent, we hesitate not to say, a correct and pleasing singer can be made. The Piano Fortes used are all new, and of the finest quality, and every inducement will be given to render the true spirit with as profitable. The building is commodious, and has a fine garden attached, with Green houses, Bathing rooms, &c., and is pleasantly situatuated in Seventh street, between Niagara Street, and the Falls rail road, and about midway to Prospect hill

Terms made known upon application at the Institute, or by mail, post paid, directed Prof. Coppock, Buffalo.

Prof. Coppock, keeps constantly a choice selection of Piano Fortes for sale.

Buffalo, August 3, 1847.

PRINTERS' FURNISHING WAREHOUSE.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT, Manufacturer of Printing Inks, No. 6, United States Hotel Block, Pearl St., Buffalo. Printing Presses, Metal and Wood Type, Cards, and every other description of Printers' materials constantly on hand at New York prices, adding transportation. Also, sole Agent for the sale of C. J. Gayler's Patent Double, and Improved Single Salamander Book Safes. n18 3m.

REMOVAL.

WILLIAM J. MAY has removed to No. 274 Main St., in Kremlin Stores, where he will be happy to see his old customers. One price, good goods, small profits and fair dealing, will always be the rule at No. 274 no17 3m.

CHEAP CASH BOOK STORE.

The subscriber, dealer in Books and Stationery, at 256 Main Street, 4 doors above Seneca, keeps constantly on hand, an extensive stock, embracing the most valuable selections from American and Modern Literature and a general variety of Theological, Classical, Gift and School Books, &c., &c. The Amateurs of Knowledge and all interested in the purchase of Books or Stationery are respectfully solicited to call. Print and Cap Paper at wholesale.

Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W BREED.

JEWETT, THOMAS & CO.

PUBLISHERS,

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER BUILDINGS

MAIN STREET, BUFFALO.

TERMS.—To mail subscribers, $2,50 per annum in advance, four copies for $8,00, ten copies for $20,00. To city subscribers who receive their papers from the carriers, $3,00 and subscribers will be charged at the rate of $3,50 if not made in advance.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publishers.

All communications must be post paid, in order to be taken from the Post Office.

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Steam Press of Jewett, Thomas & Co.

WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1847. NUMBER V.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

To Fanny Forrester.

SUGGESTED BY HER "REPLY" TO THE NATIONAL PRESS.

I.

Go, lady! for a smile of love
Will ever light thy onward way,
Whose radiance like the sun above,
Turns deepest darkness into day.
No tender tie may bind thee here;
Where be thy chosen one, would be,—
Thy love doth lend thy timid feet,
To heathen lands beyond the sea.

II.

What human soul that doth not thrill,
To list the hope thy words impart—
The world is not all gloom and sin,
For good hath place in every heart,
Some bud which meek Devotion's sun
May bid to bloom upon the wild,
To scatter fragrance o'er its path
And lead to heaven its erring child.

III.

Ah! lady, it were joy refined
Unto my soul, to see thee now;
Methinks the beauty of thy mind,
Must sit enthroned upon thy brow.
But go, the bounding ocean spreads
Its waves to bear thee from thy home;
Go! but unnumbered friends are thine,
Where'er thy wandering feet may roam.

ROYALTON, N. Y. IDA VALE.

Be Chatty.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

In the scripture record of the miracle of casting out a dumb devil, it is said that after the ejectment, the man spake. Far be it from me to tamper with forbidden arts—to descend into the arcana of the sorcerer, for the material whereby to exorcise the sullen fiend; yet, when I have seen the good cheer of a whole household shrouded by the sulky humor of one, I have forgotten the scruples of my piety, and have found myself instinctively uttering the words of the exorcist, "Te adjuro per"—and have stayed my speech in terror at the profane presumption. There are those that will not be charmed, charm we never so wisely; and 't were well to leave them till such time as a miracle shall be wrought in their behalf.

But to all others, to those who can tell the freshness and the buoyancy of heart which are the best evidence of a strong, healthful and honest humanity, we would say—Be chatty. Talk, even if you fail to say brilliant or profound things; for the gem of thought is for the few, while the harmless, pleasant one is appreciated by the many. The eagle lives in the cold mountain region, amid the thunder and the tempest; but the birds that sing nestle in vales and woodlands, close to earth, and thence bear their music towards heaven.

Give way to moods—be they whimsical, grotesque, or even "funny:"—and when these are past, be wise—but not over-wise—grave, earnest, and whole-hearted. This is the way to build up a true humanity—being of fibre, of resource and reliability—instead of becoming, what education is apt to make us, cut and angled, pasteboard and painted images—such good conventionalists that we can be warranted "safe," "not liable to break out of harness," &c.

Never trust your silent man with long, thin, compressed lips. He who is afraid to give his thoughts an airing, has those not safe to be trusted out. Do not mistake his owldom for thought. It is out of "abundance" that the mouth speaks; and where it is silent, there is either bankruptcy or something worse. Thought grows stagnant when not coined to utterance. Young has said some really fine things upon this subject, which show in the morbidness of his "thoughts" like stars of "night." The life turns inward upon itself, when expression is denied, and generates intolerable evils; just as damp caverns produce the toad, the lizard and the bat. None are so nearly allied to the angels that they can dare sit and commune only with themselves, trusting, in sublime egotism, to the scheme of truth thus elaborated—which, being mixed with the passions and prejudices from which none are exempt, will be but a distorted, earth-made idol, instead of the pure effulgence which we are bound to seek.—The danger, too, is great, lest by this solitary brooding, we become like those deadly serpents, of which it is said that sometimes, having no means of relieving themselves of the poison which they generate, it accumulates and is re-absorbed again and again into the system, till at length they swell and die, from their own venom.

It is too much the disposition among our people, to defraud the home circle of the treasures of thought and fancy, for the purpose of casting them before the public. He or she who should feel that the dearest offering, the brightest garland, is the very one, above all others, to grace the shrine of the Penates, will sit in solitary abstraction, concocting a story or rounding a paragraph which is to appear in a Magazine, there to be read by indifferent and careless eyes—perhaps not read at all, and forgotten—while the same things, given with a glowing heart by a voice dear to the few, might be long remembered and treasured in the affections, as gems of worth and beauty. It is weak and foolish to leave the good ever at our feet, to pursue a will-o-the-wisp.

"I am not ambitious in my love,"

said the simple hearted Miranda:—the prettiest thing she could have said; for love, to exist at all must have a lodgment fixed, such as ambition does not afford, and there be cherished: it must have smiles of tenderness, and words of affectionate fondness, which sink into the soul's utterance of sympathy and perfect peace.

There is nothing more subtly fascinating than a graceful tone of conversation. I will not say that all may excel in this most desirable and elegant accomplishment: but I do say that, with an ordinary share of attention, by readiness of sympathy, the absence of self, and the presence of a pleasant voice, all may become chatty, agreeable, and so essential to the social circle, that its mem-

bers will fell as if a limb were lost when one is absent. And here let me remark, that where the character is harmonious, the voice is always in keeping.

Let us talk, then; talk, and not write—or write to give new charms to home. Talent is so universal among us, that almost any one of ordinary ability may construct a respectable story, may do the second hand work of translating, or, with a tolerably musical ear, measure language into verse. But let not such imagine that it is incumbent upon them to go forth, and unfurl the banner of twaddledom in the face and eyes of a whole community.

Genius, unlike talent, is an especial dowry from the hand of God, missioned forth direct and truthful; and sorrowful likewise—its office being not one of enjoyment merely, but also of suffering. For this cause was it given to the world, that it might be a mouth-piece for the many—a great beating heart—not a half, not a distorted, but a full humanity. It treads the wine-press that others may drink, and become strong and joyful. It has neither staff nor scrip for its journey: alone, and pierced by the archers, it yet goes onward, impelled by a power which, though felt, is but imperfectly comprehended.

Genious has its errors. Manifold they may be; but they are the errors of impulse, and not the gross, hypocritical ones of a cold, unimpassioned intellect. And through these very errors, it sometimes, in its recoil, grasps at a great truth which the world will embrace and honor. The man of genius *must* act, write and speak; because it is a great necessity of his being. Cromwell, who stands as the embodiment of democracy, acted from the stirrings of his great, rough, strong manhood, which was too earnest to be still; and Milton wrote his cathedral song in blindness and neglect, because the swelling anthems of the spiritual world so vibrated in his own soul that he could not be silent. And John Wesley, who combined the politician and the preacher, felt himself circumscribed, and suffocated, in houses built with hands; and he led forth his people to woods and rocks, re-converting the universe into God's own temple. He founded a new order of things, because of the primitive urgency of his own strong being.

Such are the Mount Blancs of our race, standing apart as points by means of which we measure the infinite distances of inferior minds.—The dreamy eloquence of Coleridge will long be remembered; but what is said of his talent in conversation, is the best tribute to his genius, giving it the stamp of earnest, unaffected truth—the impulse of thought without the stirrings of vanity. "It was his subject that inspired him, not his auditor; and he talked as well to a ploughboy as to a philosopher."

There are many of whom it might be said, that however beautiful may be their written thought, their conversation is far more excellent and effective. All may have affectionate and endeared listeners in their own circle: and it is amid the congenial only that the truly gifted find themselves "enlarged," as the old Pilgrims used to say; that is, find a free utterance—the rein given to thought, fancy and humor. They cast themselves upon the protection of love, and sing forth the melodies of a harp of a thousand strings. Well for such it is, that they feel themselves protected by taste and conventionalism. Otherwise they would be silent: for who could talk, in a case like that of which the poet speaks, where he says,

> "There's a chiel amang ye takin' notes,
> And faith he'll prent it;"

or plunge into all the vagaries of a lively and varied intellect, with a Boswell by his side, wrapt in silent admiration? The unpremeditated out-pourings of thought, where friend meets friend, are the most beautiful utterings of language; the inspirations of recognized and appreciated thought—the highest and holiest of all human inspirations: and these are pleasures in which all may share, in a greater or less degree.

Be CHATTY, then. Live not as if seeking some far off, unattainable good, but open your eyes to the blossoms lying at the threshold of the nearest door. Give the tongue its work to do, as usher to the soul. Talk, and make glad the hearts about you. Dread a silent household; for where gladness is, (and gladness cannot be long banished from innocent hearts,) it will sing forth its secret harmonies, just as the brook, the bird and the young child, find a voice. It is the stagnant and slimy pool that is silent; while the clear fresh stream sings rejoicing on its way.—*Young American's Magazine.*

Doctor Chalmers.

The obituary of 1847 promises to be emblazoned with many illustrious names. Daniel O'Connell has scarcely passed away from amongst us, when we are startled by the intelligence of the sudden death of Thomas Chalmers. Another eminent benefacter of the million has perished. The lamentations over her great Patriot are responded to by the lamentations of Scotland over the great Moralist. With both do we sympathise from the innermost recesses of our heart. Through the haze of death we recognize the oratorical and liberative glory of O'Connell: through the haze of death, too, we perceive the equable light of the celebrity of Chalmers. Their hearts may be motionless, but their fame cannot be extinguished.

Thomas Chalmers is generally believed to have been born somewhere about the year 1780, in a little village called Anstruther, situated on the right margin as you sail southwards up the estuary of the Forth. The birthplace of this eminent man—an insignificant fishing place—is, consequently, regarded as among those spots which have been sanctified by the presence of the childhood of genius. Every endeavor seems to have been made for the development of those seeds of wisdom which we maintain, with all deference to the immortal Locke, were visibly implanted by Providence in his fruitful and capacious intellect. From the first there was manifestly an innate tendency towards the acquisition of knowledge and the exercise of virtue on the part of Thomas Chalmers; that tendency was assiduously encouraged by his scholastic and spiritual instructors, at the University of St. Andrew's. Such were the distinguished indications of his ability while a student in that northern academy of learning, that he was frequently selected as a mathematical assistant at the classes of Professor Vilant. On his presentation, in 1803, to the incumbency of Kilmany, Thomas Chalmers was a living contradiction to that assertion of Professor Playfair that the Scottish clergy was unadorned by the combination of rhetorical fluency and profound erudition, graceful declamations and bookish enlightenment. From the first moment of his appearance in the pulpit of Kilmany Church the renown of Chalmers resounded through the whole of the island. The music of his tongue, rising from the golden chambers of his imagination, and harmonized by the breathings of his morality, entranced his hearers, took their judgments by storm, and ravished their senses as it were with the utterance of a prophet.

Dr. Chalmers, however, was immeasurably greater as a moralist than he was as an orator.—

It was by the combination of those two marvellous qualifications that he acquired such supreme influence over his contemporaries, and elicited so much of the admiration of mankind. As an orator and as a moralist, Dr. Chalmers must hold for ever a conspicuous place among the promoters of civilization and the practical benefacters of the human family. His greatness in that respect is undoubted and permanent. Nor were the efforts of this extraordinary man restricted within the limits of oral tuition; as an ethical and metaphysical writer he has assumed and enviable position, His literary compositions are an effect essentially of a declamatory character, they indicate unmistakably the spontaneous torrent of eloquence that rushed perpetually through his mind—the eloquence of the very conception of his thoughts, and the eloquence with which those thoughts were habitually expressed. Whether he indicated his ideas by the movements of the lip or pen, the language was always resonant with wisdom, it was occasionally embellished by rhetorical decorations, and was invariably inculcative of generous and ennobling principles.

Upon the remarkable ecclesiastical movement which in 1843 attached so much of mingled obloquy and applause to the name of Dr. Chalmers we shall say nothing. It is scarcely possible to conceive, however, that this virtuous and learned man was actuated in that movement by any but the purest motives and the loftiest aspirations.

Gifted beyond most men in the capacity and brilliancy of his intelligence. Thomas Chalmers was in like manner gifted with a sublime elevation of purpose. His memory is his panegyric. —*Evening Sun, London.*

Storks.—There are great numbers of these birds in the south of Russia. Before migrating, which they always do at the approach of winter, they assemble from all parts, and kill the young ones that are not strong enough to accompany them in their long flight. This characteristic is remarkable, and in strong contrast to the affection they generally display towards their young. Of this, the following anecdote, related to me by a merchant of my acquaintance, is an example.

He was od his way to Kharkoff, when he observed, one evening, several peasants assembled around something in a field near a village. Ordering the driver to stop, he alighted from his carriage, and went up to them to see what was going on. Arriving at the spot, he found that they were looking at two dead storks which were lying on the grass, and upon his inquiring the reason of their taking such an interest in these birds, one of the bystanders gave him the following singular account.

The storks had a nest in the field they were then lying in. The hen bird had been sitting that morning, and the male left her as usual in search of food. During his absence, the female, either with the same intention, or to have a bit of gossip with some of the other storks in the neighborhood, also took her departure. No sooner had she left her nest, than a species of hawk, very common in the steppes, seeing the eggs unprotected, pounced upon them and sucked them.—A short time after this, the male bird returned, and finding the eggs destroyed, he threw himself down upon the shells and gave way to every demonstration of grief. The female also returned, but as soon he observed her, he rose up, attacked her with his beak, and seizing her between his claws, soared up with her to a great height. He then compressed his own wings, and both falling to the ground together, were instantly killed!—*Capt. Jesse's Travels.*

The Child and the Dew-Drop.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Father! there are no dew-drops on my rose.
I came to seek them, but they all are gone.
Was night so niggard? or did morning steal
Those diamonds, ere her time?"

"Be patient, boy,"
Soon, the soft falling of a summer shower
Drew quiet music from the quivering leaves,
And thro' the hollows of the freshen'd grass
Drew lines of silver.

Then, a bow sprung forth,
Spanning the skies.

"See, child! those glorious hues,
Violet and gold. The dew-drops thou didst mourn,
Mingle and sparkle there. Remember well,
That what is pure and beautiful on earth
Shall smile in Heaven."

He knew not that he spake
Prophetic words. But ere the infant moon
Swell'd to a perfect orb her crescent pale,
The spirit of that fair and loving child,
Which briefly on the parent's breast had hung,
And trembled like a dew-drop, was exhal'd,
And went to Heaven.

Youth's Cabinet.

The Queen and Jenny Lind.—At Her Majesty's concert, at which Mdlle. Jenny Lind, in addition to Grisi, Alboni, Standigl and other leading artists had the honor of singing, it was remarked that the selection of music was by no means calculated to elicit the powers of the Swedish nightingale. But, in one piece, a solo, in which Mdlle. Lind was accompanied by Signor Costa on the piano forte, it was remarked that (probably from the two distinguished musicians not having been accustomed to perform together,) the accompaniment was injuring the effect of the vocalism. Her Majesty's quick ear noted this, and leaving her seat, the Queen walked up to Mdlle. Jenny Lind, and apprised her that she was at perfect liberty to select some composition in which she could accompany herself. Jenny Lind profited by this gracious permission, and, taking her seat at the instrument, sang some Swedish melodies which enchanted the whole court. We have been favored with this anecdote from a high quarter, and gladly avail ourselves of it, as an illustration not only of Her Majesty's refined musical taste, but of her innate kindliness of disposition.—*London Court Journal.*

Anecdote of David Crocket.—David once visited a menagerie at Washington, and pausing a moment before a particularly hideous monkey, exclaimed, "What a resemblance to the Hon. Mr. ——!" The words were scarcely spoken when he turned, had, to his utter astonishment, saw, standing at his side, the very man whom he had complimented. "I beg your pardon," said the gallant Colonel, "I would not have made the remark had I known that you were near me; and I am ready to make the most humble apology for my unpardonable rudeness. but," looking first at the insulted member of Congress, whose face was anything but lovely, and then at the animal that he had compared to him, "hang me if I can tell whether I ought to apologise to you or to the monkey."

Friendship and Love.—Nine times out of ten it is over the *Bridge of Sighs* we pass the narrow gulf from youth to manhood. The farewells of friendship have indeed something of the melancholy but not the anguish of those of love. Perhaps it would be better if we could get rid of love altogether. Friendship is the *wine* of existence, but love is the *dram drinking.*—*Burlington Gazette.*

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

A Trip to Chicago in the St. Louis.

JOHN SMITH'S YARNS.

NUMBER IV.

I would tell you, F., the story of that wreck, were I in the humor, and were this the place to tell it. But I am not in the humor. As you know, I am rather a quiet-loving man, and being in a throng disturbs me. This boat seems to me like a Babel, and the confusion of its tongues confuses me, and makes me too cross to spin a long yarn, like the one you ask for. No, no! Wait till we reach Milwaukee, where I can point with my finger to her stranded hull, and the sad memories of that horrid night will rush upon me in all their freshness, and I'll moan it out to you, as it comes back, like the gushes of a dying tempest, or, when we sit upon the hurricane deck, with the solemn stars shining on the rolling bosom of Lake Michigan, and we are crossing from the Manitous, as gaily and as gallantly as did the *Boston* some twenty hours ere she was tossed ashore by the strong sea, as though she were a cockboat,—then, when we are all alone, I'll tell you the sad story, how she was wrecked. But now, I am out of humor—too sensitive to the petty annoyances around me, to bring my heart into a proper state for such a tale. I am not as snappish as a dog-fish, nor am I ill-fashioned as a mud-pout, nor as prickly as a sea hedge-hog! So, none of your unsavory comparisons, your fishy similes. Well, if the truth must out, yesterday I lost a five pound bass off the head of Hog Island. I had him surely hooked too, right through the nose! I had been catching young ones, and felt melancholy, and when he bit, tho' it was gently, and he twenty feet below, I knew him at once, as well as though I had caught and weighed him a hundred times, and I experienced all—

> "The stern joy that warriors feel,
> In foemen worthy of their steel."

Oh what a strong but deliberate tug he gave when I first twitched him! And then he paused an instant, as though in wonder that he, ever before so free, should be restrained; and then he gave another tug, and being assured that something held him, sought with a mighty rush to assert his freedom. Vain effort—for I turned him, and kept him circling reel-less as I was, and with fine tackle, for full three minutes. In vain he rubbed the bottom, and tried his utmost strength: poor S. had taught me, and I smiled at the impotence of his great vigor, when opposed to my slight tackle, but superior sleight. But now he tries the surface, and with a sudden leap darts from it full two feet in the air, shaking his head as though to throw off the hook, and looking indignant, and angry, and as noble too as would a young Triton in the same predicament. He was a noble fellow—none of your green-scaled, big-mouthed fish that pass for Black Bass in the muddy waters of the West, but a genuine, shining, small mouthed Lake Erie Bass, beautiful as a brook trout, lusty as a porpoise, savage as a shark. The second leap he made was o'er the surface, straight towards me—and he looked as though he wished to spring upon me—it was a clean three-foot jump; and, being foiled, he described a huge circle, and run along side of the boat, close by the gunwale, I holding my rod up, and my line sawing the water, and throwing it off in sparkles, when, O heavens! a fool, a ninny, an animal as stupid as was Caliban when drunk, a fellow whom I had employed to row the skiff, seated in the stern, smoking a pipe as dirty as his own visage, says, "here he comes!" and grasps the line, and pulls—and all is lost! I am sad, and mad, and almost quarrelsome, and if you had seen that fish, and felt him as I did, and lost him so, you too would be as uncompanionable as I.—But I will recover my serenity, provided I vent my spleen. So, sit you here beside me, and I'll snarl and grumble where none can hear.

What a goose that fellow looks like, in his cockney dress, bespattered as he is with tags, and flowers, and flummery, and clogged with chains and rings, and gew gaws. Let him go! But see that dapper fellow, in a plain but natty dress. What a knowing look he has! He is very quiet, and would assume the indifference of an Indian. He is a man of vast experience, and prides himself upon his knowledge of the world. He would fain impress us with the notion that he is a man of superior knowledge, and hence he did not enjoy the river as you did, and will admire nothing. He'll shine out presently. He is, I take it, a travelling clerk of some New York or Boston firm, who has traversed these Lakes before, and knows all about them. He knows no body on board, and asks no question, for that would argue ignorance. Should some slight emergency arise, he'll tell every body who will listen to him, what ought to be done—he'll hang about the mates until he's thrust out of the way, and narrowly escape being kicked overboard by the captain—and then he'll worry some quiet passenger with his nonsense, or add to the terror of some nervous woman by his twaddle. Hang him, I say! He is the counterpart of one I met here, in the spring—and yet turned out to be a right good fellow, as may this one too. If you are determined to have that yarn, here goes. We are approaching the very spot.

Last spring, I went up to Mackinac, in the *Saratoga*, a glorious boat, most gloriously commanded! By the bye, what a variety of nature's nobility walk the quarter-decks—or would if they had them, of our steamers. I might mention many. Our own Captain WHEELER is a good sailor and a fine fellow; but I never like to praise one in his own house. And there's STANNARD, of the *Saratoga*, quiet and retiring, but as stern, decided, and self sustained a man as ever commanded on these Lakes—no peril unnerves him, and he seems equal to any danger. And there's HOWE, of the *Hendrik Hudson*, the gentleman who presides o'er the perpetual pleasure of his noble craft, as though he were the very soul of gaiety—

and yet who is more the seaman? And then there's BLAKE—old Blake—who is looked up to as a father by all the others—rough as rude Boreas with whom he has battled from boyhood, and yet at heart as gentle as humanity herself. When he dies, there'll be many a wet eye among those who toil upon these Lakes. But I'm forgetting my yarn. I'll light a segar and give it you, between the puffs. F.

NUMBER V.

Well, F., to resume—or rather to commence, for I have scarce begun yet. It was spring when I passed up in the *Saratoga*. But, you'll remember that we are farther north than when at home, and May, in her maturity, scatters few flowers, and but faintly tips the woods with green, on the St. Clair. Now, the land scenery, tho' low, is pretty. The scattered buildings on our left, white in the noonday sun, backed by the long dark green line of forest, and looking over that interminable meadow, make a landscape by no means unworthy a true painter's study, though it is too expanded for a picture. But then, earth was but awaking from her torpor, and seemed scarce living, and those vast marshes were all barren and desolate. The stakes that mark out the channel on the Flats, were not all in place, and the wind had lowered the water, and so the *Saratoga* grounded about half a mile above. Ah! there's a steamer just entering the river. Where are you looking, F.? This channel is as tortuous as a metaphysician's mode of coming at plain truth—and we'll box the compass once at least in passing it. If you wont take my word for it, incredulous that you are—ask the man at the wheel! Look behind—there—dont you see her white steam rising some miles away, amid the treetops! That's the mouth of the St. Clair River. It enters the lake by three mouths. One of them is far away on the Canadian side—this is the American channel—the boundary line follows the middle of the intermediate one, which, as is said, could be easily and cheaply made permanently navigable. But then, how can two nations join in an improvement which must result to their common good, and not to the exclusive benefit of either. But the *Saratoga* grounded, and it was a memorable scene, though one 'tis hard to describe. She took it very easily, for she had rubbed the bottom several times, as we are doing now, and, when she struck, was moving slowly, feeling her way. She felt the indignity however, for the steam escaped in sighs—and then with a snort of indignation, and a strong thrust of the engine that shook her frame, she moved forward a foot or two, and went on harder than ever—and her escape pipe sent forth a long continued murmur. There we lay for a full hour. Those little lighters, hopeful of a job, hovered around us, as a pack of prairie wolves await, and scarce await, the dying struggle of the wounded buffalo bull, ere they rush in and rend him. They had a very piratical look, I do assure you; and we were in the mood to credit the stories of the uncharitable, who say that the channel stakes are not safe in their positions with lighters about. It certainly was a tedious hour—for though the sunlight sparkled in the water, all was desolate—there was naught of life abroad in the air, and on the water, were only those dingy, ugly craft, moving stealthily around, as though waiting their opportunity to pounce upon us, and five large, white-breasted gulls, seated in line, upon a floating log, a few rods ahead, solemnly watching us. The engine was tried more than once, forward and backward, but the lead was thrown and showed no change of depth—the pole, held perpendicularly from the upper deck upon the bottom, remained straight as a plummet.—Our state seemed unpromising indeed: when suddenly our yawl, with the first mate, appeared at the bow, and soundings were taken in all directions, and reported to the Captain; and then she took one of the anchors at her stern, and planted it at a distance and returned. In the meantime I stood upon the upper deck, absorbed in aimless musing, such as the scene inspired, when a quick voice at my very ear, rattled out something like this: "It's all wrong, Sir. The Captain 's mistaken. There's the channel out there. If he'd only pull her out that way, we'd be off in a minute. This detention is scandalous," &c. &c. I looked up, and saw at my elbow, not an old seawern tar, nor a hardy weather-beaten sailor, but a dapper little fellow, a haberdasher who had never seen water save around New York, one who would call the goose-ponds of Long Island, Lakes, and the Fountain in the Park, a Cataract! I hardly knew whether to laugh or be angry. But I kept my temper, and merely murmuring, "ne sutor," &c., I turned abruptly on my heel, and left him, ere he could catch my button; and then I took a line from my trunk, and a bait from the kitchen, and tried fishing from the guards, for a minute or so. But I heard the clank of the chains, and the stern click of the stop holding the windlass, as the sailors with the "yo heave o!" turned it, and drew upon the anchor, and could see the pole decline from the perpendicular, tho' often carried ahead. In a few minutes the anchor was at the bow, the engine resumed its labor, and leaving behind her a long train of muddy water, the *Saratoga* regained the channel.—Slowly but joyously we passed the narrow path, threading the channel, until we neared the River. Then she put forth her strength, and quivering as she struck its impetuous current, sped like an arrow up the wild St. Clair. F.

NUMBER VI.

As John was ending his yarn, a pattering of feet and exclamations upon the upper deck, summoned me thither. The long line of rushes o'ertopping the shoals and gathering into wet islands in this portion of the lake, had disappeared, and our good steamer was entering the river, which flowed in a wide, swift channel between meadows edged with narrow marshes. On the left a herd of cattle, intermixed with houses, was grazing

quietly, not far from a low board shanty, which stood by the margin of the stream, some fifty rods ahead. But I had scarce time to glance around, ere my attention was absorbed by the imminent peril that threatened, or seemed to threaten, a whole family of innocents. A sober-suited wood duck, who had hatched in a hollow branch of some tall tree upon the river, a dozen young ones, and kept them safe from owls, and from that felon hawk skimming the meadow, had, but a few days since, aided by her gay-appareled, crested lord, with difficulty conveyed them from their high birth-place to the water that laved its feet, and led them triumphantly to practice their young oary feet and tender bills among the marshes.—As fate would have it, she was crossing, with her callow brood, from left to right, as we appeared, and taking us for some slow-moving brig, or schooner, or affrighted by the commotion of our progress, persisted, and was now but a rod or two before us. The little ones, with their tiny paddles, and unfledged wings, were striving, with their utmost strength, to outstrip our rushing prow; the mother, fearful and distructed as she was, put not forth her vigor to avoid the common peril, but swam slowly just in the van of her endangered offspring. It was pleasant to observe the sympathy evinced for that poor family. Even learned men caught the gentle infection from the ladies, who, under the influence of their good impulses, broke through all rules, and called upon the man at the wheel to stop the boat or turn her aside—but he, with his eye directed far ahead, lining our course, knew naught of the occasion of this unwonted interference, and hesitated to obey an unaccustomed order, even of that high authority which swayed and ruled us in all our voyage. Just then, when the wave curling forward from our bow, threatened to whelm the hindmost, the mother abandoned her vain forward effort, and diverged, and, in an instant, all disappeared—but in another appeared again, close to the guard, struggling to avoid the wheel which came thundering on, threatening destruction, Then, at length, fear overcame maternal love, and the duck rose from the river, and, with a plaintive whistle, flew to the marsh upon the right and hid herself, despairing. But, thank heaven! the pretty, downy little ones, weathered the wheel, and were seen tossing in safety on the broken waves it left behind—and then we all breathed freer, and were the happier for their escape.

Let Statesmen, or Philosophers proclaim just such reasons for it as they can, or choose to, but it is a truth, that greater energy characterizes the frontier settlers on this, than on the other side of that imaginary line which divides us from Canada. You behold every where a denser population, and more wealth, and taste, and comfort on the American, than on the Canada soil. The British bank of the St. Clair is equal if not superior to ours in natural beauty and fertility. The same skies overhang, and the same waters lave both. And yet, on the left bank, a few scattered habitations, and little docks jutting into the river to supply steamers with fuel, and one or two sleepy hamlets, are all, or nearly all the proofs of human occupation. But the right side of the river, has thriving villages, beauteous farms, steam mills, ship yards with schooners and steamers on the stocks, and a thousand other evidences of that laborious enterprise which educes the resources of a country and makes its people happy.

The country bordering the river, though level, is very pretty. Its scenery is similar to that on the Detroit, but, having been settled and reclaimed much later, does not present those beauties which only a judicious cultivation can impart to an extended plain, whether of prairie or of woodland. Sooth to say, mere expanse, however vast, unless it possess mobility, or stirring association, has little power over me. The prairie, when the first wonder's over, seems tame. And I have looked indifferently from the ridge that skirts Ontario, down upon the illimitable forest plain that lies beneath. But the great Sea, and the mighty Lakes, full of life and motion, replete with mystery, and ever changing in their grand aspects, entrance my soul with their majestic beauty, and fill me with awful admiration.

This beauty is a quality rather in him who bows before it, than in what he bows to. It has no fixed residence, nor permanent abiding. What pleases me today, may well disgust tomorrow.—What I admire may seem loathly to my neighbor. It is not alike with all men, and is by no means a mere eye-pleasure. Vision is the same in all, and beauty is but an ascription of the soul or mind. The mind sees it in utility: the soul recognizes it, irrespective of all use, in nature, and her movements. But mind and soul are so blended in our nature, if they be not one, that utility and loveliness are oft confounded.—Where am I driving? How comes it that I, who love to muse rather than think, and who never before was guilty of metaphysics, have plunged so suddenly into their labyrinthine mazes, where I am sure to lose myself, or senses, unless I extricate myself at once?—Why, forsooth, I asked one of the mates, which was more beautiful, this River, or my own Niagara, and he told me, this was the handsomer,—because you could run anywhere in it with a first class steamboat!

I put the same question to John Smith, and John spoke, as lawyers say, in substance, as to the effect following, that is to say:

I cannot assuredly make up my mind. They say there is capital angling in the St. Clair, and I have caught good perch, and pretty fair bass in its waters. They say the yellow perch on the Flats are often three pounders. I'd like to strike one, but I don't believe they make much play. The Flats are abominable interruption of navigation—a nuisance that ought to be abated. No Steamer dare attempt to cross them at night, unless the moon and stars give out a light rivalling day splendor. This scenery was almost ugly

when I went up in the Spring: But, when the *Saratoga* returned a few days after, it was lovelier than even now. We had wooded above, but somehow the fuel was of an indifferent quality, and we rather loitered in the night crossing old Saginaw, and, though we drove down the river with our utmost speed, we reached its mouth too late to venture upon the Flats. We turned up the river and lay all night by a wood pile in Canada. But, oh, how changed the scenery. A Southerly wind had brought up the dun, heavy clouds, which hung in long folds, and slowly moving, dropped fatness as they went, o'er all the land, and the meadows and woods, so dead and dull before, were robed in the fresh, tender verdure of refreshing Spring. Here I stayed John's eloquence, by bidding him good day. He's rather tedious sometimes!

We wooded on the Canadian side, and then proceeded upward to Port Sarnia, near the head of the River, and lay there from sunset until night fairly set in. The gay appearance of our Steamer, and our Band, drew from the village all its inhabitants, with whom we interchanged courtesies. They were in naught distinguished from the ordinary population of a small, and rather secluded town. But, whatever their singularities might be, they seemed jovial, kind-hearted folks, and certainly had "music in their souls"—for they were delighted with the performances of our musicians, and 'twas hard to tell, whether they were best pleased with "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," or the loyal British tunes with which they were regaled. In truth I shrewdly suspected the former were the greater favorites. F.

FOUND OUT.—A certain notable housewife had observed that her stock of pickled cockles were running remarkably low, and she spoke to the cook accordingly. The cook's character was at stake. Unwilling to give warning with such an imputation upon her honesty, she nevertheless felt that all confidence between her mistress and herself was at an end. One day the jar containing the pickles being placed as usual on the dresser, while she was engaged in basting a joint before the fire, she happened to turn suddenly round, and beheld to her great indignation, a favorite magpie, perched on its side, and dipping its beak down the open neck with every symptom of gratification. The mystery was explained, the thief detected. Grasping the ladle of scalding grease which she held in her hand the exasperated lady dashed the whole contents over the hapless pet, accompanied by the exclamation, "Oh, oh! you've been at the pickled cockles, have ye?" Poor Mag, of course, was dreadfully burnt; most of his feathers came off, leaving his little round pate, which had caught the principal part of the volley, entirely bare The poor bird moped about lost all his spirit, and never spoke for a year.—At length, when he had pretty well recovered, and was begining to chatter again, a gentleman called at the house, who on taking off his hat, discovered a very bald head! The magpie, who was in the room appeared evidently struck by the circumstance, hopping upon the back of his chair, he looked him hastily over, and suddenly exclaimed in the ear of the astonished visiter, "Oh, oh! you've been at the pickled cockles, have ye?"

☞ The N. Y. *Express* narrates the following interesting incident in connection with the conflagration of Mr. KIRKMAN's establishment in Catharine street on Thursday evening:

So sudden and quick was the spread of the flames that Mr. K. and his family came very near being destroyed by them. One of his daughters, Miss Margaret Kirkman, a young lady about 19 years of age, only escaped, after being severely burnt, by jumping from the fourth story front window of the room in which she slept. It was for some moments a scene of the most thrilling and agonizing interest to those who had assembled in front of the burning building. The fourth story, though even with the rest of the edifice, has very small attic windows. At one of these Miss K. appeared, shrieking in alarm, the fire evidently behind her and the smoke pouring out over her head—no ladders had yet arrived, and her destruction seemed inevitable—she tried at first to escape the flames, by which she had been already severely burnt, got out on the sill of the window, but it was evident she must soon perish there, and the cry was raised for her to jump—other voices, among which, by this timet was that of her father, exclaiming, "not yet, wai, a moment till we get ready for you." A feather bed was instantly procured, held about three feet from the ground by six gallant hearts, who were in great jeopardy that she might fall upon and injure one or more of them, but they heeded not and cared not for that. By this time Miss Kirkman, to escape from the smoke and flames, was then compelled to let herself down, and was seen hanging by her extended arms from the window. "Jump now," was the cry. Vast numbers of persons had now assembled, and were lookers on upon the agonizing scene. The young lady soon let go her hold from that dizzy height of upward of 50 feet, and in an instant was whirled toward the sidewalk. The heart of every person in that vast multitude started in thrilling emotion and suspense, doubtful as to her fate. In a few moments the cry was raised, "she is safe!" and three hearty cheers went up, which made the very welkin ring.

THE CHAMPION LIBRARY.—The *Cleveland Herald* contains a report of the interesting ceremonies of laying the corner stone of a new institution bearing this name at Chagrin Falls on the 23d instant. The following extract from a report prepared by Rev. Mr. NASH, and read as a part of the proceedings, will explain the character of the institution, and the circumstances under which it was founded. It is an honorable and deserved tribute to one of the most estimable men of our State.

Aristarchus Champion, Esq., a native of Connecticut, a graduate of Yale College, a gentleman of legal attainments, for many years past a citizen of Rochester, N.Y., a member of the Congregational Church, a staunch friend of Temperance, a liberal patron of evangelical principles, sound learning and virtuous habits, having formerly, when examining these Falls with a design of purchasing, lost his way, and with his guide, been obliged to encamp for a night on this ground, in the midst of a then unbroken forest, now, at an expense of *several thousand dollars*, here founds an institution; and by his own unsolicited munificence, as sole proprietor projector, erects this edifice and furnishes an extensive Library, a useful Reading Room, and large accommodations for a Lyceum—which he bestows upon the present and future inhabitants of this village and its vicinity, for their improvement in science, the arts and literature; in virtue, morality and religion; in whatever is lovely, honest and of good report.

Rural Department.

Agricultural Statistics.

The Agricultural report by the Commissioner of Patents, for 1847, has been published. We have not yet seen it, but we find in some of our exchanges statistical tables copied from the report. These tables are not made up from the most authentic data, in all cases, and therefore should be taken with some caution, especially if the compiler be not a man thoroughly conversant with the subject, and such a man is not the present Commissioner of Patents. The mode in which the information is obtained is this: The Commissioner addresses a circular to many gentlemen throughout the country, noted for the interest they take in such matters, asking them to fill up the accompanying blanks, with their estimate of crops in their several counties. These estimates must necessarily be loose, and often erroneous, for a man may be a very good tiller of the soil or breeder, and at the same time wholly incompetent to perform the service required. The mode adopted is, however, the best possible one in the absence of proper governmental provisions for ascertaining the facts authentically, and the results stated by the Commissioner may probably be relied upon as a tolerable close approximation to the truth. The *Pennsylvanian* publishes the following table showing, as thus estimated, the aggregates of the principal articles of agricultural product in the United States, for the years 1840 and 1845:

	1840.	1845.
Wheat, ... bush	84,605,000	106,348,000
Barley, ...	4,156,000	5,160,000
Oats, ...	123,675,000	163,208,000
Rye, ...	18,600,000	27,173,000
Buckwheat, ...	7,224,000	10,208,000
Indian Corn, ...	377,368,000	417,599,000
Potatoes, ...	108,249,000	88,392,000
Hay, ... tons	10,035,000	14,065,000
Flax and Hemp, . . .	180,000	37,500
Tobacco, ... lbs.	219,093,000	187,422,000
Cotton, ...	790,479,000	958,000,000
Rice, ...	80,393,000	89,765,000
Silk, Cocoon, ...	33,400	486,530
Sugar, ...	150,444,000	255,026,000

This table shows a large increase in the productive industry of the country, but large as it appears, we suspect it is less than the reality.—Certainly, at no period in our history, has the country made greater physical progress, notwithstanding all opposing obstacles, than during the last five years. How we have been enabled to overcome these obstacles, and enjoy comparative prosperity in spite of the evils of bad government, is explained in the following remarks, copied from the report:

"Every year introduces, likewise, to the agriculturist, some additional implement by which his labor is lessened, or better done; and, while he is thus saved somewhat of the sweat of his brow, he is likewise assured of the greater profit from the fruits of his industry. There is, thus, mutual dependence as to the pursuits of the farmer and those of the artizan. Mechanical industry presents him with the results of her inventive genius. With these in hand, he forces from the earth her increase, and, by the blessings of a kind Providence, is enabled to pour out to the community around him a lavish of Nature's bounties, such as no other country can so universally boast. In view of his own approved tools and means of culture, he may well wonder how his fathers, and even himself, formerly, could have been satisfied with the ruder ones which have been so long in use. We are, however, but at the commencement of these better things.

The researches of each successive year, and the multiplied facilities added to the train of conveniences enjoyed, authorize the belief that the advancement of agricultural industry is destined far to exceed any that has yet been seen."

Beside the table given above, we find one showing the products of wheat, corn, potatoes, tobacco and cotton, in the several States for the year 1840, and another of the same character for 1845. We have not room for these tables today, but the following comparison, by a writer in the *Albany Argus*, of the facts they disclose, will be found interesting:

"In the article of WHEAT it will be seen that New York, which in 1840 ranked as the third wheat growing State of the Union, in 1845 ranked as the first State, Ohio holding the second place, and Pennsylvania the third. The States of Georgia and Maine show a decrease. The increase in Vermont and Tennessee is nearly 100 per cent. The increase in Pennsylvania is very small; but that in North Carolina is the smallest of any of the States. The increase in Arkansas, if the statements are correct, is astonishingly large, from 106,000 bushels in 1840 to 2,247,000 do. in 1845; Michigan stands next among the States, but her increase is not so great as that of the then territories of Iowa and Wisconsin.

In CORN Tennessee maintains its ascendancy as the greatest corn growing State, producing nearly one sixth of the whole amount raised; Ohio ranks second, and Kentucky third—these three States producing nearly one-half of the whole. The States of Kentucky, Ohio and Tennessee show an increase of about 20,000,000 of bushels each. Massachusetts and New Jersey show large increases. Missouri and Florida a decrease. But the greatest decrease is in the States of Maryland, over 50 per cent., Virginia, North and South Carolina, and in Mississippi, where the decrease is from 13,000,000 to 2,000,000 of bushels; whereas Georgia, Louisiana and Alabama show a large increase.

In POTATOES there appears to be a less of 20 millions of bushels in the aggregate raised. This throws a shade of doubt on the correctness of the table for 1845. Of this New York loses 9 millions, and yet maintains her rank as the greatest potatoe growing State in the Union. Some few of the States show an increase; but there is a decrease in the majority, in that of Vermont of nearly 50 per cent. Michigan shows the largest increase.

In TOBACCO Kentucky raised the greatest amount in 1845, an increase of 10 millions of pounds over 1840; Virginia a decrease of 45 millions of pounds. Maryland also shows a decrease; North Carolina, Tennessee and Missouri, large increases.

In COTTON Mississippi holds her position as the largest producer, showing an increase of 42 millions of pounds, and an aggregate of 30 millions of pounds greater than raised in any other State. The greatest increase is in Arkansas; Virginia shows a decrease, North Carolina also, of 12 millions, and South Carolina of 16 millions. The other States show an increase; that of Georgia about 42 millions."

Our Charlie.

BY THOMAS MACKERALL.

A little son—an only son have we:
(God bless the lad, and keep him night and day,
And lead him softly o'er this stony way!)
He is blue-eyed, and flaxen hair has he,
(Such, long ago, mine was wont to be—
And people say he much resembles me.)
I've never never heard a bird or runlet sing
So sweetly as he talks. His words are small
Sweet words—oh! how deliciously they fall!—
Much like the sound of silver bells they ring,
And fill the house with music. Beauty lies
As naturally upon his cheek as bloom
Upon a peach. Like morning vapor, flies
Before his smile my mind's unfrequent gloom.

A jocund child is he, and full of fun:
He laughs with happy heartiness; and he
His half-closed eyelids twinkles roguishly,
Till from their lashes tears start up and run.
The drops are bright as diamonds. When they roll
Adown his cheek, they seem to be the o'erflowing
Of the deep well of love within his soul—
The human tenderness of his nature showing.
'Tis pleasant to look upon him while he sleeps:
His plump and chubby arms, and delicate fingers—
The half-form'd smile that round his red lips creeps;
The intellectual glow that faintly lingers
Upon his countenance, as if he talks
With some bright angel on his nightly walks.

We tremble when we think that many a storm
May beat upon him in the time to come—
That his now beautiful and fragile form
May bear a burden sore and wearisome.
Yet, so the stain of guiltiness and shame
Be never placed upon his soul and name—
So he preserve his virtue though he die—
And to his God, his race, his country prove
A faithful man, whom praise nor gold can buy,
Nor threats of vile, designing men can move—
We ask no more. We trust that He who leads
The footsteps of the feeble lamb, will hold
This lamb of ours in mercy's pasture fold,
Where every inmate near the loving Shepherd feeds.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Correspondence.

New Haven, Conn., Aug. 14.

Friend Clement:—New-Haven is classic ground. One feels this as he reposes under the cool and grateful shade of those old giant elms that have sheltered sages, and the past flits before him like the scenes of a diaram. One feels it as he strolls through the most interesting portions of these Halls, consecrated to learning, through the cabinets containing the collections of Geologists, and the college libraries, in one of which is a fine piece of statuary, a bust, I think, of Prof. Day, in fine white Italian marble, desecrated, however, by being placed upon a block of *wood* for a pedestal which has not the merit of being even a decent imitation of marble: one feels it in the enjoyment of the luxurious quiet that reigns around, as if the very atmosphere partook of the spirit of the place, and as the pleasant converse of a friend falls upon the ear, one is not inapt to feel that no nearer approach to heaven could be asked for in this world than to live in New Haven (free from heart corroding care) with those he loves. The charm of society in New Haven consists in its being beyond any of that offensive and vulgar affectation of superiority, that characterises the manners of many otherwise well bred Americans in other cities. Their position needs no such attempts at propping up, and the universally cheerful and easy tone that prevails, convinces the stranger at once that he is in the society of men and women of superior breeding and intellect. But the reflection that you are treading upon classic ground, forces itself upon you most impressively, as you enter the high arches and massive gateway of the cemetry. The curious and beautiful monuments that rise in every direction, remind you where repose the ashes of the illustrious dead. A galaxy of bright names flit across the memory as vividly as if the forms of those who rendered them illustrious were standing in array in the habiliments of the grave. Among them none will be longer remembered than a Webster or an Edwards. On the base of the monument of the first of these stands a simple and eloquent eulogy conspicuously cut in "bas relief." No terse Greek couplet or labored Latin phraze could half so well have told posterity that this was the tomb of no ordinary man as that one word—Webster. Here and there the marble tells of some college classmate whose young ambitious dreams of success—perhaps fame—were never realized over whose fate friends were called upon to weep bitterly. How soothing to those friends was this testimonial of the respect of his fellows.

How insensibly each syllable of those mournful and measured lines of Willis steal over one as he looks upon the grave which that poet has immortalized.

> "Ye've gathered to your place of prayer
> With slow and measured tread;
> Your ranks are full, your mates all there,
> But the soul of one has fled."

Yonder dark block of marble blazons the achievements of one who has written his name in blood. To defend one's country successfully is glorious and deserves a country's gratitude as well as praise: but to be a *great* butcherer of human beings, a famous cut throat as he who is successful with the sword must be, merely for a name. I'd rather be the humblest clod that ever breathed, with a free conscience, and fill ever so humble a hole in the earth, than Napoleon or Wellington. Here is a plain stone that plainly indicates the ruling passion of the sleeper beneath. He was one of the thousand O. Johnson Smiths, or Q. Peter Jones'es who flourish in this age of Sir E. Lytton Bulwerisms.

To what an astonishing extent are these little namby pambyisms carved in the present literary age, for the apparent purpose of obtaining a sort of Byronic personal notoriety. Bulwer manufactures a new style of name which is universally copied by ambitious dry good clerks and newly fledged pettifoggers. Scott clothes himself in the mysteries of Waverly, and suddenly plunges

upon the literary world like a lion roused from his lair. Carlyle pours forth his rich thoughts in a style that can neither be understood by "christian pagan or man" capable of no christian explanation. Much ink and paper are used in convincing the complaining and unbelieving that Carlyle must be Carlyle or he would be nothing, but his letter to his kinsman in this country has shown that no man can write better English than he, these are but instances.

My heart ached too for a poet—it was poor Percival—how I have been delighted with his smoothly flowing numbers, and here he is, the remnant of a man, a hermit living in apparent indigence shunning the society of men and more particularly women, alas! what wretched girl has created this havoc, but it may not be so. How delightful is a ride out of New Haven, the scenery, the pleasant residences along the thickly populated districts, the perfumed breeze gathering sweets from a thousand gardens, the old associations that gather around the scenes of this country's early history, all tend to render it exceedingly delightful to an American. A short distance out of Bridgeport is Tom Thumb's home, as it is called, Barnum's new residence. It is in the Moorish style of architecture with round towers and minarets, the front of Chinese work presenting an exceedingly cobwebish appearance though certainly very beautiful. It is said to have something of the appearance in minature of Windsor Palace. Yours in haste, A.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We take the liberty of saying that the above letter is from the pen of Mr. N. W. ADAMS, a young gentleman of this place, who, for sometime past, has been a correspondent of eastern papers, and whose articles have occasionally appeared in the Commercial Advertiser of this city. The distinguished family whose name he bears, have reason to feel confident of the future for this young relative, as this interesting and graceful communication shows. Diligent and persevering as a man of business, he is, as the reader will perceive, quite as ready in other things.

Munchausenism.

Those who are fond of the tallest kind of romancing, will read the following with pleasure. It is gravely published in the N. Y. *Sun* as the veritable narrative of the hair-breadth scapes of a person who acted in the double capacity of courier and spy for SANTA ANNA and Mr. BEACH of the *Sun*:

JULY 30—I left the city of Mexico in company with a few friends at 7 o'clock A. M. We had British passports and a strong guard, ostensibly for a British officer, to see us safe through the fortifications which are going up at Pinon, a remarkable mountain pass sixteen or seventeen miles from the city of Mexico, on the road to Puebla by way of St. Martin. At Pinon the road winds around between two volcanic mountains, each commanding a point or turn in the road — Between these two hills is an extensive fortification nearly completed and on which I found *thirty-five thousand men at work*. Of these, two companies were Europeans, deserters from the United States Army, and to their skill may be attributed the superiority displayed in the works. The guard now left us. Our party consisted of four, viz: the British officer, two Englishmen interested in one of the mines, and myself. At about 50 miles from the capital we overtook twenty-two straggling Mexicans, and made their acquaintance. At first we were afraid of them, but finally accepted their services as guides. The British officer, however, was suspicious. He had despatches of great importance. Every body seems to know him, but he would give his name to no one. He exhibited a British flag, fifteen inches by eight or ten, which was at once respected by every guerilla party or public officer on the road. In two instances he received letters on the way to carry short distances. The two British miners having left us, the British officer concluded to proceed alone, leaving me with the twenty-one Mexicans. It was getting late, and I put up at the next Rancho, about sixty miles from the capital.

JULY 31.—At one o'clock this morning, being still awake, I heard horsemen approaching, and saw the guerillas with drawn swords coming up to my door. I had *twenty-four shots* in four of Turner's New York revolvers, which stuck in my belt. Drawing one, I opened the door and fired five shots in rapid succession. Two of the riders fell and were immediately borne off by their comrades. I now called out to the landlord and demanded an explanation, prefacing my demand with the declaration that he deserved instant death for his treachery. He denied the imputation and accused my own men. He said, in an under tone, that my guides were professional robbers; and that they were employed by their chiefs at the capital to follow us, and rob and kill all, the British officers included.

Then, said I, we shall probably be attacked again, and to you I shall direct the first fatal shot. I then tied him to my door outside, and there he remained till morning. I started early, and took the arms of the twenty-one Mexicans on my own horse, and told them to follow to St. Martin's. When I got three miles east of Martin's I ordered a halt, called the ringleader up before me, reproved his treachery, and then shot him dead on the spot, in presence of his terrified companions. They commenced begging for their lives, which I spared, and they scampered off on their mules, and I put spurs to my noble horse and soon reached Puebla, where I delivered the muskets to the U. S. authorities [A musket weighs ten or twelve pounds. This veracious courier, therefore, must have galloped up to Puebla with nearly 250 lbs. weight of muskets, to say nothing of his private arsenal that he carried.] I saw numerous guerilla bands on the mountains but met no opposition on the road. I left Puebla in the afternoon, in company with two or three Mexican gentlemen. They took another road. Ten or twelve miles out I overtook five U. S soldiers, returning home by the way of Vera Cruz.— We halted forty miles from Puebla, and having taken refreshments at a hacienda, enquired the nearest and most secluded route to Jalapa.— The planter, a kind and obliging man, directed us over the hills, by a path which disclosed the beauties of this splendid country. Nothing could surpass the luxuriance and beauty of the plantations. The people saluted us in a friendly and cordial manner. We dined at a hacienda whose proprietor treated us like Princes. But we had not got more than a half a mile from his house before my spy glass revealed an assemblage of Mexican cavalry and infantry, numbering seventy or eighty men, two miles ahead. As the cavalry approached, we turned about, they

sounded a charge, and, as we got under the protection of a ridge in an adjoining field, fired upon us, without effect. Seizing this opportunity, we put spurs and bounded off, getting beyond reach of their fire before they could reload. We took to the main road and were chased to within a league of Perote by fifty-five of them. Their horses were fresher than ours, and it was only by throwing away all our extra baggage and scattering doubloons on the road that we got rid of the villians. I threw away one hundred and fifty ounces, (doubloons) one hundred of which I received from Santa Anna for bringing on a package of letters addressed to Mexicans at or near Vera Cruz. [Just before he made nothing of carrying off 250 lbs. weight of muskets, and now he throws away 10 lbs. of gold, worth nearly $2,400, to lighten himself. Of course both stories are true—all the stories published in the *Sun* are.] One of the villains who fired at my head was the owner of the hacienda at which we had dined, who had followed us, probably to se us caught in the trap he had prepared. I shall remember him on my return to Mexico. We passed Perote a little to the left. I learned that Walker had 1400 men in the castle, and that Gen. Pierce had just arrived from Vera Cruz with 3500 men. Both commands would proceed at once to reinforce Scott, leaving probably four hundred men in the castle. Thus Scott has now about twenty thousand men. We encountered no interruption until within two leagues of Jalapa, where we encamped for the night. We could see guerilla parties on all the hills, and signal fires were kept up during the night.

August 1. The appearance of the hills during the night was unfavorable. Hostile bands surrounded us on all hands, and four of my companions resolved to abandon their horses. They took to the chapparal, and I fear never will be heard of again. Their names were Sergeant Knapp, of New York, or Boston; Corporal Hamilton, a relative of Hon. John C. Hamilton, of New York city; and private Thompson, from one of the southern states; and Wilson, a bugler, of one of the Carolinas.

Sergeant Melton, of Mississippi, proceeded with me on horseback. This morning we employee a Mexican to show us the main road, which we had abandoned, to avoid Jalapa. His pay was to be one dollar. He had hardly gone thirty yards before he plead hunger, and received our permission to get food at a neighboring *ranch*. We accompanied him. Soon his wife came in and told us we were in great danger—five robbers were coming. We mounted and had proceeded only a short distance when we halted again at another *ranch*, for a drink. My suspicions were now aroused by seeing forty or fifty robbers coming after us at full speed. I ordered him to proceed, and on gaining the road, accused him of delaying and betraying us. He freely confessed his crime, and immediately fell on his knees.—After giving him time for a short prayer, I put a revolver to his head and he fell, a corpse. We galloped off, the robbers following in hot pursuit. Only three of them could keep in sight of us.—Melton remarked that we were too many for three, and so, slacking our speed till they came near enough, we wheeled, and at the first fire shot two of them, the third got off. We dismounted and rifled the corpses of their money and clothing, putting the latter upon our own persons, the better to pass for real Mexicans. I found twenty doubloons, with some small coin and, silver buttons.

We were now above suspicion, and encountered no obstacles until within seven miles of Santa Fe, near Vera Cruz. We passed round by the Orizaba road, but only to encounter new bands of robbers, who chased us to within a league or two of Vera Cruz. We now got a breathing spell, and stopped at a *ranch* occupied by milkmen and butchers. While refreshing ourselves, one of the Spanish butchers went towards Vera Cruz, and returned with a party, who met us on the road. They asked if we were friends or enemies, where we were going, and our business. I told them we were on business for Santa Anna, and passed ahead. I had hardly gone twenty paces, when they closed upon Sergeant Melton, who was a short distance behind me. I heard a fellow ask the leader of the gang what he should do, and he replied—"*kill them both!*" At that instant I saw a sabre run through Melton, coming out some inches behind—as he fell, they *lassoed* him and dragged him into the chapparal. Meantime I kept them at bay by discharging my revolvers, and galloped off, pointing them and firing over my shoulder. I galloped up to the walls of Vera Cruz, turned my horse loose—one of the best ever seen in Mexico, once the property of a Mexican robber, and well worth five hundred dollars—ran to the office of Collector Dimond, said a few words to him, and jumped aboard the Great Western, as she swung off for Havana.

Horrible Atrocities in Nassau--Murders and Incendiaries.

Correspondence of the Troy Budget,

NASSAU, Rensselaer Co. Aug. 23.

On the night of the 13th inst., a woman near Nassau village had her throat cut, or cut it herself, as we believed at the time. The facts yet remain enveloped in mystery. The matter would have rested quietly had nothing else occurred, but on Thursday morning Mr. Phelps, the old man who formerly kept the hotel in Nassau, but who, having been turned out of doors by his son, had of late lived upon the charity of the place, was found dead in bed, and bore indisputable marks of violence. His death was occasioned by a wound from an axe, which he could not have inflicted himself. Several arrests have been made and a court of inquiry is yet in session, but nothing positive has been elicited to throw any light upon the subject. Suspicion, however, rests upon his son, a man by the name of Tompkins, and an Irishman. The affair will be thoroughly investigated.

A boy living with a man not far from this place recently died, and there is reason to suppose by foul means. And it is reported today that the child of the woman who was found dead has been murdered, but I have no particulars.

Last night Mr. C. B. Hudson's barn, containing about 10 tons of hay, was burned by an incendiary; and a man in Waldon has been arrested for passing counterfeit money. This for the present concludes the list of atrocities.

IMPORTANT MOVE IN THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CANADAS.—A document emanating from the office of the Secretary of the English Colonies, has lately come to light. It is dated as far back as December last, and appears in a late number of the Montreal Herald. The English Secretary of State indicates in this document a design to incorporate the whole of the British North American Colonies, as an ultimate measure; in the meantime taking the first steps to that consummation by giving the several governments a common custom house and a common post office.—The Montreal Herald, viewing the despatch favorably, adds, that it is plain that the great railway from Halifax to Toronto forms a portion of the plan which the Secretary contemplates.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Patriots and Heroes.*

The patriot and hero combined, is a truly great man. Loving his country and being faithful to her interests, he endures the severest hardships and deprivations, and exposes himself to the most imminent perils, in defence of her rights and honor. To contemplate the life of such a man cannot fail of being highly profitable; for he must possess many noble qualities which stand out in conspicuous colors on the scroll of his history, and their display before the mind's eye fires the soul with new and sacred ardor, and leads one to aim after true greatness.

The life of Washington—a pure patriot and a hero without an equal on the page of history—has all the sublimity of mountain scenery, all the majesty of the marshalled hosts of the nightly heavens, and all the purity and splendor of the noontide skies of Summer with their white and rosy clouds: and he who seriously meditates on the long and brilliant career of that man, will find himself, at the close of his meditations, a better man. Such is the influence of the life of Greene, a compear in arms of Washington and second *only* to him, in wisdom to plan in the camp, skill to execute on the field of battle and purity of motive and loftiness of action on all occasions.—Washington once said of him that there was not "an officer of the army, nor a man in America, more sincerely attached to the interests of his country. Could he best promote her interests in the character of a *corporal*, he would exchange, as I firmly believe, without a murmur, the epaulette for the knot. For, although he is not without ambition, that ambition has not for its object the highest rank, so much as the *greatest good*." Another competent judge, particularly of military merit—Luzerne, the minister of France—once complimented him as follows:—"Others generals subdue their eminence by the means with which their country or the sovereign furnished them, but Greene appears to subdue his enemy by his own means. He commenced his campaign without either an army, provisions or milertary stores. He has asked for nothing since, and yet, scarcely a post arrives from the south that does not bring intelligence of some new advantage gained over his foe. He conquers by magic. History furnishes no parallel to this."

But the most instructive enconium was pronounced on him by a member of the Society of Friends, to which Greene had formerly belonged, and from which he had been cut off on his enlisting in the army. When the war was over, the worthy General returned to his native state, where he was received with marked respect even by those who had refused to consider him a christian brother. "On a certain occasion, one of the members of the society was enquired of, to know how he could reconcile his conscience with the attention he paid to General Greene, whose profession was that of war? He promptly replied: "Friend, it is not a suit of uniform that can either make or spoil a man. True, I do not approve of this many colored apparel, but whetever may be the form or color of his coat, Nathaniel Greene still retains the same sound head and virtuous heart, that gained him the love and esteem of our society.'"

Scarcely less profitable is a survey of the life of the true and noble hearted Irish General, Richard Montgomery. He was a second Wolfe in enterprise, daring and bravery—now building batteries of ice, and now pushing his way where the stoutest heart might quail without disgrace—and he possessed so many of the nobler qualities of our nature that his character seemed to be

> "A combination, and a form indeed,
> Where every God did set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man."

"In Montgomery," says an excellent biographer, the Americans lost one of the bravest and most accomplished generals that ever led an army to the field. But he was not more illustrious for his skill and courage as an officer, than he was esteemed for his private virtues. He possessed a mind endowed with every accomplishment, and a person in which every manly grace shone with conspicuous lustre."

The contemplation of such characters, we have before said, is ennobling; and such were the patriots and heroes, with scarcely an exception, who distinguished themselves in the American Revolution, and whose "Lives," by JOHN S. JENKINS, we have lately been delighted in reading. The work is in one volume, medium size, and contains a short and condense sketch of the following worthies who fought in the battles for American Freedom:—Ethan Allen, Daniel Boon, Geo. Clinton, Horatio Gates, Nathaniel Green, Nathan Hale, Henry Knox, Richard Montgomery, Israel Putnam, John Stark and John Sullivan. The book, as a whole, is well written, though a *few* such badly constructed sentences as the following, are found: "The firmness, intrepidity and self-sacrificing devotion of N. Hale, to the welfare of his country, led to one of the most interesting, though painful, incidents, that transpired during the revolutionary war." (p. 173.) According to this construction Hale was intrepid *to the welfare of his country*. The sentence should read thus: "The firmness and intrepidity of Nathan Hale, and his self-sacrificing devotion to the welfare of his country, led, etc. Such carlessness, if often exhibited, would be inexensible in one professing to be a biographer; as it is, the book is not materially marred by faults of any kind. It is an excellent work, useful, alike for the aged and the young; but the latter in particular we most earn-

*The lives of Patriots and Heroes distinguished in the battles of American Freedom. By JOHN S. JENKINS, J. C. Derby & Co, 1847.

eatly urge to read it. For sale at Derby and Hewson's, 164 Main Street.

THE COLUMBIAN for September has already reached our table. The engravings are excellent in conception and execution. In "Moses going to the Fair" every one will at once recognize the good old Vicar and his family, and remember the consequences which followed this adventure. "The wigwam" has all the wildness and roughness of American forest scenery. T. S. Arthur contributes a story—"The Lottery Ticket," which every young man in this and all other cities should "learn by heart." Arthur always uses fiction as every one should, to "point a moral," not to display the graces of language. Mrs. Stephens and Mrs. Osgood also enrich this no.

CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK.—We are indebted to Derby and Hewson, for a well printed, pamphlet edition of this valuable document. It is for sale at their bookstore, 164 Main street.

☞ Descriptive Catalogue of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Flowering Shrubs, and Green House Plants, cultivated and for sale at the Buffalo Nursery and Horticultural Garden, by BENJAMIN HODGE: For 1847-1848.

The above is the title of a beautifully executed pamphlet of 64 pages, octavo, recently issued by Mr. HODGE.—We were aware, that for a few years past an increased attention had been awakened in this vicinity on the subject of Horticulture—but certainly we had not supposed our Nurserymen here had kept so even a pace with the improvements of the day, in all sections, as the catalogue of Mr. HODGE would indicate; we find it in extent, equal to any of the oldest nurseries in the State, and comprising all that is standard and choice in the various departments, of Fruit, Flowers, Shrubs, and Ornamental Plants. Mr. HODGE is an enthusiastic lover of his profession, and has spared no pains or expense in importing the newest and most choice specimens to enrich his collection.

The present catalogue contains about 200 varieties of Apples; nearly the same number of Pears, including the new and choice varieties from the establishment of Mons. VAN HOUTLE, Belgium, and T. RIVERS & Co., London; 50 varieties of the Plumb; upwards of 50 varieties Cherries, including all the new French sorts; over 40 varieties Peaches; some 20 varieties Apricots and Nectarines; 28 varieties native and Foreign Grapes; and of Quinces, Currants, Raspberries, Strawberries, &c. &c. all the newest and most popular sorts.

Among the Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, making a list of over 8 pages, we notice all the recent introductions, together with the old and standard favorites. The catalogue of Roses alone, occupies upwards of ten pages, and include nearly every choice variety now known in this country, in the several classes of Garden or Hardy Roses, Moss Roses, Prairie and Climbing Roses, Hybrid China, and Hybrid Perpetuals, Bourbon, Bengal, Damask, Tea-scented, Noisette and Tree or Standard Roses, all of which are scientifically classed, so as to enable the Amateur, to make a selection with care. The list of Hardy-herbaceous Perennials, Carnations, Verbenæ, &c. is large and comprehensive; of Dahlias, there are 65 varieties, including all the new and rare kinds introduced at the English Horticultural Shows the last year. A list of choice and rare Camelia Japonicas, Azaleas, Daphnes, &c. conclude the catalogue, and the whole is interspersed with observations and directions as to soil, mode of culture, transplanting, &c., making it a valuable book to the Horticulturist, and giving ample evidence that in this branch our Nurserymen are not in the least behind their brethren in older cities or towns.

Death of Silas Wright.

We received last evening, by the Canada Telegraph, the sad intelligence that SILAS WRIGHT died yesterday morning, in an apoplectic fit, at his residence in St. Lawrence County. The announcement that any one whom we have been accustomed to regard as a strong, hearty man, in the full possession of his intellectual faculties, has been struck down by death, and that the form, but a day before so noble, and animated with a bright, genial spirit, is now but a mouldering mass of lifeless clay, is at all times calculated to arrest the grave attention of even the most thoughtless: but when, as in this case, one of the great men of the Nation, to whom thousands looked for the realization, not only of their personal aspirations, but of great, and by them highly cherished schemes of national policy, is, without previous warning, stricken down in the full majestic maturity of his powers, the blow comes with the strange, startling suddenness of thunder in the serene clear sky, and may well awake profound and solemn thought on the vanities and uncertainties of life, and the mysterious dispensations of Divine Providence.

Although but a private citizen, beautifully illustrating, in his retirement, and the pursuits to which he was there devoted, the character of a true citizen of the Republic, no man scarcely in the country, even the highest in the pride of place, filled a larger space in the public eye. He had lately been defeated, and we may say without personal asperity, for we refer only to measures of public policy, justly so; but it was hoped by his troops of attached friends that under happier auspices, and with broader and higher issues, the country might have the benefit of his large experience and great powers in a station more elevated than any he had previously filled. But pallid death visits alike the palaces of kings and cottages of peasants, and he, around whom so many hopes clustered, now lies in cold obstruction and decay.

We have not time, were this the proper occasion, to attempt a review of Mr. WRIGHT'S public services. We have differed widely from him in regard to many questions of State and National policy, but, though thus politically opposed, we can bear testimony to his great simplicity of personal character, his kind, genial temperament, his eminent intellectual powers, and the modesty with which he has borne his great honors. His death will cause a void in the political world that it seems almost impossible to fill, but of that we would not now speak. Mr. WRIGHT, though a partisan, was one of the great men whose fame is the property of the whole country, and as such we would sincerely deplore his death.

☞ We understand an Association has been formed by the proprietors of the steamers running to the upper Lakes, for the remainder of the season—rates as follows: cabin fare to Chicago, or any port on Lake Michigan, $10, steerage $5; to Erie $1,00 and 2,00; to Cleveland $1,50 and 3,00; Detroit, $2,00 and 4,00. Freight, 50 cts. per 100 lbs., and $1,00 bbl. bulk.

☞ It is said that the Buffalo and Attica Railroad Company intend to erect a large depot for freight, on a lot next to and east of Bogert's Elevator, fronting on the Creek and on Ohio street. It will be a great advantage to have a depot connecting the Railroad with the Lake business, and the importance will be vastly increased by the N. Y. and Erie Railroad, and the Hornelsville Railroad also. The track for the new depot will part from the present line, near the eastern boundary of the city. It is also said to be in contemplation to enlarge the passenger depot on Exchange street. These improvements are amply justified by the rapidly increasing receipts of the Company.

☞ We learn from a Detroit paper that a Mr. Torrence Sibley, who was from Massachusetts, and was on his way to visit a brother at Tecumseh, is supposed to have been drowned, by rushing overboard from a steamboat, between Buffalo and Dunkirk. He was a somnambulist, and is believed to have committed this act in alarm from the influence of some horrible dream.

☞ State Agricultural Society.—We give the following abridged stat ment for the benefit of such of our readers as may be interested in this distant celebration. The sum of $3,400 has been appropriated for premiums at the forthcoming Exhibition. One dollar must be paid by each exhibitor. Stock and articles for competition must be on hand on Monday, Sept. 13, and duly entered and arranged on that day, or they cannot compete at all. The judges will be at Saratoga on that day:

The next meeting of the Executive Committee will be held at Saratoga Springs, at the U. S. Hotel, on Monday, the 13th day of Sept., at 12 o'clock M.

☞ A Floating Elevator.—Messrs. L. Barker and John Pagin are converting the old steamboat Thomas Jefferson into a floating Elevator, to be used in transferring grain from lake vessels into mills, canal boats, or warehouses. This she can do at the rate of 2000 bushels an hour. By means of this contrivance, grain may be cheaply placed for winter storage in warehouses which have not machinery for the purpose.

A patent for this improvement has recently been taken out by Mr. Pagin, one of the owners of the Thomas Jefferson, and this is the first practical application. Such an invention might be usefully employed on the St. Clair Flats, in relieving downward bound vessels when they are too heavily laden. The steam engine employed is of 20 horse power, and made by Messrs. Bell and McNeish—the boiler by Mr. Newman.

☞ We are requested to state for the information of the travelling public, that the Lake Ontario U. S. Line of Steamers for Montreal, will continue to run seven days each week until the 19th of September. After that date, six days each week until the close of navigation.

☞ State Agricultural Fair.—The Hon. Silas Wright had been expected to deliver the Annual address at this Exhibition. Possibly it had been already prepared, and if so we hope it will be published. Ex-President Van Buren and Mr. Webster are expected to be present.

A Dramatic Prize.—Mr. Edwin Forrest offers a liberal opportunity for the production of something worthy of American literature—proposing to give the sum of three thousand dollars for the best original tragedy, in five acts, the production of an American citizen; or in case no good acting play should be produced, one thousand dollars for the best tragedy so put in.

The Chinese still going to law—"losing a cow to win a cat." Excellent.

From Mexico.

The papers received by this morning's mail, contain several columns of details of the news from Mexico, a brief report of which was received by Telegraph on Saturday. The substance of all these accounts will be found below. The attack of the train from Vera Cruz, under escort commanded by Major Lally, was made when about 24 miles from that town, though the annoyances commenced when just without the walls. The main affair is thus described:

Attacks were made upon the front, rear and centre trains—they were repulsed at all points, and we advanced to this encampment, but our loss is severe. Two officers were severely wounded, Capt. James H. Caldwell, of Voltigeurs, and Capt. Arthur C. Cummings, 11th Infantry—the former a native of Maryland, the latter of Virginia. Ten men, non-commissioned officers and privates, were wounded; none were killed outright, but one has died since, and some are perhaps dangerously wounded. Hopes are entertained for the recovery of the two Captains.—The writer thinks the command will make its way through securely, perhaps fighting for many days. We are about twelve miles from the National Bridge and move on a few miles to-day. The Sun of Anahuac says eight of our men were killed, including Capt. Loyalls of the Georgia mounted men, and twenty-five of the enemy. Gen. Wilson immediately ordered out reinforcements. Verbal reports say the Americans had thirty men wounded and as many horses killed. Serious fears are entertained for the safety of the train, the Mexicans having made extensive preparations to cut off. The Mexicans are under the impression that the train has a million dollars in specie.

It was reported at Vera Cruz that the Mexicans had destroyed a part of the National Bridge, and created defensive works. A decisive action was expected at this point. The Sun of Anahuac sets down the number of Guerilas at four thousand. Col. Wilson is convalescent. The health of Vera Cruz is more favorable. The Spanish minister was expected at Vera Cruz on the 25th, on his way to Spain. Kendall, from Puebla, writes that Capt. Ruff, with his Rifles, has given the Guerillas at San Juan De Los Llanos, a severe drubbing, killed 43 and wounded some 50.

August 5th.—He writes that the account of Ruff's adventure is fully confirmed. Major Gaines thinks Santa Anna has about 15,000 tolerably disciplined, uniformed and drilled troops, besides undisciplined recruits, adding little strength to his army. Kendall adds that since he commenced this letter, Scott's orders to march the army have been issued, and gives particulars as per first despatch. The sick and convalescent he left behind. Scott was accompanied by Quitman, and the whole army will probably be concentrated at some point beside the capital.

On the 6th, Kendall writes that Pierce arrived this morning, his men though jaded and travel worn, making a most soldierly appearance. He came through without losing a man, though he was attacked several times. Kendall says a hundred conflicting rumors are afloat—one that Valencia is coming out with twelve thousand men to attack us in the front, while Alvarez, with five thousand Pintos, makes a demonstration in the rear. Another rumor says that Santa Anna has disarmed three thousand of the National Guard, who were discovered plotting against him, and all was confusion worse confounded. Still another, that Puebla was to be attacked after our

army had left, the garrison put to the sword, and the citizens punished for their good treatment of the Yankees.

Kendall believes there is no shadow of foundation for any of these rumors. He concludes his letter late at night by saying that Gen. Twiggs will move tomorrow morning. Report continue to come in that large bodies of the enemy are moving in the neighborhood. He had just heard of a thousand guerillas seen at El Pinal. The Delta's Vera Cruz correspondent says a letter received from Puebla, dated the 11th, to a mercantile house, states that Gen. Scott moved forward that day. Tampico was very unhealthy — The yellow fever had broken out in the Anton Lizardo garrison.

At Tampico they were constantly expecting a night attack from Garray. Nothing further from Gen. Taylor. The Diario Del Gobierno, 3d Aug. says the Commercial Times, seems to announce a desire on the part of Santa Anna and his ministers to prepare the minds of the people for pacific arrangements. El Solden denounces as puerile, the Diario's ideas of waiting until victory crowns the Mexican arms, before making or receiving overtures of peace.

Advices three days later have been received at New Orleans, by the arrival of the steamer Alabama.

The only additional intelligence, however, is 1st, that ex-President Paredes had effected a landing on the coast of Mexico, and succeded in making his way to the interior; 2nd, that Col. Wilson had died of the yellow fever.

NEW YORK, August 30—7 P. M.

Conner's Type Foundry, Mercer's Dining Saloon, Bell's Printing Office, and three small shops, corner of Ann and Nassau streets, were burned last night—loss, 40 to 50,000 dollars—Insurance, $6,000.

Mr. Cummings and wife, poor people, living in the fourth story of one of the buildings, were burned to death.

The Southern Mail, at Baltimore, brings no news from the army.

A hurricane at Kingston, Indiana, did great damage to the crops, and killed many cattle. Welch & Delevan's Circus destroyed, and Levi North, the great Equestrian Rider, killed.

Capt. Drake has arrived at St. Louis from Oregon, which place he left on the 6th of May—all quiet. Crops promise well. Capt. Drake saw men from California on the 4th of July. Gen. Kearney in command. Lieut. Stockton is at Monterey. Several of our ships were at San Francisco. Oregon emigrants were getting on well.

WAR QUESTIONS.—The Union begins to see that "the Whigs will have a lean and embarrassing majority in the next Congress." We cannot tell how lean it will be, but we fancy it will not be strong enough to make it prudent for the Whigs to waste themselves in foolish divisions: but that it will be exceedingly "embarrassing" to Mr Polk and his administration, there is not the least doubt. It may be put down as a settled thing that the next Congress will not vote away the public money without knowing what is to be done with it, and it may be assumed as equally certain that Mr. Polk will be called upon for a more particular account than has yet been rendered of various sums which have been already appropriated and expended. There will be many other very "embarrassing" measures which the next House of Representatives will insist upon, and some of the most "embarrassing" questions will be asked that any President has ever been called upon to answer.—*Providence Journal.*

TEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE

NEW YORK, Aug. 29—8 P. M.

The *Gundelquixer* arrived yesterday, bringing dates to the 14th inst. Her news is of importance, and will effect the interests of many produce dealers in this country.

There was a great panic in the money market, causing general depression. Many large houses have failed. They were mostly corn dealers whose aggregate indebtedness is one million three hundred thousand pounds sterling Among them are, C. DOUGLASS & Co., LESLIE, ALEXANDER & Co., SHEPARD KING and MELLVILLE, PERIN & Co.

Bank interest 5½a6½ Consols. Failures still going on. Trade in manufactures dull.

The weather continues fine, and the crops are good.

Cotton dull; perhaps one-eighth of a penny lower. Trade dull.

Breadstuffs unsettled by the crisis in the money market.

The receipts are enormous, and the quotations still have a downward tendency.

Flour in Liverpool; 25s26s. In London, 27a 28. Corn 26a30s, and very dull. Wheat 66a 68. On the continent crops favorable, and markets dull.

The *Union* arrived at Cherbourg in 14½ days.

There is no miscellaneous news of importance.

The monetary panic occupies public attention.

TEN THOUSAND VOLUNTEERS ORDERED OUT.—We learn that the Government has finally determined upon making a requisition for ten thousand more volunteers, under the original law authorizing the raising of fifty thousand men. We are led to believe that the requisition is made principally upon the Western States. We may expect that the call for the additional volunteers will reach us through the papers in a day or two. The design of the Government is to have thirty thousand men under Gen. Scott's orders by the end of September. The sooner the better.—*N. O. Pic., August* 20.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, } ALBANY, August 3 1847.

To the Sheriff of the County of Erie:

SIR: Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE.

A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICT.

One Senator for the Thirty-First Senate District, consisting of the county of Erie.

COUNTY.

Also, the following officers for the said county, to wit: Four Members of Assembly, one to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully,
N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

ERIE COUNTY SHERIF'S OFFICE, Buffalo, August 6, 1847.

A general election is to be held in the County of Erie, on the second day of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed

TIMOTHY A. HOPKINS, Sherif.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Two Lessons.

With evergreens yon mountain's breast
Is spread, save yonder summit bare,
Where once an eagle built his nest,
Hign in the boundless fields of air.

And oft with childhood's chosen mate,
Tried I that lofty rock to climb—
We could not scale the mountain great
Yet higher would we rise each time.

From this I have a lesson learned,
If failure's mine to try again;
For honor is by labor earned,
And we excel by toil and pain.

The eaglets from that mountain's brink
Would soar their new-fledged wings to try,
But they disdained to earthward sink
And rose aloft toward the sky.

We learned from this to aim on high,
Nor stoop unto earth's lowly things,
But soar away unto the sky,
As the young eaglet upward springs:

ROYALTON, N. Y. J. H. B.

A SON STABBED BY HIS FATHER!—A painful case of stabbing occurred at West Bloomfield, Ontario Co., on Thursday last.—The circumstances, as we learn from a gentleman from that town, are as follows: A man named Benjamin Peck, residing in the village, had for a number of years been on bad terms with one of his sons, Mathew Peck, the two not having spoken together, except occasionally, in a number of years. The feud was of long standing, and had grown and strengthened with time.

On Thursday last, the father went to the shop of the son, who is a wagon maker, when the latter requested him to leave the premises: remarking that they were not on speaking terms, and would prefer that he should not visit his shop.—The father immediately laid his hand upon the son's shoulder, and with a sharp knife inflicted several severe wounds on his arm, and another in the side, the blade of the knife passing out underneath the arm. Although pretty severe, the wounds are not dangerous.—*Rock. D. Adv.*

Price Current—September 1, 1847.

Flour, bbl	$5 00	Turkeys, lb	.75
Pork, bbl	15 00	Chickens	10@12½
Do slaugh. cwt	4 00	Geese, each	—
Beef, cwt	4@5 00	Clover seed, bu	3 50@3 75
Butter, lb	12½@13½	Timothy	2 00
Lard	—	Flax	1 00
Cheese	6	Grass	—
Hams	8	Whitefish, bbl	6 50
Shoulders	7	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt	1 50	Potatoes, bush	37½
Wheat, bu	90@1 07	Salt, bbl	1 28
Corn	52@54	Apples, bbl	1 50@2 00
Oats	31	Do dried, bu	62½
Slaughter hides, lb	4@4½	Onions	50
Dry do	8½@9½	Eggs, doz	8@9
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb	5½
Sheep, slaughtered	1 12½	Soap	4@5
Lamb do	15@25	Whiskey, gall	22
Dry	12½@50	Highwines	25
Hard wood, cord	2 00	Lead, bond	4 00
Hemlock	2 75	Beans, bu	87½
Bit. (O.) coal, ton		Wool, lb	20@30
Blossburg		Hay	7 00

QUOTATION OF UNCURRENT FUNDS.

Can'da. (Toronto and Hamilton	9 pr ct. dis. 2	Baltimore	2 pr ct. dis. 1
L. Canada and Kingston	2	Philadelphia	1
Ohio	1	New Orleans	3
Indiana	1	Missouri	2
Kentucky	1	Virginia	2
Pennsylvania	1	Mich. State Bank	¼
Relief notes	2	F. & M. Bk, Detroit	¼
Pittsburgh Scrip	20	Mich. Ins. Company	¼
Alleghany Scrip	20	Wis. F. & M. Ins. Co.	¼
		East. Exch.	9 pr ct. prem. ¼

MARRIED.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Tucker, Mr. WM. HODGEKINS, and Miss MARY JONES.

On the 18th inst., by the same, Mr. JOSEPH FOSTER, of Troy, and Miss MARY BUSH, of Albany.

On the 22d inst., by the same, Mr. WILLIAM STAINTHORP, and Miss MARIA VANVLEET.

On the 27th inst., by J. G. Dickie, Esq., Mr. CHAS. L. HUDSON, and Miss CAROLINE BAKER, both of Cleveland.

On the 27th instant, by Rev. Dr. Tucker, Mr. PETER CARROLL, of Schenectady, and Miss ELIZA JANE LYON, of this city.

At Evans, on the 22d inst., by the Rev. Wm. H. Crandall, Mr. MOSES WILSON, and Miss SOPHRONIA A. MURRY.

DIED.

On the 24th inst., WILLIAM DENMAN, infant son of Samuel D. Cole, aged 5 months.

On the 23th inst., JOEL R. PINNEY, aged 42 years.

On the 27th instant, at the residence of his brother-in-law, Wm. Madison, Mr. JOHN H. LOPKINS, aged 30 years.

On the 28th inst., at the house of her son-in-law, John T. Lacy, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. ELIZABETH A. VALLEAU, aged 77 years.

At New Portage, O., after a short illness, HARRIET ANN, wife of Edwin Newell, and sister to R. C. Dodge, of this city, aged 29 years.

GEORGE H. READ,

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Blank Books of all descriptions ruled and bound to any pattern.

Periodicals, Music Books, Newspapers, Magazines, Old Books, etc., carefully arranged and bound in every variety of style, and at moderate prices. Ladies Albums, Port Folios, etc., made to order. n2

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WESTERN
LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1847. NUMBER VI.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Song.

BY MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLIN.

There's a light to earth's dim pathway given—
Like the sunbeam, it brooks no control;—
'Tis a halo whose beauty is heaven,
Let it circle thine innermost soul!

It may come when life's morning is bright,
It may come when its fairy tints wane—
But I charge thee to welcome that light,
For *thee* it will beam ne'er again!

There's a pearl in life's waters for thee!
And when thou that pure pearl hast found,
No mortal can e'er richer be
Than thou, of the Deity crowned!

But if coldly, its rays all divine,
Thou notest, and turn'st from its glow—
Though the wealth of the Indies be thine,
Thou art poor in thy heart's tent of snow!

There's a spirit-harp toned but for thee!
If its strain mingles not with thine own,
'Tis on earth but a lost melody—
Or a yearning, and sorrow-fraught moan!

TERRE HAUTE, Ia.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Henry Landon.

A SKETCH—BY AZA.

Henry Landon was the only son of highly respectable and wealthy parents, who resided principally in the pleasant town of S——. Henry was an idolized child, and therefore neither pains nor expense were spared in his education. At an early age he entered B. college, and at nineteen graduated with distinguished honors. Henry was tall and graceful in figure, and his countenance, if not handsome, was interesting and full of intelligence. His disposition was naturally of so mild a character, and his manners so perfectly courteous and gentlemanly, on all occasions, as to render him beloved by all with whom he became acquainted. Mr. and Mrs. Landon were perfectly delighted with Henry's appearance and improvement, upon his return from college, and frequently declared that he was "all the fondest heart could wish" or require. Mr. Landon and lady were apparently amiable, but alas! they were also the votaries of fashion. The sparkling wine was ever to be seen upon their side-board, and Henry, before he was aware, had learned *to love* the beautiful poison. Soon after his return from college he commenced the study of Law, and applied himself with so much energy to his profession, that after the lapse of a few years he was considered decidedly the most talented and popular lawyer in the town of S——. Soon after entering upon the practice of his profession he had married a lovely young lady, at whose earnest request he had entirely abandoned the "wine cup," and for two or three years all was well.—Riches flowed in upon him, and he and his were happy. Alas! their sky was not always to be clear.

In a little more than two years after Henry's marriage, a young college friend came to visit him, and from the time of his arrival may be dated the commencement of trouble in this heretofore happy family. Henry's companion was a wild, dissolute young man, much given to gaming and every species of intemperance, and who was continually urging his host to taste again of the flowing goblet. Henry at first steadily refused, and as a reason for so doing, informed his companion that on his marriage day he had solemnly promised his wife never more to taste of aught that could intoxicate. The young man continued to urge for a season, but finding Landon still resolute, he changed the method of his proceedings, and branded him with the appellation of coward, and "hen-pecked husband." This last had the desired effect, for Henry, like many of his sex, would sooner stoop to commit a crime, however degrading, than be considered in any measure governed by a woman. He tasted,—he drank freely,—his appetite for strong drink returned with more than its former keenness, and in a short time he become a constant worshipper of Bacchus.

Two months passed, Henry had indeed abandoned the wine-cup, but it was for stronger drink—and he was now, at the dawn of almost every day, brought home from some midnight carousal, in a state of "beastly intoxication." His wife entreated him with tears to again abandon his cup and be happy; but the once kind, obliging and affectionate husband, was transformed into the brutal inebriate. She therefore received curses alone in answer to her prayers, and a command never more to mention the subject of reform to him.

One evening as Mrs. Landon was reading in her own apartment, she was startled by an unusual sound which seemed to proceed from the parlor below. Instantly she laid aside her books and directed her steps towards the scene of confusion, but before she had reached the entrance of the drawing-room, curses, dark and fearful as ever issued from mortal lips, assailed her ear, pronounced in the well known voice of her husband. She started back for an instant, and her cheek blanched with terror. Then regaining composure, she slowly opened the door. What a scene was before her! There, in the centre of the room stood her husband, his face red and swollen, and his eyes flashing with indignation. In one hand he held a decanter of rum, the other was closely clinched and presented in a threatening manner towards his college friend, and three wretched debauchees, (such as he would have scorned to look upon in former days,) who stood near him. Overturned by his side was the centre table, and all of its beautiful ornaments, together with a quantity of gaming cards, were scattered about the room. "I tell you, Burtney," said he to his college friend, "you are a cheat and a knave; you wished me to play that you might win my all, and now you have done it, and I am a beggar! I have not so much as a cent left to purchase another glass. Burtney, you"—and he uttered words too profane for pen to write, at the same time flinging the decanter at the head of his companion. Burtney caught it, and in another moment Henry Landon was stretched upon the carpet,

the blood issuing in a stream from his forehead, while the fragments of the broken decanter were scattered in every direction. At this sight Mrs. Landon uttered a loud scream, and rushing forward, fell in a swoon by her husband's side.—Burtney stood silently looking on, a diabolical smile upon his lip; two of the drunkards before mentioned commenced singing a rude Bacchanalian song, while the other was cursing and swearing like a maniac. The neighbors, hearing the confusion, hastened to the spot. Henry's drunken companions were turned from the house, and a servant dispatched for medical assistance. Mrs. Landon soon recovered, but Henry, after nearly recovering from his wounds, was seized with delirium tremens, and after a few days of excruciating agony, his spirit departed this life for an untried eternity, leaving a wife and child to sorrow, and to the cold charities of the world.

Dansville, N. Y.

Moral danger of Business.

I ask, if there is not good ground for the admonitions on this point, of every moral and holy teacher of every age? What means, if there is not, that eternal disingenuity of trade, that is ever putting on fair appearances and false pretences—of "the buyer that says, it is naught, but when he has gone his way, then boasteth"—of the seller, who is always exhibiting the best samples, not fair but false samples, of what he has to sell; of the seller, I say, who, to use the language of another, "if he is tying up a bundle of quills, will place several in the centre, of not half the value of the rest, and thus send forth a hundred liars, with a fair outside, to proclaim as many falsehoods to the world?" These practices, alas! have fallen into the regular course of the business of many. All men expect them; and therefore, you may say, that nobody is deceived. But deception is intended: else why are these things done?—What if nobody is deceived? The seller himself is corrupted. He may stand acquitted of dishonesty in the moral code of worldly traffic: no man may charge him with dishonesty; and yet to himself he is a dishonest man. Did I say that nobody is deceived. This man, the seller, is grossly, wofully deceived. He thinks to make a little profit by his contrivances; and he is selling, by pennyworths, the very integrity of his soul. Yes, the prettiest shop where these things are done, may be to the spiritual vision, a place of more than tragic interest. It is the stage on which the great action of life is performed. There stands a man, who, in the sharp collisions of daily traffic, might have polished his mind to the bright and beautiful image of truth, who might have put on the noble brow of candor, and cherished the very soul of uprightness. I have known such a man. I have looked into his humble shop. I have seen the mean and soiled articles with which he is dealing. And yet the process of things going on there, was as beautiful as if it had been done in heaven! But now, what is this man—the man who always turns up to you the better side of every thing he sells—the man of unceasing contrivances and expedients, his long life, to make things appear better than they are? But he the greatest merchant or the poorest huckster, he is a mean a knavish—and were I not awed by the thoughts of his immortality, I should say, a contemptible creature: whom nobody that knows him can love, whom nobody can trust, whom nobody can reverence. Not one thing in the dusty repository of things, great or small, which he deals with, is so vile as he. What is this *thing* then, which is done, in the house of traffic? I tell you, though you may have thought not so of it—I tell you that *there*, even *there*, a soul may be lost!—that that very structure, built for the gain of earth, may be the gate of hell! Say not that this fearful appellation should be applied to worse places than that. A man may as certainly corrupt all the integrity and virtue of his soul in a warehouse or a shop, as in a gambling-house or a brothel.—*Orville Dewey.*

Meager, the Irish Patriot.

It may not perhaps have escaped the notice of our numerous readers, that at the dinner given to Capt. Clarke, of the American Ship Victor, at Dublin, the bold and fiery eloquence of the gifted Irishman, whose name appears at the head of this article, created a startling sensation. On a recent public occasion this fearless champion gave utterance to the following strong sentiments, clothed in lofty and indignant language:

"What has famine done for England? It has been her best recruiting sergeant—it has purchased thousands of brilliant and unscrupulous men. The famine has been her best miner—it has discovered gold mines for her merchants in her bankrupt cities and putrid villages. The famine has been her best swordsmen—it has cut down thousands of her peasant foes. But there is one spot where this powerful agent of English lust must halt—one spot where it must purchase no recruits—one spot where it shall plant no cypress and rear no trophy—one spot where it shall cease to do the business and the butchery of England. It shall halt—it shall be powerless and paralyzed—where the Confederation sits. England! your gallant and impetuous enemy, is dead, your 'great difficulty' is at an end. Ireland, or rather the remains of Ireland, are yours at last.—Your red ensign flies—not from the Rath of Mullaghmast, where you played the cut-throat—nor from Limerick wall, where you played the perjurer—nor from the Senate house where you played the swindler—nor from the custom house, where you played the robber—but it flies from her thousand grave-yards, where the titled niggars of your cabinet won the battle which your soldiers could not terminate. Last year, from the Carpathian crags, we heard the shout of the Polish insurrectionists,—"there is hope for Poland, whilst in Poland there is a life to lose." Sir, there is hope for Ireland, whilst in Ireland there is a life to lose. True it is, thousands upon thousands of our people have been swept down, but thousands upon thousands still survive, and the awful fate of the dead should quicken the noble purposes of the living. The stakes are too high for us to give up the game until the last card has been played—too high for us to throw ourselves in despair upon the coffins of our starved and swindled partner.

"The desperate condition of the entire country demands and justifies bold and decisive policy.—From this hour we must look exclusively at home. Let us have done with the English Parliament—Send no more petitions across the channel. For 50 years you have petitioned and the result has been 500,000 deaths. Henceforth, be that Parliament accursed. Spurn it as a fraud, a nullity, a usurpation. You know it is worse than all this. You are knaves if you do not speak your convictions—you are cowards if you do not act as your convictions bid you act."

'Oh, I'm dead! I'm dead!' blubbered a little fellow the other day, as he went running into the house. 'What's the matter?' inquired the affrighted mother. 'Oh, I ran against a fence and stuck a *knot-hole* in my trowsers.'

Romance of the Nineteenth Century.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

We are in no danger of estimating too highly the extraordinary character of the age in which our lot has been cast, and of the influences by which we are surrounded. The Present is the proper theme of poetry, the fitting scene of romance. Whoever shall faintly realize the mighty events, the stirring impules, the lofty character of our times, is in no danger of passing through life groveling and unobservent as the dull beast that crops the thistles by the way side. The Past has its lessons, doubtless, and well is it for those who master and heed them; but were it otherwise, the present has themes enough of ennobling interest to employ all our faculties, to engross all our thoughts—save as they should contemplate the still grander, vaster Hereafter.

Do they talk to us of Grecian or Roman heroism? They say well: but genius died not with Greece; and heroism has scarcely a recorded achievement which our own age could not parallel. What momentary deed of reckless valor can compare with the life-long self-devotion of the Missionary, in some far cluster of Indian lodges, of Tartar huts, cut off from society, from sympathy, and from earthly hope? How easy, how common, to dare death with Alexander? How rare to live nobly as Washington, and feel no ambition but that of doing good! Take the efforts for the elevation of the African race in our day—ill directed as some of them appear—and yet Antiquity might well be challenged to produce anything, out of the sphere of Sacred History, half so heroic and divine. Let us then waste little time in looking back to earlier ages for high examples, and deeds that stir the blood. Let us not idly imagine that the Old World embosoms scenes and memorials dearer to the lover of truth, of freedom and of man, than those of our own clime. Let us repel alke the braggart's vain glory and the self-disparagement of degeneracy; yet cherish the faith that nowhere are there purer skies, more inspiring recollections or more magnificent landscapes, than those in which our own green land rejoices.

Those daily acts, those common impulses, which, viewed individually, and with microscopic or with soulless gaze, seem insignificant or trifling, take a different aspect, if regarded in a more catholic spirit. Those myriad hammers, which, impelled by brawny arms, are ringing out their rude melody, day by day, and contributing to the comfort and sustenance of man—those fleets of hardy fishers, now chasing the whale on the other side of the globe to give light to the city mansion and celerity to the wheels of the village factory—those armies of trappers, scattered through the glens of Rocky Mountains, each in stealthy solitude pursuing his deadly trade, whence dames of London and belles of Pekin alike shall borrow warmth and comeliness—let us contemplate these in their several classes, unmindful of the leagues of wood or plain or water which chance to divide them.—Readily enough do we perceive and acknowledge the grandeur of the great army which some chief or despot assembles and draws out, to feed his vanity by display or his ambition by carnage; but the larger and nobler armies whose weapons are the mattock and the spade, who overspread the hills and line the valleys, until beneath their rugged skill and persevering effort, a highway of commerce is opened where late the panther leaped, the deer disported—is not theirs the nobler spectacle—more worthy of the orator's apostrophe, the poet's song? Let us look boldly, broadly out on Nature's wide domain. Let us note the irregular yet persistent advance of the pioneers of civilization—the forest conquerors, before whose lusty strokes the sharp blades of the century-crowned wood-monarchs, rank after rank, come crashing to the earth. From age to age have they kept apart the soil and the sunshine, as they shall do no longer. Onward, still onward, pours the army of age-men, and still before them bow their stubborn foes. But yesterday, their advance was checked by the Ohio: to-day, it has crossed the Missouri, the Kansas, and is fast on the heels of the flying buffalo. In the eye of true discernment, what host of Xerxes or Cæsar, of Frederick or Napoleon, ever equalled this in majesty, in greatness of conquest, or in true glory?

The mastery of Man over Nature—this is an inspiring truth, which we must not suffer, from its familiarity, to lose its force. By the might of his intellect, man has not merely made the elephant his drudge, the lion his diversion, the whale his magazine, but even the subtlest and most terrible of the elements is made the submissive instrument of his will. He turns aside or garners up the lightning: the rivers toil in his workshops; the tides of ocean bear his burdens: the hurricane rages for his use and profit. Fire and water struggle for mastery that he may be whisked over hill and valley with the celerity of the sunbeam.—The stillness of the forest midnight is broken by the snort of the Iron Horse, as he drags the long train from lakes to ocean with a slave's docility—a giant's strength. Up the long hill he labors, over the deep glen he skims; the tops of the tall trees swaying around and below his narrow path. His sharp, quick breathings bespeak his impetuous progress; a stream of fire reflects its course. On dashes the resistless, tireless steed, and the morrow's sun shall find him at rest in some far mart of commerce, and the partakers of his wizard journey scattered to their vocations of trade or pleasure, unthinking of their night's adventure. What has old Romance wherewith to match the every-day realities of the Nineteenth Century?—*Young American's Magazine.*

HINTS AS TO SCHOOLING.—"A common error, into which many parents fall, is to send their children to an inferior school first, and afterwards place them in an establishment where they may, as it is termed, "finish" their education. Now, not only is the pupil a severe loser by this method, but the master to whose care he is at length confided experiences much additional trouble. He has not only now to lead the youth into a right path, but to lead him back from many a wrong one; not merely to urge him to the farther acquisition of good habits, but to endeavor to root out many that are faulty. It is related by Quintilian that those who went to learn music of Timotheus paid double price if they had received any previous instruction—a safeguard I would recommend to general adoption by good teachers. But there are other evils connected with such a system, not to mention those which result from change of plans to the student himself. It is obvious that no tutor can be expected to take much interest in the progress of children who are placed with him only as a *temporary* thing. Whereas, if it be understood that they are to continue with him so long as his treatment of them is what it ought to be, he has an incentive to diligence in the highest degree effecuve. He already looks upon them as the future ornaments of his school; and they immediately come under the influence of those well-regulated stimuli which urge them on to fill up the ranks of those who are about to finish their scholastic course. A well-directed establishment, where the morals, intellectual improvement, and health of the pupils are carefully and assiduously attended to, presents advantages which

ought to be appreciated by parents, although they are seldom valued by the pupils." We quite agree in the foregoing remarks. It is poor economy to send children to inferior schools at any time of their career, and least of all at commencement. It is best to begin with a good system, and continue with it. The fewer the changes, the better for the pupil.

A Trip to Chicago in the St. Louis.

NUMBER VII.

Night had spread her raven wings, and brooded over Lake Huron, when our impatient prow, pointing to Mackinac, more than two hundred miles away in the cool North, broke its dark surface into diverging lines of phosphorescent foam. Fort Gratiot was invisible, but its light at first outshone the full orbed moon, then faded into a little star in the horizon, then paled into a glow-worm spark, and then suddenly went out, while Heaven's pure host above shone all unchanging upon the bosom of the lake, worthy to mirror it.

The gay dance was over, the lingering good-night spoken, and all was still, save the regular jar of the engine, the tremulous rattling of the doors and casements, and the intermitting, gently-rushing sound of our swift progress. All things ministered to peaceful slumber. Her hundreds reposed as sweetly in that mighty steamer, upon the waves of Huron, as though its long regular swell, were the heaving of a sleeping mother's bosom, and they her infants. Is there no danger? Yea! not one, but many. But not one that is not known and prevented to the extent of human power and foresight. All are not sleepers here. Many eyes are watching, and the first appearance of peril will call forth all the energies of our commander, officers and crew.

Descend with me, and look into that pit.—There are the stokers, always on the watch, feeding from time to time those fiery furnaces, in the reflection of whose flames, they look like demons. There, in that room, you'll find the engineer, intent upon the clicking play of the machine that moves us. His eye commands it in all its material points, and at once detects the slightest variation from a true working of the whole.—The gauge, marking the pressure of the steam, is right before him—he measures and adjusts the revolutions of the wheels—and his ear is ever wakeful to the tinkle of the bells close by him, which, touched by the Pilot's hand above, warns him to stop, to back, to go ahead. He has his assistants, and here, in turn, they watch the live-long night in solitude. Nor think he's unemployed, and likely to sleep upon his post. Long companionship with that tremendous engine, has made him love it. He is elevated by the consciousness that he, and he alone controls it. To him, it is not mere iron and steel, but a sentient being, perchance a genius whom he, like a magician, makes subservient by his strong spells, bends it to his will, and with it conquers space, and braves the fury of the tempest. And there he sits, and ministers to it, and eyes it with pride, or communes with it as though it had a soul, and felt with him, the glory of their past triumphs, and longed for new ones.

Who are these men thinly scattered between decks? They are watchers for the common safety. Not a sound escapes them, nor would the smell of fire, nor any the least unusual change in matters here. But should fire break out?—There is the hose, by which, in an instant, a jet of water can be thrown by the engine in the deepest recess, the remotest corner of the vessel.—There too are the ranged buckets on the hurricane deck, full of water, and, at the very instant of need, strong hands, directed by cool heads, would wield them.

But should we deviate from our course, or the tornado strike us all unprepared, and hurl us on the rugged coast, or outlying rocks! See there the life-boats. Rely upon it there are means sufficient for the escape of all from shipwreck.—But shipwreck there is no cause to fear. Behold the man at the wheel, his hand ever on its spokes, and his eye glancing continually from the compass to the bow, and seldom wandering far to right or left, save when he notes the stars. He too, though a tried man, is watched, and were he to slumber an instant on his post, would be disgraced forever. And now the watch is being changed. One of the mates retires from the upper deck to sleep, the other, fresh from slumber, ere he takes his post, leans o'er the rail and peers through the dark towards the land, and listens intently—ascertains what way she heads, takes a long, sweeping view around, and then paces the deck, and there will pace, till day-breaks. Not a sound will break the silence unheard by him, not a light, however distant, rise o'er the wave unseen by him, not a token of a change in the weather occur and be unnoted by him. Danger betides us everywhere. On land or sea, it matters not how safe we deem ourselves, peril is ever present. But so far as human precaution, skill, and watchfulness can make us safe, we are so. Let us hope that God views us in mercy too—for without His sustaining will, these all are vain. With souls attuned to thankfulness, and trust in His goodness, and prayer for His protection, let us too address ourselves to rest. 'Tis past midnight, and the air is cool, as it comes sighing from the West. Good night! F.

JOHN SMITH'S YARNS.

NUMBER VIII.

The morn was beautiful, and as I gazed upon the dark lake waters, and inhaled the pure, cool air, I was excited perchance a little beyond the ordinary limits of my sober way of thinking.—And, as I gazed from the bow upon the waters I observed a phenomenon common enough indeed, but then novel to me. There was a low, rolling swell of dark blue waves upon the lake, and these waves were smooth, save that they were marked by what seemed tiny, elevated and parallel, but waving lines, like those a gentle breath

creates on oil,—and a little zephyr, in crossing, flecked them with darker spots, and so they looked like undulations of a rich velvet tissue. And I broke forth unwittingly, though John was by, into a rhapsody, about our vessel, and how she was so proud a proof of human wit, that Nature delighted to honor her, and spread her silken fabrics at her feet, while she marched onward, like a conqueror. "More truth than poetry," says John, "in that,"—and he pointed at his vest,—an old, dark blue vest, of watered silk, and then at the wave. My enthusiasm sunk at once,—for there was a strong resemblance. "Pshaw!" says John,—"why don't you select striking and expressive phrases in your descriptions? A rich, velvet tissue, forsooth! Why, no one will understand that. But, confine it to my old watered silk vest, and my friends at least, and all the tailors, will understand you!"—I went to breakfast forthwith.

What has come over my old friend? He is usually grave and rather saturnine. But now he chats with every one, and seems to be in favor with many. What means that knot of folks gathering around him? I'll go and see. As I live, he's telling an Indian tradition.—I wonder where he got it.—I'll note it down.

THE BLOWING BEAVER.

The tradition you desire me to relate, fair ladies, and learned gentlemen, like all of its like, is rude. It is connected with the Saw-geh-hah-naw, or, as it is usually pronounced, Saginaw Bay, which we crossed in the night, and which bears an evil name among navigators, for the tempests that blow, in or out of it, almost perpetually. The word is not Huron, as my learned friend Schoolcraft supposes it to be,—but is pure, unadulterated Ojibbeway, or, as we term it, Chippewa. It means the blowing beaver. The story was told me by my venerable friend Hole-in-the-day, the most powerful chieftain of the Chippewas. I shall always remember the story, less from any impressive merit of its own, than from the memorable scenery in which it was imparted to me, and the solemn manner of the old warrior.

We were sitting on the northern slope of a spur of the Porcupine mountains, after a hearty meal on a large doe the chief had slain. We were alone on the rough hill side, thinly sprinkled with birch and evergreens. Before us lay Lake Superior, which is indeed an ocean. The Apostle Islands, with the dull factory on one of them, were but eight or ten miles from us, and I saw, or thought I saw, the haze of Isle Royale in the distance. He was lamenting, as the nobler Indians always do, the degeneration of their tribe. He spoke of their former greatness, and of the time when the Chippewas ruled the whole land bordering on Huron, and struck the deer at the River of the tumbling waters. I asked him many questions about his nation's origin and history, and he answered them frankly, and with far more animation than I had ever before observed in one of his race. I will give you the tradition in question as nearly as I can in his words—that is, I will give you as close a translation of them as I can:

Listen, Brother! Manitou made the earth.—He thrust down his arm from the sun, in which he lives, and dragged it up from the bottom of the sea. He smiled upon it, and it brought forth all good plants and trees. There was no bad thing upon the earth. Then the Great Manitou took some mud from the bed of the great Lake, and made a man and a woman, and laid them in the morning sun, and in the evening they had life, and walked. But the Manitou saw that they were black, and he took hold of them by their heads, and lifted them over the sea, and so their noses being yet soft, were flattened. Then he made another man and woman out of the clay from the hills, and in the evening they lived, and walked; but the Manitou liked them not, because they were white, and so he carried his white children to another country far over the sea. Then he took more clay and fashioned it into another man and woman. And he touched yon hill top with his finger—here he pointed to a magnificent mountain—and it melted, and he took in his hand the copper that ran down from it, and spread it over the man and woman; and in the evening they walked, and lo they were red. Then the Manitou was pleased that he had made a people fit for the beautiful earth around these Lakes. This man and woman were the father and mother of the Chippewas. And they increased faster than the great trout of the waters,—for the Manitou gave them the birch tree for their canoes and wigwams, and corn for food, and filled the waters with fishes, and created for his red children the beaver, and the deer, the elk, the moose, and the buffalo. The squaws scratched the earth with little sticks, and the corn shot up and ripened; the warriors walked a little way, and brought home big game; the children of the Chippewas basked in the sunshine on the Lake of the Tumbling Waters, and played with agates and cornelians on the beach of Lake Superior. Then the bad Spirit looked down from the North Star upon the earth, and saw how happy were the Chippewas. And he thrust his hand down and gathered snow and rocks, and sprung upon the earth. And as he came down from the North, snow fell, and cold winds whistled about him, and the corn was blasted, and the Chippewas shivered with the cold. And he threw the snow and rocks abroad, and all fierce things were created, which have cold and stony hearts. The panther and the wolf drove away the game, and the rattlesnake struck the heel of the Chippewa; and the Bad Spirit laughed as he stalked along, like a great beast, with tusks, trampling the forest.—Then the Great Spirit hurled a huge piece of the moon, and and it struck the Bad Spirit on the head, and broke off his tusks, and was itself broken into very many pieces of pure copper, and they lie scattered over all the land. One of the largest fell in the Ontonagon River, and was car-

ried away but a few moons since by the white men. When he was so struck down, the Evil Spirit was terrified; and he rolled into the Lake, and turned into a big beaver, and dove to the bottom, and swam under the water until he reached the bottom of Saw-geh-hah-naw Bay, and there hid himself, and dare not come out again. There he lies still, panting with terror, and as he draws in, or expels his breath, the winds rush in and out of that accursed Bay.

John, where did you get that legend? It is not a legend, and never will be, if I can help it. It is only a tradition—an Indian tradition. Where did you get acquainted with Hole-in-the-day? I saw his name at the foot of an Indian treaty once. And then you did not meet him in the Porcupine Mountains? I never was there in my life—I never saw Lake Superior. John, John! What a liar you are getting to be! Pshaw, F., you ought to say poet, or antiquarian, or archæologist. The tradition is just as good, as genuine, as any you'll find in Heckewelder, or Schoolcraft, or any of those men who potter with note-books among the Indians. They are all lies, made by the Indians to suit the occasion, or please the white listener. I have heard about a million of them among the Senecas, and know how they are engendered. The white man asks for a tradition and the Indian gives him a story—and the white man dresses it up and publishes it. But I am not sure I have the merit of this one I related.—It seems to me that I have heard, or may have heard, somewhere, some such fable, or that I may have dreamed it. I plead not guilty of the fabrication—Mab or Momus made it.

All day we journeyed over the still, lone waters. Not a moving thing was ever in sight, save a large steamer a far off on the starboard hand, bound down. Not a particle of smoke escaped from her pipes, and naught indicated that she moved, save the white foam at her bow, and that seemed not to change. She was beautiful, indeed,—"a painted ship upon a painted ocean." Night was descending when we passed the light on Bois Blanc (pronounced buw-blow) Island, and covered all things when we moored at Mackinac. F.

NUMBER IX.

Three hours, dark hours of the evening, we lay at Mackinac. It is not well to tantalize with a mere taste, when we so speedily can give you the dainty. Farewell, beautiful Island, so soon to be revisited! We flitted through the Straits by night, passing the light ship anchored off Fort Wagoochince, or, as mariners indifferently pronounce it, Wabishanks, or Wabbeshanks. There she floats, through the season of navigation, marking the channel with her low lantern, held in place by a mushroom anchor and massive chain. What a life they lead who live in her the sweet summer through, cut off from land!

Morn broke, and we were skirting the western shore of Michigan, and passing the Foxes, which sleep far from the main, upon the gentle Lake. A long train of sandy isles rear themselves in line along this coast, their white sides gleaming amid the mists, and crowned with evergreens atop. As we issue from the Straits into Lake Michigan, we see the first of the Beavers, three or four in number. Then, after a long interval, come the two Foxes; and then, after another interval, the mysterious Manitous. Before noon, on the second day of July, we were taking in wood at the North Manitou; and we seized the opportunity to explore what we could of its recesses.

It lies some twelve miles from the main, and the opposite coast is as wild as the Island. Its length is eleven or twelve miles, its average breadth about six. It seems to be a mass of pure sand heaped up by the waves, and accumulated in the centre in a long high ridge, surmounted by two knolls, which show at a distance like circular forts. The lake, or western, and the northern sides, are quite elevated and precipitous, while it declines nearly to the level of the water to the south and east. The beach is a beautiful quartz sand, and the translucent waves dash up on it, over beds of pebbles of limestone whitened by the water, of coarse jasper, agate, and greenstone. A belt of hemlock, spruce, and tamarack, about half a mile wide, encompasses it, but the centre of the Island was densely covered with the most thrifty beech and maple, and this made it what it is, the principal wooding place for steamboats between the St. Clair River and Chicago. The South Manitou is essentially similar, but has on it only one pond, while the North has three; and its central ridge is topped only by one sand hill. The ponds on the North Manitou are described as clear, shallow pools, full of perch and bass; the largest is about twenty, some say fifty, feet above the Lake: and they have no apparent feeding stream, nor outlet.

And now for the inhabitants of the Isle. The greatest curiosities in this way are the human dwellers therein, comprising a merchant, from sixty to eighty choppers, some of whom have families, and the overseer, one of the company engaged in getting out the wood. The Company has built a long and substantial pier, at which steamers tie up to take in fuel. There is a little village near it, comprising the small store, a very good frame house, stables for the horses and oxen employed in drawing the wood, an ice-house, a storehouse for provisions,—all of which are imported, save fresh fish,—and a few huts of the choppers, the mass of whom, however, are scattered over the island. It is a strange, but peaceful and happy community.

The Lake has been known to be frozen to the mainland once only. And the opposite coast has few inhabitants except remnants of the Chippewa and Ottawa Indians, who visit the Manitous occasionally, in their bark canoes, to fish and trade. Whitefish abound here, but the Trout does not. It prefers a mossy bottom, and the bed of the Lake adjacent to these islands is scarcely aught but naked sand.

The brute inhabitants of the island are few in number. It has no deer, nor bear, nor any large animal; but has some otter, and abounds with rabbits, and chipmonks, or striped ground squirrels. There are said to be no snakes nor mosquitoes on it—(quere as to the mosquito) but the people do suffer from the sand-fly, and the far worse sand-flea.

What is the sand-flea? I put that question to the merchant, and will give you the substance of his answer: It is said to be very small, and like a flea in shape. I have suffered from this plague but never saw one. They do not bite by day, but only at night. In the daytime, they get up one's clothes and hide in the seams, and lie quiet until night, and then commences torture. The men, as the only remedy, get up and change their sleeping places. They prevent their assaults by tying their trousers at the bottom close to their ancles, so as to prevent these pests from getting up. Thank fortune they swarm on the sandy soil only for a month or so.

But what do you do in the winter to while away the time? Chop, read, work and play a thousand ways, and sometimes visit, or are visited by the Indians of the Michigan shore. The first steamer is looked for, O, how anxiously! It brings us the news of the five or six months during which we have been shut out from the world.

It would seem to be a sad life, but they who live it say not so. The island is quite salubrious, and wherever Health reigns, Pleasure abides.

Having taken on a large supply of most excellent wood, of which the standing price here is one dollar and fifty cents a cord—we left the Manitou, and coursing around its southern extremity, laid our course for Sheboygan, a rising town on the west coast of Lake Michigan. Naught of particular interest occurred in crossing, save that we saw the sun descend from behind a cloud, like a blood-red cone into the Lake. Yes! I had forgotten. Another incident occurred, which, with the dreary expanse before us, heightened the illusion that we were at sea. When we were seven or eight miles from the island, a woodpecker, with flagging wings, and the flickering flight almost peculiar to its species, overtook us, and would have alighted on our deck, but for a lady who, stepping forth with extended arms to welcome him, frightened the wanderer, and he turned towards a vessel in the distance. I hope he carried his red head thither safely, and found rest. A few minutes afterwards, a bold little bird, with a big, black, tufted head, alighted on the upper deck, and ensconced himself under a lifeboat. I had the pleasure of seeing him, soon after our arrival at Milwaukee, hopping upon the wood-pile on the wharf, and preening his wings.

We touched at Sheboygan not far from midnight, and arrived at Milwaukee early in the morning of the third day of July. F.

Children.—"Ye stand the nearest to God, ye little ones! The smallest planet is nearest to the sun."

A Patriarch.—One of the most estimable citizens residing in the vicinity of Philadelphia is Major Philip Reybolds, a gentleman largely and successfully engaged in agricultural pursuits. A correspondent of the *North American*, in correcting some errors in the account given in that paper of Mr. Clay's recent visit to Major R., gives the following interesting particulars respecting him and his family. He is a veritable patriarch:

And first—the Major has, *as yet*, but four sons-in-law; but these, united with his six sons—as they all pull together—are a formidable phalanx, and equal to any emergency. His flock of sheep are the antipodes to the Merinoes, being of the largest class of the long wooled breed, boasting a carcass 320 lbs., live weight, and a fleece of 17 lbs. when clipped. Nor do I coincide with your idea of the *Barony*. I consider the Major a "nature's nobleman." With a frame of body two yards and two inches in height, and a mind to fill it, I scarcely know a man his equal in external as well as internal endowments.—With a family of six daughters, and six sons, all grown to man's estate, and not a black spot amongst them, he may truly be said to be "the happy father of a happy family." But to see him as he is you must visit him at his own house on a Saturday evening, surrounded by his sons and their wives and children, taking counsel for the ensuing week; for it ought to be known, he is still the prime mover of all their actions, and, like the main spring and pendulum of a clock, sets and regulates all their movements for the next seven days. Messrs. Editors, I have been present on such occasions, and never have I seen a congregation so attentive to their duties, or a pastor more truly beloved and honored—good-looking, too, into the bargain.—In short, I consider the Major another Jacob, who, with his twelve tribes, have taken possession of another "Land of Canaan," and well do they till it.

But, sirs, will you, when you pay the visit you promise, and of which we hope soon to be favored with an account, just calculate how much happiness, union of purpose, stability of character, and success in life, is attributable to the female head of the establishment—an individual still remaining amongst them, to counsel and to comfort; and who, on a late occasion, received the grateful congratulations of *sixty-eight* members of her family under her own roof; rising up and calling her blessed! And may this blessing—the richest of all human possessions—rest upon and remain with her for many years to come!

The Slave Trade.—Last Thursday forenoon, at 11 o'clock, a coffle of slaves, to the number of eighty-five, was marched from this city, across the Long Bridge over the Potomac, for the South. They consisted of men, women and children; the men chained together: some of the women carrying children, walking with them; other women and children riding in two wagons which accompanied the train. Some were weeping; many were ragged; nearly all were barefoot; one was playing a fiddle—a not unfrequent accompaniment of such scenes!

The coffle, we presume, was chiefly made up of slaves purchased from the surrounding country in Maryland, which seems as if emptying its slaves wholesale into the "far South."

It is but two weeks since we had occasion to notice the departure of another coffle of one hundred slaves by the same route!

The Annexation of Texas with Slavery is producing its legitimate fruit.—*National Era.*

For the Western Literary Messenger.

A Tribute,

To the Memory of Miss Harriet K. Rogers of Buffalo, who died June 9, 1847.

Of gentleness and modesty possessed,
Young maidenhood sat nobly on her brow:
With all the graces which the meek e'er blest,
The Savior did her heart in youth endow.

For all a kindly smile she ever had,
And mellow words, that soothed the sorrowing heart;
To every child of want, lone, thinly clad,
Her ready gifts did joy and hope impart.

Parental love such treasure well may prize,
And sorrow that the fair and gentle one,
Impatient for her "mansion in the skies,"
Her course below, though bright, has briefly run.

And Christian Friendship, too, may well lament
The sacred wound her earthly band must feel;
But spirits sanctified, awhile though rent—
Be comforted, ye mourners—heaven will heal!

J. C.

Rural Department.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

September Exhibition of Buffalo Horticultural Society.

Buffalo Horticultural Rooms,
September 1, 1847.

The Committee on Flowers and Flowering-Plants, beg leave to offer the following report:

Your committee have examined with great pleasure the various bouquets, cut flowers and pot plants sent in for exhibition; and although we have protracted our show through August, from the backwardness of the season, which is certainly two weeks or more later than the last, September cannot vie in many respects with June, in its number of floral gems. We have notwithstanding, that noblest of flowers, the Dahlia. This flower in its perfection, is of recent introduction to this vicinity, and although we have for many years grown the numerous common kinds, to Mr. B. Hodge, of the Buffalo nursury, principally, are we indebted for the very splendid and perfect flowers exhibited. It were well perhaps in this place to quote from standard English writers the points, distinguishing excellence, in this flower, that we may be better understood as critic in estimating their qualities.

The Dahlia *variabilis* is the parent from which the almost innumerable varieties the present day have emanated,—and this is the more remarkable that from a single variety, so great a diversity of colors, such as crimson, scarlet, purple, white-orange, yellow, &c., should have been produced, and this without the process of hybridization, and still yet more singular, that among the great diversity of colors, that of a blue one has never appeared. The enthusiasm of European florists know no limits to effort; and even poverty-stricken Ireland, has, by her Dublin Horticultural Society, offered a premium of £2000 for the production of a blue Dahlia; and the Edinburgh Society has offered a prize of £1000 for the same supposed impossibility. The beauty of a Dahlia is estimated principally by the shape of the flower, which must be perfectly circular, without any of the petals projecting beyond the others, and full to the centre. The disk is an unpardonable defect, and disqualifies even an otherwise fine flower from competing for a prize. Dishonest florists frequently try to remove it artificially, after the flower has expanded. The size and color of the flowers are regarded as of secondary consequence to the form; though, of course, large flowers are prefered to small ones; and the colors, whatever they may be, must be clear and distinct—free from blotches, cloudiness, or muddiness.

Our season thus far has not been favorable to the free expansion of the flowers, and for the past few days the drying winds have been still more prejudicial. The Dahlia riots in a hot and humid atmosphere, and thrives best in a sandy loam which is not too rich. It is a native of the high and sandy plains of Mexico, from whence it was introduced by Baron Humbolt in the year 1798, and sent by him to Professor Cavarilles, of the Botanical Garden, Madrid, who gave the genus the name of Dahlia, in honor of the Sweedish professor, Dahlia.

There is another species of the Dahlia—D *Excelsa*—which is said to grow in Mexico, some thirty feet high, with a trunk thick in proportion.

The Dahlia, however, like other flowers falling into the hands of English and French florists, soon assume new features. Skill and genius convert stamens into petals, and give form and color, as it were, by mechanical contrivance. Of the many beautiful flowers Mr. Hodge exhibited, we might select, Standard of Pefection—a dark crimson: Nihel, bright red, tipped with white; Dupetet Thouars—deep yellow laced with red; Harlequin—white, variegated; Sir E. Antrobus—fiery crimson; Oddity—*a very odd one;* Ophir—a fine yellow, tipped with crimson; with many others. A few weeks later, and his whole stock will be in their their glory, which your committee trust will not pass unregarded by the Society.

Of other flowers there was a very liberal show, comprising Roses, Verbenas, Fuchsias, and Annuals in all their rich and gaudy pencillings and profusion, which will be enumerated in place.

Your committee were gratified by the accession of many new contributors, as well from all, or nearly all, the earliest members of the Society. A very fine pan of Dahlias were received from Mr. J. M. Whitney, of Rochester, to whom we would tender our thanks. A very tasteful bouquet of rich Balsams, Astors, French Marrigold, and other Annuals, were received from Mr. J. Drew, of the Public School No. 14—as cultivated in the school grounds by the scholars, and bespeak from us our highest respect. The various contributions amount to 87.

The throng of visitors during the day and evening, was as usual, large, and at the sale of bouquets and fruits, &c., the liberality of our citizens was fully exemplified.

The contributions were as follows:

From Mrs. L. F. Allen, a basket of cut flowers, Phlox, Columbine, Lobelia Cardinalis, Dianthus deltoides, althea, flora chinensis, Digitalis purpurea, &c., &c.

Miss Cornelia Maynard—Bouquet of rich Balsams, Phlox, Rocket, &c.

Miss C. A. Kellog—Bouquet of fine Dahlias, Monkshood, Balsams.

J. Drew, Public School, No. 14—A fine large bouquet of Balsams in varieties, French Marigolds, fine Asters, &c.

Miss Frances Darrow—A very tasteful bouquet of flowers, in varieties.

Miss Jaques—Bonquet, Dahlias, good; Phlox, Digitalis, &c.

Miss M. Haggart—4 very pretty bouquets of mixed flowers, Dahlias, Tiger lilly, Lichnidea, Geraniums, Balsams, &c., &c.

Miss S. N. Callender—A pretty bouquet of mixed flowers, Nasturtions, Balsams, Portulacca, Monk's Hood, Phlox, &c.

Mrs. H. Pratt—Rose bouquet, Ayrshire and Indica. very beautiful; Bouquet of Dahlias, do. Rose of Sharon, double Hollyhock, very fine.

Mr. J. W. Whitney, Rochester—A pan of 30 Dahlias, 9 varieties. These were not under name, but were good, 3 very fine.

Mrs. B. Hodge—4 large bouquets, comprising a large variety of annuals, Perennials, Biennials, and Greenhouse flowers, in rich profusion.

Mrs. W. B. Peck—Bouquet of beautiful Phlox drummondi, Tiger lilly, Honeysuckle.

Miss Mary J. Burrows—A very tasteful bouquet of Dahlias of 6 varieties, China Asters, very fine; Candy-tuft, Blue-bells, Balsams, &c.

Mr. D. Burt—A rich bouquet of Geraniums, Asters, ten week Stocks, &c.

Mrs. Chas. Howland—A Dahlia bouquet. 8 varieties, all good; three were very fine. Mrs. H. is famed for fine Dahlias, and shows good cultivation. Also, two other bouquets, comprised of Geraniums, Roses, Oleander, candy-tuft, &c.; very pretty.

Miss Mary Shumway—Two tasteful bouquets of gladiolus, asters, phlox, hemerocallis, &c.

Mrs. O. G. Steele—Two bouquets of Dahlias, Feverfew, Sweet Pea, Gilliflower, &c., very tastefully arranged.

Mrs. Volney Randall—A pretty bouquet of mixed Dahlias, Asters, Petunias, Prince's Feather, &c.

Mrs. Lewis Eaton—Three bouquets, of Dahlias in variety, some very choice; Roses, Asters, Candy-tufts, and Balsams in variety.

Miss Sarah Burrows—Bouquet of Dahlias, the yellow variety very fine; Roses, Canterbury Bell, Asters, &c., together with a plate of choice assorted Balsams.

Mrs. Dr. G. F. Pratt—Two bouquets of Roses, (Amie Vibert) very fine, beautiful Verbenas, Phacelia. &c.

Mrs. John C. Lord—A rich bouquet of Dahlias, comprising seven varieties, together with Balsams, Globe Amaranthus, Tiger Lily, and other fine annuals.

Mrs. Charles Taintor—A fine bouquet of Dahlias in variety. Phlox Drummondi, Asters and Balsams.

Mrs. S. G. Havens—Rich boquet of Roses, in variety; Asters, Verbenas, Sweet Pea, and other annuals.

Mrs. S. G. Austin—Fine boquets of Dahlias, in profusion, Balsams, Phlox, Carnations, Roses, Larkspur, and other rich annuals.

Rev. Mr. Hopkins—A fine collection of Pansies.

Mrs. Chas. H. S. Williams—A large boquet of annuals, comprising Gladiolus, Balsams, Nastortions, &c.

Mrs. H. B. Potter—A pan of rich Dahlias, four varieties, (Nihil and Antrobus beautiful.)

Mrs. Dickerson—Bouquet of fine annuals, including French Marigolds, Sweet Pea, Prince's Feather, &c. &c.

Capt. A. E. Hart—A splendid pyramid of Dahlias, standing three feet in height, surmounted with an exquisite bouquet of choice exotics, forming a most beautiful and appropriate centre ornament for the fruit table. The pyramid comprised 18 varieties of Dahlias, among which were many very choice. [Did our Society award premiums this contribution would have been richly entitled to one, both for the choice flowers exhibited and the taste displayed in putting them together.]

Mrs. P. Staats—A rich bouquet of Dahlias. Geraniums, Gladiolus, Asters, and other annuals.

Mrs. W. C. Sherwood—Four bouquets, choice Dahlias, Balsams, Tiger flower, &c.

Mrs. W. R. Coppock—Three bouquets, comprising 5 varieties, Roses, Verbenas, and other greenhouse plants.

Miss Lucy Bryant—Splendid flat bouquet, comprising Dahlias in variety, two var. Phlox, Asters, Althea frutex, and a rich variety of annuals.

Mrs. B. Hodge—Four very rich bouquets, including a choice collection of annuals, perennials, including four varieties Althea frutex, ten varieties Phlox, &c. &c.

Mrs. Dr. Tucker—Bouquets, of annuals.

Mrs. Robert Hollister—Two beautiful bouquets of choice Tea Roses, annuals and perennials.

Wm. Webb, Prospect Garden—Presented three gorgeous and choice bouquets, comprising nearly one hundred rare and standard Exotics, Roses, Annuals, and Perennials, under name, including Rondeletia Speciosa, Vinca Roses, Brugmansia Knightii, Ipomea Leanii, Fuschia Fulgens, Caccinea, rare, 17 varieties. Roses, including Admiral Despres, Eugene Sue, Smithii, Levison Gower, Eugene Jovin, Madame Debobe, Miss Fanny, Belle Travasia, Solfataire Blush Cluster, Arch Duke, Sanguinea, Agripina, White Tea, Indica, Tea Ordorata, Miss Lawrence, Maximus, La Marque and Cels. 22 varieties, Verbenas, Laulani Maloi Lobelia Gracilis, Salvia Patens, Calceolaria-meteor. Ragosa and Patens, Penstemon Gentianoides, campanulatum, Plumbago capensis, Hoya Caruosa, &c.

Mr. Webb also presented a fine bouquet of Dahlias, German Asters, Stocks, Feverfew, &c.; also a bouquet comprising nearly one hundred varieties choice Exotics and Perennials.

Mr. Webb's annuals stand unrivalled for their richness of colors and profusion, showing careful and thorough cultivation.

Mr. Webb also presented a collection of choice Achimines, including the Picta, Grandiflora, Longiflora, Rosea, and Pendunculata.

Mr. Benj. Hodge, Buffalo Nursery—A splendid collection of Dahlias, comprising 34 varieties; viz: Arethusa, (Brown's) Antagonist, Beeswing, (Drummond) Beauty of Chempsford, (Wicks) Cleopatra, (Atwell) Cinderella, (Dubras) Caleb Cope, (Schmitz) Dupetet Thouars, (Milliez) Duke of York, (Keynes) Evecque de Bayeux, (Oudin) Essex Primrose, (Wicks) Harlequin, (Dodd) Hero of the West, (Schmitz) Hero of Stonehenge, Henry Clay, Indispensable White, (Fassort) Lady Sale, (Smith's) Lady St-Maur, Lady Antrobus, Mrs. Shelley, Nihil, Novelty, Oddity, (Keynes) Ophir, (Edwards) Pontiac, (Schmetz) Prince of Wales, (Dodds) Queen of Trumps, Queen of Roses, (Widnall) Standard of Perfection, Sir E. Antrobus, (Keynes) Surprise, (Oakley) Viscount, Ressignenr, (Dubras) Victory of Sussex, (Sanfords) Ultimatum, Eximea, King of Silices, Admiral Stafford, Alba Purpurea, Beauty of Hydevale, Battle Rival, Charles XII, (Miller's) Dowager Lady Cooper, Duchess of Richmond, Duke of Bedford, Emma Noke, Glory of Plymouth, Grand Turk, Hero of Tippecanoe, La Tour d'Auvergne, Lord Morpeth, Lucina, Madam Miellez, Miss Percival, Mrs. Rushton, Mackenzie's Perfection, Orange Boven, Prince of Wales, (Girlings) Purple Boquet, Queen (Wednall's) Red Rover, Reliance, Rienzi, Sir John Seabright, Triumph (Miller's) Twiford Perfection, Unique (Ansel's) Will Watch, George the 4th.

Your committee have before noticed a portion of these, and would recommend this stock of noble flowers to the regards of the Society as an accession of floral charms truly valuable. Many of them are prize flowers of the English florists, and have been sold at from 5 to 10 guineas per plant.

Also, 25 varieties of Roses, as follows:—Hybrid Perpetual—Augustine Mouchelet, Julie Du-

pont, Lady Fordwich, Mrs. Crips, Prince Albert, Prince de Gales, Docteur Marjolin, Melanie Covnu; Lady Elphentine, Prince de Guilintine, Baron Prevost, Duc Amaule, Ponetue.

Bourbon—Boquet de Flore, Hermosa, Julie de Lyons, Souvenir de Malmaison, Henry Plantier.

Tea—Bon Silene, Cornea, Triumph de Luxumburgh.

Noisette. &c.—Amie Vibert, Lamrasque, Ophir, Agrippina.

Mr. E. Tyler.—A very beautiful boquet composed of roses, among which were Yellow Tea, Madam Despres, Henri Plantier, Hermosa, Ophir, Triumph de Luxemburgh, Jeune Despres, Belle Travasi, Agripina, Lamarque, White Tea, &c., Phlox Drummondi; Petunias, variety, *Beauty de Tour*, Verbenas, his new seedling (——) Fuchsias, in variety, Heliotropes, Abutilon, Dahlias in variety, &c., &c.

These boquets were very tastefully made up, and were sold under very spirited bidding.

W. R. COPPOCK,
E. FORD,
SETH C. HAWLEY.

REPORT ON FRUITS.

The Committee upon whom devolves the making a report on this important part of our exhibition, take pleasure in recording the fact, that the present occasion, gave evidence in a high degree of the usefulness of our society in promoting the growth of fruit—not so much in variety perhaps as in *extent*. The number of contributors of fruit, the present month are much larger, and the variety presented by individual contributors, is in very many instances much greater than at the corresponding exhibition last year. The show of plums, particularly were very fine, although many of our contributors, complained bitterly of the ravages of that great enemy to this favorite fruit, the curculio. Of peaches owing to the backwardness of the season, but few specimens were exhibited. The show of apples and other fruit from our practical nuserymen was truly fine, exhibiting good selections and careful cultivation, and altogether the report will show that our efforts as a society, have been productive of much benefit both among amateurs and professional cultivators.

Mr. B. Hodge, Buffalo Nursery, exhibited

Nectarines—early Newington, Red Roman and Golden.

Late Black Bigarreau Cherries.

Apples—Sweet Bough, early Strawberry, Sapson, Golden Sweeting (a fine summer apple) Summer Rose, early Dutch Codling, Red and Green Sweeting, (a fine apple for the season) Keswick Codling.

Abner Bryant and Sons, Erie County Nursery.

Grapes—White Madeira, Black Cluster.

Plums—Smith's Orleans, Princes Yellow Gage, Red Gage.

Apples—Red Sweeting, Golden Sweeting, Summer Queen, (this is a favorite apple) early Lustre, early Sweet Bough, William's Favorite, Hawthornden (a fine fruit) early Citron, Keswick Codlin.

Wm. Webb, Prospect Garden—Morrisons Pound Peach, Murray's Pine Apple Melon, a most delicious fruit.

C. F. S. Thomas—Princes Yellow Gage, Red Magnum Bonum, Smith's Orleans and Purple Plums. The Smith's Orleans is a rich and lucious fruit, ripening rather later than other varieties, is a prolific bearer and deserves more general cultivation.

Lewis F. Allen, Black Rock—Red Magnum Bonum, Sweet Damsons, 2 var. Plums, early Lustre Apples, Golden Sweeting, and Orange Bergamot Pear. Our worthy President with his usual liberality, brought extremely large samples of his fruit, the sale of which added materially to the funds of the society.

Mrs. E. A. Maynard—Red Mag. Bon. Plums, large and fine.

Mrs. Philo Allen—Red Mag. Bon. and Blue Plums, and fine Cherry Tomatoes.

Mrs. R. H. Maynard—a plate of fine Blue Plums.

Mrs. L. J. Waters—Mammoth Peppers of enormous size—the finest we recollect to have ever seen of the growth of this section. The Society would be benefitted by having some of the seed.

Miss M. Haggart—Blue Plums.

Mrs. E. Smith—fine Red Magnum Bonum Plums.

Miss Gertrude Allen, Black Rock, Sweet Damson Plums,

Master Richard Allen—Purple Plums.

Master Cleveland Allen—Large Blue Plums.

Mr. W. Evans—Red Mag. Bon. Plums—very fine.

Dr. G. F. Pratt—Peach Plum, a magnificient fruit which should be better known in this section—Princes Yellow Gage, Red Mag. Bon., Queen Claudia, very fine—Damsons, Splendid Washington Bolmar, Green Gages. The Doctor's fruits are generally the ne plus ultra, and his success in cultivation is worthy of imitation.

W. R. Coppock—Golden Chasselas, and Isabella grapes, grown under glass, Tomatoes in variety and Blue Plums.

John R. Lee—Red Mag. Bon. Plums, very fine.

J. R. Prince—Washington Bolmar Plums, which were highly magnificent.

C. Taintor—Purple Gage, Red Gage, Imperial Gage, and Washington Bolmar Plums, Mr T.'s fruit was all very fine.

Mrs. H. A. Salisbury—a plate of rich Golden Sweetings, very fine.

Mr. John Burdett—late English Cherries.

R. H. Heywood—Washington Bolmer Plums. A superb variety, and excellent fruit.

Mr. Thos. M. Foote—Superb peaches, variety not named.

From the Committee
C. F. S. THOMAS,
Secretary.

THE EFFECTS OF ETHER ON VEGETABLES.—An account is given in the London Athenæum of some curious experiments recently made by M. CLEMENS, Professor of Natural Sciences in the College of Vevay, Switzerland. The professor's object was to test the effects of ether on vegetable life and sensitiveness. The results of his experiments he has communicated in a memorial to the Academy of Sciences of the Canton of Vaud, and these go to prove that vegetables are as susceptible to the effects of ether as are animals. The professor says:

Take a branch of the common barberry and put it under a drinking glass with a small quantity of ether, for a minute at most if in the sun, and three minutes at most if in the shade, but at a temperature of not less than 59 deg. of Farenheit, and when it is withdrawn it will be found, on touching the stamina at their base, that they have lost all their irritability, which will not return in the first instance until after a considerable time, the influence of the ether having been much stronger. In the second case, on the contrary, the primitive irritability is recovered in half an hour. The plant may be etherized a second time, and this second etherization must not be longer than the first, and after half an hour the plant resumes all its vigor. To etherize a sensitive plant (mimosa pudica) the process must be continued for eight or ten minutes, and a proportionably longer time in the shade. The acetic chlorhydric and nitric ethers act in the same manner, but the sulphuric and acetic ethers are the most effective.

Paul Jones.

Headly in his sketch of Paul Jones relates the following anecdote:

The daring rover was hovering on the coast of Scotland, and just then threatening Kirkaldy.

"The inhabitants, as they saw her bearing steadily up towards the place, were filled with terror, and ran hither and thither in affright; but the good minister, Rev. Mr. Shirra, assembled his flock on the beach, to pray the Lord to deliver them from their enemies. He was an eccentric man—one of the quaintest of the quaint old Scotch divines, so that his prayers, even in those days, were often quoted for their oddity and even roughness.

"Whether the following prayer is literally true or not, it is difficult to tell; but there is little doubt that the invocation of the excited eccentric old man was sufficiently odd. It is said, that having gathered his congregation on the beach in full sight of the vessel, which under a press of canvass, was making a long tack that brought her close to the town, he knelt down on the sand, and thus began: "Now, dear Lord, dinna ye think it a shame for ye to send this vile pirate to rob our folk o' Kirkaldy; for ye ken they're puir enough already, and hae naething to spare. The way the wind blaws he'll be here in a jiffy and wha kens what he may do? He's nae too guid for ony thing. Mickle's the mischief he has done already; He'll burn their houses, tak their very claes, and tirl them to the sark. And waes me! wha kens but the bluidy villain might tak their lives? The puir weemen are 'maist frightened out o' it! I hae been lang a faithfu' servant to ye, Lord, but gin ye dinna turn the win' about, and blaw the scoundrel out of our gate, *I'll nae stir a foot*, but will just sit here till the tide comes. Sae tak ye'r will o't"

From California—Sufferings of Emigrants. —We find in the St. Louis *Reveille* the following interesting intelligence from California:

We conversed yesterday with Mr. William Peterson, a printer, of this city, who accompanied General Kearney in his recent expedition to California. He gave us a very animated description of the disastrous fight at San Pasqual, in which Capt. Moore, together with a number of the U. S. Dragoons, were killed. Mr. P. states that they descended from a ravine in the hills, Capt. Moore leading, with twenty-five men. A scattering fire was kept up on them by the Californians, until the command was drawn out into a small basin-like plain, at the foot of the ravine, when the order was given by the leaders of the foe to charge with lances, and a most disastrous assault was made upon the little American band. Of those killed, but one received a bullet-wound—all the others were lanced, some receiving several wounds. Captain Moore broke his sword in valiantly defending himself in this unequal fight.

The California Star contains a detailed account of the sufferings of the emigrants in the mountains of California. It is a dreadful chapter of horrors. The full story of their sufferings will probably never be written, nor can it be pictured in language—the agony of mind, the despair and frenzy, the crushed hopes of relief, and the continued and torturing thoughts of being thus shut out from all succor, amidst impenetrable drifts of snow, must have made up a sum of horrors too dreadful for human endurance.

Mr. P. informs us that he assisted to bury several of the party, on his route in. Four of them were recognized as Balis Williams, Lemuel Murphy, Mrs. Donner and Mrs. Murphy.—The last named female was lying near one of the huts, with her thigh cut away for food, and the saw used to dismember the body lying alongside of her.

The cannibal, Keisburg, it is supposed, killed Mrs. Donner, in order to gratify his whetted appetite for human food; and he stated to the party who found him engaged at his horrid meal, that he preferred it to cattle beef.

In speaking of these sufferings, the editor of the Star says:

"When this sad intelligence reaches the States, it will, we apprehend, occasion a considerable diminution in the emigration to California for a few years to come; but we trust, however, it will be productive of a good result, in awakening the authorities of the Union to the actual necessity of another and a better road to this country, until which is effected, a yearly occurrence of similar mishaps may be expected, and emigration, at length, entirely cease; for the difficulties and dangers are too appalling for even the bold and energetic emigrant to face, and he defers his "heart's wishes" in hopes of a better and more practical route to California."

One of the last acts of Gen. Kearney was to order that Lieut. Col. Burton should proceed by sea to Lower California, and take possession of that territory. They would disembark at La Paz.

There was colder weather in March, in California, than had been experienced there for twenty years.

Another Outrage—Men in Disguise.—On Thursday last, Sherif Hollenbeck and Deputy Sherif Allen, went to Taghkanic for the purpose of selling the property of Samuel Halstead and Philip B. Miller, which they had previously levied upon and advertised for sale. On arriving at Halstead's they found a large number of persons assembled, and at the appointed hour they set up for sale the articles they had levied upon but received no bid. The sale was then adjourned, and the officers started for Miller's. After proceeding part way, and while at the edge of a piece of woods they were waylaid by three persons in disguise and armed, one of whom attempted to seize the Sheriff's horse, but failed; as the Deputy Sherif came up, one of them aimed at him but the gun fortunately snapped. An attempt was also made to stop his horse but failing in this, one of them sung out to the man with the gun to shoot the horse, when the later fired, but without effect. The officers proceeded to Miller's, but as at the former place, a large number were in attendance, and no one would bid, no sale was effected.

On Friday afternoon, as Mr. Amos Thompson of this city was amuseing himself with his gun on Chelsea Beach he shot a peep, which fell into the water, and he waded in to get it. When immersed breast high, he was attacked by a blue shark, and his arm was severely lacerated. His cries brought several to his aid, by whose assistance the animal was driven into shoal water and killed. It was afterwards brought to the city.—*Boston Times, Aug.* 30.

Sad Accident and Death at Clinton Prison. —We learn from the Plattsburgh Republican, that on Tuesday, the 24th inst., Mr. George A. Jenkins, of Auburn, (the master mason of Clinton,) while directing hoisting of stone, was struck down by the falling of the tripod or shears, used for that purpose. He survived the blow (which was upon his head) but a few hours, and died without a return of consciousness.—*Albany Eve. Jour.*

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

THE MONTHS, by WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Company, 1847.

However criminal it may appear in the eyes of some people, we confess we are an admirer of poetry. Nor are we so blind to the excellencies of home industry as to see no beauty in verse unless it savors of sea-brine and bears indubitable evidence of foreign manufacture. While we do not idolize the British poets, living or dead, we love and honor them as the sons of Genius and the chroniclers of whatever is great and glorious in the Fatherland: but they are not *all* the sons to which Genius lays claim in the noble Saxon line, however readily some *pseudo* professors of belles lettres, may turn up their lips at the mention of a native bard. Let them, pretending to be classic, and assuming critic airs,

> "With parrot praise, of 'Roman grandeur' speak,
> And, in bad English, eulogize the Greek;"

let them deem it an act of stupidity to acknowledge any thing like the "divine afflatus" in the ministrelsy of this land of spinning-jennies, "cultivators," and magnetic telegraphs:—for one, we take pride in pointing to a little band of American poets, who sweep the lyre with a hand that calls forth strains which, if not immortal themselves, thrill all that is immortal in the frame of man — The names of such men as Bryant, and Percival, and Halleck, will live while our prairies, vast and luxuriant, "roll and fluctuate to the eye:" while our broad lakes invite the water-craft of civilized life, and while the firm old mountains of the land, give back, from year to year and age to age, the shouts of Freedom and the song of Faith. And then their brothers in the band—Dana and Longfellow, and those of a kindred calibre, their bays will be green till the sea-weed has formed the winding-sheet of the *last* "bucanier;" and till the "Psalm of" Republican "Life" is ended on these shores.

Children of Song are springing up all over the land; and by fostering them with care, the true ones will reach the manhood of abiding and lofty fame, and glorify the land of their birth. Let the faintest luminary, if *really* a luminary, be watched and encouraged to come forth and shine.

The Hesperus of Western New York, is Mr. Hosmer: and as not only the brightest and perhaps the only star of determinate magnitude in this section, he may, with propriety, be pointed at, spoken of, and the colors of his light separated and analyzed. Having already pointed him out, we shall proceed to speak, in few words, of his volume of poems, leaving the task of applying the prism, to the critic.

No man reads Nature with more care or greater delight, than Mr. Hosmer. Living in one of the richest and most beautiful sections of country, where the hills and vales and widely spreading plains teem with voluptuous charms, he has but to look abroad over an ever-present and variegated landscape, and his vision is ravished, his soul is full. Well may he ask,

> "What pictures to poetic eye
> More beauteous than these wood-girt glades?"

and viewing the fields in June, he may, in sooth, declare that

> "Armida's garden, ever bright,
> And odorous with enchanted flowers,
> Was not more rich in bloom and light,
> Than now in this fair world of ours,
> While June floats on the melting air,
> *With rose-buds in his lustrous hair,*
> Above the grave of Spring."

Viewing every thing with a poet's eye, the simplest thing in nature, animate or inanimate, is transfered, by the wand of Hosmer, into an object of beauty, and becomes a golden thread in the web of Song. The choking dust of Summer is akin to a spirit of evil, and is put to rest

> "By music of the pattering rain;"

the mushroom, so unattractive to the millions except as an edible, displays a

> "*Roof of snow*
> *With roseate hangings draped below,*"

and is recognized as the veritable palace of the great family of little fairy folk; and the cob-webs in the closely cropped pastures, become the flags of elvish warriors, which have been dropped during their nocturnal skirmishes.

The fidelity with which the author paints rural scenes is not overmatched by any poet in the country. He takes his colors from nature just as she appears before him. Here is a true picture:

> "Yon mower, while the buckwheat falls
> In reddish swaths, his task to cheer,
> Some rude old ballad strain recalls
> That well I love to hear:
> The squirrel, frightened by his song,
> A neighboring cornfield's edge along
> Races in wild dismay,
> And startled cows, a noisy throng,
> Fly through the woods away."

And here is another—a winter piece—

> "A beech I spied, with mouldering heart,
> That still retained its withered leaves,
> Like some poor mother loath to part
> With the dead brood o'er which she grieves.
> Beneath my feet the crusted snow,
> Crackling, aroused from ambush low
> The partridge-hunted bird!
> And, loosened by a gleam of sun,
> Icicles falling, one by one,
> With tinkling sound, I heard.
>
> "And other music was afloat,
> That gave my pulse a joyous thrill,
> For louder far than bugle note
> Rang bay of hound upon the hill:
> I caught a glimpse of wounded fox
> Steering his course toward friendly rocks
> That walled a neighboring glen;
> His blood soon dyed the fleecy drift,
> O'er taken by pursuer swift,
> A bow-shot from his den.

"Where, girt by groves, a clearing spread,
The stubble, like a darkening beard
On the pale visage of the dead,
Above the level snow appeared.
While, breaking through the hazel brush,
Quail rose, in conveys, with a rush
Of short, quick-flapping wings;
And, resting on its 'figure four,'
I marked a trap, with straw roofed o'er,
Set for the silly things.

"The forest, though disrobed and cold,
And robbed of bird and singing rill,
Is glorious with its columns old,
And cheered by Beauty's presence still:
Wild vines, to oak and elm that cling,
Like cordage of a vessel swing,
And rattle in the gale;
And moss, that gives Decay a grace,
The roughest spot on Nature's face
Hides with adorning veil."

The reader will observe that the third and fourth lines in the first verse last quoted, contain a pretty, because happy, comparison; and that the writer displays true sympathy for Nature. This feeling is frequently exhibited elsewhere in the little volume which has called forth this article — Thus, on page 51,

"On a few children of the shade
That pale, fantastic painter—Frost—
Warm colors with cold hand hath laid,
Though not a leaf is lost:
Blood-drops may, here and there, be seen
On the low Sumach's vest of green,
As if its heart had bled."

And again on page 7, speaking of February,

"Cold, naked arms the swamp-ash spread,
And branches black its top that crowned,
Seemed mourning badges for the dead
And shrivelled leaves that lay around."

"The Months" are mainly of the descriptive order of composition; but from "the scenery of the beautiful country where he lives," the poet occasionally turns "to the busy scenes of life, and to the pages of history;" and the reflections that are here and there thrown in, not only give variety to the character of the reading, but display, in a new field and to good advantage, the poetic powers of the author. Thus one of the finest stanzas in the volume is the last one on April, a splendid tribute to "Earth's Laureate Bard," who was "warmed into being" by the "breath" of that month. It appeared in these columns immediately after the poem itself was published in the New-York Tribune. We refer the reader to the "Months" for the re-examination of this tribute to Shakspear, and for many other beautiful gems which we have scarcely began to point out. The work may be found at Peck's Book Store in this city.

The Literary World, "a gazette for authors, readers and publishers," edited by C. F. Hoffman, Esq., is by far the best weekly on our exchange list. The body of the work, aside from the advertising department, contains sixteen (three column) pages of the ablest criticism and the choicest miscellany; New York: three dollars per annum.

The Moral Tone of the Messenger.—In editing the Messenger we are guided by principle, and have always aimed to give it a high moral character. That we are succeeding in this respect is evident from the fact that ministers of almost every religious denomination are taking the paper for the use of their families and that our exchanges often speak of this feature of the paper. The last number of the *Christian Secretary*, published at Hartford, Conn., contains the following notice of our new volume:

"*Western Literary Messenger.*—We have received several numbers of a good literary paper under this title, printed at Buffalo, N. Y. It is a neat looking sheet of 16 pages octavo, and what is not often the case with papers of this class, is *an advocate of religion* and *good morals*. It has just entered its ninth volume, from which we infer that it is permanently established."

Errata, etc.—In our absence last week, a few annoying errors in our editorial leader and the letter from New Haven, went through the press. Such spelling as *milcrtary* and *diaram* (for diorama) is decidedly bad.

The article on the death of Silas Wright, should have been credited to the *Commercial Advertiser*. It was an excellent tribute to a great statesman; and should not have appeared as *editorial* in the Messenger. We cannot say that "we have differed widely from him [Mr. Wright] in regard to *many* questions of State and National policy."

Through Mr. Hawks, in the Post Office, we have just received from Harper & Brothers, No. 28 of the Pictorial History of England; No. 102 of the Library of Select Novels, (a Story by Mrs. Inchabald,) and Part 5 of Mrs. Pardoe's Louis the Fourteenth.

Tales in Verse, by Mary Mowett. New York, Harper & Brothers, pub., 28 Cliff St., 1847.

A neat little book of rhymed "Tales" which, are not *all* tales, but which are all beautiful pieces for the youthful mind, and are designed to add to the amusements of the fireside. How *many* juvenile throngs will be gladdened by this innocent and delightful companion! Let the young learn to love books. Hawks has the work.

Sketches of Natural History, by Mary Howitt; one volume, 12 mo.; New York: Harper & Brothers.

Another companion for the young, by one of the most fascinating authors of the day. Natural History illustrated (as this pretty volume is) not only interests the mind but pleases the eye. The engravings are numerous and nice, and the "Sketches" are all in Rhyme, which makes them doubly entertaining.—For sale at the Literrary Depot in the Post Office.

Persons wishing to subscribe for the Messenger, commencing with volume nine, will do well to forward their names without delay, as our files are rapidly decreasing. Any persons forward us two dollars strictly in advance, shall be credited eighteen months, i. e. three volumes.

Later from Europe.

The Steamer *Caledonia*, Capt. Lott, arrived at Boston this morning, bringing dates from Liverpool to the 19th August. The following are the quotations at Liverpool at that date:

Best Western Canal flour 26s a 26s 6d per barrel. Richmond and Alexandria, 25s a 25s 6d. Baltimore and Philadelphia, 24s a 25s. New Orleans, Ohio, 22s a 23s. Sour, 20s a 21s. United States White and Mixed, per 70 lbs., 7s 9d a 8s 6d. Red, 6s 9d a 7s 6d. Indian Corn, 25s a 30s per quarter. Corn Meal, per bbl., 12s a 13s 6d. Oats, per 45 lbs., 3s a 3s 4d. Barley, per 90 lbs., 3s 9d a 4s 3d. Oat Meal, per 240 lbs., 20s a 21s. Rye, per 480 lbs., 30s a 34s.

PROVISIONS.

Prime mess beef per tierse, new, 90s a 92s 6d. Ordinary, 82s a 88s. Mess per bbl. 50s a 56s—ordinary 42s a 48s. Pork—Prime mess per bbl. 65s a 70s. Old 55s a 60s. Mess 65s a 74s.—Prime 48s a 55s. Bacon, dried and smoked, old 35s a 40s pr. cwt. Long middles in salt, 45s a 65s. Short do. 45s a 62s. Cheese, fine, 52s a 55s per cwt.—middling, 46s a 49s—ordinars, 40s a 44s. Hams smoked or dryed in canvass, 40s a 54s per cwt. in sacks—salted 30s a 45s. Rice, Carolina dressed, 1st quality, 19s a 22s—2nd do. 18s 6d a 21s.

New York, Sept. 2, 7 P. M.

A serious downward tendency has taken place in the grain market since the departure of the Steamer of the 4th, only occasionally arrested by broken weather—this, however, has failed to give a firm tone to the market, though at our market yesterday the above quotations were freely realized, and greater confidence manifested among buyers.

The certainty of a beautiful harvest at home, coupled with continued large imports of foreign breadstuffs, forced upon our market by the necessities of holders, must exercise a still stronger depressing influence upon the trade; and it may be fairly inferred, that the markets have not as yet retrograded to any thing like the point to which they appear destined to fall

In the London market, also, a similar languor has taken place, which, accelerated by the alarming failures that have taken place, almost precludes the possibility of reaction up to the closing of the corn market yesterday. A very limited quantity of English had come to hand, and though there were scarcely any samples to offer, the demand was tolerably steady at average prices.—There was rather more nquiry for foreign wheat of the best quality, but middling to inferior kinds were quite neglected.

Commercial and Financial.—The money market owing to a variety of causes has been seriously depressed since our last advices per *Cambria*—the pressure continues to affect all branches of trade with unrelaxed severity, forcing prices downward and necessarily limiting operations to the smallest possible scale. The primary causes of this state of things, are the advanced rates of discount required by the Bank of England, whose example is followed by all the private and joint stock Banks of the Empire, and a succession of disastrous failures in the West Indies and American trade. Up to last night, the actual bankruptcies were little short of two millions, and it is apprehended that many of these will fall heavily upon American houses. Yesterday in London the public securities had somewhat recovered from the depression of the preceding day, and fluctuated merely from the turn of the market.

General Intelligence—A rumor is generally circulated that Louis Phillippe had been assassinated. London papers bring no confirmation.

The elections show an increase in favor of Liberal measures.

The Queen has arrived in Scotland.

Munro has been found guilty of the murder of Col. Fawcett, in a duel four years since.

Affairs of Spain are in a still embarrassed state.

Italy.—The various progress of Liberal opinions is viewed with great alarm by both France and Austria.

Ireland.—The elections have been somewhat more stormy than in this country, and the returns will stand very much as they did in the last Parliament.

Mr. O'Connells funeral was celebarted with great pomp.

The Caledonia takes 30,000 pounds in specie.

The Southern mail, at Baltimore, has no news.

A letter from Montevideo says there is a prospect of settlement, and civil armistice strictly observed.

The blockade is nearly nominal. An American ship, first one since the blockade began, went in and loaded,

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ERIE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

The following have been appointed Committees for awarding Premiums at the next anniversary, which will be held at the Barracks on Wednesday and Thursday, 22d and 23d Sept. inst. The names are such as it is hoped will render probable great accuracy and impartiality:

Committee on Horses.—George Coit, Buffalo; George B. Gates, Black Rock; E. P. Beck, Wyoming Co.

Durham Cattle.—Amos Chilcott, Hamburgh; Nath'l E. Turner, Aurora; Hugh Ransom, Clarence.

Grade and Native Cattle.—Thos. C. Love, Buffalo; Apollos Hitchcock, Cheektawaga; J. W Hamlin, Aurora.

Devon Cattle.— —— Stebbins, Cheektawaga; John Wilkinson, Newstead; John M'Arthur, Buffalo.

Working Oxen.—Edward Paine, Aurora; Orange Mansfield, Clarence; Wm. S. Rees, Evans.

Fat Cattle.—John Bullymore, Orsamus Warren, Doct. Wallis, Aurora.

Milch Cows.—J. Carpenter, Wales; B. W. Pratt, Collins; John C. Bodine, Clarence.

Long Wool Sheep.—Augustus Rayner, Clarence; —— McDonald, Aurora; Geo. Paxon, Eden.

Middle Wool and Fat Sheep.—J. W. Hamlin, Aurora; Christian Metz, Clarence; Wm. W. Bull, Hamburgh.

Fine Wool Sheep—T. C. Peters; John Hitchcock, Cheektawaga; —— Clark, Black Rock.

Swine.—Wm. Bullymore, Buffalo; Job Whipple, Black Rock; Benj Johnson, Clarence.

Poultry.—Orsamus S. Marshall, Chas. Taintor, Wm. R. Coppock.

Butter and Cheese.—Ralph Courter, Hugh Webster, Leonard Wilson.

Farming Implements.—Warren Bryant; Hugh S. Long, Clarence; Robt. Persons, Aurora.

Grain and Roots.—Thomas Thurston, Aurora; H. A. Parsons; Wm. A. Bird, Black Rock.

Farm Products.—H. W. Rogers, Alonzo Rayner, Clarence; —— Raley Aurora.

Household Products—(1st column of printed handbill.)—Jas. D. Craig, Mrs. Millard Fillmore, Mrs. Henry Hamilton

Household Products—(2d column of printed handbill.)—Thos. G. Perkins, Mrs. B. D. Coe, Mrs. H. W. Rogers.

Farms.—Orlando Allen, Jason Sexton, Robt. Hadfield.

Vigilance Committee, to assist in preparations on the ground at the Fair.—Orange T. Brown, Aurora; James Woods, Concord; Wm. Mills, Newstead; D. Ewell, Alden; Wm. Hamilton, Hamburgh; Wm. T. Miller, A. M'Arthur, Wm. Shiels, L. F. Allen, Warren Granger, Robt. McPherson,

Members of Committees to report themselves at the office of the Secretary on the ground where the Fair will be held, by 12 o'clock, M., or their places will be considered vacant and filled by others.

The friends of this institution are anxious that every effort should be made to render this Fair equal or superior to any previous one. They have the fullest confidence that they will be able to pay the premiums as soon as they

are officially declared, and they will thank those who have any claims against the Society, to send in a written statement thereof on or before 22d Sept. inst., to Mr. Jason Sexton.

To those who are accustomed to attend the State exhibitions, our local Fairs necessarily appear to be on a small scale; but the amount of good effected by the agency of County Societies, is in the aggregate, much greater than that of the larger Society. It is desirable that the County Society should act with spirit at this anniversary—particularly in reference to a subject on which we have already spoken frequently—*the having the State Fair for* 1848 *held in Buffalo*. We would thank our brethren of the city press, if they would notice the fact that the first effective step to be taken in reference to this matter, is to furnish an approved guarantee that the sum of $2,500 shall be raised to defray the local expenses of that Exhibition.—The profits arising from so great an influx of visitors—fifty or sixty thousand in reasonable probability—will enable the proprietors of steamboats, railroads, hotels and livery stables, to contribute more than that sum—to say nothing of the benefit which storekeepers and others will derive from the same source. The public spirit also of individuals will prompt assistance, and there should be no doubt that Buffalo can accomplish that which Rochester, Poughkeepsie, Auburn, Utica, and Saratoga have already done. We are informed that if this sum is guaranteed, the Executive Committee will accord us what is now unequivocally our just right; but no positive determination can be come to, until the meeting of the Society next winter.

☞Raising of Pea-nuts.—When we are writing about agricultural productions let us state that the editor of the Batavia Advocate says "pea nuts *can* be raised here. The son of the editor of this paper raised a small quantity in the garden last year, which came to maturity previous to the middle of September. They were planted at the usual time of planting in the spring, and ripened before frost without being transplanted.—This spring he planted a more extensive quantity, which are doing well." We think this is one of those little experiments for boys and girls which would give them an interest in gardening, and might be attended with profitable results.

The return of Gen. Kearny and Col. Fremont from California has heretofore been announced by Telegraph, but the following particulars of their journey, copied from the St Louis *Republican*, will be read with interest:

Very late from California.

Arrival of Gen. Kearny and Suite—Col. Fremont arrested at Fort Leavenworth, and ordered to Washington — Situation of California—Col. Mason Governor and Commander-in-Chief—Position of the Emigrants to Oregon and of the Mormons.

Among the passengers on the steamer *Amelia*, from Fort Leavenworth, last night, were Gen. S. W. Kearny: Maj. P. St. Geo. Cooke, of the 2d dragoons; Capt. H. S. Turner, of the 1st dragoons; Maj. T. Swords, Quarter Master; Lieut. Radford, of the Navy; and Mr. Bryant, of Lexington, Ky.

This party reached Fort Leavenworth from California, on the 22d inst. In company as far as the Fort, were also Lieut. Col. J. C. Fremont, Assistant Surgeon Sanderson, and the Hon. W. P. Hall, member of Congress elect, from this State.

We are informed that Gen. Kearny left Monterey on the 31st of May last. Besides officers, servants, &c., there was an escort of thirteen of the Mormon Battalion.

Col. Fremont brought with him nineteen of the Topographical party taken from Missouri in 1845: a number of these were the Captains and other officers of the "California Battalion."

Col. Mason, 1st dragoons, was left at Monterey, Governor and Commander-in-Chief—there was every indication of peaceable submission; if there was any exception, it arose from the restlessness of the American population north of Monterey, under the military government, to which they necessarily were subject, equally with the citizens of the country of their adoption.

Gen. K. had returned to Monterey but a few days previous to his departure, from a visit to Los Angelos. He found there, that the reports of the approach of an army, under Gen. Bustamente, which had long kept the native population in excitement, were dying away. The time of the Mormon Battalion, stationed there and at San Diego, expired on the 16th of July; when the land forces in California would consist of Col. Stevenson's regiment, one company of dragoons, (at Angels) and one of light artillery, at Monterey. An expectation was entertained that about one hundred of the Mormon Battalion would re-enter the service.

One of the last acts of Gen. Kearny, was to order that Lieut. Col. Burton should proceed by sea to Lower California, and take possession of that territory: they would disembark at La Paz.

In the harbor of Monterey, were anchored the ships of war Columbus, Congress, Portsmouth, Warren and Erie, and storeships Lexington and Dale. Com. Biddle, Commander-in-Chief, on board the Columbus. Com. Shubrick, with the Independence and Cyane, were in the Gulf, blockading the ports of Guaymas and Mazatlan. It was understood that Com. S. would return to Monterey in July, and relieve Com. Biddle in the command of the Pacific squadron, when the latter would sail for home in the Columbus.

There was colder weather in March, in California, than had been experienced there for twenty years. Before reaching Sutter's, the party were forced to swim four or five mountain torrents, swollen by melting snow to the breadth of rivers—the baggage and provisions were crossed in skin boats made upon the spot. Their progress was slow and most laborious and hazardous: and one of the officers, Major Cook, lost by an upset, save saddle and blankets, his entire outfit, even to papers and specie.

The last ranche was left on the 18th of June. On the 21st, they crossed the main ridge of the Sierra Nevada, riding thirty-five miles, chiefly over snow from five to twenty-five feet deep, under which water was running, and at many places in deep torrents. On this side, they buried the remains of those who lost their lives in the horrible disasters which there befel a party of last year's emigrants.

On the eastern slope, they were forced to pass trackless mountains of black rock, by the Trucky —or Salmon trout—river. In the narrow pass (the road made in autumn) very frequently crosses it; some of its small branches presented, beside a swimming deep torrent, hundreds of yards of dangerous bog and mire. On this river they were visited by the "Digger Indians."

The party were nearly out of provisions of all sorts when they met the first emigrants at the falls of Snake river—Lewis' Fork—25 miles beyond Fort Hall. They passed by that trading post on the 15th of July. On Bear river, they obtained a recruit of horses and mules from the Snake Indians.

The party came the new road—about fifty miles without water, from Green river to Big Sandy.—Besides some companies who went round by Bridger's Fort, they met about 940 wagons of emigrants, all, or nearly all, bound to Oregon. The

last were met between the North Fork of Platte and Sweet Water on the 28th of July; they were believed to be, and considered themselves too late to reach Oregon, and spoke of passing the winter at Fort Bridger. They left St. Joseph about the 6th of June.

At Fort Laramie, the party found many lodges of Sioux, who were quite friendly. They left that fort on the 3d instant. Next day they met six hundred and eighty-five wagons of Mormons, who were advancing very slowly in parties of fifty—they had come all the way by the north bank of the Platte. They expected to winter on the Great Salt Lake, and this, they assert, is to be the final resting place of their people. Incredible numbers of buffaloes were passed through for several days, near the junction of the two Plattes. No Indians were encountered after this time.

The party was only sixty-six days from the settlements of California to Fort Leavenworth, and made not a day's stop—averaging for the last fifty-seven days, thirty-one miles: whole distance near 2,200 miles.

We also learn, that on their arrival at Fort Leavenworth, Col. Fremont was arrested by General Kearny and ordered to Washington.

☞ WORTH TRYING—WATERY POTATOES.—We every day hear complaints about watery potatoes. Put into the pot a piece of lime as large as a hen's egg; and how watery soever the potatoes may have been, when the water is poured off the potatoes will be perfectly dry and mealy.—*Agriculturist.*

Price Current—September 8, 1847.

Flour, bbl.	$4 75@5 00	Turkeys	38@50
Pork, bbl.	15 00	Chickens	12½
Do slaugh. cwt.	4 00	Geese, each	—
Beef, cwt.	4@5 00	Clover seed, bu	3 50@3 75
Butter, lb.	12½@13½	Timothy	1 50
Lard	9½@10	Flax	1 00
Cheese	6	Grass	—
Hams	8	Whitefish, bbl.	6 50
Shoulders	7	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt.	1 50	Potatoes, bush.	31½
Wheat, bu.	92@1 00	Salt, bbl	1 31½
Corn	49½@53	Apples, bbl.	1 50@2 00
Oats	28@ 9	Do dried, bu.	62½
Slaughter hides, lb.	4@1½	Onions	50
Dry do.	8½@9½	Eggs, doz	8@9
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb.	5
Sheep, slaughtered.	1 12½	Soap	4@5
Lamb do.	1 12½@25	Whiskey, gall.	21@22
Dry	12½@30	Highwines	24@25
Hard wood, cord	2 00	Lead, hund	4 00
Hemlock	2 75	Beans, bu.	87½
Bit. (O) coal, ton		Wool, lb.	20@30
Blossburg		Hay	7 00

QUOTATION OF UNCURRENT FUNDS.

Canada, (Toronto and		Baltimore	℘ ct. dis. 1
Hamilton.	℘ ct. dis. 2	Philadelphia	1
Do Canada and Kingston	2	New Orleans	3
Ohio	1	Missouri	2
Indiana	1	Virginia	2
Kentucky	1	Mich. State Bank	½
Pennsylvania	1	F. & M. Bk, Detroit	½
Relief notes	2	Mich. Ins. Company	½
Pittsburgh Scrip	20	Wis. F. & M. Ins. Co.	½
Alleghany Scrip	20	East. Exch.	℘ ct. prem. ¼

MARRIED.

On the 1st inst., by Rev. S. R. Smith, Rev. JOHN H. CAMPBELL, pastor of the Universalist Society, Cleveland, O., and Miss MARY D. SMITH, daughter of Rev. S. R. Smith.

On the 5th inst., by Rev. F. W. Graves, Mr. GEORGE WHITEHEAD, and Mrs. JANE McKENZIE, all of this city.

DIED.

On the 2d inst., JOHN SPENCER, son of John S. and Mary E. Fosdick, aged 1 year and 19 days.

This morning, 7th inst., at the residence of his father, LATHAM A. BURROWS, Jr., Esq., after a short illness, aged 24 years.

At Wales, on the 23th ult., LUCINDA, daughter of Nathan and Nancy Adams, in the fourth year of her age.

At Wales, on the 1st inst., ELIZABETH, widow of the late Ebenezer Holmes, Esq., in the 80th year of her age. She came into that town with her family in the year 1808.

At East Hamburgh, on the 30th ultimo, Mr. JOSEPH WEBSTER, in the 88th year of his age.

In Rochester, on the 24th instant, Mrs. MARY REYNOLDS, mother of A. Reynolds, Esq., aged 90 years and 3 months.

STATE OF NEW YORK, } ALBANY, August 3
SECRETARY'S OFFICE, } 1847.

To the Sheriff of the County of Erie:

SIR: Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE.

A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney-General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICT.

One Senator for the Thirty-First Senate District, consisting of the county of Erie.

COUNTY.

Also, the following officers for the said county, to wit: Four Members of Assembly, one to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully,
N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

ERIE COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE, }
Buffalo, August 6, 1847. }

A general election is to be held in the County of Erie, on the second day of November next, at which which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

au6awtno2 TIMOTHY A. HOPKINS, Sherif.

GEORGE H. READ,

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY AND BOOK BINDERY, Commercial Advertiser Buildings, 161 Main Street, Buffalo. Over the office of the Daily Commercial Advertiser

Blank Books of all descriptions ruled and bound to any pattern.

Periodicals, Music Books, Newspapers, Magazines, Old Books, etc., carefully arranged and bound in every variety of style, and at moderate prices. Ladies Albums, Port Folios, etc., made to order. ns

BUFFALO MUSICAL INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

At the residence of Prof. W. R. Coppock—Composer and Teacher of the Piano Forte, Organ, Singing and Composition.

An institute devoted exclusively to Musical Education is not yet common in this country; but in Europe the test of experience fully shows its great advantages over the too general superficial manner in which this important part of polite education is acquired. The advantages this institution offers to those desirous of completing their studies as Organists or practical players of the Piano Forte, together with a thorough system of imparting the same to others is fully established by the many precedents of the past fifteen years. The pupils are constantly guarded in their practice against all bad habits, and from the various stages of progress they may be in, are continually stimulated to effort and industry, by association with each other. The family too, are all players, and the theory is amusingly discussed, impressing its rules in a more pleasing manner, and more lasting upon the understanding, than by the mere dry study of an elaborate book. Music is composed and arranged from time to time, showing the various styles and harmonies analytically, and adapted for performance on several Pianos at the same time. This teaches a thorough knowledge of counting, and dividing passages to their given time. Vocal music is particularly attended to, and when the pupil has a moderate share of talent, we hesitate not to say, a correct and pleasing singer can be made. The Piano Fortes used are all new, and of the finest quality, and every inducement will be given to render the true spirit with as profitable. The building is commodious, and has a fine garden attached, with Green houses, Bathing rooms, &c., and is pleasantly situated in Seventh street, between Niagara Street, and the Falls rail road, and about midway to Prospect hill

Terms made known upon application at the Institute, or by mail, post paid, directed Prof Coppock, Buffalo

Prof Coppock, keeps constantly a choice selection of Piano Fortes for sale,

Buffalo, August 3, 1847.

PRINTERS' FURNISHING WAREHOUSE.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT, Manufacturer of Printing Inks, No. 6, United States Hotel Block, Pearl St., Buffalo Printing Presses, Metal and Wood Type, Cards, and every other description of Printers' materials constantly on hand at New York prices, adding transportation Also, sole Agent for the sale of C. J. Gayler's Patent Double, and Improved Single Salamander Book Safes n18 3m.

REMOVAL.

WILLIAM J. MAY has removed to No 274 Main St, in Kremlin Stores, where he will be happy to see his old customers. One price, good goods, small profits and fair dealing, will always be the rule at No. 274 no17 3m.

CHEAP CASH BOOK STORE.

The subscriber, dealer in Books and Stationery, at 188 Main Street, 4 doors above Seneca keeps constantly on hand, an extensive stock, embracing the most valuable selections from Ancient and Modern Literature and a general variety of Theological, Classical, Gift and School Books, &c., &c. The Amateurs of Knowledge and all interested in the purchase of Books or Stationery are respectfully solicited to call. Print and Cap Paper at wholesale.

Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W BREED.

JEWETT, THOMAS & CO.

PUBLISHERS,

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER BUILDINGS

MAIN STREET, BUFFALO.

TERMS.—To mail subscribers, $1,50 per annum in advance, four copies for $5,00, ten copies for $12,00. To city subscribers who receive their papers from the carrier, $2,00. Mail subscribers will also be charged $2,00 if payment is not made in advance.

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Steam Press of Jewett, Thomas & Co.

WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1847. NUMBER VII.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Royal Pine.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

Three cheers for the Pine, the Royal Pine,
Throned high on the hill's green brow;
While ranks of trees, in the rushing breeze,
Below like vassals bow;
When the hue of wine, at day's decline
Repaints the solemn West,
A golden crown on his brow falls down,
Though the vale in gloom is drest.

With a heated brow, beneath his bough
The red man oft hath lain,
Worn out with toil, while his antler'd spoil
On the velvet moss lay slain:
And beneath his shade the Seneca maid
Hath warbled her woodland lay,
While braiding flowers, and counting the hours
That kept her chief away.

When Winter reigns, and the river chains
With fetters chill and white,
In the cold, thin air, with branches bare,
The tall oak pains the sight:
But, on the hill, thy banner still
Flings out defiance high,
Though no tint of green in the glen is seen,
And the blast comes growling by.

Long life to the Pine, the voiceful Pine,
Who mourneth for the Past,
When the morning breeze sweeps his emerald keys,
Or the fitful, midnight blast;
My thoughts, when I hear, in moonlight clear
His surge-like anthem rise,
Are of peers of Eld who, on hill-tops, held
Communion with the skies.

Three cheers for the Pine—the Royal Pine!
Though lord of a region grim
The tempest loud, and the eagle proud
Are friends who talk with him.
May he lift his head, by well-springs fed,
In sunshine and in shower,
And his plumage green by the bard be seen
While the gray, old hills up-tower.

From the Baltimore Western Continent.

The Crystal Basket; or the way Mr. Hickson cum to be a Bachellor.

BY MAJOR JOS. JONES.

Mr. Shakspeare ses ther's a tide in the affairs of men, which when it is taken at flood, leads on to glorious fortin, but which if it ketches a feller in the ebb, plays the mischief with him. Well, Mr. Shakspeare was a filosifer, and knowd a heap about human natur, and I wouldn't be afraid to ventur something, if I was a betting man, on the fact that there aint a real hopeless, confirmed old bachellor in the world that haint esperienced the truth of this remark. There aint one of 'em but what can look back and pint out the very time he missed the figger, and can tell you the very circumstance that nocked all his fut in the fire.—The catastrofy of Bill Hickson's love affair was a very remarkable one, and I must tell my readers about it.

Ther was a great excitement in Pineville.—The ladys was gwine to have a fair to raise money to help to bild a new church. It was the fust thing of the kind that ever tuck place in Pineville, and of course it produced a great sensation. For more'n a month, all the galls in town had been bizzy with their needles, and the niggers was to be seen runnin from house to house with patterns and little bundles of things, and all the remnants of silks and little pieces of ribbons had been bought out of the stores to make fineries for the cummin fare. The whole bizness was under the management of old Mrs. Rogers, who made it a pint to keep evry thing as secret as possible, till the night when the fair was to be open to the public. Some of the boys wos mightily put too to make out what the fair meant, but it was generally understood that it was to be a very splendid affair, and evry body was to pay a quarter of a dollar to see it, and no gentleman wasn't expected to cum to it thout bringin a lady and a pocket full of money.

At length the auspicious night arriv, and the fair, with all its brilliant array of fancy fixins, bust upon the bewildered senses of the astonished Pinevillians. The old church was in a blaze of taller candles. The walls were all hung round with green bushes and flowers, and on little tables all around the room was displayed all sorts of fineries and gigamarees, more'n any body knowd what to do with. At evry table was a young lady dressed as killin as she could be, so that nobody could refuse to buy anything she offered 'em without ever thing of the price.—Evry body in town was thar, and the prettyest galls had jest as much as they could do to wait on the gentlemen, sellin 'em every thing, from a pair of baby stockins to a cup of coffee sweetened with ther own fingers, or a love letter from ther sweethearts, what they had in a little post office in one corner of the room.

Bill Hickson was thar of course, splurgin round with Tobitha Turner, buyin everything for her that she tuck a fancy to. Bill was one of the stingyest fellers in the world, and was jest the man to sell his hart and soul for a plantation and niggers, and as old Mrs. Turner was rich as cream, and he was dead after her daughter Tobitha. All the galls in town knowd how Bill had courted all the rich galls in the county, and they hadn't much mercy on him in the price whenever Tobitha wanted anything at ther tables. It was like pullin the feller's teeth evry time they made him shell out a dollar, but that was the only revenge they could have.

Tobitha had a good deal more dollars than she had sense, and she was jest silly enuff to make Bill buy all the baby toys ther was in the room, and by the time the fair was near over she had bled him pretty freely. It went monstrous hard with him, and he cussed the fair in his heart; but ther was no such thing as backin out if he expected to git her fortin, which was the main chance with him.

Bout two o'clock Bill proposed to go home, but Tobitha wanted to see it out. Bout this time old Mr. Montgomery went up into the pulpit and told the company that, on the part of the ledys

who had gin the fair, he thanked them very much for their liberal patronage, and as ther was a few things left, he would offer 'em at auction to close the con arn. He sed he hoped the gentlemen present would stay and bid for the articles.

All the plunder was gather up from the tables and carried to the old gentleman, who begun cryin 'em to the crowd who had all gathered round the pulpit, each gall on the arm of a gentleman.

Bill stuck monstrous close to Miss Tobitha, for fear some other chap mought get to buy something for her, or what would be worse, go home with her.

Mr. Mountgomery went on cryin off doll babies, and pin cushions, and work bags, and watch papers, and baby clothes, and all sorts of things, till bimeby he cum to a basket what tuck Miss Tobitha's fancy monstrous.

"Ah! ladys and gentlemen," ses Mr. Mountgomery, "*here's* a gem! How much for this buteful chryscial basket? Just look at it!" ses he, holdin it up to the light, what made it shine like dimonds in all the colors of the rainbow.

"Oh, my!" ses Miss Tobitha, "what a buteful thing! Now you must buy that for me, Mr. Hickson."

"Jest look at it, ladies and gentlemen," ses Mr. Mountgomery.

"Oh, dear!" ses Tobitha. "Wont you buy that for me, Mr. Hickson?"

"To be sure I will!" ses Bill.

"How much for this buteful chryscial basket?" ses Mr. Mountgomery.

Before any body had time to bid for it, Sally Dawson, the prettyest gall in the room, who had been standin with her mother near enuff to Tobitha to hear what she sed, run up to Tom Culpepper and tuck hold of his arm and sed something to him.

"One dollar!" ses Tom.

Tobitha pinched Bill's arm.

"One dollar. I'm offered for this buteful basket," ses Mountgomery. "One dollar—"

"A dollar and a quarter," ses Bill.

"One dollar and twenty-five cents, one dollar and—"

"Two dollars!" ses Tom.

"Two dollars, two—"

"Two twenty five," ses Bill.

"Three dollars!" ses Tom.

"Three, three—"

"Twenty five," ses Bill.

"Four dollars," ses Tom.

"Four dollars, four dollars," ses Mr. Mountgomery, holdin up the basket and lookin rite at Bill.

"Five dollars," ses he, in a husky sort of a voice.

"Six dollars!" ses Tom.

"Six dollars—six—six," ses Mr. Mountgomery.

Bill looked kind of imploringly at Tobitha.

"Oh!" ses she, "I wouldn't begrudge anything in the world for that basket. Do bid it off, Mr. Hickson."

"Six and a quarter," ses Bill, with jest breath enuff to make a noise.

"Seven dollars!" ses Tom, bold as a meet ax, with Sally hold of his arm, and her bright eyes lookin up in his face.

"Seven, seven, seven, seven—gwine at seven dollars," ses Mr. Mountgomery, lookin round to Bill, and holdin up his hand and his breth at the same time.

Bill gin Tobitha another look.

"Seven, seven, seven—gwine, at seven dollars——"

Tobitha gin Bill a nudge, with her eyes fixed on the basket.

"And a quarter," ses Bill.

"Seven and a quarter," ses Mr. Mountgomery.

"Eight dollars!" ses Tom.

By this time evry body was beginnin to laugh and buz to one another, bout the contest between Bill and Tom, so Mr. Mountgomery had to speak very loud.

"Eight dollars—eight, eight, jest a gwine at eight dollars," ses he, lookin right at Bill.

The sweat was beginnin to start out of Bill's face in a stream—his eyes was sot in his hed, and he chawed his tobacker like he didn't know what he was about. He was too far gone to speak—but Tobitha gin him a nudge, and he nodded his hed at Mr Mountgomery.

"And a quarter," ses the old man.

"Nine dollars!" ses Tom.

"Nine, nine, nine," ses Mr. Mountgomery, lookin at Bill—"gwine——"

Bill nodded agin.

"And a quarter——"

"Ten!" ses Tom.

"Ten—ten—ten dollars——"

Bill nodded agin.

"'Leven dollars!" ses Tom.

Bill nodded agin, while Tobitha supported him, to keep from droppin on the floor.

"Twelve dollars," ses his antagonist.

By this time Bill was so far gone that he jest kep noddin all the time, without knowin whose bid it was, or hearin a word that was sed.

"Thirteen!" ses Tom.

"Thirteen—thirteen——"

"Fourteen!"

"Fifteen!"

"Sixteen!"

By this time the laughin was so loud that nobody couldn't hear nothin, and Mr. Mountgomery knocked off the chryschial basket to Mr. William Hickson for sixteen dollars.

Then they all got round Bill congratulating him on his spunk, and Tom Culpepper sed he giv him joy with his bargain. Mr. Mountgomery sed the gentlemen could call in the mornin for ther purchases, when the ladies would have ther bills ready for 'em, and the fair broke up. Tobitha went home with her brother, tickled to deth with her triumph over Sally Dawson, and Bill went home cussin the fair and Tom Culpepper from the bottom of his heart.

When he got home he counted the damage, and when he found that he was in for mor'n thirty dollars, he wasn't able to sleep a wink all night.

He didn't have no appetite for his breckfast, and as soon as it was time he went to see Mrs. Rogers. He found his basket ready for him, with his bill for sixteen dollars in it. He looked at it a while and breathed monstrous hard.

"Don't you think that's a little too digin, Mrs. Rogers, to make me pay sixteen dollars for a basket what aint no bigger than my fist."

"Well," ses she, "bein as you was sush a liberal patron of the fair, Mr. Hickson, I think we *ought* to make a deduction. We'll receipt the bill for ten dollars."

"My conscience," ses Bill, "couldn't you take off more'n that, Mrs. Rogers? I'll give you five, and says quits."

"Very well," ses she, "if you insist on it, Mr. Hickson."

So the bill was receited, and the basket, with the bill for the full price sent home that afternoon "to Miss Tobitha Turner, with the compliments of her friend, William Hickson." But what was his mortification, when the nigger brung it back to him, with the following note from Miss Tobitha's mother:

To Mr. William Hickson:

Sir—This is to inform you, sir, that I dont 'low my darter to receive no presents from no

young gentleman whatsumever, bein as I think its highly unproper. And, furthermore, sir, I think it a very ridiculous shame for any body to be givin sixteen dollars for a basket made out of allum and cotton yarn, what aint worth a cent, no how, and didn't cost a thrip to make it. Sich kind of extravagance aint gwine to get no child of mine. So no more from

Your very respectful
NANCY TURNER.

Bill was terribly tuck aback. The very thing what he thought was gwine to make his fortin, had nocked the whole business in the hed. To explain how he only giv five dollars for the basket, if it made matters any better with the old woman, would only make 'em worse with the gall, who had been all over town braggin how he had giv sixteen dollars for it, jest for her. But when he found out that the whole matter was a trick played off on him by Tom Culpepper and Sally Dawson, who put Tobitha up to beg him to buy the basket for her, and how Sally made it herself, and didn't want it no how, and how all the galls was laughin at him for beggin off the price and then sendin the full bill home with it, he cum monstrous nigh hangin himself for shame. It completely cured him of courtin rich galls, and as he had always held his head above the pore ones, they now turned up their noses at him, and he couldn't find a white gall in a day's ride of Pineville, that would have any thing to do with him. Is it any wonder, then, that Mr. Hickson remains a bachelor to this day?

"HE IS SOMEBODY'S CHILD."—A young lad was driving a spirited horse through the streets of the city when the animal became frightened at some military music, and commenced running at a fearful rate, the arm of his driver being too feeble to restrain him. The excitement in the street was intense as the terrified creature kept increasing his speed, and dragged after him the frail vehicle and its frailer tenant, whose destruction seemed unavoidable. Presently the carriage struck a post and was dashed to pieces, and the boy was thrown on the pavement. At this moment all eyes were attracted to a lady who appeared in a state of distraction at what had happened. The people gathered around her to support her from sinking in the street, all supposing, from her suffering, that she was the mother, or at least a near relative of the boy who had been run away with. Some one inquired if the boy was her son. "My son!" said she, "No, not mine; but he is *somebody's son*." She was a stranger to the child, but she was a mother, and the thought that the poor boy was a son of somebody was enough to overwhelm her as she followed with her eye the mad flight that threatened his destruction. How often has that same thought, "he is somebody's son," touched our own heart. We have looked upon a group of condemned criminals in their prison, and marked the fierce eye, the lowering scowl, the hard features, and then in a moment each man's innocent infancy would seem to stand before us; each of these is somebody's son. Once a mother's fond eye fastened on the smiles that played over that face, and her heart leaped with hope as she thought of the future—That future is come, but it is blighted and frost-bound; and if the parents yet live to see their disappointments, and are not themselves hardened in sin, how severe the calamity, because entailed upon them by the sin of him who was once that fair and sweetly smiling infant. What a dreadful thing is sin, viewed in such relations and bearings, turning into a spectre, a demon, the object of all others the most dearly loved. This single thought, "I am a son," the best loved of all created things by the parents from whom I spring, ought to be enough to make me shudder whenever I am tempted to sin, lest by a course of sinning I should become that loathsome thing from which even a mother's love and a father's proud fondness may hereafter recoil. The thought that each individual, however steeped in guilt, is "somebody's child," has another use. It forbids me to despise or think lightly of any human kind. There is no being of the miserable many around us, who is not "somebody's child."—*June Porter.*

Contemplation.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"They are all up—the innumerable stars—
And hold their place in heaven. My eyes have been
Searching the pearly depths through which they spring
Like beautiful creations, till I feel
As if it were a new and perfect world,
Waiting in silence for the word of God
To breathe it into motion. There there stand,
Shining in order, like a living hymn
Written in light, awaking at the breath
Of the celestial dawn, and praising Him
Who made them, with the harmony of spheres.
I would I had an eagle's ear to list
That melody. I would that I might float
Up in that boundless element and feel
Its ravishing vibrations, like the pulse
Beating in heaven! My spirit is athirst
For music—rarer music! I would bathe
My soul in a serener atmosphere
Than this; I long to mingle with the flock
Led by the 'living waters,' and to stray
In the 'green pastures' of the better land!
When wilt thou break, dull fetter! When shall I
Gather my wings, and like a rushing thought
Stretch onward, star by star, up into heaven!"
Thus mused Alethe. She was one to whom
Life had been like the witching of a dream,
Of an untroubled sweetness. She was born
Of a high race, and lay upon the knee,
With her soft eyes perusing listlessly
The fretted roof, or, on Mosaic floors,
Grasped at the tesselated squares inwrought
With metals curiously. Her childood passed
Like faery—amid fountains and green haunts—
Trying her little feet upon a lawn
Of velvet evenness, and hiding flowers
In her sweet breast, as if it were a fair
And pearly altar to crush incense on.
Her youth—oh! that was queenly! She was like
A dream of poetry that may not be
Written or told—exceeding beautiful!
And so came worshippers: and rank bowed down
And breathed upon her heart-strings with the breath
Of pride, and bound her forehead gorgeously
With dazzling scorn, and gave unto her step
A majesty—as if she trod the sea,
And the proud waves, unbidden, lifted her!
And so she grew to woman—her mere look
Strong as a monarch's signet, and her hand
The ambition of a kingdom. From all this
Turned her high heart away! She had a mind,
Deep, and immortal, and it would not feed
On pageantry. She thirsted for a spring
Of a serener element, and drank
Philosophy, and for a little while
She was allayed,—till presently, it trained
Bitter within her, and her spirit grew
Faint for undying water. Then she came
To the pure fount of God, and is athirst
No more—save when the fever of the world
Falleth upon her, she will go, sometimes,
Out in the star light quietness, and breathe
A holy aspiration after heaven.

A Trip to Chicago in the St. Louis.

NUMBER X.

I was fevered that night, and could find no rest even in my comfortable state room: and so I dressed, and went upon the hurricane deck, to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the breeze made by our motion. There I found John Smith, full of sad memories. We sat down together. The thinly scattered stars were growing dim, for it was near day-break; and the Lake, with a light mist upon it, looked like a large mirror just breathed upon. And then he told me, as he had promised, what he termed the sad story of

THE WRECK OF THE BOSTON.

She was a new steamer of the first class;—strong as wood and iron could make her; and her powerful engine was fitted to her build and mould most admirably. Her principal owner was a boiler maker, and so the saying was that she had been hammered out of iron, for he had invested in her the savings of many years of toilsome industry. The Captain was as thorough a sailor as ever commanded on our Lakes, and acquainted with all the dangers of their navigation.

The *Boston* was the last steamer that left Buffalo for the Upper Lakes in the autumn of 1846. She was bound for Chicago, and took her departure in the evening of the 16th of November, with a large freight, principally for Milwaukee, and having on board a number of emigrants from England, Ireland, and Germany. The cabin passengers, of whom I was one, were few, for people do not like to trust themselves upon the Upper Lakes at a season when our raging Northern tempests may be looked for.

From the very outset delays beset and ill omens clustered around us. We departed some hours after the set time, and a cloud seemed to overhang all on board at starting. The owner, who went with us, was evidently anxious and uneasy: the passengers was nervous and ill at ease: the officers and crew, though they always did their whole duty manfully, did it not like men bound on a hopeful enterprize. And so we lingered in our leave-taking of Buffalo, and somehow loitered at every port we anchored at: so that afterwards, when she was a wreck, the old sailors said the *Boston* had a presentiment of her doom, and went to meet it unwillingly. Fate, too, would not forego her victim, and interposed delays which made her destruction sure.

At Erie we took on fifty tons of coal,—the owner said as a nest-egg, to be used, in case of need, in lieu of wood. The greater part of it is yet in her wave-worn hull. The deceitful skies smiled on the commencement of the voyage; but we wasted ten hours at Cleveland, and reached Detroit in the night instead of the morning of the eighteenth;—and were of course compelled to wait for daylight to cross the Flats of Lake St. Clair; and then we waited five or six hours more for a number of Canadians, who wished for a passage to Port Sarnia on the St. Clair River. Little did we know how precious were these wasted hours, how fatal the loss of them. Had we left Detroit on the morning before, we would have gained part of a day at least, and I would not now be relating to you the sad fate of that gallant vessel.

We grounded on the Flats, and lay there all night, and part of the morning of the 20th, and then were lightened by the little Steamer *Fairport*, and pursued our voyage, after the loss of a full day. We crossed Saginaw in the night in a strong gale, with a heavy sea, but the *Boston* laughed at the wind, and gamboled o'er the waves. We passed the Bois Blanc light in the evening of the 21st, and approached Mackinac in a serene starlit night. The lights in the little bay seemed close at hand, when suddenly a vivid flash of lightning disclosed the whole scene—the wharves, with a propeller by one of them, the village nestling under the cliff, and the picturesque, snow-white barracks on its brow, appeared for a second and vanished, and a clap of thunder, instantly succeeding, shook heaven and earth, and all was dark as Egypt. The wind howled like a Fury and dashed the but then placid water in staggering waves upon us, and the rain fell in torrents, but soon changed into cutting sleet and hail, and we were driven, no one knew whither. But the storm abated in a few minutes, a dark cloud rolled off to the Southward, and the uncovered stars shone down upon us, and we barely avoided a dangerous reef, and made Mackinac in safety. There we found the Beacon Ship. She had been withdrawn, that very day, from her station off Cape Waguochince, and, so we were compelled to wait for morning ere we could thread the unsafe channel of the Straits. The morning came, and with it a gale which, after we had made an essay to pass the Straits, drove us back, and kept us at Mackinac the whole day.

At last, on the morning of the 23d, we entered Lake Michigan, and in the afternoon took on fifty cords of wood at the North Manitou. We left that island sometime of the night, or early in the morning of the 24th, and laid our course for Milwaukee. The good boat never went more merrily than when she bowled over that rolling sea, chased by a breeze that loved to linger about her. The sun was just down when we came to at Higby's wharf, which is a mere dock run from the land several hundred feet into the Lake, closed by a gate and connected with a warehouse at its landward end. The crew commenced discharging the freight, and I and others walked up into the city of Milwaukee, some three-quarters of a mile. The evening was very pleasant, though a rather strong wind was blowing. I spent an hour or two with some old friends, and then walked back to the boat, as she was to proceed to Chicago that night, so soon as she unloaded the articles she carried for this port: and then I noted the great change which had occurred in the weather. The wind had veered to the Northeast, and was constantly increasing.

When I reached the *Boston*, the dock was incumbered with all kinds of freight, and she preparing to put out to sea. It was evident she could not lie there, for the wind and waves bent her over and rubbed her against the piles with a strength that threatened ruin to her or the wharf. I had heard of the North Point, some three miles below, as affording a partial lee in these northeast storms, and under which old BLAKE, in the *Illinois*, had ridden out some of them, by dropping both anchors and keeping the engine going. And, though I did not dream of danger to the noble boat, I thought it would be uncomfortable to lie in a tossing sea all night—and so, when, having made my way on board, I was told that she would either make the harbor, or anchor off all night, and be back in the morning, I and several other passengers concluded to sleep ashore, and left her. Then for the first time I became sensible of the fury of the storm. In walking along the wharf, we were compelled to brace ourselves and keep to the windward side, and, when the gusts came, we clung to each other, and some of us even lay down till their violence was spent.—As we approached the gate I was fairly lifted from the wharf and carried some rods by the wind. Snow squalls too whirled through and darkened the air. As we hurried into the town, I looked and saw the sparks from the *Boston's* pipes driven in flaming, horizontal streams towards land, but naught else was visible, and naught audible save the howling winds.

In an hour or two after we had reached the hotel, a report came that the *Boston* was ashore. But it was contradicted in a few minutes, by the glad intelligence that her lights had been seen, in the glimpses of the storm, at such a point as to indicate, that she had a good offing, and was driving for Chicago. There indeed she would be in imminent peril, but she had at least escaped the immediate danger, and all hoped for the best, and so we were relieved.

I retired late, and dreamed evil dreams,—but still I slept: But there were many who did not sleep that night.

When it was settled that the Boston must back off from the dock, the owner and the keeper of the saloon got lanterns, and went up the beach a mile or so to the harbor, to hold them on the pier, it being supposed she would attempt the entrance. They reached the pier, but the barkeeper fell, or was blown from it, into the water, and was rescued by his comrade. Half frozen he was immediately conducted back to a small house on the beach — And thereabouts the owner stayed all night. He tried to pierce the darkness that hangs upon the Lakes—but vainly, for many minutes, which seem hours.—and then he sees,—the little knot around him see, the Boston's lights—she's making for the river,—no, she bears away, and now is lost to view—no, no! her lights flame up again in the distance,—she's far from shore, will weather the rocky point above, and can keep her course to Chicago:—she's safe says the owner,—I know she's safe. But yet I doubt. me whether sleep sealed up his eyes that night. Certainly "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep" did not visit the exhausted mariners, nor the affrighted passengers of the poor Boston, as she lay helplessly that night in the rude surf, but half a mile above. But she did visit, and shed her poppies on the innocent lids of childhood, and took some little helpless ones to her bosom, and gave them peacefel slumber and beautiful dreams the live-long night, though the wrecked steamer, in which they were, was in the breakers, beating the bottom, and quivering on the verge of destruction, F.

THE WRECK OF THE BOSTON.

NUMBER XI.

So fierce was the wind, that it was with the utmost difficulty the *Boston* was forced backward from the wharf. Darkness had gathered o'er land and sea, when, slowly turning, she struggled into the lake, and made towards the harbor. In withdrawing the freight—an operation not completed when the hurricane commenced—it had been taken principally from one side, and she lay not on an even keel. Still she buffeted her way towards the river, or where it was supposed to be, but the pitchy gloom hiding it and all things else forbade the attempt to enter—and she turned to make an offing. The sea began to rise, the cold wind with its tremendous voice drowned all others, and an order could be communicated on the upper deck from man to man, only when in contact, and no man unsupported could stand there, as the *Boston* strove to face the tempest, and was dashed from wave to wave. Borne down on one side as she was by the unbalanced freight, she could not be brought up in the wind and held there steadily. Between decks the swinging glihts scarce shone in the palpable darkness, and the noise of the machinery was unheard in the continued roar of the storm forcing itself in at every point, and shaking the bulwarks But the order to ship freight was passed, and every arm was in an instant busy in the hold and on the main deck—or rather all but one. For then it was, that a gentleman from Chicago, when hastening forward to aid, was beaten down by the falling of a pile of wood. He was extricated, and arose with a broken arm, and was supported to the cabin—but not a groan escaped him then, nor during the whole of that long night, did he once murmur. Soon after, the vessel was caught sidling on a tremendous wave, and by it and the wind hurled from its top, down on the next before, and struck as though upon a rock, so that she shook in every part, and with the blow both her smoke-pipes parted at once close to the upper deck—one tumbled into the lake, and one hung o'er her side. And with that earthquake shock, terror seized every bosom, save that of the Captain, and his indomitable crew. Strong men were for the moment paralyzed, and women shrieked and rushed to the gangways, and would have plunged into the sea, with infants in their

arms, had they not been restrained by force.—When her pipes fell, the sparks shot up for an instant, visibly as though from volcanoes—and then it was, that the owner, as he shivered on the shore, saw them, and took them for her lights, and deemed her safe. The forerunner of her sure destruction was received as a certain proof of her salvation. Their loss forbade the keeping her furnaces in full flame, and left her but one weak chance of escape, and that was tried. Naught was left unattempted to ward off her now inevitable fate. Both anchors were loosened from the bow, and with them all of her long chain cables were dropped into the deep.—All knew what was being done—all knew it was the last effort that could be made, and all watched the result. As the billows dash her back towards land, the chains are jerked through the hause-holes. But now she stops with a sudden shock that staggers all things. She is stayed by the anchors, and we are safe! Alas! it is not so. The bottom is sand. The Captain knew it was useless, but, like a man who would do all things to save his charge, he tried this too. And now, as the rude billows, with quick, succeeding blows, throw themselves upon her bow, and break o'er her once buoyant crest, the flukes of her reluctant anchors plough up the sand, and she drifts slowly towards the shore. What shore?—Heaven only knows! She must be somewhere off the mouth of the river, and the wind is almost directly on the land. But, there is a rocky point scarcely a mile above the river, and, if she strike there—whey then, if one of the many lives in the *Boston* is spared till morning, it will be by miracle.

How like eternity was that decisive little interval of time—it was one hour, or perchance two—which intervened between the sad discovery that she drifted, and her touching land. Snow fell, and ice was formed between decks, and the wind chilled one's very marrow. The upper cabin shook as though it would part from the deck, and fall into the waves, that leaped upon, as though to claim it. The men were sullen and despairing—the women, their first frenzy over, resumed their proper functions, and became ministers of mercy. A fire was made in the ladies' cabin; and the men among the emigrants huddled selfishly around it, and would not leave, even to replenish it, save when pulled away by force, and driven from the cabin with kicks, and so made to give place to the poor shivering females,—their wives and mothers. But the women, bore their sufferings patiently, and talked hopefully, and brought aid and consolation, and strengthened manhood where'r they could. And so they drifted for a space, when suddenly with a blow that made her quiver in every timber, and opened every seam, she struck. And then she struck again, and waves dashed mountain high upon her; and the solid planking of her starboard guard was broken and forced upwards, as though it were but paper. Then her bow worked slowly round until she lay with her broadside to the shore; and, though she pounded the bottom as though she'd burst, many hearts in her were most truly thankful, for they knew she had escaped the rocks, and stranded on a sandy or pebbly beach. She was rolled from side to side in the strong surf, and, as she rolled, her as yet unbroken keel wore for her a bed in the soft bottom. Truly that was a sad night. Heaven sent its icy showers, the cold wind blew fierce and pitiless, Stygian darkness forbade all knowledge of where they were, and the timbers cracked, and the poor *Boston* groaned all night like a giant in the pangs of dissolution, and misery reigned every where within her, save in one narrow spot. In the steerage cabin, in a rude berth, two little sisters slept in each other's arms, as peacefully and smilingly as though their spirits knew that angels were watching their slumbers.

F.

THE WRECK OF THE BOSTON.

NUMBER XII.

Strange as it may seem, it was not known in Milwaukee until seven o'clock the following morning, that the *Boston* was beached just above the harbor, in plain sight from the city. Soon as it was known, however, large parties of the inhabitants started to render what aid they could;—wagons and carriages were sent to the beach,—and every measure that humanity could devise, was at once resorted to, to insure the safety of the wrecked property, and the comfort of the human sufferers.

We crossed the river in the town, and followed the road on the hill side till we struck the shore some half mile above the wreck, and then walked down the beach. It was a mournful spectacle. The wind, though it blew with abated violence, was still a strong gale. The day was cloudless, but cold; and the strand, strewed with broken planks and stanchions, was frozen where it had been wet by the now receding lake, and icicles were pendant from the low willows skirting the shore. The land was desolate, and the eye, wandering eastward, saw naught but a limitless expanse of angry billows. Here and there a broken box, or chest, washed by the surf, had sunk into the sand,—and, as we advanced, wagons were carrying to a place of safety goods of all kinds that had been hauled upon the land. There lay the *Boston*,—a sad contrast to the noble picture she presented the day before. There she was as strong to baffle the tempest, and rode as proudly over the subject waves, as any craft that ever floated. But her seeming vassals had rebelled, and now rode over her insultingly, as she lay prostrate in the surge, broken, battered, and impotent. Truly she was reft of all her glory,—a thing to be wondered at and pitied. She lay but five or six rods from the dry beach, and having sunk somewhat in the sand, was still erect; but the eye, following her water line, could see a bend that indicated that her strong back was broken. A rough, eddying pool, was in her lee, and the billows, three abreast, rushed in upon her, and struck her; and

with every blow, she groaned most piteously. One of her pipes was gone;—the other lay upon the hurricane deck, and bent shoreward over her starboard side. Her upper works were broken, her stanchions gone,—and within her, all was wreck and desolation. Huge fires of drift wood, and of fragments of the wreck, flamed on the beach, around which clustered half-frozen men, women and children, all aghast, and many trembling, and half frantic—sometimes rejoicing and thankful for their lives preserved, and sometimes almost despairing when they thought of the perhaps utter loss of all their worldly wealth.

But the wreck had not yet restored all of her living freight to land. There were yet in her many precious lives to be rescued from suffering, if not from peril, and to be transferred to the shore in the same way as had been those who hung over the fires.

The gallant officers and crew of that fated steamer had not been idle, but, at early dawn, had launched one of the life-boats, and she was now plying between the wreck and shore. A rope from her bow was run into the after gangway, while another from the stern was carried far up upon the beach. And when we first saw her, she was tossing on the bubbling sea by the ship's side, and receiving the passengers, who were put in slings and let down, one by one, nearly to her level, before her bow, and then, when a favorable moment came, seized and drawn into her. When she had her complement, at a given signal, the rope was let out from the wreck, and a long line of men pulled the stern rope with a run and dragged her upon the beach. And then it was pleasant, as she rushed towards land, to see kind-hearted people dash into the water to steady her, and to receive her living cargo. O, how tenderly rough looking men hugged little children to their bosoms, and supported the sick, or carried them wrapt in blankets, to the fires, and there tended them! And, so soon as one load was discharged, the life-boat was drawn back to the steamer for another. And so she passed between the ship and shore till all were landed—the Captain last of all.

Beshrew me, F., though I was not far from weeping at many sights I witnessed upon that stormy shore, I do confess I was near laughing too at others. It is generally admitted now that Shakspeare knew somewhat of our nature. He has written deep tragedies, but scarce one unmixed with farce. We cannot moan always: and so I laughed a little.

While we were all busied in watching or aiding the life-boat, an old woman moved from one of the fires to the water's marge, and with a voice that rose above the gale, lamented for her pigs. It seems she had three in the wreck, and I doubt not her grief was genuine. They were probably a large portion of her little world'y store. But while she wailed, some one lifted a struggling porker from the forward gangway, and dropped it in the water. And, when its fate was ascertained he plunged another in; and then the third. It is wonderful, the perversity of piggish nature. The first one would not swim to land, not it—though it was but a stone's throw off, and the waves impelled it thither. But, with a strong effort, rounded the bow, and strove with all its might to put out to sea; but the great billows conquered, and after a long contest drove it ashore. The second tried the stern, and, though often beaten back, still tried most perseveringly to force itself through the raging surf, and would have been drowned in the effort, had not some men seized it. The third was washed to land at once, and lay on the wet sand stupefied, when a big dog took it by the ear and pulled it shoreward. Then suddenly it started up, and squealed, and with a spring that naught but a pig could make, frisked awkwardly into the group of men and boys gathered to welcome it.

Towards noon a sail gleamed afar off upon the lake, and we watched and gazed upon it anxiously, as it appeared and disappered upon the distant swell. It bore down rapidly, and we soon made it out to be a schooner, striving to make the harbor. Small chance had she, or any craft, to ride safely through the rough surges into the jaws of those broken and ragged piers. It is the Savannah. There she darts at the entrance, and misses it, but is checked and turned in time, and bears away. But there is no alternative. The worn and feeble crew are all benumbed with cold, and can work her no longer; and so she's headed directly for the beach, and, in an instant, is tossed ashore, as though she were an egg-shell. No life is lost, no limb is broken, thank Heaven!

But all were safe ashore, and so I bade the Boston farewell, and left her to her fate. In a few hours the receding waves will leave her on dry ground, and then they will begin to strip her of her engine, furniture and freight, and she will soon be a naked hull upon the sands. In a few years her planking will drop off and vanish, and her strong ribs, all blackened by sun and storm, and scarcely pearing above the shifting beach, will be her only monument.

I crossed the river's mouth and walked sadly down the shore. An old schooner, the Solomon Juneau, wrecked long ago, high and dry before the storm, now rocked in the surge. One of her shroudless masts stood stiff and firm, but the other wavered to and fro as though her frame was broken. The winds blew, and the surf lashed the land. Huge spears of ice hung from the wharves. The sky, though clear, looked lurid and threatening. All was desolate and dreary.

The next day I left Milwaukee, and journeyed homeward. But, wherever I was—whether crossing the lake—or jolted amid the woods of Michigan—or moving in a sunny calm upon Lake Erie—or wind bound off Presque Isle in Misery Bay—the wreck of the poor Boston was often present to me. I sometimes see it now, in reverie—and often in my dreams. I pray that I may never truly witness such a spectacle again. F.

The Mystic River.

BY R. H. TAYLOR.

There's a brightly lucent river
Flowing gently, beauty-drest,
And a thousand leaflets quive:
In the breeze that courts its breast.
Far on a hill its fountains leap,
The grovelling world above;
The hill is Faith, (sublimest steep,)
And the river's source is Love.

And charming banks, all verdure-clad,
On either hand are seen,
Which render every bosom glad,
With their lovely, fadeless green.
These banks that bound the mystic stream,
Gladdening the Sage and Youth,
And pleasing like a happy dream,
Are types of Friendship and of Truth.

Innumerable flowers give
Their perfume to the gale,—
Which the mild voyagers receive,
As they travel down the vale.
They serve to mark the calm delights
That friendship can impart;
While Memory their impress writes
On the tablet of their heart.

On the river's bosom, ever
There rests a peaceful shade,
And its tranquil rest, oh! never
Can the giddy world invade!
There's no gloom in all its quiet,
'Tis with cheerful objects fraught—
(It no man's been known to buy yet,)
'Tis the shade of chastened Thought.

The limpid ripples as they play
Forever there in glee,
A likeness to the mind convey,
Of the good man's Purity;
No darkened thoughts obscure the gleam
Of sunshine in this heart,
But like the ripple on the stream,
He gaily bears his part.

There white-sailed barques in safety glide,
And reck nor shrouds nor rope;
Borne by the breeze, how calm they ride—
Those little barques of Hope.
The breeze is always; though we feel
Affliction's heavy rod,
Its balmy touch our pain shall heal;
The breeze is the breath of God!

Oh! trace that river to its source;
With meek inquiry go,—
See whence its glowing waters course,
And witherward they flow;
You'll find its springs are wells eterne,
Its beauties never cease;
And, gliding down the stream, you'll learn,
Its name is the River of Peace.

Rural Department.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Rural Cemeteries.

Reader! you and I must die; and our friends and kindred must die. A common fate awaits everything mortal—death and decay. The old and young, rich and poor, beauty and deformity, must sooner or later come to that narrow home, where "the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling."

But have you never stood in a grave yard, near the noisy dusty streets or highways, indifferently fenced, if fenced at all, the cattle grazing among the broken grave-stones, or quietly resting upon some nameless grave—no trees or shrubs visible, or if perchance some affectionate hand had placed them at the head of a departed friend, they were browsed down or destroyed by the animals?—What were your sensations at such a time?—Could you help shuddering at the thought of death? and did you not think that the people who could permit rude desecrations of the dead must be a barberous and a heartless people?

There is in our nature a desire to make the offices of affection reach beyond the grave. Instinctively we wish to decorate the small spot of earth that has covered forever from our sight the loved form of a dear friend. And yet why is it that throughout this whole country there are so very few burying-grounds that are not a disgrace and a reproach to us, as a christian and civilized people?

It is not for the want of suitable grounds; for there is not a single town in this section of our State, where at least a dozen parcels of fine hard land might not be found, where with little trouble and less expense, a most beautiful rural cemetery might be laid out. It wants but few acres—some 8 or 10—or perhaps near populous villages, twenty or thirty might be enclosed. Once strongly fenced and tastefully laid out, and it would soon become the favorite resort of the whole community. How different would be the sensations of the spirit as it contemplated the final resting place of its companion, the body. There, in the old forest, amid the undying trees and shrubs, the sweet songs of birds, and the solemn stillness that would ever reign over us, could we not feel that our final sleep, the "sleep that knows no waking," would be more tranquil, and peaceful, than in the naked, decaying, and neglected grave-yards, that meet our view along the public highways?

And there too, how soon would we view springing up the beautiful rose, and other flowers among the graves, giving beauty to the scene, and speaking in touching language, the undying tokens of earnest and sincere affection.

Oh! gentle reader! look about you, and do not let the subject sleep until you have found a better place for your dead, than the naked road-side lot.

By a law passed last winter, associations can be formed, with all the powers of a regular corporation, for the purpose of forming rural cemeteries. Let me not hope in vain that they will be formed in every town, and either the present sites enlarged, or more appropriate chosen.

T. C. P.

☞ To Cook Tomatoes.—He that does not love tomatoes is an object of pity. Every art of cooking should be employed to inveigle the appetite of every man to love a vegetable so wholesome.

Peel a dozen ripe tomatoes and fry them in a little sweet butter, together with two or three sliced green peppers, sprinkle on a little salt; and finally slice up an onion or two, and let the whole cook thoroughly. This is the Spanish method of preparing them.

Another method which from long experience we know will wear well, is as follows: The directions are for a mess of tomatoes, amounting to about three pints when cooked. Begin by parboiling two onions. While this is doing, peel a dozen tomatoes, which is easily done after hot water has been poured over them, cut them up and add the onions, also a teacupful and a half of bread crumbled fine, a tablespoonful of salt, a heaping teaspoonful of black pepper, a lump of butter of the size of a turkey's egg, or about four tablespoonfuls. Beat these thoroughly together and set them over a slow fire, gradually to stew. They should cook slowly and for a long time; never less than three hours, but the longer the better. About fifteen minutes before they are to be used, beat up six eggs and stir them in, and put them on fresh coals, and give them one grand boil up, stirring them all the time. When so cooked no directions will be needed how to eat them.

The art of cooking the tomatoes lies mostly in cooking them enough. They should be put to work the first thing after the breakfast things are out of the way; even if you do not dine till three.—*Indiana Farmer & Gardner.*

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Youth of Linnaeus.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY M. E. C.

In the early part of the eighteenth century there was a poor but honest family living in an obscure village, in the province of Smoland, Sweden.—Their little income was, even by the strictest economy, barely sufficient to supply them with the necessaries, and a few of the comforts, of life; nevertheless the birth of a son in seventeen hundred and seven was an occasion of great joy.—Charles was the name given him at his baptism, and till the age of seven years, he was a child of ordinary strength and capacity, though possessed of uncommon gaiety, full of life, and prefering the pleasure of a chase after butterflies, or plucking the flowers of the field, to study. His father, who had himself a taste for the cultivation of plants, saw, with great delight, this development in his son, and encouraged it by permitting him to plant one corner of the garden with cowslips, daisies, and other wild flowers.

One day the father and mother of Charles left their humble home to visit their parents, and placed their child under the care of an old servant who had been with them at his birth, and who, consequently, indulged him as though she had been his mother: and we shall soon see what was the result!

After four days' absence the parents returned home, and embracing their son, he conducted them into their little garden to see in full bloom the magnificent tulip, the superb ranunculum, the hyacinth, and twenty other kinds or rare and beautiful flowers, the munificent gift of Dr. Rothman of London. The face of Charles, meanwhile, beamed with triumphant smiles. "See, father," cried he, his eyes sparkling with delight, "your beautiful garden now, and I have done it all!" The finely cultivated garden, filled with choicest flowers, the joy of the young couple, and their resort after the day's labor, was entirely destroyed. The flower of the forest, the mountain and the field, without fragrance and without brilliancy, had modessly supplanted the more magnificent varieties, which the gardner had obtained by great diligence and labor. The place of the brilliant tulip of Harlem, was occupied by the yellow one of the wood; that of the hyacinth of Holland, by the squill of the meadow, and that of the anemone of a thousand varying dyes, by the simple golden button; these, with the clumsy bugle, the prickly nettle, and the crawing ivy, occupied the ground which had been prepared with so much care, for the most precious flowers of China, India, and Japan: in a word, all the plants which they left blossoming in beauty, were pitilessly destroyed by their own child. It is impossible to paint the anger of the parents and the penitence of the boy. Vainly did he prostrate himself on his knees before them and implore their pardon; vainly did he tell them that his flowers were far more beautiful, and that he had chosen as nature directed him; they were unrelenting, and the boy was delivered over to master Patridge, of the village school. Then were prohibited the walks in the forest, the chase after butterflies, and the listening at the still hour of twilight, to the songs of the nightengale and the linnet as they rose, blending in the richest harmony, from the cool groves; and the young enthusiast soon grew as stupid as his teacher.

Six months after, Patridge declared to the parents that they must take their child from school, as he would no longer degrade his class by the presence of a dunce, who could never be made to know anything; and he very charitably advised them to put him to some trade, and mentioned that of a shoemaker as the one best suited to the poverty of his mind. The parents, persuaded by this man, "bound him out" to Ludger, a shoemaker, and forbade him their roof.

But Charles had no better capacity for fashioning a sole, than for scholastic philosophy; consequently, in a few years his master gave him a sound beating and turned him out of doors. He dare not return to his father, who had disowned him, therefore, without money, without hope, and prepared for the worst, he directed his steps towards London, and offered his services to Dr. Rothman as a servant.

The Doctor ardently loved botany, and in his numerous botanical excursions he was always accompanied by Charles, who carried strings of insects, the medicinal herbs, a volume of Tournefort's botany, and a knapsack of provisions.

One day after an unusually long jaunt, the Doctor sat down in the shade on the border of a fountain, to make an inventory of the specimens he had gathered during his journey. In the meantime Charles was intently occupied in studying, with a magnifying glass, a small flower which had arrested his attention. Behold a botanist indeed! That little glass has made a man. The flower which he holds in his hand, so small and unattractive, and in the study of which he is so absorbed, would, without the glass, have been useless, but now is heaven-inspired. That little flower pointed up to God, and revealed a world of marvellous and mysterious beauty. Rothman had no longer a servant—he would soon have a master. The old man raised his head; in an instant he comprehended what he saw, and introduced a genius to the world.

He then recommended him, not as a servant, but as the son of his love, to the learned Stobeus, and together they procured him the means of instruction. After sufficient preparation, he went to Upsal, where he spent his time most unhappily; and having quarreled with a physician of that place, he was imprisoned and then banished.—For a long time he wandered about in various parts of Europe, poor and miserable, till at length in Holland he encountered Boerhaeve, who at once appreciated his genius and recommended him to several distinguished naturalists.

During these long years of wandering and destitution, the parents of Charles had almost forgotten their idiot-boy. * * * * * *

There was at Stockholm a rich lord, whose great scientific reputation spread throughout Europe. He was knight of the polar star, favorite of the king and queen, founder and first president of a university at Stockholm, and professor of the academy at Upsal, member of all the academies of the capitals of Europe, and author and reformer of many branches of Natural History. The father of Charles solicited an audience with this great lord, though not without trembling, for he knew from what he had heard that his rooms were thronged with the rich and the learned, and that to gain admittance to such a man of genius, was an almost hopeless task for one in his station.—Nevertheless his request was granted, and he was admitted to a particular audience. As he walked the gilded apartments of the knight of the polar star, his heart bent with a strange uncontrollable emotion. Finally the door-keepers announced him; he advanced, and in a moment was in the arms of his idiot-boy—his abandoned child—the immortal CHARLES LINNAEUS.

BUFFALO.

Man must first govern himself ere he be fit to govern a family; and his family ere he be fit to bear the goverament of the commonwealth.

INTERESTING DISCOVERIES.—Some months ago Dr. M. D. Dickinson, of the Academy of Science, was sent from Philadelphia for the purpose of investigating the geology of the Valley of the Mississippi. Dr. Dickinson, who is now in this city, is one of the most industrious and distinguished explorers of the wide field of geology in this country. His discoveries have opened new paths for the rumination of the student in this all important science, and reflected well-earned honors on himself. Very lately Dr. Dickinson made a tour of inspection through that part of Alabama in which abounds the rotten limestone formation.—This is particularly the case in the vicinities of Clark, Washington and Clairborne counties, in that State. Heretofore this formation has been considered by geologists as a detritus from shells, etc., but by the power of glasses it has been proved to be entirely different. Dr. Dickinson informs us that it is a huge coral reef, where gigantic branches shoot up several feet into a beautiful arborescent form in its original bed of the primeval ocean At its base are the fossil remains of the huge zuglodon, shark, fishes, &c., many of the former from forty to one hundred feet long, winding in serpentine form among the coral—Below this he found the remains of an extensive sea, the bottom of which was lined with a bed of shells, varying from twenty to thirty feet, in fine state of preservation. These beds yielded a great variety of shells, many of which may be still found in our present seas, and hence must have been of comparatively recent formation. Below this was found a huge oyster bed, imbeded in a blue marl of clay, in their original position. Some of these oysters measured fifteen inches in length, and weighed from ten to fifteen pounds. Succeeding this stratum was found the bottoms of several ancient seas, lakes and rivers. all yielding numerous fine fossils. Many of these fossils Dr. Dickinson has forwarded to the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia.

Dr. Dickinson starts to morrow for the parish of Concordia, to investigate the geological formation of that section of our State.—*N. O. Delta.*

"IN STATU QUO."—There is in this city a petty newsmonger (well known on 'Change,) who loves to retail intelligence, (and especially "war news") *a la Mrs. Tuttle*, who is an eyesore to every body he comes in contact with. His plan is to get up early of a morning, run round to such newspaper offices as will tolerate him, gather every thing he can learn, and to bore his neighbors with the "news," when he has not calibre enough to remember, or relate, in any shape come-at-able. He is "sold" almost every day in the week, of late—but he has rarely had news like that he carried "down town" with him yesterday! The late despatches from the army" were announced on Sunday, and true to his word, M—— entered one of his favorite haunts yesterday morning, with his customary interrogatory. He was met by a wag near the door. "Any news?" inquired M——. "Not much." "What is it?" "From the seat of war." "Where's the Army?" "Oh, *in statu quo.*"— "The devil it is?" "Yes," "How long has it been there?" "Since the 27th." "Thunder!" exclaimed M; and away he rushed down State street, with the intelligence. M—— met a friend on the corner of the street, to whom he imparted the information that "*our Army had reached* Statu quo"—whereupon the stranger opened his eyes, and advised him to call on S——. He did so, and long before early 'change hour, it was pretty well known that "our army was in statu quo!" Our witty friend was congratulating himself on having circulated this delectable piece of information long "before any other journal had the news," and was boasting of the fact to a friend, who asked him if he know where "statu quo" was *located.* Well; M—— didn't exactly know what department of Mexico it was situated in, but he had the news right from the office, and it must be so.—"You're a fool," said the neighbor. "Why?" "*Why!*—Don't you know that 'statu quo' means *in the same state or condition*, and that it is a very common Latin phrase?" M—— offered to bet a hat he was right, and at the last accounts he was poring over Disturnell's Map of Mexico, endeavoring most assiduously, to discover the location of "*Statu quo!*"—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

JOSEPHINE'S INTRODUCTION TO NAPOLEON.—One day, as I sat at Madame de Chat—Ren—'s window, looking at some violets, the famous Bonaparte was on a sudden announced. The sound of his name gave me a thrill for which I could not account, and I trembled when I saw him approach me. At length I ventured to gaze on the man who had just gained so easy a victory over the Parisians. All present looked at him in silence. I was the first to accost him. "Citizen-General," I said, "it seems to me that you must have felt very loath to create such consternation in the capital. Had you reflected for a moment upon the fearful task you have just achieved, you might well shudder at the consequences it involves." "Possibly," he replied, "but what would you have, madame? Soldiers are automatons that move at the beck of the government; they know but to obey. I spared the sections; my cannon were mostly loaded with powder only. I had a mind to give the Parisians a slight lesson; and besides, *c'est mon cachet que j'ai mis sur la France.*" A few days after their interview, the Director Barras thus addressed Josephine: "I have got an advantageous match in view for you. I intend you to marry little Bonaparte, to whom I am about to give the command-in-chief of the army, and entrust the conquest of Italy." Remonstrances and difficulties were opposed to this abrupt proposition by the lady, but at that epoch, courtships, like all other measures, were carried by a *coup de main*, and Josephine became the wife of Napoleon upon the eve of his departure for the campaign of Italy. He felt that to her influence he was mainly indebted for his appointment to a post which opened to his aspiring hopes so vast and noble a field of conquest and distinction, and took leave of her with every manifestation of gratitude. "I owe you much, Josephine," he exclaimed, "but I shall either forfeit my head, or return a greater man than they dream of."—*Dolman's Magazine.*

We understand that the official ratification of the acts of the late Provincial Council of the Bishops of U. S. has been received by the Rt. Rev. Archbishop. The cities of Albany and Buffalo, in this State, have been erected into Episcopal Sees, by his Holiness, Pius IX. The Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey, coadj. of N. Y., has been appointed to that of Albany, and the Very Rev. Mr. Timon, Superior of the Lazarists, to that of Buffalo. No appointments could have been more satisfactory to the Catholics of the present diocese of New York, and all will hail with joy events so advantageous to the interests of their holy religion.

Galveston has likewise been erected into a See, and the Rt. Rev. John Odin, hitherto Vicar Apostolic of Texas, has been appointed Bishop. The Rev. A. Rappe has been made Bishop of Cleveland; we have already noticed the appointment of M. Bazin to the See of Vincennes.—*Freeman's Journal.*

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

The American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions.

The Annual Meeting of the Board was held in this city last week, commencing on Wednesday the 8th and closing on Friday the 10th. The attendance was respectable, though not so large as at many of its former sessions. Several returned missionaries were present, among whom were the Rev. J. L. Wilson, from West Africa, Rev. Mr. Lauric and Rev. Mr Calhoun, from Syria; the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy, formerly connected with the Armenian Mission, and the Rev. Mr. Bushnell, from Africa. A most excellent spirit pervaded all the sessions, and everything, as one minister observed, was conducted with perfect harmony of sentiment and feeling.

It appears that there are twenty-six missions under the care of the Board, embracing ninety-six stations. In connection with these stations are 140 ordained missionaries, (nine of whom are also physicians,) four licensed preachers, six physicians not ordained, six teachers, six printers and bne-binders, making in all 370 American missionary laborers; associated with whom are 22 native preachers, and 135 other native helpers, making the whole number of persons laboring under the direction of the board, 526. This number is twenty-two more than was reported last year. These missionaries have gathered and are watching over, seventy-three churches, to which 1,075 converts have been received since the last annual report. These, added to the number reported last year and deducting the removals by death and misconduct, make the present number of hopeful converts, 25,441.

With this last statement before the mind, and taking into consideration the fact that in connection with these missions are eleven seminaries for training native preachers, twenty-two other boarding schools, 337 free schools, eleven printing presses, and six type and stcrotype founderies, and bearing in mind the beneficent results of such agents for the dissemination of knowledge, who can estimate the good which these missions are doing! Slow though the progress of this great and glorious enterprise be, it *is* onward, and this Board will toil on with renewed confidence in the final complete success of their efforts, combined with that of other Boards, in aiming to send the Gospel to every nation on the globe.

It gives us sincere pleasure to hear that Mr. JAMES GIBSON, late Clerk of the Steamboat Empire, has become commander of the Wisconsin. He has been on the lakes for the last ten years, and no man of more gentlemanly demeanor ever trod the deck of a steamboat. The Wisconsin, under his command, must be a great favorite with the travelling public.

GENESEO.—The village of Geneseo, Livingston County, is among the liveliest in this part of the Empire State. It is situated on a high ridge of land, thirty miles south of Rochester, and one mile east of the Genesee River. Overlooking the great valley through which that famous stream runs, it presents, especially from the grounds immediately east of it, a commanding and truly splendid view of the surrounding country. It is a glorious spot to enjoy a sunset scene, and we almost envy the people of the place the luxury of which the eye and the soul must often partake.

The village contains between ten and twelve hundred inhabitants, a class possessing much refinement of taste and the strictest habits of industry. The flowers and trees which are flourishing in abundance around most of the dwelling houses speak largely in praise of the character of the occupants. The common on the south side of the village has lately been fenced in and decorated with shrubbery, and adds new charms to the already attractive place. As the village possesses no water-power, it will never attain a large growth, yet, being the county seat, it will not be likely to decrease in size or lose its importance. Geneseo is the residence of Governor Young.

The most *venerable* personage in the vicinity, is the well-known GREAT OAK of Geneseo, whose "Country Seat" is one mile west of the village. He has *long* held a *high* stand in society, is in possession of many "leaves" of remote history, and sometimes, for amusement, *branches* off into the *twigs* of poetry. A few years since, through the assistance of Mr. Hosmer—as amanuensis, we suppose, as his own limbs must be too stiff to use the pen—he wrote a rhyming epistle to the Charter Oak of Hartford. It was quite lengthy and is full of the acorns of historical fact. We will, as a conclusion, give the reader a small handful of them:

"Much have I seen—beneath my boughs
Tall elks have grazed with antlered brows;
Crouching for prey on mossy limb,
My leaves have screened the panther grim,
And I have heard the mammoth's roar,
Shake far and wide the forest floor.
Since rose, by light and rain-drops fed,
From forest mould my branching head,
Like flowers have flourished and declined
The wasting tribes of human kind.
Above their unrecorded graves,
Primeval wood no longer waves,
But flinty implements of chase,
That tell of a forgotten race,
While furrow broad the ploughshare turns,
Oft the brown husbandman discerns."

PEARLS OF AMERICAN POETRY.—Such is the name, of a unique and truly eloquent work, strictly American, illuminated by T. W. Gwilt Mapleson, Esq., and superbly and curiously illustrated, to be issued in one quarter volume by Wiley & Putnam, in the month of November. From samples shown us, we judge that the work will appear in the most perfect style of illuminated illustrations. Subscriptions received at Peck's Book Store.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW for this month is embellished with a finished likeness of Hon. THOMAS CORWIN, engraving by T. Doney; and contains no less than nineteen original articles, mostly papers of the first class in literary merit. Among the prose articles, an assay on Shakspeare's Sonnets, will attract the attention of the admirers of "Earth's Laureate Bard." It contains some interesting facts in regard to the heart-history of the great dramatist, and is written in a rich style.—What can exceed in beauty the conclusion?

"The lot of genius is loneliness and sorrow.—The beautiful drapery which the poet hangs over all the apartments of our life, is woven from the bitterest of human experiences, and dyed from the blood of his own heart—wrung out with anguish!"

The course of the Review is upward: and the spirit of enterprize manifested by the Editor, G. H. COTTON, Esq., is truly commendable. T. S. Cutting of this city, is agent for Buffalo and the vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are greatly obliged to our Avon friend and correspondent for the favor on the first page.

"*The Old Bible Picture*," by Mrs. EAMES, is on file and will receive an early admission.

The lines on "*My Heart*," cannot appear till we have had an interview with the author.

There will be a corner for "*An Evening Reverie*" anon.

The letter received from Sardinia is mostly unread and at the author's disposal.

The correspondence from Bellville, Ohio, is necessarily deferred till next week.

TEACHER'S INSTITUTE.—We learn by a Circular from Mr. W. D. HUNTLEY, County Superintendent, that the Teacher's Institute of this County will hold a session at Lancaster, commencing next Monday. The importance of this meeting will, we hope, secure a large attendance of the teachers in Erie County.

THE MASSILLON NEWS.—Our bachelor friend, GEO. MILLER, Esq., has finally wedded—the press. The Massillon News, a new and good looking weekly, has all his affections. May he find many a *stick* full of comfort in his new connection.

SPRINGVILLE ACADEMY.—The Fall Term of this highly reputable School, situated in the southern part of Erie County, commenced last week, under very favorable auspices. Prof. J. W. Earl, remains the principal.

THE NORTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, printed at New Haven, Conn., is a very neat and a well-conducted quarto, edited by an association of gentlemen, and published weekly by O. G. Wilson. Two dollars per annum.

THE IRIS OF NIAGARA FALLS, is the name of a newspaper, published by HACKSTAFF & HOAG, at two dollars a year. It looks well.

Death of Charles Townsend.

A profound and mournful sensation was produced this morning by the announcement of the death of the Hon. CHARLES TOWNSEND, one of the oldest and most estimable residents of our city. Yesterday he was about town, as usual, attending to business, with as fair a prospect, apparently, of enjoying for many years to come a serene old age, in the full possession of his intellectual and physical powers, as any man among us. He spent the evening in pleasant converse with his family, and retired at the usual hour. This morning early, a servant on going into the sitting room to light a fire, found him seated in a chair, his head leaning on his hand over a table, dead.

No resident of Buffalo was more thoroughly identified with its growth and history than CHARLES TOWNSEND. He came here at a very early date, a year or two before the last war with Great Britain, when our now fair city was but a small village, and all beyond was but little else than a wilderness. But with the great sagacity, and calm resolute enterprise that were such striking traits in his character, he appreciated the great natural advantages of this point, foresaw the greatness of the slumbering country, that needed but intelligent enterprise to be quickened into life and activity, and with well directed efforts engaged in those pursuits which have aided to make our Western wilds the seat of empire.—To no living man does the commerce of our lakes owe more, and especially do the citizens of Buffalo, who now rejoice in its present and prospective greatness, owe a debt of lasting gratitude to the memory of CHARLES TOWNSEND, who, in conjunction with a few others yet spared among us, nobly risked his own means in an enterprise calculated to promote the prosperity of all, and which the government refused to undertake until private, well directed effort had led the way and shown it practicable.

A careful, methodical business man, uniformly courteous and polished in his manners, a gentleman of the old school, a model of high mercantile honor, of highly cultivated mind and a christian, he has ceased from his labors, and will descend to the grave followed by the regrets and veneration of all who knew him. His age was about sixty-one.—*Com. Adv.*

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

Assault with Intent to Kill.

On Saturday last we published a paragraph commenting upon an affray between an officer of the Navy and a servant at the American Hotel. This forenoon, about 11 o'clock, the officer referred to, who is passed Midshipman *William W. Pollock*, attached to the U. S. Steamer *Michigan*, called at the counting room of this paper, in the back part of Messrs. PECKS' Bookstore, and said to Mr. JEWETT, who was at the desk, "I wish to see you." Mr. JEWETT stepped forward into the body of the store, when Pollock said, "I wish to

make inquiry in relation to an article in Saturday's paper." In answer to what inquiry he wished to make, he said, "I wish to know if you hold yourself responsible for that article." Mr. JEWETT replied that he did so. Upon which Pollock said, "very well, I hold you responsible," and immediately drew a pistol from beneath his cloak and fired. The pistol was loaded with three balls, two of which lodged in the wallet which Mr. JEWETT fortunately happened to have in his pocket, and which beyond all doubt saved his life. Pollock was immediately arrested, and, after a brief examination before Police Justice CHILD, was committed to jail, where he now is. That the public may see what provocation there was for so murderous an assault, we republish the article below:

☞ We understand that a young Middy, attached to the naval service on the lakes, so far forgot what was due to his own character as a gentleman, and the uniform he wears, as to make a personal assault upon a servant at the American Hotel in this city a few days ago. The interposition of friends saved him from much damage in the encounter. Some young gentlemen attached to the naval service are not particularly renowned for their staid demeanor, and so long as they work off their exuberant animal spirits in harmless frolics, the public is rather disposed to look with a lenient, if not approving, eye upon their escapades. But a vulgar sort of rowdyism is as little becoming an officer, as it is a gentleman in civil life. There are better modes of displaying a character for high spirit and frank, chivalrous gallantry, than assaulting a servant. More than this, conduct such as we are remarking upon, besides being reprehensible in itself, is injurious to others. Every officer in the National service should feel that he represents a class on which he is bound to bring no discredit by any act of his. It is a just subject of national pride that the officers of the army and navy, are, for the most part, distinguished not less for high, gentlemanly bearing, than for that gallantry which has made our country respected on land and sea, and they have just cause to complain when one of their number, whether in actual service, or released from duty to enjoy the relaxation of social life, is forgetful or regardless of the proprieties becoming his station.

As the matter is to undergo an immediate investigation by the Grand Jury, now in session, we forbear any farther comment.

$200 Reward—Four Prisoners Escaped from Jail.

On Monday night last four prisoners confined in the Jail in this city, made their escape therefrom about 9 o'clock. The first, named Henry S. Elliott, is about 5 feet 10 or 11 inches high, 35 or 36 years old, dark brown hair and dark complexion, quick spoken and active, dark keen eyes and full round face.

The second, Thomas Early, is a boatman. He is thick set, rough looking, 26 or 28 years of age, and about 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high.

Henry Paddock, the third, was sent here for confinement, from Oswego, for robbing the mail. He is about 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high, tolerably thick set, dark complexion, keen eyes, and is between 25 and 28 years of age. He has formerly lived in Jefferson county.

The fourth, James Ladd, a mulatto, about 21 years of age, was under a charge of rape. He is some 5 feet 7 inches high, hair rather long and bushy, and tolerably stout built.

The manner of their escape was as follows: About 9 o'clock Mr. Moody, the turnkey, went into the hall to see that all was safe, and as he opened the door he met Elliot with a candle, who inquired of him if he had any more customers, or if there was any thing new. Just at that moment, and before Mr. Moody had closed the door behind him, one of the others who had remained concealed, made a rush at and forced open the door, dragging the turnkey with him. Before they could be secured the four then made their way out of the building, and although the officers were immediately aroused and started in pursuit, nothing has yet been seen of them. The Sheriff has offered a reward of $200 for the arrest of the whole, or $50 for each of them.—*Rochester Daily Advertiser.*

Important.

The Telegraphic despatch published by the Utica *Gazette* of yesterday, P. M., differs from the one sent us in some important particulars, which we give below:

These engagements brought the Mexicans to terms, and they sued for peace.

The Mexican Congress was convoked, and the propositions which Mr. Trist, the American Commissioner, was authorised by the United States Government to make, were laid before that body.

Gen. Scott, it is stated, to save the pride of the Mexicans, refrained from entering the city.

An armistice was granted.

This would indicate that the preliminaries of a peace, if not an actual treaty may be looked for by the next arrival from Vera Cruz.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10—3 P. M.

Vera Cruz dates to August 27th have been received at New Orleans.

The *Picayune* has a letter from Orizba of the 25th August, which says that two brigades of Mexicans under VALENCIA, and one under SANTA ANNA, attacked the Americans at different times, at San Anget, very near the city of Mexico, but were completely defeated, and fell back in disorder into the city.

A suspension of hostilities was then asked for, to hear Mr. TRIST's proposals.

The next day Congress was called together.—Our army were encamped around the city of Mexico, but had not an entrance on the 21st.

Major LALLY arrived safely at Puebla, after some skirmishes.

Lieut. DAVID HENDERSON and his party of Fairchild's company of Dragoons, were all shot by guerillas.

The guerillas attacked Alvarado and killed a sergeant and two marines.

The steamers Petrita and Scorpion were forthwith despatched to reinforce the place.

VERMONT.—Returns meagre, and so far shew some Loco Foco gains—probably not enough to make any material change.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9, 7 o'clock P. M.

Wall street was this morning greatly agitated by the announcement that the extensive and heavy House of Prime, Ward & Co. had stopped payment—an act of prudency rather than necessity. Their liabilities are between 1 and 2 millions, a large part of which is probably held by the Barings. Messrs. Prime, Ward & Co. are large creditors to some London houses which have recently failed, but which it is hoped will be able to pay 20s on the pound, in which case P., W. & Co. will lose comparatively little, and at any rate their assets are very large. The following is a circular issued by them this morning:

New York, Sept. 9, 1847.

We regret to inform you that owing to recent failures of some of our correspondents in Europe on whom we have a large amount of bills running, we feel it incumbent upon us both from a sense of duty and as an act of prudence to suspend payments. Very respectfully yours,

PRIME, WARD & Co.

Major Lally with 12 dragoons, reported cut off, reached Jalapa safely. Capt. Wells lost 40 men.

Brazos dates 24th, state that some skirmishing had taken place between Urrea's troops and our trains—30 Americans killed in all. It was supposed that Taylor would move towards San Luis Potosi on the 1st inst.

Deaths in New Orleans by Yellow Fever, 104 in 48 hours.

A Mr. Campbell and son were drowned at Patterson, N. J. The father tried to kill the son, who waded into the river followed by the old man.

Vermont.—Pownall elects Whig representatives by 60 majority. Whig majority on Governor 26.

The Magnetic Telegraph.—The services of this wonderful agent have at length been called into requisition for the purposes of the press. The second edition of the Manchester Times of Saturday last contains a report of a public meeting supplied by the above means r and this, we are informed by the proprietors, is the *first time* that electic telegraph has been made available for such a purpose.—*London Athenæum. Aug.* 14.

In this country, says the *Conrier & Enquirer*, the Telegraph has been used for more than *two* years, as a means of communicating intelligence for the Press. Every steamer has taken to England American newspapers contsining reports from almost every section of the country, made *"by Telegraph"*; and Americans in England must have made the fact universally known that in the United States the Telegraph was extending with wonderful rapidity over the whole country. Yet until within a few weeks past no use whatever has been made of it by the English Press or People!

The fact shows how slowly novel inventions, of the most striking character and utility, if they come from abroad, and especially from America, make their way in England. It is almost impossible to convince England that there c n be any thing better than their own inventions.—*Com.*

On the Stonington Railroad, they carry a "Sprinkler," for the purpose of watering the track and road bed, thereby diminishing the friction of the cars upon the track, preventing the boxes and journals from being heated, by keeping away the dust, preserving the paint and varnish by not having to clean the cars so often, relieving the passengers from great annoyance, and taking from the brakemen a large share of their labors at the through stations. This improvement has been fully tested for the past two months upon the road, and found to be very popular with travelers. It requires about two thousand gallons of water for the Stonington Road, (forty-seven and a half miles) The machine is attached to the train, behind the usual water tank, and is under the control of the engineman by a rope attached to a valve, which he shuts and opens at pleasure. When it is in operation, not a particle of dust appears inside or outside of the cars. In warm and dry weather, the car windows can be left open without objection.—*Providence Journal.*

Horrible Tragedy—A Woman Murdered and afterwards Burned to Ashes, by her Step-Daughter.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch of Monday.

An aged lady named Mary Morrison, wife of Samuel Morrison, residing in Mifflin township, in Allegany County, about three miles from McKeesport, was murdered on Friday last, and afterwards burned to ashes, by her step daughter. The facts, as far as we have been able to learn, are these:

On Friday morning Mr. Morrison started to the city with produce for the market, leaving his wife and daughter at home. The daughter is a woman about 35 years of age, rather a simple creature, and considered by the neighbors as insane. Mrs. Morrison has from her childhood been subject to spasmodic spells. On the afternoon in question she was taken with one of these spells, and being on the floor, under the influence of the fit, her step-daughter, Sarah Morrison, beat her on the head with a fire shovel, until, it is supposed, she killed her, and then threw her into the fire, and kept piling on the fuel until she burned her almost to ashes, there not being bones enough left of the body to fill a quart measure.

The step-daughter, after consummating the horrible and tragic act of burning the mother, carefully scrubbed the floor to obliterate the traces of blood, and made her escape to the woods.

Mr. Whitaker, a brother of Mrs. Morrison, visited the house on Saturday morning and found it deserted, bu there being a very disagreeable stench he suspected that all was not right, and immediately commenced a search of the premises. On examining the fire place, whence the smell proceeded, he discovered a number of small bones, and the jam spotted over with blood. Several of the neighbors were called in and started in pursuit of the step-daughter, who was arrested a few miles from the scene of the tragedy. She confessed the atrocious murder, and assigned as her reasons for doing so, that "her father, stepmother and herself could not agree, and she tho't the best thing she could do was to burn her up." She also confessed the manner in which she consummated the act.

Coroner Richardson was sent to hold an inquest on the remains, and the Jury, after hearing the testimony of a number of witnesses, returned for verdict that "deceas d came to her death from violence at the hands of her step-daughter, Sarah Morrison," and authorized the Coroner to take the murderess in custody. He brought her to this city and lodged her in jail on Sunday morning.

Mrs. Morrison, the deceased, was a sister of Dr. Whitaker of Allegany city, and is said to have been a woman of mild and gentle disposition, when not under the influence of the spasmodic spells to which she was subject. Her untimely and tragical death is regretted and mourned by a large circle of relatives and friends.

The law suit brought by the owners of the steamer Rochester for recovering damages of the owners of the steamer Illinois, has been through another hearing in Cuyahoga county. It will be recollected that in the Spring of 1839, a collision occured between the two boats in Detroit River by which a considerable injury was sustained by the Rochester. It was tried twice in the court of Common Pleas in this county, the first time the jury returned a verdict in favor of plaintif of $5,000, and at the second trial $1,500. The venue was then changed to Cuyahoga county, and it was again tried at the last session of the Supreme Court, the jury brought in a verdict of $2,000.—*Churdon (O.) Republican.*

MURDER MOST SHOCKING.—A most foul murder was committed in this city on Saturday night. There is, at the corner of John and Elizabeth sts., a low doggery—kept by a German named Horn. At this place a difficulty arose on Friday night, in which an Irishman, named Gaffney, was concerned. No damage was done, however, when the parties separated. We understand that the enemies of Gaffney swore vengeance against him, and in pursuance of their fiendish design, called him into the doggery, as he was passing by, on Saturday night.

Immediately after he entered the room the door was closed, and the attack was commenced.—The shouts of the assailants and the screams of the poor victim aroused the whole neighborhood—among the rest the wife of Gaffney, who, in a state of dreadful agony, rushed into the room, and attempted to save her husband. She saw him struggling with his enemies, but her arm was too feeble to save. The fatal blow, it is supposed, was struck while he was leaning in her arms.—In the struggle with the assailants, the wife was struck and severely injured; and a friend of Gaffney, who accompanied his wife, was so much mangled that it is feared he cannot recover.

We visited the scene of blood, yesterday morning, and we hope never to witness such a sight again. There lay the corpse of the murdered man, covered with blood, presenting a spectacle too shocking to look upon. But by his side, sobbing and mourning, sat his wounded wife, clinging to the cold clay, as if by weeping she could reinstate the spark of life, so suddenly put out.—It was a sight! this fond, loving woman, half distracted by the terrible calamity that had fallen on her house, sitting by the side of her lost protector, to move the heart o the coldest nature.

Gaffney was an industrious, worthy, and honest man; a kind husband and an affectionate parent. We sincerely hope that justice will be meted out to the guilty.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

DISASTROUS FIRE—HUTCHINSON'S CITY MILLS MUCH DAMAGED.—About 6 o'clock last evening, the roof of S. R. Hutchinson's extensive Stone Flouring Mills was found to be on fire, which was not subdued until the roof was nearly destroyed. Every part of the mill was thoroughly wet, and the damage to machinery, grain, flour, &c. is great. Some 3000 bushels of what and 200 or 300 barrels of flour were wet. Mill insured for $15,000, and stock for $4000, which we hope will cover the loss.

The fire originated from friction in the smut machine room.

The mills had just been put in thorough repair, and provided with new bolts, screens, &c.—*Cleve. Herald.*

MUNIFFICENT BEQUESTS.—Julien Poydras, Esq., late of the parish of Pointe Coupee, in Louisiana, bequeathed to several parishes in the State, individuals, orphan asylum and other charitable associations property of immense value and a large amount of funds. Among the institutions thus aided are the Poydras Orphan Asylum of N.O. and the Charity Hopital in that city. To the parish of Pointe Coupee the deceased gave $30,000—the interest of this sum to be employed in giving a dowry to all the girls of said parish who may get married: the unfortunate to be always preferred. Also $20,000—the interest to be employed towards contributing to an academy or college, to be especially established in the parish.

He also bequeathed to West Baton Rouge $30,000—the interest to be employed in giving a dowry to the girls of the parish when they marry.

The *Platte Argus*, is noticing the return of General Kearny and Col. Fremont, from California, says:

"Col. Fremont is under arrest. He was permitted to bring twenty men in his escort, *and march in the rear of the General.* It is said that Col. Fremont had his choice, either to be sent home *in irons*, or to come the way he did. The Colonel is very popular in the United States, and his present situation will excite a lively interest in the minds of the people."

We undertake to say, that these statements, so far as they go to reflect upon Gen. Kearny, are gratuitous, and without any justification. Col. Fremont was not arrested until his arrival in the United States, and we understand that his return home was entirely voluntary—most probably with a knowledge, that he would be arrested on his arrival in the United States.

The two parties, we believe, did not travel together, but they were within a mile or two of each other on the whole route. Whether this arose from the establishment of a personal non-intercourse between them, or from mere convenience, is a matter about which we know nothing.

The same paper alludes to a contemplated duel between Col. Mason of the Dragoons, now Governor of California, and Col. Fremont. Such a meeting was, at one time, feared—a challenge having passed between the parties—but it was checked by General Kearny. Of the causes which let to it, if of a public character, the country will, perhaps, be informed at a proper time.—*St. Louis Republican.*

MOURNFUL—A YOUNG MAN SHOT.—On the afternoon of Wednesday last, two young men of this town, Ransom Tubbs and James M. Wait, went into the woods in the vicinity of Westville, in quest of game. They had but one gun between them, which belonged to Mr. Wait. He had just put it into the hands of his comrade, and while they were preparing to secure some game from a flock of quails, the gun accidentally went off—lodging it fatal contents in the abdomen of Mr. Wait. The loss of blood was so rapid, that he was soon reduced to extreme weakness, and although medical aid was soon obtained, yet it was evident that his wound was incurable. He survived the shock about thirty-four hours.—*Conneaut Reporter, 9th inst.*

SUICIDE BY TAKING LAUDANUM.—Coroner Walters was called last evening to view the body of Thomas McCutcheon, a popular comedian, who has been for a short time past been engaged at the Chatham Theatre, and who was found dead at his room at the New England House, in Rosevelt street, at about 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The deceased not having been seen about his house, as usual, during the day, his room door was forced open, when the facts of the case were made apparent. A phial labelled laudanum, poison, and a tumbler from which he had swallowed the fatal draught, were found on the table near his bed side. No cause assigned for committing the rash act. The deceased was a single man, about 35 years old.—*N. Y. Herald.*

DEATH BY VIOLENCE.—We learn a seaman attached to the brig Iroquois, was killed at the Polk House, a small groggery on the North side of the river. The keeper of the house, Pete Hogan, had an altercation with him and kicked him violently on the temple, rendering him insensible.—He was placed in a room and this morning found dead from the injury received. We learn that Hogan has been arrested to await his trial for murder.—*Chicago Jour.*

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Lines.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A FRIEND.

What change hath passed o'er all, since first we met!
What scenes of joy, alas! of grief, what scenes,
Have marked the fleeting years—too quickly fled!
Youth, beauty, manhood, hoary age, have felt
The palsying touch of unrelenting Time.

O, what a world is this! To-day we bind,
In ecstasy, earth's dear ones to our hearts;
To-morrow they are not! Death, tyrant dread,
On them his fascinating gaze hath fixed—
And marked them for his own; or Fate, perchance,
Scarce less austere, hath to some distant clime,
Transfer'd the chosen objects of our love.

Yet life hath gleams of sunshine. Sighs and tears
Are not alone our heritage below.
The voice of Friendship, like a soothing balm,
Falls on the strick spirit—heals the wound,
And beckons on to future years of bliss.
Nay more, the Christian's never-fading hope—
Which taketh hold "of that within the vail"—
Shall smoth his passage to the shoreless tomb,
And lead his soul to glory and to God.

JUNIUS.

Mount Morris, September, 1847.

An Eagle Caught.—A very large eagle was caught at Hadley, Mass., on the 1st inst., in a bear trap. The powerful bird was taken alive without the fracture of a bone. His wings distended measured 7 feet. Mr. Nash had lost a sheep the day previous and supposing that some dog was the murderer, set a trap for him.

STATE OF NEW YORK, } Albany, August 3
SECRETARY'S OFFICE, } 1847.

To the Sheriff of the County of Erie:

Sir: Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE.

A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney-General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICT.

One Senator for the Thirty-First Senate District, consisting of the county of Erie.

COUNTY.

Also, the following officers for the said county, to wit Four Members of Assembly, one to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully,
N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

Erie County Sheriff's Office, }
Buffalo, August 6, 1847. }

A general election is to be held in the County of Erie, on the second day of November next, at which which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

au6aawtno2 TIMOTHY A. HOPKINS, Sherif.

MARRIED.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. S. R. Smith, Mr. B. M. REED, and Miss CAROLINE WAKELEE, both of this city.

At Benton, on the 1st inst., Mr. BLEEKER L. WEBB of Fairport, Monroe Co., and Miss CAROLINE M. HAVENS, of this city.

At Harris Hill, on the 6th inst., by J. W. Stevens, Esq., Mr. WILLIAM STICKNEY, of Tonawanda, and Miss MARY TOOL, of Amherst, Niagara Co.

At Aurora, on the 7th inst., by the Rev. A. C. Barrell, of Fredonia, Mr. GEORGE C. FERRIS, and Miss HARRIET S. PALMER, both of the former place.

DIED.

On the 9th inst., JEREMIAH, son of J. G. and Elizabeth Brainerd, aged 1 year, 4 months and 15 days.

This morning, 11th inst., Mrs. ABIGAIL COLEMAN, aged 53 years, wife of Chas. H. Coleman.

On the 12th inst., EDWARD, son of Jas. B. and Agnes Dubois, aged 11 months.

On the 11th instant, GEORGE BROWNE, youngest child of Andrew A. and Susan M. Hall, aged 1 year and 11 months.

On the 10th inst., FRANCIS M., son of Paul Coburn, aged 11 months

On the 12th inst., THOMAS LAYTON, son of Thos. S. and Hester A. Hawks, aged 24 years.

On the 12th inst., after a lingering illness of 17 months of severe suffering, Mrs. TEMPERANCE PIERSON, aged 71 years.

In Troy, on the 5th inst., Mrs. MARY ANN, wife of Jonathan Keith, of Silver Creek, and daughter of the late Manning Case of this city, aged 42 years and 1 months.

At Williamstown, Mass., Mrs. JOANNA, wife of A. Shattuck, Esq., and mother of Charles T. Shattuck, of this city, aged 59 years.

In Boston, Mass., on the 28th ult., DAVID TILDEN, Esq., aged 75 years, uncle of N. T. Otis, of this city.

NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE AND WHOLESALE BOOKSTORE.

The subscribers, beg to inform Booksellers buyers and dealers in Books, and all interested in education and literary advancement, that they have recently opened an extensive Book and Stationary Establishment. Their assortment of Books in the various departments of literature is complete and well selected: comprising a full assortment of School and Classical Books in general use, Law, Medical and Theological Books, in great varieties. Their facilities as Publishers ena le them to offer Books on as favorable terms as most of the Eastern Houses Orders from the country, solicited and promptly answered.

Citizens and the public generally are invited to call and examine Books and Prices, where will be found the one progressive principle "Small Profits on numerous Transactions."

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GEORGE H. READ,

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY AND BOOK BINDERY, Commercial Advertiser Buildings, 161 Main Street, Buffalo. Over the office of the Daily Commercial Advertiser

Blank Books of all descriptions ruled and bound to any pattern.

Periodicals, Music Books, Newspapers, Magazines, Old Books, etc., carefully arranged and bound in every variety of style, and at moderate prices. Ladies Albums, Port Folios, etc., made to order. n2

BUFFALO MUSICAL INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

At the residence of Prof. W. R. Coppock—Composer and Teacher of the Piano Forte, Organ, Singing and Composition.

An institute devoted exclusively to Musical Education is not yet common in this country: but in Europe the test of experience fully shows its great advantage over the too general superficial manner in which this important part of polite education is acquired. The advantages this institution offers to those desirous of completing their studies as Organists—or practical players of the Piano Forte, together with a thorough system of imparting the same to others is fully established by the many precedents of the past 12 years. The pupils are constantly guarded in their practice, against all bad habits, and from the various stages of progress they may be in, are continually stimulated to effort and industry, by association with each other. The family too, are all players, and the theory is amusingly discussed, impressing its rules in a more pleasing manner, and more lasting upon the understanding, than by the mere dry study of an elaborate book. Music is composed and arranged from time to time, showing the various styles and harmonies analytically, and adapted for performance on several Pianos at the same time. This teaches a thorough knowledge of counting, and dividing passages into their given time. Vocal music is particularly studied to, and when the pupil has a moderate share of talent, we hesitate not to say, a correct and pleasing singer can be made. The Piano Fortes used are all new, and of the finest quality, and every endeavor will be given to render the true spirit with its portitable. The building is commodious, and has a fine garden attached, with Green houses, Bathing rooms, &c, and is pleasantly situated in Seventh street, between Niagara Street, and the Falls rail road, and about midway to Prospect hill

Terms made known upon application at the Institute, or by mail, post paid, directed Prof. Coppock, Buffalo

Prof. Coppock, keeps constantly a choice selection of Piano Fortes for sale.

Buffalo, August 3, 1847.

PRINTERS' FURNISHING WAREHOUSE.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT, Manufacturer of Printing Inks, No. 6, United States Hotel Block, Pearl St., Buffalo. Printing Presses, Metal and Wood Type, Cards, and every other description of Printers' materials constantly on hand at New York prices, adding transportation. Also, sole Agent for the sale of C. J. Gaylor's Patent Double, and Improved Single Salamander Book Safes. au18 3m.

REMOVAL.

WILLIAM J. MAY has removed to No. 274 Main St, in Kremlin Stores, where he will be happy to see his old customers. One price, good goods, small profits and fair dealing, will always be the rule at No. 274 no17 3m.

CHEAP CASH BOOK STORE.

The subscriber, dealer in Books and Stationery, at 166 Main Street, 4 doors above Seneca, keeps constantly on hand, an extensive stock, embracing the most valuable selections from Ancient and Modern Literature—and a general variety of Theological, Classical, Gift and School Books, &c, &c. The Amateurs of Knowledge and all interested in the purchase of Books or Stationery are respectfully solicited to call. Print and Cap Paper at wholesale.

Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W BREED.

JEWETT, THOMAS & CO.

PUBLISHERS,

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER BUILDINGS

MAIN STREET, BUFFALO.

TERMS.—To mail subscribers, $1.50 per annum in advance, four copies for $5.00, ten copies for $12.00. To city subscribers who receive their papers from the carrier, $2.00. Mail subscribers will also be charged $2.00 if payment is not made in advance.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publishers.

*** All communications must be post paid, in order to be taken from the Post Office.

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WESTERN
LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1847. NUMBER VIII.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Old Bible-Picture.

BY E. J. EAMES.

I.

Softly, and sweetly the clear lamp-light
Is shed o'er my table this lovely night—
A dreamy quiet my chamber filleth,
Whose influence each wild heart-pulse stilleth—
While I, as though drawn by a beautiful spell
Pause on this old Bible-plate to dwell.

II.

"Cana of Galilee!" oft as now
Mine eye has followed those words below:
And gazed on the picture above engraven,
But the beauty and truth to the grouping given—
The painter's coloring—the limner's art—
Fill'd the tasteful fancy, but not the heart.

III.

'Tis a graceful cluster of low-roof'd homes
Round which the Tam-rina and fig-tree blooms:
In the distance sleepeth an olive mountain,
And gather'd about this welling fountain
Is a group of figures in costumes strange
Filling the jars that around it range.

IV.

Now the old plate hath a holier power
Over my spirit's musing hour.
Before mine eye methinks the real
Bendeth in beauty with the ideal,
While the scene arises distinct, and still
Of that first, and most beautiful miracle.

"Mary the Mother of Jesus" is there,
Bound with a wave of her golden hair
Is the pure pure brow, and a world of feeling
On the lip is writ' in sweet revealing,
And a fountain of meekness and piety lies
In the calm clear depths of those lovely eyes.

VI.

In blushing beauty the dark-eyed bride
Bendeth a glorious form beside:
But the bridegroom's noble brow is shaded—
And the happy smile from his lip has faded.
In the empty goblet doth he feel and see
A sense of his scant hospitality.

VII.

Who seemeth a God in that shamefelt hold?
Lo! beneath his gaze of tranquil power
The limpid waters are redly blushing,
The empty wine-cups are fill'd and flushing—
While He the Lord of Heaven and Earth,
In meekness moves 'mid their guileless mirth.

VIII.

Old Bible-picture! the vision 's past—
Yet may the thoughts thou 'st wakened last:
Sweet thoughts of His goodness and charity,
Of His gentle affectionate sympathy,—
May my deeds thus flow from a fount of love,
And mingle with all that is pure above.

It appears that men cling to life in proportion to the slight tenure by which they hold it, and prepare for a long residence on earth, in proportion as the period of human life grows short

All for the Best.

I do not think there could be found in the three kingdoms a blither little old maid than Miss Mellicent Orme, otherwise Aunt Milly, for so she was universally called by her nephews and neices, first, second, and third cousins—nay, even by many who could not boast the smallest tie of consanguinity But this sort of universal auntheod to the whole neighborhood was by no means disagreeable to Miss Milly, for in a very little body she had a large heart, of a most India-rubber nature: not indeed as the simile is used in speaking of female hearts, that 'never break—but always stretch.' But Miss Milly's heart possessed this elastic nature in the best sense—namely, that it ever found room for new occupants; and, moreover, it was remarkable for its quality of effacing all unkindness or injuries as easily as India-rubber removes pencil marks from paper.

Aunt Milly—I have some right to call her so, being her very nephew, Godfrey Estcourt—was an extremely little woman. She had pretty little features, pretty little hands and feet, a pretty little finger, and always carried with her a pretty little worked bag, in whose mysterious recesses all the children of the neighborhood loved to dive, seldom returning to the surface without some pearl of price, in the shape of a lozenge or a sugar plum. Her dress was always neat, rather old fashioned, perhaps, but invariably becoming: her soft brown hair—it really was brown still—lay smoothly braided under a tiny cap; her white collar was ever smooth; indeed, Aunt Milly's whole attire seemed to have the amazing quality of never looking worn, soiled, or dusty, but always fresh and new. Yet she was far from rich as every one knew; but her little income was just enough for her little self. She lived in a nutshell of a house, with the smallest of small handmaidens; indeed, everything about Aunt Milly was on the diminutive scale. She did not live much at home, for she was every where in request—at weddings, christenings, and, to her credit be it spoken, Aunt Milly did not turn her feet from the house of mourning. She could weep with the sorrowful, yet somehow or other she contrived to infuse hope amidst despair. And in general her blithe nature converted all life's minor evils into things not worth lamenting about.

Every one felt that Aunt Milly's entrance into their doors brought sunshine. She was a sunbeam in herself: there were cheerfulness in her light step, her merry laugh; the jingling of the keys in her pocket, dear little soul! was musical. She had a word of encouragement for all, and an inclination to look on the sunny side of every thing and every body. No one was more welcome in mirthful days, no one more sought for in adversity, for she had the quality of making even trouble seem lighter; and her unfailing motto was, 'All happens for the best.'

All my schoolboy disasters had been deposited in Aunt Milly's sympathising ear; and when I grew up, I still kept to the old habit. I came to her one day with what I considered my first real sorrow: it was the loss, by the sudden failure of a country bank, of nearly all the hundreds my poor father had laid up for me. My sad news

had travelled before me, and I was not surprised to see Aunt Milly's cheerful face really grave as she met with, 'My dear boy, I am very sorry for you.'

'It is the greatest misfortune I could have,' I cried. 'I wish that wretch Sharples——'

'Don't wish him anything worse than he has to bear already, poor man, with his large family,' said Aunt Milly gently.

'But you do not know all I have lost. That —that Laura——,' and I stopped, looking, I doubt not, very silly.

'You mean to say, Godfrey, that since, instead of having a little fortune to begin the world with, you have hardly anything at all, Miss Laura Ashton will not consider that her engagement holds. I expected it.'

'Oh, Aunt Milly, she is not so mean as that; but we were to have been married in two years, and I could have got a share in Mortlake's office, and we should have been so happy! All is over now. Her father says we must wait, and Laura is to be considered free. Life is nothing to me now. I will go to America—or shoot myself.'

'How old are you, Godfrey?' asked Aunt Milly, with a quiet smile that rather annoyed me.

'I shall be twenty next June,' I said. Young people always put their age in the future tense, it sounds better.

'It is now July, so that I may call you nineteen and a month. My dear boy, the world must be a horrible place indeed for you to get tired of it so soon. I would advise you to wait a little while before you get so very desperate.'

'Aunt Milly,' said I, turning away, 'it is easy for you to talk—you were never in love.'

A shadow passed over her bright face, and her eye glanced sadly at a mourning ring on the little hand; but Aunt Milly did not answer my allusion.

'I do not think any boy of nineteen is doomed to be a victim to a loss of fortune or hopeless love,' she said, after a pause. 'My dear Godfrey, this will be a trial of poor Laura's constancy, and your own patience and industry. Depend upon it all will turn out for the best.'

'Oh!' I sighed, 'you talk very well, Aunt Milly; but what can I do?'

'I will tell you. You are young, clever, and have been for two years in a good profession.—It will be your own fault if you do not rise in the world. Every man is in a great measure the architect of his own fortunes; and where, as in your case, the foundation of a good education is laid, so much the easier is it to raise the superstructure. You may be a rich man yet by your own exertions, and money earned is ten times sweeter than money received by gift or legacy.'

This was the longest and gravest speech I had ever heard from Aunt Milly's lips. Its truth struck me forcibly, and I felt rather ashamed of having so soon succumbed to ill-fortune; it seemed cowardly, and unworthy the manly dignity of nearly twenty years. Aunt Milly, with true feminine tact, saw her advantage and followed it up.

'Now, as to your heart-troubles, my dear nephew. To tell the truth, I hardly believe in boyish love; there is generally more of fancy and romance than real affection. Do not be vexed, Godfrey, but I should not be surprised if, five years hence, you tell me how fortunate it was that this trial came to prove the steadiness of Miss Ashton's regard, or your own, before you married her. Men rarely see with the same eyes at nineteen and twenty-five.'

'I began with good old Will Shakspeare's declaration:

'Doubt that the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt my love.'

Aunt Milly smiled. 'As both these astronomical facts are rather questionable, you must excuse my doubting a little still. But time will show.—Meanwhile do not despair; be diligent, and be careful of the little you have left. Matters might have been worse with you.'

'Ah, Aunt Milly, what a cheerful heart you have! But trouble never comes to you as it does to other people.'

'You are a little mistaken, Godfrey. At this moment I am in greater distress than you. By Sharple's failure I have lost every farthing I had in the world.'

I was struck dumb with surprise and regret.—Poor dear Aunt Milly! when she was listening to my lamentations, and consoling me, how little did I know that she was more unfortunate than myself! And yet she neither complained nor desponded, but only smiled—a little sadly perhaps—and said she knew even this disaster was 'all for the best,' though she could not see it at the time.—She calmly made preparations for quitting her pretty home, confided her little handmaid to one cousin, in whose kitchen Rachel was gladly admitted, gave her few household pets to another, and prepared to brave the wide world as best she could. Some unfeeling people forgot Aunt Milly in her trouble; but the greater part of her friendly circle proved how much they esteemed her by inviting her to visit them for a month, three months, a year: indeed, had she chosen, Aunt Milly might have spent her life as a passing guest among her friends; but she was too proud to do so.

At last a third or fourth cousin—a widower of a large fortune—invited Miss Milly to reside at his house, as chaperon to his two daughters, young girls just growing up into womanhood.—This proposal, kindly meant, was warmly accepted: and Aunt Milly set forward on her long journey, for Elphinstone Hall was some hundred miles off—a formidable distance to one who had never been a day's journey from her home; now, alas! hers no more! Still, neither despondency nor fear troubled her blithe spirit, as little Miss Milly set out with her valorous nephew; for I had pleaded so earnestly my right to be her squire to Mr. Elpinstone's door, that the concession was yielded at last.

Of all the gloomy-looking old avenues that ever led to baronial hall, the one we passed through was the gloomiest. It might have been pretty in May, but on a wet day in October it was most melancholy. Poor Aunt Milly shivered as the wind rustled in the trees, and dead leaves fell in clouds on the top of the post-chaise. We alighted, and entered a hall equally lugubrious, and not much warmer than the avenue. The solemn old porter was warming his chilled hands at the tiny fire: he and the house were in perfect keeping—dreary, dull, and melancholy. The master was much in the same style; a tall, black, figure, with a long face and a white neckcloth, was the personified idea left of Mr. Elphinstone. When he was gone, I earnestly entreated Aunt Milly to return with me. and not to stay in this desolate place; but she refused.

'My cousin seems kind,' said she: 'he looked and spoke as though he were glad to see me.'—(I was too cold to hear or see much, certainly, but I did not notice this very friendly reception.) 'My dear Godfrey,' Aunt Milly continued, 'I will stay and try to make a home here: the two girls may be amiable, and then I shall soon love them: at all events, let us hope for the best.'

My hopes for poor Aunt Milly all vanished into thin air when, at the frigid dinner-table, where the very eatables seemed made of stone, I saw two young ladies of fifteen or thereabouts: one of them the wildest and rudest hoyden that ever disgraced feminine habiliments; the other a pale stooping girl, with sleepy blue eyes, and lank fair hair, who never uttered a word nor once lifted her eyes from the tablecloth.

'What will become of poor Aunt Milly?' I thought internally. Yet there she was, as cheerful as ever, talking to that solemn old icicle Mr. Elphinstone; listening patiently to that lava-flood of Miss Louisa's tongue; and now and then speaking to Miss Euphemia, whose only answer was a nod of the head, or a stare from her immense blue eyes. 'Well!' I mentally ejaculated, 'Aunt Milly's talent for making the best of everything will be called into full requisition here, I suspect.'

Nevertheless, when we parted, she assured me that she was quite content: that she would no doubt be very comfortable at the Hall.

'But those two dreadful girls, how will you manage them, Aunt Milly?' and a faint vision of the tall stout Louisa knocking my poor little aunt off her chair, in anger, came across my mind's eye.

'Poor things! they have no mother to teach them better. I am sorry for them: I was a motherless child myself,' said Aunt Milly softly.—'They will improve by and by: depend upon it, Godfrey, all will turn out well for both you and me.'

'Amen!' said I in my heart; for I thought of my own Laura, how different she was from Miss Elphinstone! And the image of my beloved eclipsed that of desolate Aunt Milly, I fear, before I had travelled many miles from the Hall.

Aunt Milly's epistles were not very frequent; for, like many excellent people, she disliked letter-writing, and only indulged her very particular friends with a few lines now and then, in which she fully acted up to the golden rule, 'Say what you have to say in as few words as you can, and then say no more.' Thus my information as to how matters were going on at Elphinstone Hall was of a very slender nature. However, when a few months had rolled by, chance led me into the neighborhood, and I surprised Aunt Milly with a visit from her loving nephew.

It was early spring, and a few peeping primroses brightened the old avenue. Underneath the dining-room windows, too, was a gay bed of yellow crocuses, which I thought bore tokens of Aunt Milly's care, she was always so fond of flowers. I fancied the Hall did not look so cheerless as before; the bright March sunbeams enlivened, though they could not warm it. In a few moments appeared Aunt Milly herself, not in the least altered, but as lively and active as ever.

She took me into her little sitting-room and told me how the winter had passed with her. It had been rather a gloomy one, she acknowledged: the girls were accustomed to run wild; Louisa would have her own way; but then she was easily guided by love, and her nature was frank and warm. Phemie, the pale girl, who had been delicate from her cradle, was rather indolent, but—(Oh what a blessing these charitable *buts* are sometimes!)—but then she was so sweet and gentle.—I own when I again saw the young damsels, thus described by Aunt Milly, I did not perceive quite such a marvelous change: Louisa seemed nearly as talkative and her sister nearly as insipid as ever; still there was a slight improvement even to my eyes, and I gladly allowed Aunt Milly the full benefit of that loving glamour which was cast by her hopeful creed and sweet disposition.

'But now, Godfrey, how fares it with you?' said my good aunt. 'How is Laura? and how are you getting on in the world?'

I could give but a melancholy answer to this question; for I had to work hard, and law was a very dry study. Besides many people looked coldly on me after they knew I was poorer than I had been; and even Laura herself was not so frank and kind. Vague jealousies were springing up in my heart for every smile she bestowed elsewhere; and these were not few. I was, in truth, far from happy: and so I told Aunt Milly, adding, 'If Laura does not love, I don't care what becomes of me.'

'Aunt Milly smiled, and then looked grave.—'My dear Godfrey, if Laura married to-morrow, you would recover in time from her loss.'

'No, never! To lose the girl I love, is to lose everything.'

'You do not yet know what real love is, my dear boy. I never believed that Laura Ashton was capable of exciting the lasting affection of a true heart, or worthy to retain it. But we shall see. Once more have a good courage; work hard at your profession, and think as little of Laura as you can. If she ever did love you, she does so still, and will so long as you keep constant to her. Alas for the one whose love survives his who first awakened it! If Laura's affection be not of this firm nature, it is not worth the winning, and its loss will be no pain at all.'

I did not agree with Aunt Milly's theory; but I said no more; my heart was too sore. She took me over the house and ground; both looked cheerful under the influence of the soft spring; and then she told me how kind Mr. Elphinstone was, and how he had been gradually weaned from his solitary life to take pleasure in the society of his daughters.

'And I hope he is grateful to you, who have made them at all endurable?' I said.

Aunt Milly smiled. 'Yes, I believe he is: but I have done only what I ought: the girls both love me so much; and it is sufficient reward to see them improved.'

I did not see Mr. Elphinstone, but I earnestly hoped the solemn, coldly polite, middleaged gentleman had shared in the general amelioration and reform effected by the cheerful-hearted Miss Milly.

Months had glided into years ere I again saw Milly. Everything had changed with me: from a boy, I had grown a man, struggling with the world. I had followed Aunt Milly's advise, and had begun to reap the fruit of it, in the good opinion of those whose opinion was worth having.—I had proved also the truth of the old saying, 'How sweet is the bread of one's own labor!'—Another of her prophecies, alas! had come but too true. Laura Ashton was lost to me: she had married an officer of dragoons, and had left the country. But I will not speak of this, for I did love her very much *once;* and in spite of Aunt Milly's sage speeches, no one can quite forget his boyish fancy. However, the cares of life left me no time to ponder mournfully over my first love.

When I next visited Elphinstone Hall, it was in the golden days of midsummer. I thought I had never beheld a more lovely place. The old trees were so shady and full of leaves; the grassy lawn so very green; the flowery garden so bright with blossoms. Age and youth were not more different than the old cheerless Hall of former times and the beautiful spot I looked upon. Even Aunt Milly seemed to share in the general rejuvenescence. The two years which had changed me so much, had not made her look a day older. She had the same clear, fresh, cheerful face, and

neat little figure; both perhaps a little rounder, the result of a happy life and few cares. Her dress was a tasteful as ever, but not quite so precise, and it was of richer materials. She wore, too, various handsome articles of jewelry; a remarkable circumstance for unpretending Aunt Milly. I thought her pupils must be at least kind and generous in presents.

We had not sat talking long, when a very graceful girl crossed the lawn to the French window of Aunt Milly's room.

'I will come soon; go and take your walk, Phemie, dear,' said Aunt Milly.

Wonder of wonders! Could that beautiful fair face and golden ringlets which I saw through the open window belong to the lackadaisical Miss Euphemia of old? I absolutely started from my chair.

'You don't mean to say, Aunt Milly, that that lovely girl is Miss Elphinstone?'

'Most certainly,' said Aunt Milly, laughing heartily—her own musical laugh.

'Well, if ever I saw such a transformation!—You are as much of a fairy as Cinderella's godmother.'

'Not at all; I only did as a gardener does with uncultivated ground, I pulled up the weeds and planted flowers. As for Phemie's beauty, I never thought her ugly, though you were too much occupied with your disgust at the place to perceive that she really had a fair skin and pretty features. I have only made the best of what I found.'

'And how has Miss Louisa turned on your hands?' I asked, smiling.

'Look at her; she is coming up the avenue on horseback.'

And a very graceful fearless horsewoman the quondom hoyden seemed: the wildness was subdued into gay, but not unlady-like, manners; in short, Louisa had become what many men would admire as a fine lively girl.

'Why, Aunt Milly,' I said, 'you must have grown quite attached to these girls; it will really be painful for you to leave them.'

'I do not think of leaving them very soon,' said Aunt Milly, casting down her eyes, and playing with her gold watch-chain, while a very faint deepening of her still fair cheek, and a scarcely perceptible smile hovering round her mouth, were distinctly visible.

'Indeed!' said I, inquiringly.

'Yes; Mr. Elphinstone is very kind; he does not wish me to go; the girls love me; and my cousin ——'

'Loves you quite as much, dear Aunt Milly!' I cried, at last arriving at the truth. 'I don't see how he could possibly help it, and so I wish you much joy.'

Aunt Milly muttered something in return, blushed as prettily as a girl of fifteen, and at last fairly run out of the room.

'After all, everything *was* for the best!' thought I, as I attended the quiet wedding of Mr. Elphinstone and his second wife. He did not look half so grave and austere as I fancied, and really was a fine looking man, in spite of his fifty years; and if his winning little wife trod only ten years behind him in the road of life, why, I have seen many older looking brides who were not thirty by the church register; and, after all, what matters years when the heart is still young? Mr. Elphinstone did right to give his daughters a second mother in her who had already been such to them; and Aunt Milly, too, what was there ridiculous in her having found a worthy husband, and a happy home against her old age?

I have nothing more to add, except that I have been for these two years a married man myself; and therefore fully sympathised with Aunt Milly's keeping of her seventh wedding anniversary last week. I may just mention, *en passant*, that I do not call her Aunt Milly now, happening to be her son-in-law as well as a nephew. Perhaps, to clear all mysteries, I had better confess that my wife has fair hair, sweet blue eyes, and that her name is Euphemia.—*Chamber's Journal*

The Gentlemanly Man.—This is a man who is held in great consideration amongst the lower or middle ranks. His dress, his air, his conversation, are all objects of imitation. He lives on an annuity of five hundred pounds—does nothing at all useful—and despises all who do. His wife is the sixteenth cousin of a lord, which fact he took great care to communicate to the world in the newspapers at the time of the marriage. He may consequently be said to belong to the aristocracy, and this accounts for his knowledge of the marriages and intermarriages of the great ones of the land. He speaks learnedly of the opera, and knows to a day when the fashionable season begins and when it ends. He alludes frequently to circumstances which occurred when he was "on the Continent," and pities much people who have not travelled. He speaks French with the veritable London accent. He dislikes port, and has ideas about being helped twice to soup. He has a place taken in the front row of the dress circle when he visits the theatre, which he often does, being, he says, very fond of "public places." He goes to Boulogne, or Ramsgate, in September, because nobody of the least consideration can remain in town. Margate he thinks vulgar. He is partial to astonishing waistcoats, and revels in eternal white kid gloves. Morning, noon, and night he is gloved the same—in defiance and utter disregard of all wholesome love of contract. He wears a blue coat with embossed gilt buttons. He knows all the leading men in politics at first sight. He once met Theodore Hook at dinner. He has often seen Grisi off the stage. He has shaken hands before now with a baronet. In fact, he is a very superior, well-informed person, and is universally considered, by his friends, a most "gentlemanly man."

Non-committal.—An old woman who was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors by the name of Jones, and with a very knowing look she replied: "Why I don't like to say any thing about my neighbors, but as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think, and then I don't know; but after all, I guess he'll turn out to be a good deal of such a man as I take him to be."

For the Western Literary Messenger.

To my Sister on her leaving Home.

Farwell, dear sister, fare thee well;
I breathe the words with swelling heart,
With feelings that few tongues can tell,
With tears, that still unbidden start:

For sister many a change may come,
And we, perchance may meet no more,
No more may sit in fond embrace,
And tell our joys and sorrows o'er.

Be thine the *choicest* gifts of Heaven,
Friends ever faithful, ever kind;
Friends that will love thee for thyself,
Nor *seek* in thee a fault to find.

And he, to whom thy hand is given,
Oh! sister may he ever prove
All worthy of thy changeless trust,
All worthy of thy deathless love.

Danville, N. Y. Aza.

John Critchley Prince.

John Critchley Prince was born in Wigan, a manufacturing town of Lancashire, June 21, 1808. His father was a reed-maker for weavers, an extremely ill-paid employment, and having a large family, and being much given to dissipation, was unable, as well as indisposed, to give our subject the advantages even of the most ordinary education. But, fortunately, he had a good and prudent mother,—one who possessed a little learning herself, and wished to impart it to her children, and by dint of her assistance and the instruction he received a short time at a Baptist Sunday School, he learned to read, though imperfectly. He could now, however, collect the sense conveyed in printed characters, and every book and every scrap of paper that came within his reach he pursued eagerly.

At nine years of age he was taken by his father to work at reed-making, in which, from this time, he was usually employed from fourteen to sixteen hours a day. It may be well supposed that under these circumstances he would have little time to improve his mind, especially as his father sought every opportunity to repress his bookish inclinations, lest they should interfere with work; yet in spite of all difficulties he would steal a few moments, whenever he could, to gratify his thirst for knowledge. Often at night, after the rest of the family had gone to sleep, he would slip slily out of bed, and, raking the dim fire, pore over some borrowed volume, till nature completely exhausted, compelled him to retire to repose. Thus he dragged on the days of his boyhood, neglected and discouraged, his imprisoned genius struggling for more enlarged life and liberty.

In 1821, when he had reached his thirteenth year, pecuniary difficulties induced his father to leave Wigan and move to Manchester, thence he soon removed to Stockport, a neighboring town, shortly after back again to Manchester, and finally to Hyde, about eight miles from the latter.—While in Manchester young Prince obtained a copy of Byron, the perusal of which gave him so much delight that he became from that time forth a devotee of the Muses. While here, also, he became acquainted with an old German soldier, who had been wounded at Waterloo, who often entertained him with glowing, and doubtless exaggerated descriptions of the countries on the Continent, particularly of Germany. This planted in the breast of the future poet a desire to see foreign lands—a desire which was subsequently gratified under painful circumstances.

In Hyde, our subject lived a wretched life, owing to his father's habits and the wretched return for reed-making. Thinking to make for himself a better home than that of his father's house, he married, when only nineteen years old a young female of his own condition of life.—This only served to increase his difficulties; for, though his wife was industrious and continued to work at weaving, to which she had been accustomed, as his family grew around him, his trade still being very bad, he was often sadly pinched.

In 1830, hearing that reed-makers were much demanded and well paid in France, he determined to try his fortune in that country. Leaving, therefore, his wife to support herself and three children till he could get employment and send for them, with what little money he could gather together, he started. On reaching London he learned that France was in a state of revolution: but not considering that this would inevitably destroy all trade, for a time at least, and goaded on doubtless by a desire to break up the dull monotony of his life and gratify an ardent curiosity to visit scenes on which his imagination had long dwelt, he still persevered in proceeding.—Reaching Calais, he remained there till Louis Phillippe was made king, and then went on to St. Quentin in Picardy, where he expected to find employment. But he was doomed to be sadly disappointed, not being able to get anything to do. Yet unwilling now to turn back, he resolved to go to Mulhausen on the upper Rhine, a great seat of manufactures. On his way there he showed the bent of his mind by stopping eight days at Paris, visiting all the places of interest and amusement, thereby nearly emptying his purse, which at first was scantily supplied.

At Mulhausen he had no better success. His condition, therefore, became very far from enviable. In the heart of a strange country, totally ignorant of the language, nothing to do and his money all gone—whichever way he turned, starvation stared him in the face. His thoughts also reverted to his family, whom he had left with very precarious means of support; and this added a deeper pang to his sufferings. To return immediately to England was his first thought; but, hoping that trade might shortly revive, he lingered about the city five months in the most miserable condition, subsisting on private charity. At the end of that time, there being no better prospect of employment, his clothes becoming literally rags, sorely haunted likewise by fears for his family, he determined to beg his way back to his own country.

In his return he followed the banks of the Rhine, and, though his body subsisted on scanty morsels from the hand of charity, his poetic spirit enjoyed many an ambrosial feast. The scenes of historic and romantic interest that consecrate the borders of the beautiful Rhine, found, in the ragged English wanderer, a most enthusiastic admirer. Often, without a sou in his pocket, hungry and uncertain whether he would find a bed for the night, he would sit down among the ruins of some ancient castle, his imagination reveling in the rich association of the Past, till the gathering, chilling shades of night called him from his bright reveries to the bleak realities by which he was surrounded. He would then hobble away, shivering from cold, (for it was Winter when he began the journey,) and thought himself fortunate if admitted to spend the night beneath the humblest roof. Passing through Strasbourg, Nancy, Verdun, Luneville, Chalons and Rheims, he at length reached Calais, where he obtained a passage across the Channel from the British Consul

The first night after landing in England, he applied for food and lodging at a work-house in Kent, and was put into a garret in which were already twelve persons—eight men and four women—some of whom were dangerously ill. He lay at the back of an old woman, whose continued groans, mingled with those of others around, kept him awake and in agony all night. Glad he was when the morning came to release him from this wretched lazar-house. He had noticed, towards day-light, that the groaning of his bed-fellow gradually ceased, and on rising to leave, as the keeper opened the door, he beheld with horror that she was dead! She was a temporary inmate, like himself, and had been left to die without any of the attention requisite to alleviate the pains of dissolution.

Glad to escape from this painful scene, he immediately left taking the direct road to London. When he reached the metropolis, he had been all day without food. The thought now suddenly struck him that he might perhaps turn his poetical predilections to some account—for already he had been accustomed to solace his woes by wooing the Muses, though he had published nothing except a few pieces in some obscure provincial pub-

lications. Big with hope, he sold his waistcoat at "Rag Fair" for eightpence, and having first partially appeased the cravings of hunger with a penny-roll of bread, he laid out fourpence for paper. With this he entered a tavern, and calling for a pint of porter and pen and ink, sat down there amid the uproar of a drunken company of coal-heavers, and began to write poetry. Having finished his verses, he wandered about the great city, trying to dispose of them to the booksellers for a few shillings; but no one would patronize our ragged, hungry poet. He was forced to pocket his productions in despair.

He remained in London three days, during which, though the weather was severe, he slept by night in the open air, the cold door step of some lordly mansion being his bed. But finding himself unable to get employment of any kind, and feeling uneasy about his wife and children, whom he had left more than six months previously, with a sad and anxious heart he turned his face homeward, a distance of about two hundred miles. On the way, he subsisted by the most precarious means; sometimes singing in public houses for a few pence, sometimes calling for aid at the work-houses of the parishes through which he passed, and sometimes driven by dire necessity to beg by the road-side. His lodgings at night were equally at the beck of chance. One night in a vagrant office, another in a barn or stable, and the next perhaps beneath a stack of hay or corn in the fields.

With a yearning heart he approached the town Hyde, where he expected to find at least some of the comforts and endearments of home; but again he was doomed to sad disappointment. Misfortunes seemed to gather and fall more thickly upon his head. Where he had left a home, he found no one to welcome him. His family was in the work-house of the Parish of Wigan, twenty or thirty miles distant. His wife having found herself unable to support herself and children, had applied to the Parish of Hyde for some assistance, and was sent in consequence to the work-house of Wigan, the latter being the parish to which her husband properly belonged.

In a state bordering on frenzy, Prince hurried to his wife and children, took them from the work-house, and brought them to Manchester, where he rented a garret. Here with no bed but a bundle of straw, with nothing deserving the name of furniture, and with clothes scarcely sufficient to cover their nakedness, they lived several months in great destitution. Prince himself could obtain very little to do at reed making, and it was only the labour of his wife at weaving that enabled them to eke out their existence.

It might be supposed that so much misery would chill and blast the most ardent spirit. Not so with Prince. His heart continued fresh and true, full of humanity and good will to all men. Nothing harsh or misanthropical ever proceeded from his pen. Under all difficulties, and in all circumstances, Poetry was his refuge and his solace, and some of the most touching and purest lines that he has ever written, were penned during the darkest hours of his life, before he became known to the public as a poet. About the time of which we have just been speaking, when he first settled in Manchester after his return from the Continent, he lost a child, and his grief on that event was expressed in a poem full of beauty and deep feeling. The following is an extract:

"Yes, thou art gone, my beautiful, my boy!
Thy father's solace, and thy mother's joy!
Gone to a far, far world, where sin and strife
Can never stain thy purity of life;
A young, bright worshipper at Mercy's throne,
While I am here unblessed and alone,—
Lone as a shattered bark upon the deep,
When unrelenting storms around her sweep;
Lone as a tree beneath an angry heaven,
Its foliage scattered and its branches riven;
Lone as a broken harp, whose wonted strain
Can never wake to melody again."

Such is the striking language of a man, who, at the time he penned it, was, in condition, little above the beggar in the street.

He was first brought into public notice and repute by a volume entitled "*Hours with the Muses*," which he published chiefly through the assistance of John Bolton Rogerson, a poet and editor of Manchester. This work gave him immediately a high rank among English poets. His necessities became known also, and many handsome presents were made him by men of rank and wealth. He cannot complain of ill usage from his countrymen since his genius came to light. He resides at present in the town of Ashton-under-Lyne, near Manchester, living in an humble manner, working occasionally at his old trade of reed making, but supporting himself chiefly by his pen. In outward appearance he bears no indication of his genius. The sufferings he has endured have made him seem much older than he is. He is about the middle size, with a stoop in his shoulders, a retreating forehead, and a pale, melancholy countenance. He is very modest and unassuming in his manners, and possesses very little conversational power.

Such is a hasty glance at the history of this extraordinary man. He is certainly the most remarkable, if not the best, poet who has appeared since the time of Burns.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

A Trip to Chicago in the St. Louis.

NUMBER XIII.

When John finished his story, we were in plain sight of the landing at Milwaukee, and came to at a long wharf quite early in the morning. It is a very pretty place, but far more prosperous than pretty. It does not show to advantage from the Lake, for, being built in the hollow scooped in an elevated plain by the action of the River, it is mainly hidden from approaching vessels. A very large proportion of its citizens were New Yorkers, and they have lost nothing of their energy or enterprize by their removal. At least every tenth man I met was an old acquaintance, and all were rising with their new country. They were proud of old New York, prouder of young Wisconsin, and superlatively proud of the rising city of Milwaukee.

It certainly seems wonderful, this sudden, solid growth. Ten years ago Wisconsin was somewhere in the far West—an unknown, undesired country. Chicago was a petty village, that might be a place of note some day or other. Milwaukee—why, there was a river of that name on some of the maps, and it was known to a few persons, as far east as Buffalo, that one SOLOMON JUNEAU had a clearing near its mouth. Lake Michigan was bordered by a wilderness save on the South. Michigan itself, was indeed growing populous in its eastern and central sections, but did not produce provisions enough for its own consumption, and vessels from Buffalo, Erie and Cleveland, carried pork and flour to it, and returned in ballast. A steamer or two made

a trip or so a year to the Upper Lakes,—but they were pleasure trips, and the boats transported thither curious and idle, rather than business, passengers, with very little freight, and seldom brought back anything except a few barrels of fish from Mackinac, or some trifling Indian curiosities. And now how immense the exports of the countries on this Lake! A friend told me that three hundred thousand barrels of flour were stored last winter at Detroit, and that was a scant third of the surplus of Michigan of the preceding season. And here's a thriving city of some twelve or fourteen thousand souls, and every day at least two noble, fully freighted steamboats, in their transit between Chicago and Buffalo, touch at its wharves.

Milwaukee certainly enjoys every advantage that can conduce to make her rise sudden and permanent. She is the commercial centre of a large territory of unsurpassed fertility, occupied by an active, intelligent and moral people, and blessed with a salubrious climate. But a few miles above there are numerous sites for factories and mills, which are or can be abundantly supplied with water by perennial streams. She has a harbor, such as it is, and must and will have a most spacious, safe, and commodious one. She cannot but become a very large and prosperous city.

There are made the best bricks I ever met with. They are very hard and durable, and stand fire and the weather better than any I ever saw, unless it be those little yellow bricks which were imported from Holland, by the Dutch of Fort Orange, to build their houses with. Their color is yellow,—not that glaring, glossy yellow, which is so odious in my sight,—but a pale and modest color, assorting well with those sober shades Nature assumes in our cool, Northern clime. The saying is, I believe, that Rome was not built in a day, but slowly, by adding brick to brick:—If she were built of such ones, she would well deserve to be the "eternal city." But I am growing warm, and may be mistaken for a brickmaker, a house-builder, or a man of fortune, if I give way to my enthusiasm.

Time pressed, and so we bade Milwaukee adieu, after a most brief visit, and sped southerly towards Chicago. We touched that day at Racine, Southport, and Little Fort, all pretty and fast rising towns, and entered Chicago, as the sun went down, on Saturday, the third day of July. F.

NUMBER XIV.

That short sojourn in Chicago was very pleasant. We left it on the evening of the 8th of July. It is very difficult, such was the whirl in which we lived, to state anything from memory with perfect accuracy, and so you must be content with generalities, for they are all I can safely deal in.

What of the Convention? Why, for all about doings of that most respectable body, permit me to refer you to the papers. Have they not given its proceedings minutely, described the tent in which it met, and every personage who figured in it, and some who did not? You know as well as I, that it was a very large assemblage, comprising many truly great men of the age, and that its action was calm and impressive, and well calculated to subserve the momentous interests it was convened to settle on a sure foundation.—There were indeed some very pretty small lights there, but they soon burnt out or were extinguished, and did no mischief.

How did we live? Why, most delightfully.—The Convention pleased Chicago, and Chicago pleased the Convention. There were no bounds to the hospitality of the citizens and city. Its population was probably quadrupled by its visitors, and yet all were somehow taken care of, had sleeping places, and feasted on fat things.—The hotels did indeed overflow a little, but then private houses were open, and every Chicagoan was a friend of any and every one who came to the Convention. Besides, in the Creek—the River, I beg its pardon—were several first rate steamboats, converted for the time into floating boarding houses, and doing credit to their new vocation. How did I get along? I stayed in the *St. Louis*, and that answer must satisfy you, that, for bed, and board, and parlor comforts, I fared most sumptuously every day.

What did we do apart from the Convention? Why we frolicked and enjoyed ourselves a thousand ways. We interchanged visits, with each other and the townfolks, rode through the city and out upon the prairies, called in at Rice's theatre and heard Dan Marble crow in the Gamecock of the Wilderness, went to church on Sunday, and on weekdays to parties, and heard music—would that you had heard some that ravished me, and made me think Saint Cecilia had revisited to charm the earth.

Indeed it was a very pleasant time. True it was very warm weather—warmer far than we ever have at Buffalo—but immersed in pleasure and business as we were, we hardly heeded it.—Every body was pleased, and looked happy, except here and there a roguish politician, and good old John Smith. He is a queer fellow.—The day after we arrived, I asked him what he thought of Chicago, and he gave me a very pettish answer, which I'll put down to shame him.

Perhaps F. you'll set me down as wayward, when I tell you I am, and am not pleased with this confounded place. I have been here before when it was comparatively a quiet, douce town. But now it is uncomfortable as a pillow, stuffed until it is hard as a brickbat. There are always too many people in it for its capacity; and, just at this present time, it is all hurry-scurry and confusion. You can't eat a meal in comfort, nor stir about without being jostled. But, take it in its best of times, and it is not the place to suit me. Its climate is in extremes. In winter, the cold winds, sweeping from the north o'er inter-

minable plains of land or water, sink the thermometer thirty degrees below zero; while in summer, the mercury rises, the Lord only knows how high, but, I am confident to a point not much below that of boiling water. Look at the place!—It is level as a pancake. Water won't run any where in it. There is not a cellar in Chicago.—And when a rain comes, or a thaw, it is all mud, unfathomable and most adhesive mud. Walk the length of a street, and then dry yourself, and an expert artist can take off a cast of your entire person. The river is a dirty little bayou, and I don't wonder that the Indians called it Chicago—that is Skunk River. It has an abominable odor. As for the scenery—why, I've just come from the belvidere, on the top of the Sherman House—the most tolerable spot I've found yet—I turned round and looked at all points of the compass, and what did I see? Nothing but a tame level! On one side, far as the eye could reach, was a greenish, sickly prairie, in which lay the muddy branches of the river, bounded, near the horizon, by a blackish line of woods—and, on the other side, the lake was sending its yellow looking wavelets towards the parched land. The whole scene was stupid, and, in gazing on it, I almost felt, limitless as the view was, that the world, after all, as some of the ancients supposed it to be, was in fact flat as a trencher. Thank God, there are hills, and mountains too, and I wish I was back among them. Here John uttered a deep sigh, and took himself off, and I did not see him again until he came on board the *St. Louis* just as she was casting off her lines and leaving for Buffalo.

That there is much truth in John's remarks cannot be gainsaid. But after all, although its site is low and even, and its climate intensely cold in winter, and very warm in summer, Chicago is a very pleasant town, and has much to commend it. And first of all, its inhabitants are hearty and unpretending socially, and energetic and honorable in business. Their provision for common schools is highly creditable to them. I like the place much, but the people more.

Chicago flourishes and must flourish with the expansion of Lake Commerce. She has increased wondrously in a few years, and will receive a new impetus in her career, from the completion of the canal which will connect her with the Illinois River. That will give her good stone in abundance for building and paving, and a profusion of mineral coal for fuel and factories.

The prairies furnish not only game in all its varieties, from the "stag of ten" to the golden plover, but the most sapid, tender and nutritious beef in the world. Mackinac sends her trout and whitefish. Commerce contributes all the transportable luxuries of the known globe. Were I an epicure, and could I command the services of a first rate chef de cuisine, I'd live at Chicago. Though I am not one, I left it with reluctance.

John related to me his adventures after we had departed. I will however repeat them here, rather than interrupt the narrative of our return to Buffalo. F.

John Smith's visit to the Calumet River.

NUMBER XV.

I could not abide the crowd, so, when I left you rather abruptly F., the other day, I busied myself in making up a party to visit the Calumet. I succeeded, and we started in the evening—a friend, myself, and an old angler of Chicago,—in a tall wagon, for the Calumet, and, after travelling some sixteen miles, put up at Osterhunt's, near the toll-bridge. It was a wild ride. It seems there are two roads—one called the sand, the other, the prairie road. We took the former, which led through a long grove of timber, and frequently so near its edge as to disclose the prairie, until it entered it within a few miles of the Calumet.

It became dark, quite dark, before we were out of the woods, and it was wonderful, the sagacity with which the horses kept the track, unguided as they were, and trotted fearlessly ahead. We passed several camps in the grove:—that is, we saw several fires in the woods, near which were wagons, and around which emigrants, or folks going to the city, were huddled, or busied in cooking, while the hoppled horses grazed around wherever they found pasture. We stopped to water twice, at roadside inns, and found them thronged with travellers.

I noticed little in the woods that was new to me, but the woods themselves seemed strange. The grove was on a wide sandy ridge, elevated above the level of the sweeping prairies. The trees were oak, but rose not to any considerable height. They sent not out those lateral roots, which, rising above the ground, make our forests so rough for wheels, but, as our old angler said, had a good tap-root, like a carrot. The horses often grazed their boles, and we could go any where between their stems where there was width enough to let the wagon through. The wood of these oaks is not durable, but decays and falls to pieces in a few years, when exposed to the weather.

By the bye, that old angler was an odd genius. He was given to misunderstanding the sounds we heard, and was not of a very hopeful complexion, but ever anticipating ill-success. Perchance he meant to scare us. We heard a cry in the woods, after nightfall, and he declared it was the howl of the prairie wolf—a sneaking animal by the bye—and it turned out to be the squalling of a child. On the Calumet we were listening to a strange noise in the distance—he pronounced it the wailing of a panther—it was the far-off clamor of the sand-hill crane. He was an oddity—but, on the whole, an amusing and agreeable companion.

We left the grove, and jolted in the dark, over one of those execrable causeys for which this land is famous. We could not see ten feet on either hand. But, in the meadows, the fireflies were flashing in all directions, in myriads, and

with a splendor I never saw in them before. Then succeeded a long line of smoother road, and night abated somewhat of its darkness, when the path was suddenly terminated by a barn which crossed it. There are few fences, however, in that country, and descrying, some four rods off, a house, we turned up to it through the rank grass, and found we were at Osterhunt's. We woke the landlord, put up the horses, retired to bed, and, after battling an hour or so with a detachment of musquitoes from the river, surrendered at discretion, and went to sleep.

Early in the morning I left the house to stroll, and the mystery of the barn in the road was solved at once. The house and barn had been removed to their present station, from the river side, but a few days before. I am always pleased to observe a taste for flowers, and formed a favorable opinion of the landlady from the fact that the little cultivated spot in the rear of the humble inn, was not wholly given up to potatoes, corn and cabbages. She tended, with her own hands, a few precious exotics, and beautiful wild plants: and proved to be an intelligent, kind, and polished woman of the wilderness.

I know you do not care for angling; but I have you now, dear F., and you must go with me to the Calumet. I'll spare you all I can.

They fish here mainly for pike, and troll with rods. The hook of course is tied to metal, for the pike's teeth are very sharp, and his jaws are strong. The bait was the sheet of white, tough tendon from a calf's fore shoulder, cut into long strips, one end of which was pierced by the hook, and the other split in two, so as to flare in the water, with the motion of the rod; and, when this was exhausted, pieces of the whitest portions of our scaly victims were used with capital success. And here let me tell you two things, important enough to justify the devotion to them of a separate paragraph.

In fishing for pike with a rod, use a steel chain next to your hook. It is far preferable to the short linked rods of twisted brass wire, in common use. They are stiff and play awkwardly. The chain is flexible, and communicates to the bait, a tortuous, fluttering motion, which will entice to action and pursuit the sleepiest and most suspicious fishes in all pikedom. And then for bait: When you have taken a good pike, use the skin of its tongue, as the vulgar call it--that is, the external skin of the lower jaw. It makes as captivating a lure as was ever used.

The country was wild enough. The unfenced road ran through a broad prairie to the river, and crossed it on an uncovered bridge. Not a dwelling was in sight, save one some miles away on the road, and another on a distant sheet of water, called Calumet Lake, and neither had aught attractive in their looks. The prairie was covered with coarse grass and weeds, and exhibited, even on close inspection, but few flowers. In the distance was seen the blue line of the grove we traversed the night before, and the river's winding course was every where betrayed by timber topping its banks. Here they talk of the prairies as though they were water, and call the groves, islands. The scene was not inspiring, though the glorious morning sun shone upon it through a pure atmosphere, from a serene and cloudless sky. It was dull and lifeless. No villages, with their pretty church spires pointing to heaven—no cultivation—no herds of cattle upon the lea—not even a crow in the air,—even that element was void of animation. I hoped the waters at least were populous. I would have despaired of the country, had it not been for the children of the house, who were well-favored girls, and had kept off the ague, and retained rosy complexions, by taking once a day a dose of vile elixir pro.

Speaking of water, let me tell you, their prairie land has very little that's fit for a Christian's use. Their streams are full of ague. Their wells yield scantily an ill-tasted and unwholesome fluid. Here and there springs of palatable water bubble feebly up; but they are few and far between, and are esteemed, and justly, pearls of great price. Man is an omnivorous animal, and somehow thrives on any kind of food, but, for water, he can find no succedaneum. He may tickle his palate, or inflame his brain with strong drinks, but he must have water, or cease to be a man and die. Good water makes good men.—Liberty dwells among the mountains not because she loves to perch, like an eagle, on their sky-piercing, barren peaks, but because their transparent fountains and icy rivers, quaffed by a hardy people, fill their souls with patriotism, and nerve their arms with vigor. These tenants of Flatland are well enough, but what a noble race they'd be, with their fat soil, if they only drank from gurgling brooks, of which the spotted trout, that hater of impurity, was a born denizen.

F.

NUMBER XVI.

I was the first of "the three jolly anglers" on the toll-bridge of the Calumet, and trolled faithfully, without a rise, for many minutes before my companions joined me. Here the stream is perhaps a hundred yards in width, and some eight or ten feet deep in the channel, and has a barely perceptible current. Its waters have a brown tinge, and the fogs it sends up are brown too.—The banks are marshy, and the water weeds on the sides occupy a full third of the stream. Not a breath of air was stirring, the thin mist lay upon the water, and naught disturbed the death like repose of nature but the plash of my bait, and the harsh, grating voice of the "corn-cracker," a small frog that emits a sound like that of a watchman's rattle, only a deal more ear-piercing and discordant. In the marsh, not four rods off, was a gray bittern, graceful in its utter gracelessness, for it was acting its allotted part in life, in a scene it was designed for. There it stood erect, on its long shanks, in a shallow water, among the weeds, intent on prey, with neck erect, and head scarce moving, a very handsome bird so placed, for it harmonized with every thing about it: Audubon would have given a great deal for its piet-

ure, with all the accessaries But it sees its wished-for prey, a little frog, and instantly it leans forward till its body is horizontal, and with three or four long, quick, firm strides, and a lightning-like thrust of its rapier-formed bill secures it. I hope it is a corn-cracker. I was grateful to the long legged marauder for his company, and pleased when my companion's shot, having splattered around it, it arose unhurt, much to his mortification.

We angled all that day, and with tolerable success. The fish are apt to haunt where the slues or natural drains of the prairies empty into the stream. The first one we came to promised sport, for, at our approach, a rush of fish into the river fairly made it boil. We angled at the mouth, and caught some large rock bass, a tolerable pike or two, but were so bothered with dog fish that we soon left it.

Our boat was a heavy, clumsy skiff, somewhat leaky withal, but in keeping with the stream, which, in the main, was dull and dreary as Styx. One of the oars was cracked and required judicious handling. Our Charon was a clever lad, about sixteen years old, a son of our host. Supposing we were not bound upon a long voyage, he came to us bootless, and suffered much in consequence from the gray-striped fly, one of the pests of the prairie—a middle-sized gad-fly. They bit his feet and ancles until he delared his sufferings intolerable, and, under advice, thrust his extremities into a mass of water weed; but, even then, these flies, not to be baulked of blood, contrived to reach them with their lancets. And so we floated many miles, now impelled only by the lazy current, now rowing easily, and now with energy to keep our tub in forward progress, when a head wind swept round a point and baffled us. There was very little worthy of observation in our course.—We explored the Calumet lake, and the Grand Calumet. The latter branches from the Calumet river and empties into the Lake. We descended it half a mile, and ate a frugal luncheon on its banks, and then returned to the river. There is a tradition that it once was the only channel to the lake, and that the river below is an artificial cut, made by the Indian traders at an early day.

Below the Grand Calumet—at whose exit from the river, I caught a seven pound pike—the river becomes more rapid, and its banks are more contracted for several miles, and are bordered by immense meadows of wild rice, making excellent pasturage for wild hogs, and a capital feeding place for ducks. Nature has no waste. Like a thrifty workman she uses all her odds and ends, and makes them productive. Scarce aught of her territory is untenanted, nor are those of her children which are most handsomely provided for, therefore the best cared for. Of all animals, ducks ought to be the happiest. In their element of water, they are most graceful, and some of them at least, in their costumes, are most singular and splendid; and, being omnivorous, all of this numerous family are every where presented with food adapted to their tastes. Besides, while they have varied powers of escape and artifices of elusion, they are guarded by the keenest senses of sight and hearing, and influenced by a most timid disposition. And yet these graceful, gorgeous, sensible, and most sportful creatures, how does Nature serve them? Why, as some would say, like a jealous stepdame, she puts them in the most unpleasant and ugly corners of creation. Is there a gloomy rice-swamp, or a miserable marsh, or slough, why its good for naught else indeed, but then "it is a good place for ducks." But the truth is, ducks are fitted for such places, and such place are just the thing to make them as safe as Nature can permit, and as happy as ducks can be in this changeful world.

The Calumet Lake is merely a big pond lying in the centre of the rice swamps It is very shallow, and weedy, and, were there no such things as wild ducks, frogs, and bull-heads, one might perchance doubt its being of any use whatever.

At the outset we were bothered by a dog, a half-blooded Setter, that would follow the boat, hunting on the shore, and now and then flushing a woodcock. He was not a favorite at starting, for my companions thought that, as he crossed and recrossed the stream, or came towards the boat, he spoiled the fishing, and so made noises to drive him off which did most certainly impair it. But "every dog has his day," and Rollo became a favorite at last—and that too for acts which ought to have sealed his death-warrant.—He caught, and murdered, but delived to young Master Osterhout, two of a brood of young gray ducks. My comrade, who to his many good qualities and pleasant accomplishments, superadded some skill as a cook, presented them at table as a dish fit for an epicure. But although I brought to them plenty of "the best sauce" in the world, even hunger could not communicate flavor to such poor, unformed young things.—But nevertheless, the dog was praised and petted for their capture.

The fishing, after all, was very dull. We caught a large number of fishes indeed, but no very large ones. The old angler was soon worn out, and became desponding. The labor of the return up stream fell principally upon me and my companion, and I felt most happy, and I think he did too, when after a most toilsome day, we at last passed slowly under the toll-bridge and landed on the upper side. But a good cup of tea, a right pleasant chat, a sleep that was sound and refreshing, despite the mosquitoes, and above all hope, that "springs eternal in the human breat," promising better things for the morrow, sent us again a fishing the next day. F.

NUMBER XVII.

It was an odd equipage! The horses were attached to a common farm wagon, on which was placed the old skiff, and in the skiff were seated mine host and wife, and children three, and the three anglers. And, in this fashion, after an early meal, we passed the bridge, followed the road

a mile or so, and then turned off to the right into an oak grove, where mine hostess and the girls alighted to gather the low whortleberries: but we entered the trackless prairie and made across it, perhaps two miles, for the line of wood marking the bank of the River.

We learned something by this voyage, and saw at least some plants that were new to us. The beautifully blue and evanescent spiderwort is a common flower of the prairie. The rattlesnake weed, not yet in flower, is abundant. It is a tall and graceful plant, and the bruised leaves are a certain remedy for the bite of the venomous reptile whose name it bears. Heaven preserve us from all occasion for testing its virtues! The tall, red-top grass marks water, and, by avoiding it, we escaped the sloughs in which prairie travellers are so often hopelessly bemired. The two species of rosin-weed, with their large leaves, indicate dry land, and form a favorite cover for the grouse; but the dry land is often full of ant hills, which betray the feet of unwary horses, and bring them to the ground. The wild pea,—*Lathyrus palustris*—is a common ingredient of the prairie hay, and adds to its value. It is probably the same plant which Irving and other South-Western travellers make honorable mention of, as the most nutritious food their horses could obtain in the wilderness. But flowers were not abundant, and we crossed the prairie without adventure.—Not a snake shook its rattles at us, not a grouse whirred away before us. Naught enlivened the prairie but blue and red devil's darning needles, and big biting horse-flies. We were glad to reach the river and launch the skiff, which being done, young Master Osterhout drove back the wagon.

We floated down some five or six miles, to a grove about half a mile above the house, and then went back afoot with a large string of fish, slung to a pole, and had a chowder—such an one as even our good friend B***** might acknowledge as his own cookery, without detriment to his well earned reputation. Our captives, however, were principally the spurious black bass of these western waters, the rock, and the silver bass, or calico fish.

The River above is famous for its rapids; I dont know but that in this land of sluggish streams they are styled the Grand Rapids. We floated gently down them. They are where the stream for a mile or two actually flows, and that too over a limestone bed, with here and there a large pebble, through dense masses of waving water weeds. The Calumet, as though fatigued by the great pace it had achieved in passing them, comes to a dead stop at their foot, and then sleepily winds onward to the Lake. And, truth to say, I was infected with the soporific atmosphere that overhung the scene, and might have slept, but for the occasional necessity of playing a fish, and the frequent adjuration of the old angler, hopeful of pike, to cross to the other side, where he espied the "pickerel grass," (so he called the *potamogeton*, or pond-weed,) every tuft of which he fondly fancied covered a twelve-pound pike.

But, ere we reached our landing place the scene was changed by one of those sublime phenomena which no words can describe. It was a thunderstorm. Who can paint the array of the parti-colored clouds, manœuvreing as though in battle,—now black and solemn as despair, now gorgeous in the golden sunlight? or the waving flickering of the cloud-hidden lightning, or its arrowy flash as it strikes the tall oak, and leaves it riven and flaming? or give aught like utterance to the majestic, rolling voice of the distant thunder, or its sharp, quick, ear-bursting rattle as it instantly succeeds the whizzing fire-bolt, and the rain, as though suddenly released, beats the earth with its big drops? That thunderstorm was frightfully splendid. It surrounded and yet spared us, and slowly pursued us until we landed, and then withdrew as though we were too mean to be overwhelmed by it, and rolled away in majesty to do God's bidding elsewhere.

We left Osterhout's towards evening, and returned without mishap, or adventure, unless it be adventure to roam an hour or two in thick darkness, uncertain where we are. The grove branches, and is tracked by roads about as numerous as the projects of improvement brought to the Convention by its disinterested and sapient members. It is a singular feeling evoked by such a situation. The wheels now grate through sand, now rush through water, and now shake the bushes, or move noiselessly over the thin sward. What little indication of your whereabouts you have, comes only through the ear. The damp night air is palpable as a wet blanket. Not a sound, save the slow tramp of the horses, and the noises of the slow moving vehicle, breaks the deep silence. Conversation is unthought of. It is a time for sad musings, and mournful anticipations. With the best efforts to maintain one's spirits, one cannot help remembering the narrow bridge, the rough causey, the deep slough, and the innumerable stumps that beset the road, and doubting whether the horses can carry us safely and truly out of the woods. The horses too are all invisible to the straining sight, save as a formless mass of thicker darkness, where all is dark. How can they see, where all is as blank to us as though we were reft of vision! And yet they somehow brought us unerringly through the grove, and then gladly striking into a round trot, whirled us gaily into Chicago. I honor them therefor, and thank them. But never again, if I can help it, will I intrust myself to them, or any horses, in the thick forest, in so dark a night. Ay, more! Never again, dear F., will I be guilty of so mean a thing, as angling in the turbid, sluggish, unwholesome rivers of the West. I long for the clear lake as much as ever did sea-born sailor for blue water. So up with your steam, *St. Louis*, and be off into it! F.

QUEER NAMES.—The following names occur in the Rochester city directory: Schmæernhocks C. Ymnutgzsch'œffenhœffler, Bauenrouqff Czasrki Zoplocksteinski.

From the American Review for September.

The Mariner.

In Nieve's Bay the winds are high,
The yeasty waters lash the shoals,
The lightnings seam the ebon sky,
Around the broken thunder rolls,
And to and fro beneath its shocks
The green earth like a cradle rocks.

The startled eagle seeks his nest,
The trembling flocks troop to their fold,
For some serener place of rest
The fawn forsakes the dangerous wold,
And through the air a voice of fear
Shrieks "Wo to the helpless Mariner!"

The reaper rises from his work,
And upward casts a pallid look
Upon the low heavens, grim and mirk;
The shepherd leans upon his crook.
And from his simple heart a prayer
Sends up for the helpless Mariner.

The hoary sailor looks aloft,
And for his brethren heaves a sigh;
The maiden turns her blue eye soft
Along the storm-enshrouded sky—
Trembles from her young heart the prayer—
"God save the helpless Mariner!"

The anxious mother walks the floor,
Thinking upon her sun-burnt child,
Whose pathway lies amid the roar
Of India's waters dark and wild,
And from her pale lips bursts the prayer—
"God save the helpless Mariner!"

* * * * * * * *

They start at the boom of the minute-gun—
They see by the lightning's livid flash
The cutter leap the billow dun,
Like a fiery steed beneath the lash—
Her pale crew clinging to the mast,
Are driven like spirits before the blast.—

All night they hear the signal peal—
All night, by the blazing cannon's breath,
They see the bark like a drunkard reel
Above the yawning gulf of death—
Hoarse utterance whispers forth the prayer—
"God save the helpless Mariner!"

The morning breaks on Nieve's wave
That calmly sleeps as airs of June,
And all that drifts above the grave
Of the cutter in the deep lagoon
Is a maiden fair, with long black hair,
In the death clasp of the Mariner.

A Phenomenon.—An extract of a letter from Vivonohoux, in one of the Departments of France, which is published in a Paris journal, says:

A singular, not to say marvellous phenomenon has attracted considerable attention in our community. A female about thirty years of age, some time ago, attacked with epilepsy, suddenly fell into a state of insensibility resembling a constant lethargy. It is now three years since this took place, and during all this time she has not made a motion or manifested a single desire. Sitting upon her bed with her mouth and eyes half open, and with a livid countenance she presents the appearance of a corpse to those who see her, yet her respiration is continued. This singular state of existence which has put a default on all the secrets of art, is sustained by a taste of syrup and water hourly.

Ashore.—The Sloop Tom Corwin, Capt. Haze, was driven ashore above the west pier at Fairport, on Monday morning last. She was loaded with oats.—*Clev. P. Dealer.*

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

A Small Draft on a Great Poet.

Shakspeare towers so high as a dramatist that his contemporaries and those who rose immediately after his day, are almost lost in his dense and lengthy shadow. He is *the* Alp of the Dramatic world; yet around him are lesser mountains whose summits embrace the skies and whose sublimity, were they standing alone, would be oftener and more powerfully felt. Such writers as Massinger and Ford are among the lofty landmarks of early English dramatic poetry, and viewing them with a careful eye, they are found to possess the true sublimity of intellectual character. True, in their day, "play writing was scarcely thought a creditable employ" (and the calling has since degenerated) yet as in a toad's head, so in the casket of these vulgar dramatists, a "precious jewell" is any thing but a rarity.

John Ford, with whom we have lately spent a few hours stolen from the middle chambers of Night, was the morning-star of the seventeenth century. He made his appearance as a poetic luminary as early as 1606, when he published an elegy called "Fame's Memorial:" he did not however begin to shine with striking splendor till 1629, at which time his famous drama, the "Lover's Melancholy," made its appearance. This "piece" he has himself declared, "was the first that ever *courted* reader." He was conscious of its claims to the attention of the literary world; and, what is not always the case with an author, he rightly estimated its merits. As a *poem* it is richly inlaid with the gems of thought—Hundreds of such as the following:

"Flattery
Is monstrous in a true friend."

"She who derives her blood from princes, ought
To glorify her greatness by humility."

"Thy sister, my Erocles, was so gentle,
That turtles in their down do feed more gall
Than her spleen mixed with—yet when winds and storm
Drive dirt and dust on banks of spotless snow,
The purest whiteness is no such defence
Against the sullying foulness of that fury."

"Ye work and work like blind moles, in the paths
That are bored through the crannies of the earth,
To charge your hungry souls with such full surfeits,
As, being gorged once, make you lean with plenty:
And when you've skimmed the vomit of your riots
You're fat in no felicity but folly."

"When I am dead
Save charge; let me be buried in a nook;
No guns, no pompous whining: these are fooleries.
If, while we live, we stalk about the streets
Jostled by carmen, foot-posts and fine apes
In silken coats, unminded and scarce thought on,
It is not comely to be haled to the earth,*
Like high-fed jades upon a tilting day,
In antic trappings."

**Haled to the earth*, l. e. drawn to the grave.—Gifford.

"An age of pleasures reveled out, comes home
At last, and ends in sorrow; but the life
Weary of riot, numbers every sand,
Wailing in sighs until the last drop down."

"Wounds may be mortal which are wounds indeed,
But no wound 's deadly till our honors bleed."

"There is no faith in lust, but baits of arts:
'Tis virtuous love keeps clear contracted hearts."

"The Broken Heart" is another of Ford's beautiful dramas. The ease, elegance and harmony so characteristic of his style, have here a remarkable prominence. He evidently threw his whole soul into the work, and used his utmost skill in polishing it. Indeed, according to his own acknowledgment, he "wrought the piece with the best of his art." The story itself is of the most thrilling character, yet, as a writer has remarked, "it derives its main claim on our affections from the poetic powers of the author himself." Such pearls as these bear the impress of *genius*:

"Ambition! 'tis of viper's breed; it gnaws
A passage through the womb that gave it motion,
Ambition like a sealed dove, mounts upwards,
Higher, and higher still to perch on clouds,
But tumbles headlong down with heavier ruin."

"The joys of marriage on the heaven or earth,
Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
Sinews of concord, earthly immortality!"

"Be well advised; let not a resolution
Of giddy rashness choke the breath of reason."

"Glories
Of human greatness are but passing dreams
And shadows soon decaying; on the stage
Of my mortality, my youth hath acted
Some scenes of variety, drawn out at length
By varied pleasure, sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue. Beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness
Doth frame an idol, are inconstant friends,
When any troubled passion makes assault,
On the unguarded castle of the mind."

Thus might we go on noticing the dramatic poems of this author and transferring the jewels of each into our little casket, but we designed, in the outset, to make only a *small* draft—and do it.

An Educational Address, delivered before an educational meeting at Batavia, by the Rev. James A. Bolles of that place, has been laid on our table. It is beautifully written, and too many copies of it cannot be circulated. We make the following extract on the importance of a high moral character being given to our Common Schools:

"Our Common Schools belong to the christian institutions of the country and claim our support as such; and if we would make them what they were intended to be we must give them at least a high moral character. The teachers must understand their position and feel the responsibilities of their charge. They must be men of elevated minds and unimpeachable morals. They must remember that it is as much their duty to cultivate the affections of the heart as it is to instruct the faculties of the mind. They must themselves believe the truths and teach the great principles of eternal rectitude which have come down to us from Heaven, which are embodied in the Holy Scriptures, and which alone constitute the only sure foundation of public virtue. Let this be done. Let the moral character of our schools be raised; let the fact be seen and known that our children there are safe from the contagion of evil examples and the corruption of vicious habits and that the great business of education is there conducted with divine wisdom, and then our Common Schools will flourish, and will become emphatically what they ought to be, the pride and honor and glory of the State."

The Democratic Review for this month makes its appearance rather late on our table; but we are well compensated for the delay by the richness and variety of its papers. We have not seen a better number for two years. It opens with a fine portrait of W. W. Woodworth, Representative from this State. The papers are the "Chicago Convention," "Sectional Rights under the Constitution," "Cosmogony," "The Music of Home," "The Eclipse," a singular article "On the Resurrection of the Body," a chapter on "Idiots," containing the observations of Mr. George Summer, a recent tourist in Europe; "Sketches of Mary's Life" (concluded) which are thrillingly interesting; "The Border Settlement," "The Existence of the Deity" (concluded), "On visiting my Mother's Grave," by the late Solomon Southwick; "Financial and Commercial Review," and the "Gossip for the Month."

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Correspondence.

Bellville, Richland, Co., O.—Sept. 14, 1847.

Friend Clement:—

You might imagine, from the name of this town, that it is the *belle ville* or beautiful village of Ohio, but it is only Tom Bell's village—he being the founder thereof. Yet for an inland town of some six or seven hundred inhabitants, it is a very respectable place, having, withal, an ancient and venerable look about it. It can boast of its several flouring mills, one of which I visited, which, when the water is plenty, will turn out between six and seven hundred barrels of flour per week. It abounds in mechanics, most of them workers in wool, and has *no* regular lawyer, which would commend it some people's liking.

There are *some hills* in this country, and from the top of Prospect Hill Bellville appears at best advantage.

There is some excitement here, just now, as to the route of the rail road from Mansfield to Newark, which will come to this place or near it.—This, they think, will *do things* for them best,—they must first do something for themselves. They have already taken some $10,400 stock. For a country whose only access to market is by teams, the roads are in a miserable condition in many places, but this they say is caused by the great amount of rain.

I have just returned from a flying trip to Mt. Vernon, the county seat of Knox co., 18 miles

south of this place. This too, has a *gone to seed* air about it, though it is a place of much more pretension than Bellville. It contains about 3,200 inhabitants, eight or ten churches, two newspapers, and many stores, and mechanic shops of all descriptions.

One thing I like about Knox co.—its abundance of water, pure and unfailing streams flowing through it in all directions, and believe Richland and the adjacent counties have the same advantage.

The wheat crop here was light, but corn and oats yield immense quantities. Fruit is scarce this season, except peaches, and these are small.

J. H. B.

☞ STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—In the list of premiums awarded at this meeting, we notice the following names of persons who are either from this county or well known to this neighborhood. J. S. Wadsworth took the first premium for the best 10 yoke of oxen. Mr. Wadsworth has by the oxen he has exhibited at the State Show, given to it one of its chief attractions, for several years past. Mr. Rathbone, of this county, took the premium on long wooled ewes. C. R. Nicholls, of Genesee, received a premium for the "best carpet coverlet," and another for some vegetables. The name of E. C. Frost of Fredonia, occurs first under the head of premiums for fruits. Our townsman, Mr. N. S. Smith, took, as last year, an honorable premium for potatoes.

It appears to be unanimously conceded that the exhibition was by no means equal to that of last year. Our readers know very well one of the chief reasons which produced the deficiency.

Mr. King having proposed that the address of Silas Wright should be printed and that the President should ask the permission of Mrs. Wright to place the original in the archives of the Society, his motion was seconded by L. F. Allen, who presented the following additional resolutions:

Resolved, That in the death of Silas Wright, late Governor of this State, the New York State Agricultural Society have lost a friend, benefactor, an honored and useful member, and the community an illustrious example of republican simplicity in private, as well as of inflexible honesty and great capacity in public life.

Resolved, That a committee of this society be appointed by the President thereof, to prepare a brief memoir illustrative of his character, and his eminent public services, for publication with the Address delivered on this occasion, in their Transactions for the year 1847—a duty the more gratefully performed, as the last public act of his life was one of beneficence to the farmers of his country.

It is deeply gratifying to observe with how great readiness the testimonial of respect is paid to the virtues of this excellent man by those who were politically his opponents; and that awakened by the reality of the sad event, pausing awhile from strife, men recognize the truth that there are those engaged in each section of the two great parties constituting the political divisions of our country, who differ only in the best method of promoting the same end—the good of their common country.

Considerable attention was attracted by a Mexican plow. It was of hard wood; the share was formed of what may have been the body of a tree 15 or 18 inches through. The handle was simply a limb running from out the body. The plow was sharpened at the point, and rudely rounded at one side. It would be difficult to conceive of a more rude implement, and still more difficult to believe that such an article would be used by any people, emerged from barbarism, in the 19th century.

☞ HOW TO MAKE A LIVING.—Scarcely a day passes when the close observer may not in our city remark some pursuit of an industrious nature, in which newly arrived foreigners engage, and which they are sure to relinquish when a better acquaintance with the country has shown them more profitable ways of employing their labor. Of this class are two boys whom we noticed scraping up the flour that sometimes drops from the barrels on the docks, as they are rolled about. The small quantity of flour that the inspector leaves outside each barrel, is duly gathered by such little fellows. They carry a bag, a small scoop and a brush—all seemingly made on purpose. We tried to ascertain what were the profits of the business, but they seemed suspicious of our intentions, and gave us to understand that they were of the "nicht forstay" school.

Arrival of the Britannia.

The Steamship Britannia arrived at Boston on the 20th inst.

The Continental news is of no great interest, except from Italy, which continued to be agitated by the interference of Austria, and the Pope is reported even to have said, that if not otherwise to be resisted, he would himself mount his horse and lead his people against the Austrian interlopers.

The violent occupation of Ferrara, by the Austrian troops, appears to have excited considerable sensation in France. What course will France take, is now the question of the Paris press.

The Journal des Debats replies that she will array the "virtue of the Pope against the bayonets of the Austrians." When the Pope heard of the invasion, he is reported to have said: "I will issue a new protest. If that does not suffice, I will excommunicate the Austrians: If that does not answer, I will mount a horse and put myself at the head of my people, and two millions of Christians will respond to my appeal."

Charles Albert, the King of Sardinia, (says Le Siecle, of August 30th,) has written to Pope Pius IX., to assure him of his readiness in any and every event to offer him his army, his artillery, and his ships-of-war. This letter was prompted by indignation at the threatening demonstrations of the Austrians, and a determination to resist the occupation of Ferrara.

A rumor that the Austrians, recoiling before the firm attitude of the pontifical government, (says Le Siecle, of the 30th,) had shut themselves up in the citadel of Ferrara, is neither absolutely true nor absolutely false.

A letter from Rome, dated August 17th, states in substance, that the pontifical government was bent on defending the independence of the country with energy. The Romans seem to rely, at need, on the aid of England, but not wholly on that of France.

From Spain it is reported that Gen. O'Donnel is to be removed from the Captaincy-General of the Havanna, and to be presented with a passport *permitting* him to travel in foreign countries for the next two years. Count Mirasol, Captain-General of Puerto Rico, is looked upon as a likely successor.

Of the double crime in Paris—a brief allusion to which was published Saturday—the *Courier & Enquirer* has this account:

The Duke de Praslin, a peer of France—one of the historical names too of France—entered his wife's bedroom at night and assassinated her.—The cause assigned is, that he had criminal relations with a M'lle. Deluzy, the governess of his children, and that his wife had reproached him with his infidelity.

After the assassination was discovered, and the Duke was arrested, he destroyed himself with poison, which the London papers insinuate was permitted by the ministry to reach him, in order that the scandal of the trial and execution of such a man might be avoided.

The Duchess was the daughter of Marshal Sebastiani and was the mother of nine children, and beloved by all for her bounties and her excellence of character and conduct.

In the Journal des Tribuneaux, which we have received, is a harrowing account of the murder effected by a heavy sword or poinard with which fourteen or fifteen gaping wounds were inflicted by the hand of the husband upon all parts of the body of his wife.

The first blows aroused the sleeping woman—who sprang from her bed, and, as the appearance in the apartment testified, maintained a long and fierce struggle for life with her assassin—seeking particularly to reach the bell and thus bring relief—but in vain. She fell under the repeated blows.

The Duke de Praslin was a member of the Household of the Queen of the French.

The murder was committed in the house of the victim's father—the old Marshal Sebastiani.

Queen Victoria is hunting in the Highlands of Scotland with Prince Albert and a lot of fine Lords and finer Ladies. A hundred years since, it would not have been so safe for the members of the Brunswick family to hunt there.

Forest on Fire.—The fire in the forest of Donner, Prussia, which commenced on the 29th July, still continued on the 21st of August, i. e. 23 days, in spite of the immense efforts to extinguish it. More than 500 men have been employed for this purpose many days. The forest of Donner belongs to the State. The value of the trees which it contained when the fire broke out, was estimated at 25,000,000 francs, or about $5,000,000.

Oregon and California.—Felix Scott, Esq., a citizen of this State, who has examined both of these territories, declares a decided preference for the former country. He states that the scarcity of timber, the dryness of summer, the absence of springs of water, the necessity of irrigation, and even with this, the uncertainty of the crops, will cause California to settle slowly with emigrants. On the Sacramento he found it sickly. The fever and ague and typhus fever attacked the emigrants. The rains commenced on the 19th of December, and continued until March. The grass, through heat, began to die about the 10th of May. Crossing the Shaste, Cisque, Umpqua and Callapooia Mountains, Mr. Scott, with twenty-seven others, penetrated the Wallamette Valley. He declares the country in this more northern latitude as very healthy, and remarks that last winter was the first season for years that his family has been able to pass without calling upon medical aid. The rains commenced in Oregon on the 1st of November, and it rained or snowed almost incessantly until the 1st of March. For two weeks snow fell without ceasing. Every kind of grain and vegetable grows luxuriantly—the wheat is pronounced the finest in the world. The diseases of this climate are principally rheumatism and consumption.—*St. Louis Revoille.*

Temperance State Convention.—A State Convention of the friends of Temperance has been in session two days, and adjourned last evening. We had not leisure to attend all the sittings of the Convention, but were present during the discussion upon the more important resolutions.—The attendance was respectable, but not as large as it should have been, under the present crisis in the history of this great moral enterprise. We recognized, however, many of the early and untiring friends of the cause, whose sacrifices have proved their devotion, however they may have erred in regard to the mode of regenerating a reeling world.

As has been the case for several years past, much of the time of the Convention was occupied in the discussion of the comparative merits of legal and political or moral and persuasive action. There were few of those heart-appeals, which, in other days, were wont to woo the listener into the ranks of Temperance—none of those gushing bursts of plaintive eloquence, which used to impregnate the very atmosphere with the spirit of benevolence and brotherly regard for the unfortunate inebriate. Harshness and strife and bitterness predominated. The spirit of vengeance instead of kindness, seemed to have entered the hearts of the majority of the speakers. But this spirit was not, we were happy to observe, universal. Those who have been most conspicuously identified with the cause, from its earliest infancy—who have watched its growth, and been cheered by its triumphs—endeavored to awaken the kindlier emotions of the Convention, and to secure its approval of a course of action which would heal up the dissensions of the past, and again enlist the whole public heart in behalf of a cause so truly philanthropic.

These efforts were partially successful. A series of resolutions, declaratory of a determination to continue that course of action which has done so much to check the onward progress of the cause, were laid on the table, and one passed recommending the presentation of memorials asking for a law repealing all statutes in relation to excise, and leaving the manufacturers and venders of intoxicating drinks liable for the consequences of their traffic under the common law. This resolution was passed by a vote of 61 to 22; and its passage afforded perceptible satisfaction. It was looked upon as the morning dawn of a new and brighter day.—And such it will prove. If carried out, in its spirit, it will place the responsibility of the traffic where it belongs, and secure a union of all who believe that temperance is a virtue worthy universal acquiescence.

It is proper however, to remark, that after many delegates had left the room, a resolution, the antagonist in some particulars of that passed, was adopted by a small vote. But the previous action of the Convention was so emphatic, that we cannot but believe that the happiest results will flow from it, and that the temporary check which the cause has received will be succeeded by sublime triumphs.—*Albany Eve. Jour.*

The Third annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which has been in session in this city for eight days past, adjourned this morning, at about 8 o'clock. Much business of general interest, and of especial interest to that communion, was transacted.

The Conference adjourned to meet in Newark, at such time in the coming year as shall be designated by the General Conference, which will convene in the meanwhile.—*Columbus Jour.*

For the Western Literary Messenger.

A Charade.

My *first* and *second* form a word
To females sometimes given;
And though it leads to hell, my third
Is oftner sought than heaven.

My fourth is our primeval earth,
To which we all repair;
Bank-notes my *fifth* were lately worth,
But now no longer are.

My *sixth* is *of* what Jacob had,
A host—my *whole* combines
That which to gain would greatly glad
His heart who writes these lines.

Yet if kind fate thus bless the youth,
My *fifth* and *sixth* are gone;
And then, though strange, it is the truth.
That youth and I were one.

And if his lot to fully bless
Is Heaven's benign decree,
Not wards alone would soon express
My *sixth* restored to me.

Then too for him my *fifth* would sound
(Though its last letter fade)
Through lips that ne'er had being found
But for this poor Charade.

A. W. S.

STATE OF NEW YORK, } ALBANY, August 3
SECRETARY'S OFFICE, } 1847.

To the Sheriff of the County of Erie:

SIR: Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE.

A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney-General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICT.

One Senator for the Thirty-First Senate District, consisting of the county of Erie.

COUNTY.

Also, the following officers for the said county, to wit: Four Members of Assembly, one to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully,
N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

ERIE COUNTY SHERIF'S OFFICE, }
Buffalo, August 8, 1847. }

A general election is to be held in the County of Erie, on the second day of November next, at which which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

aug8awtno2 TIMOTHY A. HOPKINS, Sherif.

Price Current—September 22, 1847.

There is rather more demand for money this week, and some of the paper that has been carried along by bankers has fallen into the hands of brokers. Uncurrent funds continue about the same as last week, and Western which is scarce is taken at ¼ to 1 ℘ cent.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE.

Flour, bbl.	$4 87½@5 00	Turkeys	28@30
Pork, bbl.	15 00	Chickens	12½
Do slaugh. cwt.	4 00	Geese, each	—
Beef, cwt.	4@5 00	Clover seed, bu.	3 50
Butter, lb.	11@13½	Timothy	1 75
Lard	9½@10	Flax	1 06
Cheese	8@8	Grass	—
Hams	8	Whitefish, bbl.	6 50
Shoulders,	7	Cod, cwt.	—
Cornmeal, cwt.	1 50	Potatoes, bush.	25@31½
Wheat, bu.	92@1 01	Salt, bbl.	1 37½
Corn	47@50	Apples, bbl.	1 50@2 00
Oats	30	Do dried, bu.	62½
Slaughter hides, lb.	4@4½	Onions	50
Dry do.	8½@9½	Eggs, doz.	6@9
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb.	5
Sheep, slaughtered	1 12½	Soap	4@5
Lamb do.	18½@25	Whiskey, gall.	20@21
Dry	12½@30	Highwines	26
Hard wood, cord	3 75	Lead, hund.	4 00
Hemlock	2 75	Beans, bu.	87½
Bit. (O) coal, ton		Wool, lb.	20@30
Blossburg		Hay	7 00

MARRIED.

At Springville, on the 20th instant, by Rev. Mr. Mills, SAMUEL R. FOX, of the firm of Butterworth & Fox, and Miss LORAINE, daughter of Otis Butterworth, Esq., all of that village

DIED.

On the 20th inst., GEORGE, youngest son of Warren and Amelia F. Bryant, aged 16 months.

At Milan, Ohio, on the 28th ult., of bilious fever, Mrs. ANNA, wife of Mr. Enos St. John, aged 74 years, formerly of this county.

At Black Rock, on the 14th instant, ELAM DODGE, aged 36 years.

NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE AND WHOLESALE BOOKSTORE.

The subscribers beg to inform Booksellers, buyers and dealers in Books, and all interested in education and literary advancement, that they have recently opened an extensive Book and Stationery Establishment. Their assortment of Books in the various departments of literature is complete and well selected; comprising a full assortment of School and Classical Books in general use, Law, Medical and Theological Books, in great varieties. Their facilities as Publishers enable them to offer Books on as favorable terms as most of the Eastern Houses. Orders from the country solicited and promptly answered.

Citizens and the public generally are invited to call and examine Books and Prices, where will be found the one progressive principle "Small Profits on numerous Transactions."

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BUFFALO MUSICAL INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

At the residence of Prof. W. R. Coppock—Composer and Teacher of the Piano Forte, Organ, Singing and Composition.

An institute devoted exclusively to Musical Education is not yet common in this country; but in Europe the test of experience fully shows its great advantages over the too general superficial manner in which this important part of polite education is acquired. The advantages this institution offers to those desirous of completing their studies as Organists—or practical players of the Piano Forte, together with a thorough system of imparting the same to others is fully established by the many precedents of the past 15 years. The pupils are constantly guarded in their practice, against all bad habits, and from the various stages of progress they may be in, are continually stimulated to effort and industry, by association with each other. The family too, are all pleasure, and the theory is amusingly discussed, impressing its rules in a more pleasing manner, and more lasting upon the understanding, than by the mere dry study of an elaborate book. Music is composed and arranged from time to time, showing the various styles and harmonies analytically, and adapted for performance on several Pianos at the same time. This teaches a thorough knowledge of counting, and dividing passages into their given time. Vocal music is particularly attended to, and when the pupil has a moderate share of talent, we hesitate not to say, a correct and pleasing singer can be made. The Piano Fortes used are all new, and of the finest quality, and every endeavour will be given to render the time spent with us profitable. The building is commodious, and has a fine garden attached, with Green Houses, Bathing rooms, &c, and is pleasantly situatuated in Seventh street, between Niagara Street, and the Falls rail road, and about mid way to Prospect hill

Terms made known upon application at the Institute, or by mail, post paid, directed Prof. Coppock, Buffalo.

Prof. Coppock, keeps constantly a choice selection of Piano Fortes for sale.

Buffalo, August 5, 1847.

PRINTERS' FURNISHING WAREHOUSE.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT, Manufacturer of Printing Inks, No. 6, United States Hotel Block, Pearl St., Buffalo. Printing Presses, Metal and Wood Type, Cards, and every other description of Printers' materials constantly on hand at New York prices, adding transportation. Also, sole Agent for the sale of C J. Gaylor's Patent Double, and Improved Single Salamander Book Safes n18 3m.

REMOVAL.

WILLIAM J. MAY has removed to No 274 Main St, in Kremlin Stores, where he will be happy to see his old customers. One price, good goods, small profits and fair dealing, will always be the rule at No. 274 se17 3m.

CHEAP CASH BOOK STORE.

The subscriber, dealer in Books and Stationery, at 168 Main Street, 4 doors above Seneca, keeps constantly on hand, an extensive stock, embracing the most valuable selections from Ancient and Modern Literature and a general variety of Theological, Classical, Gift and School Books, &c., &c. The Amateurs of Knowledge and all interested in the purchase of Books or Stationery are respectfully solicited to call. Print and Cap Paper at wholesale.

Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W BREED.

JEWETT, THOMAS & CO.

PUBLISHERS,

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER BUILDINGS

MAIN STREET, BUFFALO.

TERMS.—To mail subscribers, $1,50 per annum in advance, four copies for $5,00, ten copies for $10,00. To city subscribers who receive their papers from the carrier, $2,00. Mail subscribers will also be charged $2,00 if payment is not made in advance.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publishers.

*** All communications must be post paid, in order to be taken from the Post Office.

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WESTERN
LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1847. NUMBER IX.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

To an Absent Sister.

BY J. CLEMENT.

Dear Sister, since the bitter hours
When parting sighs in tears were sown,
The faded years like autumn flowers
Along the track of Time are strewn.

We little thought how far apart
Our devious paths in life would lead;
We little dreamed how long the heart
Must o'er the pangs of absence bleed.

Nor knew *I* then how close entwined,—
How much of self,—thou wert to me,
But love fraternal, once enshrined,
Grows bright with growing memory.

Though years have faded, Love has not—
The plant I water oft with tears;
And all thy smiles are unforgot
That woke to joy my early years.

O, thou wert all good angels are,
Who tame of man the passions rude,—
My childhood's sacred morning star
Whose lustre soft my heart subdued.

I may not e'er forget thy worth
However far apart we be.
And should we meet no more on earth
My dying thoughts will cling to thee.

Partial Deafness.

A HUMOROUS SKETCH.

There is one degree in deafness, of which I have not yet spoken, that has to me a great attraction. It is that which, shutting out from its victim all those petty street and household noises which are the greatest disturbers of thought, still leaves him a limited power of hearing. I have known several persons thus afflicted, and have always found them desirable acquaintances. They have, for the most part, obliging dispositions, and cheerful hearts, just enough tinged with melancholy to add a charm to their manners.

It was my fortune, not long since, to board in company with one of the last named class, who was rather a striking instance of the effect that this calamity has upon individual and national character. G—— (the friend to whom I allude) was a Scotchman, who, when I first knew him, had been in this country some eight years, and for about an equal length of time had been troubled with a deafness, which kept gradually increasing, and seemed incurable. After becoming somewhat intimate with him, I was often struck with the entire absence in his character of certain national peculiarities which seem to be the common birthright of his countrymen, and the presence of other qualities which too few among any people possess. Hardly any Scotch disagreeables were mingled in his disposition. He had none of their inveterate obstinacy. With a substantial personal opinion on most subjects, he never barred the door of his reason against all argument. On the other hand he had, what his nation almost proverbially lack, a nice appreciation of the humorous. He had the keenest relish for a good joke. He did not bolt them hastily, as many do, who, in their eagerness to display a quick understanding of wit, hurry off successive jokes with a speed which is anything but conducive to the enjoyment of them; but the taste of a happy turn or witty expression would linger long upon his tongue, lighting up his face with a fine animation. This, of course, was chiefly observable in his reading, where his choice of books was alone sufficient to establish the fact of his humorous propensity. His conversation was tinged with a strong accent, which time did not appear to diminish. This doubtless arose from the fact that he could hear so little of the new dialect spoken by those around him. He had a wild fondness for flowers, and every thing connected with natural scenery, which sometimes displayed itself in an almost childish glee. A fine vein of poetic feeling was combined with the rest. He loved Burns with real Caledonian ardor, and better yet, appreciated him with a true poet's enthusiasm.

Another trait worthy of notice in my friend's character was his civility. True politeness was a prominent feature in his mind. I used sometimes to think him too obsequious; but when I recall, one by one, the thousand little kindnesses which this mental tendency led him to do for all his associates, I reproach myself for my own lack of the quality, and wish it were far more common in society. One instance will serve as an illustration. Whenever a friend called to see him, at his departure, no matter what the weather was, G—— would always insist upon accompanying him home, and, indeed, his whole manner towards visitors was marked with so much respect and good breeding that no one could be rude in his presence. Here, too, it seems to me, that his physical defect came in aid of his better nature. He paid great deference to his fellow boarders; more, oftentimes, than their want of self-respect entitled them to. Almost every person, when young, has high hopes for the improvement of mankind; and I used to think that in his case these hopes might have partly realized themselves. Our boarding-house conversation (if I remember rightly) was apt to be any thing but instructive. Nonsense is usually pitched on a moderate key; and such talk, of course, G—— could not hear. No one thinks of shouting twaddle to a deaf man. It is painful enough to utter sensible tones at such an altitude. Our communication with him, being direct and to the point, might well give him a favorable idea of the race from which such random specimens were gathered. When he retired from society it was not so plain spoken. True, he could see the effect of our foolish sallies in the convulsive laughter that such trifles were sure to produce, and occasionally, perhaps, catch a stray note bursting through the confines of his silence; but for aught he knew, the joke might be as witty as it *was* wretched.

I took some pains to ascertain the truth of my conjectures in regard to the change which misfortune had wrought in G——'s character, and found that they were not altogether incorrect. As his youth had been passed in a foreign land, I could

not learn much of his life, except for a few years previous to our acquaintance; but one or two friends who had known him during this period, mentioned with surprise the fact that age, which brings serious thoughts to most men, seemed to bestow on him more cheerfulness and hearty feeling. I speak of age in this connection, only comparatively; for my friend was not *old*. He was unmarried, however; and this leads me to suspect that he may still be the gentle bachelor patron of some fortunate boarding-house. He has slipped from my path rather unaccountably; for we never broke friendship, and something tells me that I shall yet cross his track. Success attend him! Wherever he goes, he will bear a light heart, and a kind "GOD bless ye!" to all.

Nor must my old friend Mr. M—— pass unmentioned. He has also gone from me; but the eye of faith can trace his upward progress through a brighter world, where heart and ear and voice are all attuned to harmonies which thrilled, with sweet vibrations, through his life's silence.

He was a New-Hampshire farmer, who, by hard work and economy, had acquired, while yet a young man, considerable property. He married early, and lived a quiet farmer's life till the commencement of the American Revolution. He then engaged heartily in the cause of liberty, and gave money freely to assist in raising troops. His liberality was so great, that insinuations were thrown out respecting the purity of the motive which led him to this course. Some prying neighbours hinted that he might hope for office or pecuniary recompense. Endowed by nature with a large share of sensitiveness, it pained him to discover that some former friends, even, began to suspect his patriotism. Incensed at such unjust suspicions, he adopted a singular course to prove his sincerity. Going before a magistrate, he took, and had recorded, a solemn oath that he would never, under any circumstances, accept a pension or other reward from his country.

After this Mr. M—— continued his exertions as before, leaving the oath to have its silent effect upon his calumniators. He served as a volunteer during part of the war; and was at all times ready, with money or influence, to aid the cause he loved. When the contest ended he returned to his farm. A few years after this his wife died, leaving a family of three or four children. In due time he was married again, and, for about ten years, lived in prosperity, respected by every one. Then came the reverse. A friend, for whom he had become surety to a large amount, failed, sweeping off at one blow the greater part of his hard earnings. Other ill-luck followed, which soon reduced him to absolute poverty. The fine farm, on which he had hoped to spend the remainer of a happy life, was seized upon and sold. Still he struggled manfully against the opposing tide. But it was of no avail. Misfortune's heavy hand was upon him. He still labored in poverty, aided by his wife; and, while health continued, they managed to get a living. But sickness came at length. He was attacked by the rheumatism so severely as to almost completely disable him. Finding that he could no longer support his family by daily labour, he was forced to apply for relief to the friends of his prosperity. Charity, grudging and cold, doled out its icicles to him, and on them he fed. Such food would have frozen a less generous nature; but his warm heart's sunshine turned them all to drops of pity. It was about this time that his hearing began to fail.

The memory of old Mr. and Mrs. M—— forms one of the earliest landmarks in my existence. How well I remember them!—still pictured before my mind's eye as in that childish landscape o, which they were so prominent a part. *She* with gossiping face and inquiring, spectacled eye; venting her sorrows in deep-drawn sighs and pitiful "oh!-la's!—*he*, stooping beneath the weight of years and cares, uncomplaining, poor, yet holding with firm grasp the germ of all manliness in that unbroken vow. They dwelt in the suburbs of life; but a true heroism still kept the citadel of his soul, and swayed it to its own high purpose.

At that time the aged couple had removed from their native village, and lived in a small cottage about a mile distant from my father's residence. Two or three of their children were dead, and the two who remained lived in some other part of New England. Mr. M—— was unable to do any work except the little that was needed to keep their cottage in order, and the small plot, dignified by the name of garden, which supplied them with a few vegetables. He did contrive, however, with the aid of three or four rusty carpenter's tools, to manufacture some very neat kitchen utensils, which he took much pleasure in sending as presents to the few friends who took an interest in his welfare. Most of his wife's time was occupied in knitting. The law entitled him to a liberal pension; but the oath, inscribed a half century before on the leaves of some worm-eaten record book, was as sacred in his eyes as on the day when a half-romantic, half-heroic pride led him to the act. Nothing could induce him to break it. I verily believe that he would have suffered martyrdom sooner than accept a farthing from the government. For had he not endured the martyrdom of poverty; and, still worse, that dreadful agony of a husband and father's heart, as he saw his family suffering from want, with only a mere *word* between it and relief! Yet that word was a key to unlock his soul's most precious treasures; a talisman under whose magic spell all the virtue of the ancient heroism revived within his breast. He had guarded it through toilsome days and long, weary nights, and it was to him a holy faith. Well-meaning friends would sometimes try to persuade him that an oath, made under such circumstances, and at such a distance of time, should not be regarded; but he heeded them not. His wife was incredulous; for she had little of his high moral principle; but she had long since learned the folly of attempting to combat his iron will. He made no boast of firmness. He seemed rather to regard the keeping his vow as a duty, which, while it withheld one means of support, gave him less than the ordinary claim upon human sympathy.

How far my old friend's deafness operated towards strengthening his resolution it would be difficult to say. But it seems to me that in those social solitudes, the noble purposes of his mind were matured by a more thorough process than belongs to the common lot. I remember with great satisfaction my early visits to their cottage. I am confident that but little of a feeling of superiority mingled in my interest for them, although they lived in a one-story house, while I could go up stairs to bed; for I was always taught to respect them; and the eye of that good old man looked not as looks an inferior. There was something rather exciting in my run "across lots" to their dwelling. A "smart chance" for a big dog, and the distant glimpse of a bull reputed to be ill-tempered, furnished just enough of boyhood's delicious terrors to heighten the pleasure. The old folks were always glad to see me, for they had few visitors, and I brought a fresh stock of news. This was unladen into the "auld wife's" ear, with frequent interruptions, when she would stop me to repeat, at an octave some important item to

her husband. It was interesting to see how eagerly she would cull out the choice bits of gossip for his entertainment. Then came my turn. By a little management I could draw either of them into a recital of some story connected with the Revolution, or the old Indian times. This was better than history to me. I never had much fancy for dry historical narrations, but a story fresh from the lips of an enthusiastic old chronicler has a charm which books lack.

It is now almost six years since Mr. M—— died, having passed the boundaries of four score-and-ten. He retained all his sensitiveness to the last. This was so great, that nothing but the most urgent necessity could induce him to ask for aid. I need not add that his oath was never broken. The death of Mrs. M—— occurred two or three years later. She, too, had many estimable points of character; and, in them, I felt that I had lost two *real* friends.

But a truce to these ramblings. I have ventured to mention thus imperfectly one portion of mankind, whose weakness is their strength; whose infirmity places them in a more enviable station than earth's babblers can occupy. Wrapped up in their brooding silence is somewhat of the great primal thought of the universe, starting at their birth on its pilgrimage through life, and never deserting them, nor becoming contaminated by contact with the world. We would fain search deeper into the mystery of their being, and learn from them, if possible, the clue to that life-path from which we have so far strayed. We would dive into the under-current of their thought, and seek what pearls are hidden there. But no idle hand may withdraw the veil which separates us. They are oracles, revealing only to the elect.—*Knickerbocker.*

The Holy Land.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

It was on Sunday, March 28th, that we were to enter the Holy Land. I had been too much engrossed by the objects which interested us at every step in Egypt and Arabia to think much of this beforehand; but when I came forth from our tent in the dawn of that morning, there was enough of novelty in the scene around me to make me feel that we were about to enter upon a new country, and a new set of interests; and I became eager to know at what hour we were to pass the boundary which separated the desert from the Holy Land—the home of the old faith from that of the new. We had followed the track of Moses from the spot where his mother placed his bulrush cradle to that on which he died; for to the east we should this morning see the mountains overhanging the Dead sea; and among them the summit of Nebo, whence he looked abroad over the Land of Promise; and now we were to enter upon the country of Jesus—certain to walk in his very footsteps, and see what he saw—perhaps this very day. I never remember feeling such an interest in every wild flower, in the outlines of all the hills, and the track of all the water-courses.

We had left the stony desert behind us, and were encamped in a nook of the hills where the ground was green, and weeds grew thick. There was grass under my bed in the tent; and when I came out this morning, the dew was heavy on the daisies, and buttercups, and flowering mallows which grow so abundantly on the turf. After breakfast, while the camels were loading, I walked in the early sunshine on a strip of sand overlooking the valley, impressing on my memory every feature of the landscape, and impatient of the rising ground to the north, which prevented my seeing where we were going. It was about ten o'clock when we passed the boundary. It was impossible to tell the exact moment; but within a mile or two we felt that we were indeed in the native land of Christ, and probably on his very track. He might have been here. His relations lived at Hebron; and during the first thirty years of his life he had probably visited them, after meeting them at the feasts of Jerusalem. He might have passed over the hills which swelled higher and higher as we advanced, and rested beside some of the wells which yawned beside our track. At any rate, the trees and flowers which we saw must be familiar to his eyes; the thorny accacia which began here to rise and spread from the stunted shrub of the desert to the dimensions of a tree; the scarlet anemone—with us a precious garden flower—which here strewed the ground for acres round; the cyclamen, which pushed forth its tufts of white and lilac blossoms from under many a stone and bush; and the poppy, mallow, hemlock, and wild oats, which grew as thickly as in any English hedge. I did not know before that these weeds were as common here as with us; and never before did the sight of them give me so much pleasure. It would have been pleasant any where to meet these familiar weeds so far from home: but the delight to-day was to think that He and his disciples were as much accustomed to them as ourselves, and that a walk in the early spring was, in the pure country, much the same thing to them as to us.

But we soon came upon traces which showed that the expanse of pure country here was small in those days, compared with what it is now. The towns must have been more thickly set here than in an country I ever was in. Patches and masses of ruins showed themselves on every hand, so near each other as to indicate that the land must have been peopled to a degree now nowhere known. The first ploughing we had seen for many weeks was a striking sight to us; a mere scratching of the soil at the foot of the hills: but close by lay a heap of building stones, the remains of a town or village. Presently we saw a rude plough, with a single camel at work; and at hand was a long foundation wall, laid in a far distant century. On a height further on, were the remains of a large ancient building, with two broken pillars standing, marking the site of the Aroer of scripture. Then though there were water courses about every hill, wells began to abound; substantial, deep wells, built with a rim with holes in it, to receive the covering stone; such wells as tell of a settlement beside them. We stopped early this day—partly because it was Sunday, and partly because our Arab guards, who know nothing of our Sunday, found a convenient place among the hills, somewhat sheltered from the cold wind; and here, a very few miles from the boundary, the gentlemen of the party discovered that we had sat down in the midst of what was once a large town, though the place appeared a mere stony tract, like many that we had passed. In the morning early, I went out to see for myself, and was astonished at the extent of the ruins which I should not have observed while merely riding by. I could trace the lines of foundation walls for half a mile; and building stones, overgrown with grass, lay in hillocks for a considerable distance round. The many caverns in the limestone rocks, now used as beds for the goats, were found to be the vaults of large buildings now gone to ruin. In a few minutes we traced three temples, or other such buildings, by their overthrown pillars. Our eyes being now opened, we this day saw more and more remains, till we were convinced that all the way from the boundary to Hebron, the land was thickset with

towns, and swarming with inhabitants in the days of its glory—the days when the teacher went up and down in it, meditating the changes which must make it what I have seen it now. Its hills and streams, its skies and flowers, are to day what they were before his eyes; but where he saw towns on every height, and villages in every nook, there is now hardly left one stone upon another. A group of black Bedouin tents on a hill side, a camel or two browsing here, and a flock of goats there, are all that relieve the utter solitude where there was then an innumerable throng of men.

As we advanced, on the Monday, the soil became richer, and field was joined to field, so that we began to look for the landmarks which are here used, instead of fences, to bound field property. We entered upon thickets and shrubberies, where white roses, the cyclamen, convolvulus, and fragrant herbs abounded. Soon after noon a new scene opened upon us. On our left hand lay a wide, deep basin among the hills, full of vineyards and olive grounds, where the stones from the soil were built up into fences, and in almost every plot rose a garden house. This was a sure sign that we were near a town; and as we rounded the hill on our right, we came in sight of the two eminences on which Hebron is built. There stood the town where John the Baptist was born; and here were the scenes which he must many a time have talked of with his cousin in their boyish meetings at Jerusalem for the feasts. Hebron, too, is only twenty miles from Bethlehem; only twenty six from Jerusalem; and in those days, when a large amount of yearly travelling was a solemn religious duty incumbent upon every family, it is scarcely possible but that relatives must have often visited each other, and that Jesus and his parents must have come to Hebron.

The cave of Machpelah is there; and the burial place of Abraham and his family was a sacred locality, and an object of pilgrimage to Jews of all ages. As we inquired for it, and walked round the inclosure, which the Mohammedans now permit no Christian to enter, I could not but think who might have been before in the same quest.

D'Israeli, Peel and Macauley.

[A correspondent of the N. Y. Mirror, who was present at the recent opening of Parliament, gives the following description of the above distinguished individuals:—]

Another buzz runs through the lobby, and you behold a form and face which, once seen, are never forgotten—the younger D'Israeli. At the close of last session he was fat, almost florid, and forty-two, on tip-top good terms with himself, and fully inclined to indulge his snip in a Mosaic dispensation of motly colored garments. He has changed all that. He is again the pale, student-like Asiatic featured man he was before. He has donned a suit of black, unapproachably perfect in every stitch, and he appears to have doffed the vanity of the coxcomb with the plumage of the peacock. There are other symptoms, too, that Ben has turned over a new leaf—the speech he made on the Spanish alliance displayed an off-hand familiarity with the *rationale* of continental politics, far beyond what all the cramming in the world could accomplish; and the temper and style he adopted prompts the hope that he will be often a speaker, even on subjects into which the alchemy of his genius cannot infuse the corrosive sublimate of his sarcasm. A more polished master of irony never lived, but he must be seen and heard to be appreciated, with his statuesque visage, passionless and unruffled as monumental marble, but the lucid Hebraic eye all a-blaze with its rattlesnake venom.

Again a buzz, and up strides the elderly-looking individual, whom you at first suspect to be a commercial "gent" in his Sunday clothes, but which have not been brushed. He used to appear more at his ease than he does now. Formerly he was Peck-sniff in full blow, oily complacent, and thoroughly up to snuff. Now he is a sort of half-seedy Peck-sniff. His "shocking bad" hat is slouched over his forehead. His watch-seals are a trouble to him and that last fit of the gout still bedevils his big toe. The air of the place revives him as he proceeds. The salute of the little bandy porter, who dozes away life in the great arm chair, is grateful to his red tape nostrils. The cringe of all the salaried jackals of the house revives him considerably; so that by the time he has vanished into the House, you are forced to admit that "mediocrity" will never lack "sublimity" so long as he lives, for Peel is still Peel, just as much as he was in the days of old Cobbett, who knew him well.

All this while a little square, squat, stumpy man, with a head as large as if he had water on the brain, pepper-and-salt pants, and shoes thick enough to pulverise brickbats in one course of the polka, keeps running in and out of the House, up stairs, down stairs, and nobody knows into what sort of places besides. One moment he has his hat on his head, another in his hand, and a third time it gets jammed in the door-way, and he leaves it behind him. You think he is some perplexed hanger on about the passages of the House, and if any one told you he was a fool, you would believe it at once. That is the Right Honorable Thomas Babington Macauley, once Secretary of War, now Paymaster General of the Forces, Member for Edinburgh, and in all respects as wide awake a gentleman as any between this city and that.

THE LION'S LEAP.—Once as I was travelling in Namqua Land, I observed a spot which was imprinted with at least twenty spoors, or marks of the lion's paw; and as I pointed them out, a Namaqua chief told me that a lion had been practising his leap. On asking an explanation, he said that if a lion sprang at an animal, and missed it by leaping short, he would always go back to where he sprang from, and practise the leap so as to be successful on another occasion, and he then related to me the following anecdote, stating that he was an eye-witness:

"I was passing near the end of a craggy hill, from which jutted out a smooth rock, of from ten to twelve feet high, when I perceived a number of zebras galloping round to it; which they were obliged to do, as the rock behind was quite steep. A lion was just creeping towards the rock, to catch the male zebra, which brought up the rear of the herd. The lion sprang and missed his mark; he fell short, with his head over the ridge of the rock, and the zebra galloped away, switching his tail in the air. Although the object of pursuit was gone, the lion tried the leap on the rock a second and a third time, till he succeeded. During this, two more lions came up and joined the first lion. They seemed to be talking, for they roared a great deal to each other; and then the first lion led them round the rock again and again. He then made another grand leap, to show them what he and they must do another time." The chief added, "They were evidently talking to each other, but I could not understand a word of what they said, although they talked loud enough; but I thought it was well to be off, or they might have some talk with me."—*Moffat's Scenes in Africa.*

An Indian was asked "What is original sin?" He replied "*Laziness.*"

From the Knickerbocker

Lauralie.

Lighter than the sunbeam's ray.
Dawning on the sea,
Graceful as a moonlight fay
Was she who won all hearts away—
Lauralie!

Tresses bright of golden hair
Flowing wild and free,
Down her cheek beyond compare,
Nestling in her bosom fair—
Lauralie!

By the heaven within her eyes,
Plainly might you see,
She had stolen their glorious dyes
From the laughing summer skies—
Lauralie!

Less beautiful than good and kind,
Pure as snow was she,
All gentle thoughts dwelt in her mind,
By innocence and truth refined—
Lauralie!

A tall knight came, with bearing bold,
And tender vows breathed he;
Alas! a tale too often told,
He won her heart, his love waned cold—
Lauralie!

He brought a fair and haughty bride
From o'er the sea,
And as he feasted at her side,
A maiden sought his feet and died—
Lauralie!

Now doth the broken-hearted sleep
Beneath the linden tree;
Above the sod the wild vines creep,
And maidens seek the spot to weep:
Lauralie!

But *he*, the false one! knows not rest,
Dishonor'd now is he:
His faithless bride has left his breast;
Oh! well are all thy wrongs redressed,
Lauralie!

A maniac wild, he smiles no more,
But wanders by the sea,
And mutters 'mid the tempest's roar
The name he traces on the shore—
Lauralie!

SUSAN PINDAR.

THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL.—The head of this house is the Duke of Bedford. A younger son is John, by courtesy styled Lord Russell, and now Prime Minister of England. The family is reckoned among the richest and proudest of England's nobility, and the names of some of its members are emblazoned on some of the most illustrious pages of English history. The following is given in a paper of that country as the origin of this famous house:

John Russell, a plain gentleman residing near Bridgeport, county of Dorset, obtained a favorable introduction to court by a piece of good fortune. The Archduke, Philip of Austria, having encountered a violent hurricane in his passage from Flanders to Spain, was driven into Weymouth, where he landed, and was hospitably received by Sir Thomas Trenchard, a gentleman of the neighborhood. Sir Thomas Trenchard apprised the court of the circumstance, and in the interim, while waiting for instructions what course to follow, he invited his cousin, Mr. Russell to wait upon the prince. Mr. Russel proved so agreeable a companion that the Arch Duke desired him to accompany him to Windsor. He was there presented to the King, Henry VII, who likewise was so well pleased with Mr. Russell that he retained him as one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber.

Being subsequently a companion of the Prince, he so so far ingratiated himself into young Tudor's favor that he got elevated to the peerage, under the title of Baron Russell, of Cheyneys. In the next year, 1540, when the church lands were seized, Henry gave his favorite the Abbey of Tavistock, with the extensive possessions belonging thereto. In the next reign, Russell's star being still in the ascendant, young Edward, not sixteen, gave him the monastery of Woburn. In Charles the Second's time, William, the Fifth Earl, was made Duke of Bedford.

Such is the history of this powerful family; most of the aristocracy may be traced to origins not greatly dissimilar. They have obtained their wealth by continuous appropriations of the land, and thrown the taxes on the industrious classes by the various fiscal machineries of customs, excise, and stamps, none of which would ever have been required had the sovereign retained the crown lands and had the feudal dues been levied.

This historical sketch forms part of a notice of a pamphlet urging that the land is national property, and consequently that none have the right to its exclusive appropriation. Title by sword or by parchment is wholly repudiated. A radical change is recommended, still preserving the usufruct of estates to those now living and in possession, but decreeing that, on the deaths of the present holders, the estates shall revert back to the crown, and that the rents in future payable by the crown tenants should be carried to the account of the public treasury. By this process no person would have more than a life interest in the soil, which would cease to descend hereditary in families.

The prohibition of the right to sell implied in the above, the writer says is "recognized and admitted in the law by which the aristocracy is perpetuated in England. By that law every nobleman has only a *life interest* in his estates, and, in consequence, cannot *sell* them, because the descendants are in like manner entitled to their life interest therein, which of course cannot be preserved if any gambling scoundrel, that may for the time be the head of the house, may in a night's play stake and lose his own interest in the inheritance and that of his descendants, to all generations. I contend that this principle is sound, and if good for the aristocracy it is good for all men, as every true principle must be."

We make these extracts to show what is boldly thought and uttered by some men in England, and appearances indicate that the number of those entertaining similar sentiments is rapidly and largely increasing.

OBEYING INSTRUCTIONS.—A novel case of obeying orders literally, recently occurred in a neighboring county. A gentleman who carries on a pretty extensive farm, purchased a fanning mill, at a cost of some $30. One of his men came to him shortly after the purchase, and complained that the mill did not work well. "Try it again," said the owner, "and if it still prove bad, take it into the road, fill it with straw, and burn it." On the second trial, it did not work, and accordingly he burned it as directed. A few days after, the gentleman asked his man how the fanning mill operated. "I tried it again," he replied, "and had no better success than before, and so I set fire to it." "That was right," replied the owner with an emphasis. "You are the first man I ever had who would mind me; you shall hereafter have an increase of wages."—*Roch. Daily Adv.*

O'Connell's Obsequies—Oration of Gov. Seward.

The New York papers describe the celebration of the obsequies of DANIEL O'CONNELL in that city, last Wednesday, as a very grand and imposing ceremony. The procession was immense, even for so great a city, and the pageantry—tho' all was not pageantry, for, among a people of such ardent and impulsive feeling as the Irish, with all the recollections of their beloved country, its glory and its shame, its centuries of suffering, its heroic spirits, all forced upon them at such a time made a most profound impression—was all that the occasion should have commanded. It is estimated that not less than 15,000 persons united in the procession, under the banners of their respective associations and societies—and bearing their distinguishing insignia. Those not in the procession, who lined the streets and followed in the wake of the pageant, were innumerable—estimates ranging as high as 100,000. The adopted citizens of New Haven, Ct., and of Patterson and Newark in New Jersey, contributed to swell the funeral train of the illustrious dead. The *Evening Journal* says, "in numbers and splendor, it was a pageant of which the survivors of a monarch might have been proud. In the homage of the heart, it was what monarchs rarely deserve or receive."

The oration of Ex-Gov. SEWARD, delivered to the assembled thousands in Castle Garden, would fill some eight columns of this paper. It is conceived in that gentleman's highest style of impassioned eloquence, and strongly marked by his characteristic grace and ornate felicity of language. The opening is very beautiful:

There is sad news from Genoa. An aged and weary pilgrim, who can travel no farther, passes beneath the gate of one of her ancient palaces, saying with pious resignation, as he enters its silent chambers, "Well! It is God's will that I shall never see Rome. I am disappointed. But I am ready to die. It is all right!"

"The superb," though fading Queen of the Mediterranean holds anxious watch, through ten long days, over that majestic stranger's wasting frame. And now Death is there—the Liberator of Ireland has sunk to rest in the Cradle of Columbus.

Coincidence beautiful and most sublime! It was the very day set apart by the elder daughter of the Church for prayer and sacrifice throughout the world for the children of the sacred Island, perishing by famine and pestilence in their homes and in their native fields, and on their crowded paths of exile, on the sea and in the havens, and on the lakes, and along the rivers of this far-distant land. The chimes rung out by pity for his countrymen were O'Connell's fitting knell; his soul went forth on clouds of incense that rose from altars of Christian Charity; and the sorrowful anthems which recited the faith, and the virtue, and the endurance of Ireland, were his becoming requiem.

Nothing can exceed in artistic effect this happy blending of the names of COLUMBUS and O'CONNELL, linking them together in association by the accident that the birth place of the discoverer of America was the death place of the "Liberator of Ireland," and shedding over this coincidence the hallowing influence of the holiest rites of religion. The oration proceeds with a rapid, clear, and boldly sketched narration of the history of Ireland, her oppressions and wrongs for more than six hundred years, down to the extinction of her nationality by the act of union, and concludes with a magnificent biographical sketch, of O'CONNELL, and a eulogy upon his character and services.—We copy the concluding paragraphs:

Who has ever accomplished so much for Human Freedom, with means so feeble? Who but he has ever given Liberty to a People, by the mere utterance of his voice, without an army, navy or revenues—without a sword, spear, or even a shield?

Who but he ever subverted Tyranny, saved the lives of the oppressed, and yet spared the oppressor?

Who but he ever detached from a venerable constitution a column of Aristocracy, dashed it to the earth, and yet left the ancient fabric stronger and more beautiful than before?

Who but he has ever lifted up Seven Millions of People from the debasement of ages to the dignity of Freedom, without exacting an ounce of gold or wasting the blood of one human heart?

Whose voice yet lingers like O'Connell's in the ear of tyrants, making them sink with fear of change, and in the ear of the most degraded slaves on earth, awaking hopes of freedom?

Who before him has brought the schismatics of two centuries together, conciliating them at the altar of Universal Liberty? Who but he ever brought Papal Rome and Protestant America to burn incense together?

It was O'Connell's mission to teach mankind that Liberty was not estranged from Christianity, as was proclaimed by Revolutionary France—that she was not divorced from Law and Public Order—that she was not a demon like Moloch, requiring to be propitiated with the blood of human sacrifice—that Democracy is the daughter of Peace, and, like true Religion, worketh by Love.

I see in Catholic Emancipation, and in the Repeal of the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland only incidents of an all pervading phenomenon—a phenomenon of mighty interest, but not portentous of evil. It is the universal dissolution of Monarchical and Aristocratical Governments, and the establishment of pure Democracies in their place.

I know this change must come, for even the menaced governments feel and confess it. I know that it will be resisted, for it is not in the nature of Power to relax. It is a fearful inquiry—How shall that change be passed?—Shall there never be an end to Devastation and Carnage? Is every step of Human Progress in the future, as in the past, to be marked by blood? Must the nations of the earth, after groaning for ages under vicious Institutions established without their consent, wade through deeper seas to reach that condition of more perfect Liberty to which they are so rapidly, so irresistibly impelled? Or shall they be able notwithstanding involuntary ingorance and debasement contracted without their fault, and notwitstanding the blind resistance of Despotism, to change their forms of Government by slow and measured degrees, without entirely or all at once subverting them, and from time to time to repair their ancient constitutions so as to adapt them peacefully to the progress of the age, the diffusion of knowledge, the cultivation of virtue, and the promotion of happiness?

When that crisis shall come, the colossal fabric of the British Empire will have given way under its always accumulating weight. I see England then, in solitude and in declining greatness as Rome was when her provinces were torn away; as Spain now is since the loss of the Indies. I see Ireland, invigorated by the severe experience of a long, though peaceful, Revolution, extending her arms east and west in fraternal embrace toward new rising States; her resources restored and improved; her people prosperous and happy, and her institutions again shedding the lights of Piety, Art and Freedom over the world. Then I see among the perplexed and disturbed nations the now proud and all-conquering Anglo-Saxons looking up to the regenerated Celtic People for guidance and protection.

Come forward, then, ye nations who are trembling between the dangers of Anarchy and the pressure of Despotism, and hear a voice that addresses the Liberator of Ireland from the caverns of Silence where Prophecy is born:

"To Thee, now sainted Spirit,
Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,
Remotest lands and unborn times shall turn
Whether they would restore or build. To Thee!
As one who rightly taught how Zeal should burn:
As one who drew from out Faith's holiest urn,
The purest stream of *Patient Energy*."

A FEUDAL TYRANT.—The New Orleans *Orleanian* gives an account of a Mexican named Franco, which shows how completely demoralized and disorganized is the unhappy country where such men can flourish:

There is residing, (says this account,) about seventeen leagues from Tuspan, behind the lake Tampico El Alto, on the road from Tamiaqua to

Tampico, a monster in human form called Ignacio Franco. This wretch is descended from a negress and an old Spaniard. He is the owner of the large hacienda well known by the name of San Sebastian. This hacienda contains a population of about two thousand souls, over whom this miscreant lords with the most despotic sway, obliging them to pay him complete homage, and to labor upon his plantations without pay or consideration. He is judge and arbiter; if some assassin kills his neighbor, he flies to the house of this monster, who takes the responsibility of punishing the guilty culprit by condemning him to perpetual labor on his own farms. This vile being has taken three sisters as wives, keeping them in separate dwellings. To show how completely he rules, it need only be told that two years since the Mexican Government sent an armed force to prevent him from growing tobacco, and with instructions to pluck it out, upon whose appearance, Franco assembled a large force of his slaves and vassals and took them prisoners—since remaining an independent and undisturbed ruler.

It is also known that he has white men upon his hacienda, whom he has reduced to slavery, and in part citizens of the United States, whom one vicissitude or another has thrown into his hands; some of these latter are the crew of an American schooner that was taken by the war steamer *Vixen*, as she was running the blockade, laden with ammunition, powder, &c., for the Mexican government, and taken on board to be court martialed, but who afterwards escaped at the moment of the attack on Tuspan, under fictitious names, and in an endeavor to reach Tampico fell into the hands of this task-master, who reduced them to slavery as already stated. And this villain has purchased from Santa Anna the commission of Colonel for the sum of $15,000, which gives him in some measure the color of authority of a Mexican tyrant.

He has lately purchased a hacienda on the Panuco river called Capadero. On this hacienda are sixteen or seventeen old Spaniards—traders, who alone since the occupation of Tampico by the Americans, are suffered by Mexicans on the Panuco to come to trade to Tampico, where they ferret out every movement of the Americans, and purchase, and take him in return powder, lead, and other munitions of war. Col. Franco is also a dexterous and desperate "blackleg;" should any chance-comer have the appearance of having money, he will invite him to his mansion, use him most hospitably, introduce gambling, and if his unfortunate opponent should have the misfortune to win of him, if he does not get killed and robbed before he leaves his house, he will certainly be met by some of his vassal assasins and be robbed and killed before he can possibly leave the hacienda. On the contrary, if his opponent should lose, he may depart in peace and without molestation.

The colonel is also a very successful contrabandist, and there remains but very little doubt on the minds of those who know him best, that the Mexican army and the different predatory Mexican chiefs, are now supplied by his influence and agency. Franco smuggled cotton to a large extent in partnership with Santa Anna; the latter made the prohibition cotton law, while he used a commercial house to order the cotton, while Franco smuggled it through his independent colony; but Santa Anna, on account of a way of dealing that he has, cheated him in the last account—such is a specimen of how unfortunate Mexico is ruled. This Franco is a dangerous character, and should be looked after by the American authorities.

Volcanic Eruption in the Pacific.—A new volcanic eruption has occurred upon a small uninhabited island belonging to the Vavan group, of which an account has been published at Samoa by J. C. Williams, Esq. U. S. Consul, and Capt. Sampson of New Bedford. The island is named *Toku*, and lies 60 miles north-west from Tavan. On the 9th of June, severe shocks of an earthquake were felt at intervals, at Tavan, on the night of the 11th, a very bright light was seen in the direction of Toku. The next morning everything was covered with dust and the air had the smell of sulphur. On the 13th Mr. Williams left Tavan and approached Toku. Immense volumes of smoke and dust were perceived, and on the morning of the 12th, Capt. Sampson of the *C. W. Morgan*, whaler, on his way from one of the Tonga islands, entered the shower of ashes.

Before they entered, it appeared like a squall, so soon as they got into it, the eyes of the men on watch were filled, and the deck began to be covered with the fine dust. Capt. Sampson put the ship about, but being persuaded that there was no land near, he continued his course. So soon as the sun arose, the dust appeared of a dark red color, rolling over like great volumes of smoke, presenting an awful appearance; at eight o'clock it was so dark that candles had to be lighted in the cabin; at 11 A. M. it began to clear a little, the sun appeared occasionally. By noon they got out of it, being then in 171°. 45. W. and 11° 2 S., having sailed across the shower at least 40 miles. Capt Cash of the ship *Massachusetts*, got into the shower about the same time, though at least sixty miles east of Capt. Sampson, and not far from Savage Island.

The ashes penetrated every crevice of the ship, and fell in such quantities, that Capt. Sampson believes tons fell on the deck, which had to be cleared from time to time.

The dust is of a dark gray slaty color, Of specific gravity 1 076, containing a large proportion of sulphur and so much of free sulpuric acid as to give it a sharp taste; it also contains a small proportion of iron. No doubt a minute analysis would give the usual combinations of silica and several of the sulphates usually found in volcanic dust.

The *Courrier des Etats Unis* contradicts, upon the authority of the latest Paris papers, as well as of its own correspondent, the statement copied into several of our American papers, that the eldest son of the Duke de Praslin, aged 17 years, had committed suicide on account of the horrors of the death of his parents.

The eldest son is only 11 or 12 years old and was alive and well.

In like manner that paper contradicts the alleged suicide of M. Chavilier de Montesquieu, and the assassination of his mistress by the Prince Eckmuhl, son of Marshal Davoust. There seems not the slightest foundation for these atrocious and gratuitous calumnies, which first appeared, nevertheless, in the Paris journals and were then copied into those of England and America.—*Cour. & Enq.*

Rev. Dr. King.—A letter of August 17th, from Constantinople, published in the Evening Post, states that Dr. King, the American Missionary, at Athens, has been virtually expelled from the Kingdom by the Government. The Boston Traveller announces his safe arrival at Geneva, Switzerland.

Rural Department.

☞ County Agricultural Society.—An instructive and able address was delivered before this Society on the chief day of the Fair, by Geo. W. Clinton, Esq., and a resolution was unanimously passed, tendering to him the thanks of the meeting and requesting a copy of the address for publication. We trust that care will be taken to circulate it extensively among our farmers.

The following resolutions relating to the State Fair for 1842 were then unanimously agreed upon:

Resolved, That we have seen with regret the appointment of the Exhibition of the State Agricultural Society, every year of its existence, at so great a distance from Buffalo, as to preclude the general attendance of those who live in this and the neighboring counties; and that we would call the attention of the officers of the State Society to the fact that the greater number of persons who attend at its show, reside within 50 or 60 miles of the place where it is held. Thus it is computed that at Saratoga 40,000 persons were present, of whom only 8,000 came by railroad—the only public method of travel to that place.

That we consider this course has tended to the undue discouragement of this and many other Societies.

That the Committee appointed to report a list of officers for next year, shall also frame a list or lists of names for one or more committees, for the object of securing the next annual Exhibition of the Society at Buffalo, and that a quorum so appointed shall have full power to merge the exhibition of this institution in that of the larger Society

That the funds of this Society shall, in the event of such success, be applied to the objects of the State Society, in such manner as said Committee shall choose.

That we desire, in the spirit of fraternal union and friendly competition, to throw open at this place the benefits of the State Society for 1842, to the inhabitants of other States and of Canada. Carried.

At the meeting held 23d inst.. at M'Arthur's Hall, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—AUGUSTUS RAYNOR, Clarence.

VICE PRESIDENTS:

John W. Hamlin, Aurora; Henry Atwood, Lancaster; John Webster, Hamburgh; John B. Carter, Eden; Henry Ransom, Clarence; John Besse, Wales; Apollos Hitchcock, Cheektawaga; Benj. W. Pratt, Collins.

Robert Hadfield, Secretary; Arthur M'Arthur, Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Grant Ladd, Amherst; Robert Persons, Aurora; Sam'l Johnson, Alden; Geo. W. Tifft, Buffalo, 1st Ward; Orlando Allen, 2d do; W. R. Coppock, 3d do; H. A. Parsons, 4th do; Peter Curtiss, 5th do; Truman Cary, Boston; Ansel Smith, Brandt; L. F. Allen, Black Rock; Ira Osborn, Clarence; N. G. Stebbins, Cheektawaga; Wm. Calkins, Colden; J. N. Vaughan, Concord; John Arnold, Collins; Geo. Parson, Eden; W. S. Rees, Evans; D. P. White, Hamburgh; Moses M'Arthur, Holland; T. N. Peckham, Lancaster; Wm. Mills, Newstead; W. H. Sotham, Tonawanda; Alonzo Havens, Wales; Jerome Hopkins, Sardinia.

The following gentlemen were appointed a Committee to devise and adopt the best plans to procure for Buffalo the next annual exibition of the State Agricultural Society:

Lewis F. Allen, Wm. A. Bird, Lewis Eaton, Benjamin Hodge, Augustus Raynor, Robert Hadfield, E. C. Spaulding, H. K. Smith, Geo. P. Barker, H. W. Rogers, Millard Fillmore, Jos. G. Masten, Robt, McPherson, Wm. Hamilton.

And the following were appointed as a Financial Committee for the same purpose:

H. B. Potter, W. R. Coppock, Abner Bryant, Orlando Allen, H. B. Ransom, Thos. Thurston, Arthur M'Arthur, H. A. Parsons, Warren Granger, Jason Sexton, Benoni Thompson, Samuel Hamilton, Geo. W. Tifft, Jos. Dart, Amos Chilcott, Warren Bryant.

The premiums as already published by us were officially declared, and after various discussion as to the best means of promoting the objects of the Society, and passresolutions tending chiefly to the circulation of Agricultural papers and books, the meeting adjourned.

☞ The following premiums were awarded at the County Agricultural Exhibition, September 22 and 23, 1841:

HORSES.

Best stallion, Mr. Gardeneer, Concord,	$5 00
2d do Mr. Rice, Boston,	3 00
Best broom mare. Mr. Noyes, Collins,	4 00
2d do Mr. Blackman, Lancaster,	2 00
Best colt, Mr. Blackman,	2 00
2d do Mr. Walker, Aurora,	vol. trans.
Best single horse in harness, bred in this county, Mr. Huff, Buffalo,	3 00
Best gelding, wherever bred. Wm. Williams,	3 00

The Committee on Horses report that the exhibition of horses was unusually good, and that they had some difficulty in discriminating so as to award the above premiums.

DURHAM CATTLE.

Best bull, Samuel Hecox, Black Rock,	$5 00

DEVON CATTLE.

Best yearling bull, J. W. Hamlin, Aurora,	$5 00
Best heifer, do do	3 00
Best bull calf, do do	vol. trans.

GRADE AND NATIVE CATTLE.

Mr. Peckham, Lancaster—best bull,	4 00
E. Wheelock, Sardinia—2d do	3 00
E. Jones, Aurora—best cow,	5 00
Wm. Hamilton, Hamburgh, 2d do	3 00
Orlando Allen, Buffalo—best heifer,	3 00
H. W. Rogers, Black Rock—2d do	2 00
E. Wheelock, Sardinia—best bull calf,	2 00
Samuel Searls, Wales—2d do	vol. trans.

Orlando Allen withdrew a very fine cow. J. W. Hamlin withdrew a very fine heifer calf, he being one of the committee on Grade and Native Cattle.

WORKING CATTLE.

Best yoke working cattle, 5 years old and over, Robt. Persons, Aurora,	$5 00
2d do O. P. Buffum, Colden,	3 00
Best 4 years old oxen, Sam'l Johnson, Alden,	5 00
do 3 do H. Beck, Lancaster,	4 00
2d do J. Yourran, do	2 00
Best 2 years do H. Atwood, Lancaster,	3 00

MILCH COWS.

Best, E. N. Bennett, Cheektawaga,	$5 00
2d do do	4 00

Some of this class were excluded on account of the non-production of the proper certificates.

SHEEP.

Best 3 long wooled ewes, N. A. Turner, Aurora,	$3 00
do lambs, do	3 00
Best fat wether, do	2 00
Best fine wool buck, Judge Payne, Aurora,	4 00
2d do Amos Chilcott, Hamburgh,	3 00
Best do ewes, Mr. Pratt, Aurora,	4 00
2d do Amos Chilcott,	3 00
Best middle wool buck, offered, E. N. Bennett,	[illegible]00

SWINE.

Best sow, Sam'l Turner, Cheektawaga,	$1 00
do pen of 4 pigs, S. L. Bostee, Williamsville,	3 00
2d do E. N. Bennett, Cheektawaga,	2 00

POULTRY.

Best barn fowls, (dorking) Benoni Thompson,	$1 00
Best coop of ducks. N. S. Smith,	vol. trans.
best coop muscovy ducks,	1 00

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Best cheeses, Erastus Colvin, Hamburgh,	3 00
do butter, Wm. Hamilton, do	3 00
2d do Alonzo Havens, Wales,	2 00

FARM IMPLEMENTS.

For a revolving hay-rake, with wire teeth, and which appears to be the best they have ever seen, they award a diploma, in addition to the ordinary premium, to John Burland, Evans, of	$1 00
For Dinsmore's patent Straw Cutter, to Jeremiah Avery, of Randall, Orleans co.	diploma.
Best cooking and boiling apparatus for preparing food for stock—T. J. Dudley,	vol. trans.
For "Grannis'" patent Niagara hot air cooking stove—Messrs. Wilkeson & Co.	diploma.

We may hereafter publish the report in reference to stoves, at greater length.

GRAIN, &c.

For the best sample barley, Samuel Hambleton, East Hamburgh,	$3 00
Best sample flax seed, do	1 00
Do timothy seed, do	1 00
Do wheat—S. Heacox, Black Rock,	3 00
Do corn—Geo. Paxon, Eden.	3 00
Variety seedling potatoes—N. S. Smith, Buff.	5 00
2d best do —Philip Lawrence, do	1 00
Best field carrots—W. Hodge, Block Rock, diploma and	3 00

The committee call public attention to Mr. Smith's potatoes. We have frequently spoken of them already, and shall watch this experiment with interest.

OTHER FARM PRODUCTS.

Best 6 winter squashes—R. M'Pherson, $1 00
Best jar of pickled nasturtions, diploma.
Best 6 cabbages—Lewis Eaton, 1 00
Best half bushel quinces, do 1 00
2d do—L. F. Allen, diploma.
Best dozen beets—Lewis Eaton, vol. trans.
Very fine specimens of brocoli and egg-plant—L. Eaton. diploma.
¼ acre kidney beans, 3 00
Best 6 bunches celery—A. Bryant & Son, 1 00
Best bushel onions, do 1 00
Best peaches (Crawford melacatoon) do 1 00
Greatest variety and fine grapes, do diploma.
Best bbl winter apples (seek no farther) vol. trans.
Best 12 clusters Isabella grapes—Philip Lawrence, 1 00
Best dozen garden beets, do vol. trans.
Best Virgalieu peas—Wm. Hodge, 1 00
2d best Detroit red apples, do vol. trans.
Best bbl fall apples—Amos Chilcott, 1 00
2d do do —W. Webster, vol. trans.
2d do peaches (rare ripe) Josh. Hampton, vol. trans.
Pyramidal bouquet of most beautiful dahlias, B. Hodge, 1 00
Bouquets, verbenas, roses, &c.—A. Bryant & Sons, vol. trans.

H. W. Rogers offered a variety of choice vegetables, which were not on the ground in time for competition.

Best hive of working bees (Reynold's patent hive)—Joseph Hoag, Black Rock, $1 and diploma.

A discretionary premium of a diploma was awarded to C. Bishop, for a barrel of flour for pastry, and of unsurpassed quality.

HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS.

For best 10 yards fulled cloth—John Johnson, Alden, 2 00
Best 13 yards carpeting—Mrs. Alonzo Havens, Wales, 3 00
2d best do —Miss Martha Smith, Buffalo, 2 00
Best 10 yds flannel—Mrs Alonzo Havens, 3 00
2d do —Mrs. John Johnson, 2 00
Best woolen shawl—Mrs. G. Paxson, Eden, 3 00
2d do —Mrs. S. G. Havens, 2 00
3d do —Mrs. Johnson, 1 00
Best 10 yds table linen—Mrs. Sam'l Hambleton, 3 00
2d do do do 1 00
Best 10 yds towelling, do 2 00
Best coverlet—Mrs. Burt, Buffalo, 3 00
2d do do —Mrs. S. G. Havens, 2 00
3d do do —Miss Thurston, Aurora, 1 00
Best straw bonnet—Miss Sowden, Wales, 1 00
Best bed quilt—Mrs. S. Hambleton, 2 00
Best linen stockings—Miss Thurston, 1 00
Best 2 pair woolen do do 1 00
2d do do do—Miss Johnson, vol. trans.
Best stocking yarn—Miss Thurston, 1 00
2d do do do vol. trans.
Best silk cocoons—Mrs. Staats, Buffalo, 2 00
Best 50 skeins sewing silk, 2 00
Best ½ lb reeled silk, 1 00

The Committee also recommend that diplomas be given to Mrs. E. R. Smith, Miss Mary E. Pack and Miss Matilda Baker, for specimens of fancy needle-work, exhibited by them.

FARMS.

There being only one entered, the Committee recommended that the money premium of $12, or in lieu thereof, a handsome, tasteful book, (containing Washington's correspondence, fac similes, &c.) together with a diploma, should be given to Samuel Hambleton.

Of all the incidents which go to illustrate the horrors of war, we have seen none which presents them to the mind in a more striking and powerful manner than the present condition of the South Carolina regiment of volunteers The left their homes six months ago about 800 strong; of this number 140 died at Vera Cruz or on the march to Puebla, and 360 were left sick in the various hospitals. About 272 were in a condition to fight in the late battle, and of that number 137 (including their gallant Colonel, Pierce M. Butler) were killed or wounded, leaving a meagre remnant of 135, a majority of whom may yet perhaps fall in battle or perish by disease before the war shall terminate! What a constrast will the return home of this shattered corps present to the "pride pomp, and circumstance" which attended their enlistment and departure for the seat of war.—*Richmond Whig.*

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Farewell.

Addressed to Rev. I. J. Stoddard and wife, Missionaries to Asram.

Go, Brother, Sister, to your task;
Ye may not linger here;
'Tis not the joys of home you ask,
In friendship's sweetest smile to bask;
Then spare the parting tear.

Ye go, but not for wreaths of fame,
Nor paths with pleasure rife.
Ye seek no martyr's glorious name,
Nor honors won in battle flame,
But point the way of Life.

'Tis not with heavy heart ye go,
Though long farewell is given;
O 'twill be sweet in death to know
For others' good, ye toiled below,
And led the way to Heaven.

Go, then, for you we will not weep
E'en though that destined spot
You never reach, but in the deep,
Or by that turbid stream, ye sleep,
And share a brother's lot.*

Think not 'tis vain, if thus ye die
In life's bright, golden prime,
The dying prayer and ling'ring sigh,
On ocean wind and wave shall fly,
And speak to every clime.

Take, take our prayers, and wishes kind
To give that "Orphan Band;"
O, haste to cheer their darkened mind,
Console the weeping,—lead the blind,
Point to a better land.

And when the storms of life draw nigh,
And strong hearts bend to fear,
Turn not to us your streaming eye,
But to the pitying Savior fly,
He will be watching near.

Through storm or calm, led by His hand,
Our toils will soon be o'er;
Then at our home,—a happy band,
Together in yon "Spirit Land,"
We'll meet, to part no more.

A. H. M,

* The lamented Thomas, who was killed on his passage up the Burampooter.

☞ Gen. Scott, who has proved his lion-hearted courage on scores of battle fields, is remarkable not less for the far reaching sagacity and cool deliberate circumspection with which he forms his plan of battle, than the impetuous valor with which, when formed, he carries such plan into triumphant effect. Those who are incapable of appreciating the force of the intellect that reduces war to almost the certainty of an exact science, sometimes sneer at him as a precisian.—We commend to such a perusal of the following which we copy from a letter from an officer of the Army, published in the *Union:*

After each of the battles, when the troops saw the complete success of Gen. Scott's plans, he was received with the most vociferous cheers throughout the whole army. The shouts must have reached Mexico. Even the captive Mexican officers seemed cheered in their distress, to witness their enthusiasm. The army have the greatest confidence in him and justly. They know his care of them. They know his worth. He weighs his plans well, calculates the cost of every mea-

sure, and attempts nothing without a reasonable prospect of success.

A letter in the *Journal of Commerce*, from a field officer of the army, expresses the very confident belief that peace would result from the pending negotiations, and relates the following incidents at the close of the decisive battle of Churubusco:

The place was defended by at least 27,000 Mexican troops. Their whole force in the morning amounted to 32,000 men, of whom 5,000 may have been killed, taken or dispersed, in the affairs of Contreras and San Antonio, in the earlier part of the day. The remainder were posted behind two strong field works—one of them enclosing a large stone church. *Our troops making the attack did not exceed one-fourth the number of the enemy.* The conflict lasted two hours and three-quarters, during the whole of which time the deafening roar or artillery and small arms was continuous and tremendous, such as no man present ever before witnessed. It was a time of awful suspense, but the issue was not for a moment doubtful. When it was over, the General-in-Chief (Scott) rode in among the troops. It would have done your heart good to hear the shout with which they made the welkin ring.—Several old soldiers seized the General's hands with expressions of enthusiasm. Suddenly, at a motion from his hand, silence ensued, when in the fulness of his heart, he poured forth a few most eloquent and patriotic words, in commendation of their gallant conduct. When he ceased, there arose another shout that might have been heard in the grand plaza of Mexico. Daring this thrilling scene, I looked up to a balcony of the Church that had been so bravely defended. It was filled by Mexican prisoners. Among them Gen. Rincon, a venerable old soldier, was leaning forward, his countenance glowing, and his eyes sparkling with every manifestation of delight. I verily believe that the old veteran, with the spirit of a true soldier, upon beholding a victorious General so greeted by the brave men he had just led to victory, forgot, for moment, his own position—that he was defeated and a prisoner—and saw and thought only of the enthusiasm by which he was surrounded.

The Britannia.—This steamer was raised on the sectional dock yesterday. Her injuries appear to be both extensive and severe. A considerable portion of her keel is torn off, and several of her timbers are fractured. A large crowd were present to ser her placed on the dock,

It is most earnestly to be desired that the British Government will direct the immediate erection of a light house at the point of Cape Race; and the addition of a "fog bell" will greatly promote the safety of vessels which pass that dangerous point. The difficulty heretofore has been a question between the local and home authorities as to which of the two should be at the expense of erecting the building. It strikes us that there cannot be a reasonable doubt on this question.—The island of Newfoundland is a part of the British dominions, and Cape Race is not near the mouth of any harbor. The vicinity of that point is the line for all the British steamers to Halifax, and on the track of the immense fleet that navigates the St. Lawrence, &c.

We believe the Admiralty have come to the conclusion to erect a light house on the point, as we know they have corresponded with Captain Harrison with reference to the most eligible point at which to place it.

Since the above was in type we learn that one of the crew of the *Britannia* was accidentally killed between twelve and one o'clock this morning, He was returning on board and his foot slipped as he was passing up the side. He fell back upon the dock and received such injury that he died before he could be conveyed to the hospital. It is said that his neck was dislocated.

One o'Clock.—Our marine news collector has just returned from the *Britannia*. He reports that as many ship carpenters are at work as can conveniently be employed, and it is expected the necessary repairs will be completed on Wednesday next.

It has been found that the false keel is carried away, from the stern to abaft the paddle box and that the keel is so much damaged as to require the removal of about fifty feet of it. The sheathing, which is very thick, is broken off about twenty-five feet. The copper in some places is rubbed up.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

General Manufacturing Bill.—There is a probability that this bill, which failed at the last session of the Legislature by reason of a disagreement between the two Houses, and which some members have contended at the present session had vanished into the region of nowhere, beyond rescue, is yet in legal existence and can be acted upon. The bill was the subject of some conversation in the Assembly last Friday. The *Argus* in a notice of it says:

It will be seen, and with gratification by all who regard the bill in its true light, as one of the highest importance and value—that in the opinion of the two Houses, the bill is still alive, and is still properly before the Committee of Conference appointed at the last session. In a word, that the Committee not having united in a joint report, nor submitted such an one to either House, they have still the matter in charge, and may renew their conferences and efforts to come to an agreement, at this session, although the Committee on the part of the House had announced the fact of a disagreement, at the close of the last session.

That there might be no technical difficulty in the way, the House yesterday virtually reversed its former action, and the armistice being still open, the committee will no doubt forthwith resume their conference—and if still unable to agree, it will be competent for either house to propose a new committee, and make a second effort to bring about a compromise.

It is to be hoped that a renewal of negotiations will result in the settlement of the vexed question of personal liability, in a way at once reasonable and safe to the public, and calculated to invite rather than discourage investments in the manufacturing enterprises now on foot in different sections of the State, and awaiting the action of the Legislature. The bill is no doubt of as great if not greater importance than any of the general laws now pending, and we trust may soon become a law.

Kentucky Convention.—The good people of Kentucky have given, as it appears from the Frankfort *Commonwealth*, about 92,000 votes for a Convention, to revise their Constitution. The total number of voters, in the State, is about 137,000. The majority, therefore, for the Convention, is about 47,000! Another vote has to be taken on the subject; but, with this strong current of feeling in that way, there can be little doubt the Convention will assemble, and revise the political institutions of Kentucky. The State is a noble one, and a noble hearted people have inhabited it. We trust, that in revising their fundamental laws, it may be done in a way to ensure their prosperity and happiness.—*Cincin. Chron.*

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

A Week in Canada, with a Supplemen of Three Days.

PART ONE.

Which contains a few things in general, and some in particular, and more, perhaps, than will be read.

September Sixteenth.—Port Hope—evening. A delightful trip to day on the steamers Chief Justice Robinson, and Sovereign; the former from Lewiston to Toronto; the latter from T. to this place. How prodigal of diamonds is old Ontario when the sun shines and the surface of the lake is *gently* ruffled by a healthy breeze. And how gracefully the white gulls perform their antic gyrations, rising and falling with the genuine poetry of motion, now dipping their gilded wings in the crystal waters, and now soaring upwards like a music-note on its way back again to its native heaven. What a glorious life the plumaged aquatics must lead! There's nothing like

> "A life on the ocean wave,
> A home on the rolling deep."

That body of ministers, bound for Montreal and elsewhere, who came down from Toronto on the boat this afternoon, and who were all in the best spirit, have not ridden themselves of every habit to which "the world's people" are more or less addicted, especially where the temperance reformation has not had "its perfect work." Their vinous propensities are decidedly strong. How lovingly, at the dinner table, did the sacred sleeves of their outer garment embrace their divinely white neckerchiefs, as the blood-red and overflowing glass parted those inspired lips whence issue so often and with such a holy unction, the oracles of God! How affectionately and how frequently the great and good Dr. ——, who sat immediately on our right, drank to the health of the no-doubt-somewhere noted D. D. on *his* right and the three brethren in the ministry on the opposite side of the table. We never felt so small in the company of white neckerchief before. So much brotherly love and sacred sociality—such an intoxicating exhibition of

> "The feast of reason and the flow of"—bowl—

completely overcame us, and we were glad as a ransomed prisoner when the time came that, without the appearance of rudeness and incivilty, we could retreat from the angelic presence of the wine and *brandy* bottles!

Port Hope, though not so lively just now as we have seen it, still possesses the spirit of enterprise in the hearts of its business men. An effort is being made to get a railroad charter from this place to Peterborough, thirty miles north. An estimate of the cost of such a road—smaller, we fear, than the actual expense would be—has been made, and a table of the probable amount of business which it would command drawn up; and if strenuous exertions on the part of a few individuals will consummate the work, we or somebody else may see a Railroad Depot in the village of Port Hope—sometime.

Seventeenth—At Cobourg. The present leading topic of canversation here, is the unusual amount of sickness in the community. The disentery actually *rages* in the village. Crape is much worn on the hat and in the button hole of the coat; a look of sobriety pervades most faces, and the voice of mirth is seldom heard. The frosty nights have come, and there is a slight abatement of the reigning diseases.

Eighteenth—Back to Port Hope, in a hopeful port, at the private residence of an old New England friend, and joyfully awaiting the advent of another day of rest.

Nineteenth—Sunday. Cold and rainy, but cannot deny ourself the privileges of the sanctuary. Wicked as we are, the disposition to break the Sabbath is easily overcame. Peacefully repose the ashes of that sainted mother whose spirit has been in the realms of glory these twenty years, and who taught us in infancy to "remember the Sabbath to keep it holy."

No preaching in the morning at the (Scotch) Presbyterian church where we attended. A learned and very amiable man is the pastor, Mr. CASSA, whom we have heard on former occasions, and we are disappointed in not hearing him to day. A few prayers were offered, a few hymns sung, and the meeting broke up. Cannot say that we were strikingly pleased with the singing. Fear the congregation—they have no choir—do not make the *science* of music a very close study. And then the hymns themselves—the words, we mean, were not very poetically constructed. Thus the following scrap, a part of the fourth Psalm, which was sung on the occasion, may be a litéral, but it is not a graceful and finished, version; and the singing of such hymns, at this age, is deadly to refinement of poetical taste and reflects unfavorably on the judgment of the people who suffer so obsolete a version of the Psalms to remain in use:

> "Fear and sin not; talk with your heart
> on bed, and silent be.
> Offrings present of righteousness,
> and in the Lord trust ye.
>
> "O who will show us any good?
> is that which many say:
> But of thy countenance the light,
> Lord, lift on us alway.
>
> "Upon my heart, bestowed by thee,
> more goodness I have found
> Than they e'en then, when corn and wine
> did most with them abound.
>
> "I will both lay me down in peace,
> and quiet sleep will take;
> Because thou only me to dwell
> in safety, Lord, dost make."

We copy these lines word for word from a Glasgow edition found in our pew, and have retained the manner of printing in said edition. We have

no intention of making light of any thing sacred —we deprecate the idea—but we must say that hymns constructed like the above fragment, which is a fair sample of the whole book from which it is taken, are a burlesque on the sweet minstrelsy of the inspired son of Jesse.

This evening attended divine worship at a school house in the village. Heard a sensible and practical discourse by the Rev. Mr. Baird of the Baptist denomination. Thus closeth the holy day.

Hon. Richard Henry Wilde, formerly a member of Congress from Georgia, author of a work on Tasso, and a somewhat distinguished poet, died of the yellow fever at his residence in New Orleans, on the 11th ult. He was one of the leading members of the Louisiana bar, and a short time since received the appointment of Professor in the new Law College of that State.—His poetry is characterized by sweetness and classical elegance, and some of it may be found amongst the choicest American lyrics.

Life of Silas Wright.—It will be gratifying to many of our readers to learn that J. S. Jenkins, Esq., author of the New Assistant's Clerk, Life of Gen. Jackson, etc., is preparing a work on the Life and Character of Silas Wright, to be published by Derby and Hewson of this city. It will appear in the early part of November,

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Political Matters.—Tweedy, the Whig candidate for delegate from Wisconsin, has been chosen by a large majority.

Rhode Island, contrary to her usual course, has chosen a Democratic Representative to Congress.

Dana, the Democratic Candidate for Governor of Maine, has a handsome majority over the Whig and Liberty candidates,

The Whigs of Michigan have nominated Jas. M. Edwards of Washtenaw Co., for Governor, and, H. L. Miller of Saginaw Co., for Lt. Governor.

Gen. Caleb Cushing is the Democratic candidate for Governor of Mass,, and Henry W. Cushman, for Lt. Governor.

The result of the election in Vermont shows very close work, though the Whigs will probably have a small majority in both houses.

The Columbian Magazine for October, was received the early part of this week. It contains an unusal and choice variety of literary matter, and is richly embellished. "The Little Rogues in Trouble" is very well conceived and finely executed.

Library of Select Novels.—Numbers 103 and 104 of this series of romances, called "Norman's Bride, or, The Modern Midas," and "Margaret Graham, or The Reverses of Fortune," by G. P. R. James, have just been received by Hawks in the Post Office. This "Library," thus far, is much above the ordinary run of novels in point of interest and excellence.

To Correspondents.—We regret exceedingly that "The Sunflower and Myrtle," and "Mary" must be declined. True they are better than the workmanship of multitudes of verse-wrights who receive favor at the hands of brethren in the "Chair;" but the first mentioned is not original in conception; the latter has no originality of thought; and both are faulty in construction. The author succeeds best in prose.

We know not who sent us "The Blind Minstrel" and "Jephthah's Vow," though we have heard of the author herself. One of them will be published, and perhaps both, if we can be assured, on the authority of a responsible name, that they have never appeared in print.

The lines by "S. D." will not answer. Why a person "not used to writing," will send us articles for publication, is strange, "passing strange."

We like the "Ballad" by our Scotch friend, and have marked it for insertion.

The two poems just received from "P. S." will also appear.

Story of the Battle of Waterloo. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M. A. Complete in two parts, New-York: Harper and Brothers. 1847.

Mr. Gleig is known to many as the author of "The History of the Bible;" he is a man of varacity; has had his "Story" of the great contest in which the Corsican Lion was captured, revised by the Duke of Wellington, and its correctness may be relied upon. The work contains no inconsiderable amount of historical information touching the state of Europe previous to the famous military operations of 1815, and may be read with profit as well as pleasure. The two Parts may be had for 37 cents each. For sale by Hawks.

Pictorial History of England. To be completed in about forty numbers at twenty-five cents each. New-York: Harper and Brothers; No. 29.

This number is rich and profuse in embellishments and brings the history down to the period of Charles the First, The Commonwealth, etc. The whole series of numbers will probably be issued before the close of this year, and when the work is completed, it will be unsurpassed in beauty of execution, we believe, by any thing of a historical character which has yet been published in the country.

Louis the Fourteenth, and the Court of France in the seventeenth century. By Miss Pardoe. No. 6, New-York: Harper and Brothers. 1847.

This work is now completed, and although we have, as yet, read but a small portion, we know it to be exciting in many parts and are satisfied, from the numerous critical notices of it, that it is highly valuable as a whole. We are purposing to refer to it again anon, and to make some extracts. The six parts may be had at the Literary Depot in the Post Office.

THE LAND FOR THE LABORER.—The Liverpool Journal, after speaking of the miseries and privations of the poorer class in that country, says:

We laugh at the agonies of love; we weep for the victims of starvation. Luxuries few can have, the laboring population must be content with humble fare, and they call for no particular sympathy while they have a sufficiency of that. To the many it is unhappily denied in this country, notwithstanding all our wealth and greatness. *Every one can enjoy it in the United States of America:* The state of society in that country has provoked adverse opinions; some travellers like, some dislike, the modes, manners, and habits of the people; in the estimation of many they want refinement, but all are agreed that the people have plenty to eat, and those who have never sat down day after day to scanty meals, are utterly incapable of estimating the vast happiness implied in that one fact. The man who has plenty of food may—ought to be—happy: he who has not cannot be otherwise than miserable.

To America, therefore, all who dread hunger ought to repair. It is a land of plenty—will be the greatest country the world ever saw. The descendant of an Irish emigrant is now its temporary but legal sovereign; the son of the poorest man who leaves our quays tomorrow, may occupy the same proud place. They will never die of hunger there, and a security against want is a guarantee for modern happiness.

Is not every word of this true? We do not enough prize the pre-eminent blessings we enjoy. In no other country that the sun shines upon, are the necessaries and most of the comforts of life so easily obtained by all classes of people as in this. In many of our large towns there is, unhappily, much privation and positive distress; but cases of that character are comparatively rare even there, and would be vastly less but for the strong gregarious feeling that prompts people to cluster together in crowds, even with the certainty of absolute suffering. But take our country as a whole, positive want, such privations as are indicated by that term in other countries, is wholly unknown. So high is the general standard of comfort among our people that they will reject as paupers the food and accommodations which thousands upon thousands of immigrants, with considerable means at command, look upon as extravagant living.

All may not be rich, but in this country every man in good health and willing to work can live comfortably, and, if he nourishes other aspirations, every office, even the highest, is open to his ambition, if he be a native, and all, with very few exceptions, to the adopted citizen. The actual condition of things in this country, the political privileges enjoyed, the freedom of conscience, the protection of each man's rights of person and property, the educational advantages, the ease with which land can be obtained, without money and without price beyond what can be earned by one year's labor, the cheapness and profusion of all the necessaries of life, would by the mass of the people in all other civilized countries be regarded as the acme of all their hopes, the utmost realization of all they hope for on earth. But here these things are considered as only our point of departure for higher and better things, a more perfect organization of our social and political state.

Every thing that really tends to improvement, that affords a reasonable promise of making our people happier and better we would gladly welcome. But what shall be said of those who can only see wretchedness and misery in the fair prospect presented on every side, who raise a whine here in imitation of the real cry for relief that is borne across the Atlantic, who affect to discover the same social and political abuses, the same dire oppression here that exist in Europe, and who pander to every visionary, absurd or mischievous scheme of pretended reform, and by their teachings provoke discontent, envying and hatred, vague, indefinite longings for some impossible political millennium, inconsistent alike with reason and revelation, and showing as the fruits of such teaching, incendiarism and murder?—What can be said of those except that, inflated by preposterous vanity, they persevere in this course for the notoriety, and cheap sort of influence it gives, or that, with higher ambition and greater wickedness, they care not what seeds of mischief they sow broad-cast, under the guise of philanthropy, so that they can attain political power by the aid of their dupes?—*Commercial.*

WESTERN VIRGINIA LAND COMPANY.—An association under this title has recently been formed in England, with a capital of £150,000. The object of the association, as we learn from a notice of it in the N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser*, is the purchase of large tracts of land in Western Virginia, which land is to be sold to immigrants in lots of eighty acres and upwards, at low prices. A deposit of sixpence per acre will be required for any quantity purchased, but the purchaser will not be required to make his selection of the quantity secured by deposit until his arrival on the land. The residue in instalments, within a period of five years from the date of the purchase.

One of the articles of the association says: "When the number of any religious denomination of Christians settled on the lands will require a minister of their faith, the company will grant not less than fifty acres to aid in compensation for his services." The association is registered under an act of the British Parliament. There is a vast quantity of unimproved lands at present in Western Virginia, and this appears a good opening for the proprietors to sell on advantageous terms to all parties.—*Commercial.*

STAGE ACCIDENT—LOSS OF LIFE.—On Saturday last the horses attached to one of the Cumberland stages became frightened at a locomotive engine, which was passing them just at the bridge about half a mile this side of Cumberland, and ran over the bank to the flat beside the stream.

Mr. Vincent, of Erie Co., Pa., was killed.—Mr. Markoe, of Indianapolis, and three others, dangerously wounded and all the rest of the passengers, (the stage having been full,) more or less injured. Passengers state the bank to have been about fifteen feet almost perpendicular, and seem astonished that any should escape being killed. Two of the horses were much injured. Twenty coaches left Cumberland on that evening loaded with passengers for the west.—*Pitts. Gaz.*

THE FOX AND HARE CASE.—The grand jury of New York have found a true bill against Hare on the charge of bigamy.

From Gen. Taylor's Army.—The steamer *E. A. Ogden* arrived at New Orleans on the 11th. She left Brazos on the 7th. Her news is of little importance.

Gen. Lane's brigade was at the mouth of the river expecting to embark about the 8th inst.

Gen. Cushing arrived at Matamoros on the 3d inst., accompanied by Lieut. Col. Abbott.

Deas's battery, which was to have accompanied Gen. Cushing, has been ordered to remain with Gen. Wool.

Dispatches have passed through Matamoros for Gen. Marshall, at Monterey, to proceed to Vera Cruz without delay.

Col. R. E. Temple arrived at Matamoros on the 1st inst., with four companies of his regiment, the 10th infantry.

Col. Tibbatts, who was proceeding from Mier to Monterey with six companies of the 16th infantry, escorting a train, was attacked by a large party of Mexicans near Ramos, and succeeded in driving them off, with a loss of two wounded.

Mr. E. B. Laudy and Mons. Montilly, who were taken prisoners some four weeks since by Carvajal, have been set at liberty, and arrived at Matamoros on the 3d inst. Col. Carvajal was in the vicinity of Soto la Marina with a small force.

Urrea has published a plausible letter to encourage desertion on the part of our troops.

The orders from the War Department keeping Gen. Taylor in inactivity gave great dissatisfaction. Many officers of the volunteer regiments declared their intention of resigning.

The disturbance in the North Carolina regiment has been completely quelled. On the morning after it broke out a number of the officers of the regiment signed a petition to the Colonel to resign, which he very properly refused to listen to, but laid it before Generals Cushing and Wool. It was considered by the commanding General as a participation in the mutiny, and two of the signers were dishonorably discharged from the service. As soon as this was known about 17 officers tendered their resignation, but after 24 hours had elapsed they thought better of it, and begged leave to withdraw their resignations, expressing all due contrition, and leave was granted. The soldier who was wounded by Col. Paine at the time he shot at the mutineers was a Virginian and has been dishonorably discharged from the service.

The Rationale of the Ten Hour System.—Recently a bill prescribing ten hours as the maximum of a day's work in factories was passed by the New Hampshire Legislature. A paper in that State gives a curious motive for favoring the law. It says:

"One reason which induces us to support the ten hour bill is, that the factory girls will then have time to garter their stockings in the morning, instead of having so frequently to draw them up in the public streets."

☞ Here is a paragraph eminently American, and which could hardly be written in any other country. A *Judge* leaving the Bench to become the superintendent of a railroad, seems to be a mixing up of professions, and a change in pursuits, to which Americans alone are prone or are equal:

"The Concord (N. H.) Statesman, learns that Judge Gove of Nashua, has been appointed Superintendent of the Nashua Railroad, and will shortly leave the bench, to enter upon the duties pertaining to that office."

Shocking Accident.—A most shocking and fatal accident occurred at the railroad depot in this city yesterday afternoon about 2 o'clock.—The circumstances are as follows: Mrs. Stead, an English lady, from Yorkshire, in company with her son-in-law, two daughters, two grandchildren and a servant, came in upon the eastern emigrant train which arrived a few minutes before two o'clock. The son-in-law left the females in the car and went to the depot to make some enquiries about going west. While he was absent, the person who sweeps the cars went into the one occupied by Mrs. Stead and her daughters, and told them to hurry and get upon the other cars. The daughters stepped out, and while Mrs. S. was stepping from the platform, the engineer started the cars backward, the sudden motion of which threw her across the track between the cars, and before she could rise two wheels passed over her, crushing her body and left arm in a most shocking manner, and causing her death almost instantly. Her husband, Mr. Samuel Stead, has been in Milwaukee or its vicinity some three months, and had written for his family, who were on their way to join him when arrested by this sad calamity. The anguish of the daughters at their sudden bereavement was too deep for human sympathy to afford relief, although it was freely and generously offered. The appearance of the family denoted intelligence, respectability and worldly comfort.

The remains of Mrs. Stead were removed to Bannard's Hotel to be enclosed in a leaden coffin, her daughters wishing to bury her where they expect to settle at the west. We understand her age to be 48 years.

We understand that no blame is attributed to the engineer. The train was a long one, and the deceased was in a passenger car behind all the others. The train having been in some minutes, the engineer supposed the passengers were all out. The calamity, however, should lead to the adoption of measures by all the railroad companies, to secure more strict regulations in the starting of cars. Thousands who travel are ignorant of the danger to lives and limbs about a train of cars, and too much care cannot be observed to prevent the occurrence of such calamities.—*Rochester Democrat.*

A Fugitive Slave.—A slave named Brown, was killed in Summerville, Md., some time since, by his master, as is alleged. Soon after, the master was murdered. The brother of the murdered slave was arrested on suspicion, but fully acquitted. He was subsequently sold to a far south planter, but escaped to Philadelphia, where he was arrested as a fugitive, but escaped from the clutches of the law on account of some informality in the warrant. From New York he proceeded to Montreal, in company with a clergyman, and had an interview with Governor General Lord Elgin, who was informed of the exact facts in the case, and promised the fugitive protection. The next day, two pursuers reached Montreal, and applied to Lord Elgin to surrender Brown, on a charge of murder; but as the Governor had previously had the proofs of Brown's innocence exhibited, he refused, and the fugitive triumphed.—*Albany Eve. Jour.*

Statistics of Crime, &c.—One of the Reports made at the present session of the Legislature developes some curious facts concerning the occupation of the individuals who have fallen under the grasp of the law for petty offences at the special sessions of the various cities. It cannot be uninstructive to select some of the curious results evidenced by this report of Secretary Ben-

ton—from whose office during the year proceed some documents of exceeding interest to the whole people. I find here that among the erring or the unfortunate were of artists, only 1; of l orers, 529; of lawyers, notwithstanding all the gauntlet of opprobrium which they run from clerkship to judgeship, only 1; of those who are classed as of "no occupation," 222; of merchants 1; of soldiers 4; of tailors 35; physicians 2; school teachers 2; servants 151; sailors 123: *printers* 7; butchers 30; cab-drivers 3; musicians 4. Indeed the whole list, did not space forbid, is a curious chapter in human history.

There were in the year *thirty-seven* convictions for *offences against the currency*; for forgery with Bank paper 21; with individual paper 15; with coin 1.—*Albany correspondence of Cour. & Enq.*

Important from South America—Dissolution of the Anglo French Alliance.—By the ship Star Republic from Montevideo, we have our files of the *Argentine News* and the *Gaceta* to the 7th ult.

The most important news by this arrival is the withdrawal of England from the monarchical alliance, of which we had rumors by previous arrivals. Lord Howden issued orders from Montevideo on the 15th of July, for the immediate withdrawal of the British forces from the waters of the Agentine and Oriental Republics His orders were at once carried out; the blockade of Buenos Ayres was raised, and the union of the English and French fleets in those waters, formally dissolved. This act of justice, so honorable to the British government, was accompanied by expressions of good feeling between the Executives of the republics on the one side and Lord Howden, as the representative of the British government, on the other. The French Ambassador at once renewed the blockade and proceeded to carry out that infamous policy by which his government, in connection with the Brazillian monarchy, had rendered itself odious to the free governments of South America. The Argentine government took measures to repel the French invasion. President Rosas called on the militia to assemble for exercise, and President Oribe was pressing the siege of Montevideo.—The French monarchists in Montevideo are reduced to the last extremity. Lord Howden says they are "without money, without credit and without native troops."—*N. Y. Sun.*

More Outrages.—We regret to be compelled to announce that on Thursday night last the barn and shed of Hiram Lapham in Taghkanic, were set on fire and totally destroyed, together with their contents, valued at some $1,800—insured for $700.

On same night, the hay barracks of Wm. H. Barringer in the same town, were also fired and burnt and it was with some difficulty that his barn was saved. On the same night an attempt was also made to fire the barn of Stephen Ham, in said town, about two miles from Lapham's, by fixing a paper lantern with a lighted candle in it, the bottom of the lantern being filled with tow, so that when the candle burns down a short distance, it will set the tow on fire, and it is so placed that the blaze will reach the pay or other combustible and set it on fire.

This mode of revenge is the most dangerous and cowardly of any that has yet been resorted to and calls loudly for prompt and energetic action on the part of the people. We trust that these midnight incendiaries will soon run their race, and that a just punishment will ere long overtake them.—*Hudson Gazette.*

Marriage of a Roman Catholic Priest.—The Cork Constitution says:—We need not say that the following comes to us from a creditable source, for such a letter we could not insert on any but the most satisfactory authority. A second letter has reached us on the same subject, but it enters into particulars which we prefer not publishing:

Extraordinary Marriage.—The neighborhood of Fermoy has been favored with an extraordinary marriage between a reverend Roman Catholic clergyman, and the accomplished daughter of an M. D. The determination of the reverend gentleman seems praiseworthy, and all impartial, unprejudiced persons will wish him and his fair bride "God speed." "Marriage is honoruble in all men," and as the late Mr. D. O'Connell broke through an act of Parliament in becoming M. P. for Clare county, and carried emancipation, the Rev. Mr. Aherne has broken the ice, and henceforth celibacy will be no longer the scandal and snare of the Romish priesthood. Mr. Ahene's fortitude is, therefore, to be much applauded. The fact of the marriage is notorious, and you can publish this or not, as you wish.

Beaver Island.—We understand that the Northwest Fishing Company is in negociation with a body of Mormons for the sale of a portion of lands on Beaver Island belonging to that company. The Mormons, it is said, design to build a city there.

Beaver Island is situated in Lake Michigan, about fifty miles south westerly from Mackinac. It is said to possess a good climate. The soil is sandy. The fisheries about it are exceedingly valuable. It is understood that the Mormons desire a location where they will not be troubled by neighbors —*Rochester American.*

Important arrest of Counterfeiters.—We learn from a friend, recently returned from a visit to New Hampshire, that on Tuesday of last week, two persons were arrested in the vicinity of Lancaster, N. H., for having in their possession with intent to pass as genuine, a large amount of counte feit bank-notes. Their names are *Charles Young*, of Portland, Me., and *Daniel Moulton*, of Dracutt, in this State. There were found upon them $4700, a portion of the notes being untrimmed and not signed. The bills consisted of *tens* of Adams Bank, North Adams, Mass.: *threes* of Marblehead Bank, Marblehead, Mass.: *twos* of Eastern Bank, Bangor, Me.; *twos* of Worcester Bank, Worcester, Mass.: *twos* of Gardner Bank, Gardner, Me.; and *ones* of Atlantic Bank Boston, Mass. *Young* is about sixty years of age, and is undoubtedly a veteran in the business of counterfeiting. *Moulton* is about thirty years of age, 5 feet 10 inches in height, black hair and dark complexion. These two individuals, have probably been connected with a gang of counterfeiters, forming a link between the Canadas and the States, and their arrest may be looked upon as second in importance only to that of Selden Brainard and others, in New York.—*—Boston Jour.*

Another Steam Mill.—We understand that the ground has been leased, and other preliminary arrangements made, for the construction of another Steam Flouring Mill in this city. It is to be built on the vacant lot, between the warehouses of Putman & Co. and Miller & Cushman, on the west side of the river. It is designed for 3 run of stone and will be ready for service by spring.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

NEW YORK, Sept. 23—7 P. M.

Advices from Petersburgh, says the southern mail had arrived, bringing New Orleans papers of the 16th, as late as due at this point.

La Patria, the Spanish paper at New Orleans, publishes a letter from Mexico. Nothing later, however, received by the way of Tampico, whence there has been an arrival to the 8th.

This letter reports the prevailing impression as favorable to peace, and also gives the provisions of the Treaty now making, by which, it says, the Americans are to renounce California and all the forts, and retain Texas, up to the left bank of the Rio Grande, comprising Matamoras, with the privilege of constructing a canal over the Isthmus.

Gen. Valencia, the officer on whom Santa Anna casts the blame of the recent defeat, is said to be a prisoner at Guadaloupe.

Santa Anna is also said to have ordered Parades to quit the country; but the latter intends to march to the capital for the purpose of giving battle.

Salas declares the battle lost by the cowardice of Torrejon, and the unskillfulness of General Valencia.

STATE OF NEW YORK, { ALBANY, August 3
SECRETARY'S OFFICE. { 1847.

To the Sheriff of the County of Erie:

SIR: Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE.

A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney-General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICT.

One Senator for the Thirty-First Senate District, consisting of the county of Erie.

COUNTY.

Also, the following officers for the said county, to wit: Four Members of Assembly, one to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully,
N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

ERIE COUNTY SHERIF'S OFFICE, }
Buffalo, August 6, 1847. }

A general election is to be held in the County of Erie, on the second day of November next, at which which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

aug6awtno2 TIMOTHY A. HOPKINS, Sherif.

Price Current—September 29, 1847.

Flour, bbl.	$4 94@5 06	Turkeys	.....8@9
Pork, bbl.	14 75	Chickens	12½
Do slaugh. cwt	4 00	Geese, each	—
Beef, cwt	4@5 00	Clover seed, bu	3 80
Butter, lb	10½@12½	Timothy	1 75
Lard	9½@10	Flax	1 06
Cheese	6@6½	Grass	—
Hams	8	Whitefish, bbl	6 50
Shoulders	7	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt	1 50	Potatoes, bush	25@31½
Wheat, bu	90@1 01½	Salt, bbl	1 43½
Corn	46@49	Apples, bbl	1 50@2 00
Oats	31½	Do dried, bu	62½
Slaughter hides, lb	4@4½	Onions	50
Dry do	8½@9½	Eggs, doz	8@9
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb	5
Sheep, slaughtered	1 12½	Soap	4@5
Lamb do	18½@25	Whiskey, gall	21@22
Dry	12½@50	Highwines	23½
Hard wood, cord	2 75	Lead, hund	4 00
Hemlock	2 75	Beans, bu	87½
Bit. (O) coal, ton		Wool, lb	29@30
Blossburg		Hay	7 00

QUOTATION OF UNCURRENT FUNDS.

Canada. (Toronto and Hamilton	....9 ct. dis. 2	Baltimore	....9 ct. dis. 1
L. Canada and Kingston	2	Philadelphia	1
Ohio	½ to 1	New Orleans	3
Indiana	½ to 1	Missouri	2
Kentucky	½ to 1	Virginia	2
Penusylvania	½ to 1	Mich. State Bank	½
Relief notes	2	F. & M. Bk, Detroit	½
Pittsburgh Scrip	20	Mich. Ins. Company	½
Alleghany Scrip	20	Wis. P. & M. Ins. Co.	½
		East. Exch.	½ ct. prem.

MARRIED.

On the 21st inst., by the Rev. Dr. Tucker, Mr. ALVIN W. BUGBEE, and Miss JANE A. WILGUS, all of this city.

At Eden, on the 8th inst., by Rev. George Coan, Mr. CHA'S RATHBUN, and Miss HARRIET C. NEWELL, all of that town.

By the same, ELIAS BUSHNELL, of Napoli, and Miss SARAH NEWELL, of Eden.

At Hamburgh, on the 23d inst., by Rev. Isaac Fargo, Jr., Mr. T. J. THOMSON, and Miss HARRIET COON, both of that town.

NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE AND WHOLESALE BOOKSTORE.

The subscribers beg to inform Booksellers, buyers and dealers in Books, and all interested in education and literary advancement, that they have recently opened an extensive Book and Stationery Establishment. Their assortment of Books in the various departments of literature is complete and well selected: comprising a full assortment of School and Classical Books in general use, Law, Medical and Theological Books, in great varieties. Their facilities as Publishers enable them to offer Books on as favorable terms as most of the Eastern Houses. Orders from the country solicited and promptly answered.

Citizens and the public generally are invited to call and examine Books and Prices, where will be found the one progressive principle "Small Profits on numerous Transactions."

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BUFFALO MUSICAL INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

At the residence of Prof. W. R. Coppock—Composer and Teacher of the Piano Forte, Organ, Singing and Composition.

An institute devoted exclusively to Musical Education is not yet common in this country; but in Europe the test of experience fully shows its great advantages over the too general superficial manner in which this important part of polite education is acquired. The advantages this institution offers to those desirous of completing their studies as Organists—or practical players of the Piano Forte, together with a thorough system of imparting the same to others is fully established by the many precedents of the past 15 years. The pupils are constantly guarded in their practice against all bad habits, and from the various stages of progress they may be in, are continually stimulated to effort and industry, by association with each other. The family too, are all players, and the theory is amusingly discussed, impressing its rules in a more pleasing manner, and more lasting upon the understanding, than by the mere dry study of an elaborate book. Music is composed and arranged from time to time, showing the various styles and harmonies analytically, and adapted for performance on several Pianos at the same time. This teaches a thorough knowledge of counting, and dividing passages into their given time. Vocal music is particularly attended to, and when the pupil has a moderate share of talent, we hesitate not to say, a correct and pleasing singer can be made. The Piano Fortes used are all new, and of the finest quality, and every inducement will be given to render the true spirit with us profitable. The building is commodious, and has a fine garden attached, with Green houses, Bathing rooms, &c., and is pleasantly situatuated in Seventh street, between Niagara Street, and the Falls rail road, and about midway to Prospect hill

Terms made known upon application at the Institute, or by mail, post paid, directed Prof. Coppock, Buffalo.

Prof. Coppock, keeps constantly a choice selection of Piano Fortes for sale,

Buffalo, August 3, 1847.

PRINTERS' FURNISHING WAREHOUSE.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT, Manufacturer of Printing Inks, No. 6, United States Hotel Block, Pearl St., Buffalo. Printing Presses, Metal and Wood Type, Cards, and every other description of Printers' materials constantly on hand at New York prices, adding transportation. Also, sole Agent for the sale of C. J. Gayler's Patent Double, and Improved Single Salamander Book Safes. n18 3m.

REMOVAL.

WILLIAM J. MAY has removed to No. 274 Main St, in Kremlin Stores, where he will be happy to see his old customers. One price, good goods, small profits and fair dealing, will always be the rule at No. 274. no17 3m.

CHEAP CASH BOOK STORE.

The subscriber, dealer in Books and Stationery, at 168 Main Street, 4 doors above Seneca, keeps constantly on hand, an extensive stock, embracing the most valuable selections from Ancient and Modern Literature - and a general variety of Theological, Classical, Gift and School Books, &c., &c. The Amateurs of Knowledge and all interested in the purchase of Books or Stationery are respectfully solicited to call. Print and Cap Paper at wholesale.

Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

JEWETT, THOMAS & CO.

PUBLISHERS,

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER BUILDINGS

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No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publishers.

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WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1847. NUMBER X.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

To the Merrimac.

BY J. CLEMENT.

Real poetry is this—to tame the rivers and compel their wild falls to produce wealth and comfort.—Miss Bremer.

Auld burnie o' my youth an' heart,
Sae lang renowned for shad an' eels,
The scythe o' Time, ilk age, removes
Some rubbish which your worth conceals.

When acorns, like the dragon's teeth,
To armies grew alang your banks,
An' fields o' maize, like banners waved
Far i' the rear, ayont the flanks,

Your thowless waters moped alang,
An' had nae noble wark to do;
They sang themsel asleep at night,
An' bore by day the bark canoe.

An' when the whitemen gathered here,
An' dwelt at first alang your shores,
You did naething but saw-mills feed,
The bleth'rin things, a dizen scores.

But now your waters, turned aside,
I' drumlie ditches tho' they rin,
Can sarks o'lasses, blithe an' braw,
Frae cotton-wool, i' legions spin.

O' a' the wark that Lowell does
You surely hae a glorious share,
For that maun be the height o' fame,
To be a "runner" for the *fair*.

Auld burnie o' my youth an' heart,
Sae lang renowned for shad an' eels,
The scythe o' Time, ilk age, removes
Some rubbish which your worth conceals.

The Reclaimed.

BY MISS C. M. SIGSON.

"Who hath made us to differ?"

I had passed a day very delightfully with my brother and his family, and was just preparing to take my leave in the early evening, when he remembered a trifling errand he had promised to do for our mother, and desiring me to await his return, hastened out to attend to it. After waiting an hour I began to grow impatient; but when another and another hour elapsed without his coming, impatience and anxiety amounted to agony, and I think my sister and I would have gone out in search of him, the servent we had sent long before having returned with no tidings, had we not heard his hurried steps on the side-walk, and the hasty shutting of the door as he entered the hall. We turned eagerly toward him, but the questions we would have asked died on our lips, for his pale and troubled face alarmed us. After a moment's hesitation he threw himself on a sofa, and desiring his wife and myself to seat ourselves beside him, he took a hand of each, and folding them in his, said, with a solemn earnestness which awed us, "Thank God you are what you are, and not like her I have seen to-night. I am going to tell you a sad story, and then ask you to—but no, I need not ask, for when you have heard my story your own hearts will prompt you to do all I ask or wish. I had scarcely turned the corner into the next street, when a hand grasped my arm and a woman invited me to accompany her. With an expression of contempt and impatience I shook her off, and was hurrying on, when the despairing tone in which she again besought me to attend, made me pause, and in an instant her long bony fingers again rested on my arm, and her voice, one of the sweetest I ever heard, again filled my ear—'Oh! go with me for the love of Heaven!'"

"'Do not ask me to sin in the name of Heaven. Go, woman,' and I spurned her from me; 'go, and let me return to my wife and children.'

"'Your wife,' she almost shrieked; 'what do men care for their wives? Children, did you say? children! poor little ones! I have children, too, and they are starving,' and the poor creature burst into tears. Feeling that she could be no common character and evidently desiring to serve her if I could, I bent over her and spoke gently and soothingly, urging her to go home; to leave her present course of life, and try in some honest way to earn her subsistence. I then gave her my address and bade her come to me for any aid she might need, whenever she could come, assuring me of her reform. I then offered her money, for she seemed destitute.'

"'No, no! I cannot take the money. Your words are as the words of angels, and I will obey them, but no, I cannot; who would trust me, fallen, degraded, as I am? besides are *we* not dying starving? I tell you they have cried all day, and yesterday, and day before that, for bread, and I had none to give them; and *he* lay there in his drunken sleep, hour after hour, or woke only to curse and strike us!'

"'He—who? Of whom are you speaking?'

"'Of my husband! did you think I did not know, when I said men do not care for their wives?' and she laughed with an almost fiendish mockery. Her strange manner interested me deeply, for I thought it very evident see was not intoxicated, or intoxicated only with misery and famine. Her voice had risen to such a high key, and being somewhat annoyed by seeing a crowd collecting round us, I bade her go on to her home and I would follow. A few minutes' walk bro't us to the mouth of a dark lane, or alley, down which we groped for some distance before we reached a door that admitted us into the most desolate apartment I ever saw tenanted by human beings. The fire had apparently been long out on the hearth, near which, a heap of rags, that once, probably, were bed covering, lay asleep a fair little girl, whose soiled and ragged clothing, and tangled hair, showed too plainly the utter neglect of her mother; while in a sort of rude cradle another child was moaning and murmuring in its troubled sleep, and on a heap of straw in the corner lay a man in a deep sleep or stupor, near whom, on the only chair (and that a broken one) the room contained, stood in a bottle a tallow candle which had dripped down upon a dirty newspaper and broken pipe that lay beneath it, leaving the long black snuff bending over the little greasy heap itself, had made, seeming the very image of

want and misery. More than ever wondering I turned to the women and asked—

"'Is this your home? how long have you lived here, and who are these?"

"'We have not been here long. He who lies there is my husband. He beguiled me from my good mother who lives in a little town in the western part of the state, and for a year after our marriage, was faithful and kind to me, but finding at length that my family would not forgive the rash step I had taken, and receive him among them with the attention he desired, in a fit of anger at some taunt on his inability to support a wife and family, he suddenly determined to come to New-York, where he assured me he had plenty of friends. Alas! fatal friends have they proved to him, hurrying him on to ruin with railroad speed; for three years only have sufficed to make him who *was* an honest, industrious mechanic what you see—and me, have they not made me worse than he? He introduced his profligate companions to me, *he sold me to them*, and mocked at my resistance, threatening to deprive me of my children if in that I opposed his will. I had learned to dread his violence, and do you wonder that when one of his associates, more gentle than the others, spake kindly to me and the little ones, ministering to our necessities, (for my husband made no provision for us and we often nearly starved,) will you wonder that I fell? but oh! it took much to make me thing I am. I have never before been in the street as I was to-night, but we have had no food for three days, not a morsel of bread has passed my lips since day before yesterday, and I have given to the children all, and little enough it has been, that I could beg.'

"Here the child in the cradle gave a fearful scream, and springing toward him the mother raised him in her arms and sought to soothe him His little limbs were convulsed, his eyes rolled back, and I thought directly that he was dying. Finding the mother too feeble, too exhausted by hunger and overcome by fear to hold the child, I took him in my own arms and when he grew quiet, I threw the woman a piece of money, bidding her buy bread for herself and children and to ask Dr. Perkins, who I knew lived near, to come immediately. It seemed an age while she was absent, yet she went in an almost incredibly short time, and while I sat in that wretched room by the dim flickering light, alone with the sleepers the child on my lap suddenly stretched itself for a moment, raised its little emaciated arms as if trying to clasp some dear and accustomed support, then sank again into a sleep so tranquil I almost envied it. By and bye I began to long for the return of the mother and to feel a strange kind of loneliness and awe stealing over me. I dared not move lest I should disturb the little sufferer, yet would have given a world to be assured he really breathed. Suspense became dreadful, yet I would not, I *could* not relieve it by a movement which might wake him, so I remained motionless, until the returning steps of the mother seemed to give me courage and I bent my face down till it touched the little cheek cradled on my arm, which chilled me with its icy coldness. I then *knew*, that in that slight convulsive movement the spirit had passed out and what I had held so carefully was but its deserted tenement. Perhaps my exclamation of dismay was sufficient, or perhaps her maternal instinct told the truth to the woman, who came eargly towards us on her entrance and snatching the child from my lap, clasped it to her bosom, pressing kiss after kiss upon its cold face. She uttered no word of sorrow, shed no tear, but the convulsive movement of her arms tightened each moment around the little body and the look of intense agony with which she regarded it were far more expressive of her feelings than the tears and words of a life-time. Presently, with a hurried motion, as if the idea had suddenly struck her that her husband ought to share her sorrow, or it may be with only a woman's longing for loving sympathy and entire forgetfulness of the blunted sensibilities and hardened heart of him to whom she appealed, she drew near the straw in the corner and bending down, laid the dead child on its father's breast, and stroking caressingly his coarse matted hair seemed desirous yet fearful of waking him. After a few moments he opened his heavy, bloodshot eyes and gazed vacantly on his wife's face, then made an effort to throw off the unwonted weigut from his chest with an exclamation of drunken anger. The woman laid her hand on the child, holding him firmly in his place, and murmured, 'Tis the baby, Henry; 'tis our boy,' you know, don't shake him off.'

"'The baby,' he replied, with a furious oath. 'and what is he doing here? Take him off or I'll dash him against the wall.'

"'He is dead.' said the mother, in a tone so heart-broken, so as if her very life of life went out of her with the words, that even the degraded being to whom she spoke, half sleeping, half drunken as he was, was moved by them, and rising he held the child toward the light as if to ascertain the truth, and then laid it softly, almost reverently, upon the straw. As he raised himself, he caught sight of Dr Perkins and myself, and with a scowl of defiance advanced towards us."

"'Have you come here to exult over us in our misery? Or have you come to see *her*!' and he pointed with a sneer to the woman cowering and chattering in the corner. 'Take her in the fiend's name and begone,' and he again poured forth a volley of oaths and curses too fearful to remember, and seizing the woman by an arm dragged her from the floor, and had already given her several severe blows before the doctor and I, who sprang forth immediately, could prevent it. Exerting all our strength, however, we at length secured him, and calling a watchman, we handed him over, sure he would be taken care of for the night at least, and then turned all our attention to the suffering woman. While Dr. Perkins collected the bits of wood that lay scattered about, and putting them with the brands on the hearth coaxed them into a blaze, I aroused a woman who lived in the next room and induced her to place the little sleeping girl in the bed with her children; then putting the dead boy on the other side of the room, we arranged the straw, covering it with the remains of bedding, and placing the woman on it endeavored to restore her to consciousness. I must own I hoped he would not succeed, I had no wish to recall her to a life of misery and sin, and thought not at the moment how needful to her was *time* for repentance. It were useless to dwell longer on the scene. We left her at length in charge of her neighbor, and with the early dawn to-morrow I am to attend to the decent burial of the child, while Dr. Perkins has the mother conveyed to the hospital. We had no time to decide on an asylum for the little girl, and I think it will not be left for *us*, for your looks my wife and sister, show me the interest you take in my story, and I know you will not withhold all the aid in your power to grant."

We had indeed listened to my brother with the most absorbed attention, and when he ended it was with no pharisaical spirit we thanked God in our hearts for making our lot so much more blessed than hers of whom he had spoken, and almost

in a breath we promised every assistance in our power. I of course continued at my brother's the remainder of the night, and in the morning accompanied him and my sister to the abode of misery. Tears rolled down the cheeks of the kind-hearted watcher as she told us of the ravings of the poor invalid; how she mourned for her child, having even in delirium a sense of her bereavement; how she talked of the mother she had left, and implored forgiveness for the shame and sorrow she had caused her; how she entreated her husband to let her go home to that mother and forsake her wretched course of sin. We almost wept as we heard the recital, but it was time to act, not to weep, and in less than an hour we had the satisfaction of seeing our patient comfortably laid in a neat warm apartment prepared for her, with a faithful and kind nurse and the good Dr. Perkins in attendance. For many weeks recovery seemed doubtful, but at length youth, natural strength of constitution, and kind, judicious care triumphed over disease, brought on by want, sorrow and degradation, and the light of health once more beamed in the eyes we had sometimes almost wished closed forever. With recovered health came renewed desire to return to her mother, who, after several letters from my sister, urging her to forgive her penitent child, consented to receive her and came down to the city to take her home. We of course would not intrude on their meeting, but heard from the nurse that it was affectionate, yet to both mother and daughter painful in the extreme. In a few days the little party set off on their return home, the invalid scarcely yet able to travel, but too impatient to leave a place where she had so sinned and suffered to bear to be detained; her little girl bright and gladsome as a summer bird, and the grandmother with an expression of thankfulness on her withered face which made it almost beautiful.

We hear from them frequently, and are assured that Ellen, the *reclaimed* one, is leading a most exemplary life. The memory of the past haunts her at times, making her sad and almost despairing, but her mother's encouraging words or her child,s caresses are an unfailing balm, and could she but hear that the husband she loved even in their deepest degradation had turned from the error of his way, I think she would have no earthly wish ungratified. Would I could speak that comforting word to her; but alas! it is long since we heard of him, and our last accounts were anything but favorable, yet we do not despair. As bad men as he, nay worse, *have* been reclaimed, and we bear in our hearts the cheering motto, "Hope on, hope ever," and in judging our fellows try to remember, with deep humility, that circumstances alone and the restraining grace of our Heavenly Father have preserved us from the gulf into which others have fallen.—*Columbian for October* 1847.

How to Promote Health.—Do not, expect, sir, some wonderful announcement, some fascinating mystery! No. It is simply the plain little practice of leaving your bedroom window a little open at the top while sleeping, both in winter and summer. I do not come before you as a theorist or an experienced teacher, in thus calling loudly upon every family to adopt this healthful practice. I am the father of ten children, all in pure health, and have (thank God) never lost one, although their natural constitution were not robust. But in addition to the salutary effect of the practice in my own family, wherever I have advised others to try its effects, it has invariably been found to be both pleasant and beneficial.—*Correspondent of he London Sun.*

From the National Era.

The Old Homestead.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

When first the skies grow warm and bright,
And flash with gold the hours,
And, in her pale, faint robes, the Spring
Is calling up the flowers;
When children, with unslippered feet,
Go forth with hearts of glee,
To the straight and even furrows
Where the yellow corn must be:
What a beautiful embodiment
Of ease, devoid of pride,
Is the good old-fashined homestead,
With doors still open wide!

But when the happiest time is come,
That to the year belongs,
Of uplands bright with harvest gold,
And meadows full of songs;
When fields of yet unripened corn,
And daily garnering stores,
Remind the thrifty husbandman
Of ampler threshing-floors—
How pleasant, from the din and dust
Of the thoroughfare aloof,
Seems the old-fashioned homestead,
With steep and mossy roof!

When home the woodman plods, with axe
Upon his shoulder swung,
And in the knotted apple tree
Are scythe and sickle hung;
When light the swallows twitter
'Neath the rafters of the shed,
And the table on the ivied porch
With decent care is spread—
The hearts are lighter and freer
Than beat in the populous town,
In the old-fashioned homestead,
With gables sharp and brown!

When the flowers of summer perish
In the cold and bitter rain,
And the little birds with weary wings
Have gone across the main;
When curls the blue smoke upward
Towards the bluer sky,
And cold along the naked hills
And white the snow-drifts lie—
In legends of love and glory
They forgot the cloud and storm,
In the old-fashioned homestead,
With hearth-stone ample and warm!

Walnuts.—It has been ascertained that the shag-bark walnut may be successfully engrafted, and that the engrafted trees are much the surest bearers. It is probable the hickory or shag-bark would do well engrafted on the pig-nut. If it should, the quantity raised might be greatly improved.

The Madeira nut; which is usually sold at the shops under the name of the English walnut, at twelve and a half to sixteen cts. per pound, may be cultivated here without difficulty, and is very productive. In the vicinity of Boston there is a tree which has produced, in a single year, as many as sold in the market for $200. We have no doubt that it might be engrafted on the walnut with perfect success.

A gentleman meeting one of his friends who was insolvent, expressed great concern for his embarrassment. "You are mistaken, my dear sir," was the reply, "'tis not I, 'tis my creditors who are embarrassed."

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Psychology.—The Human Will.

PART FIRST.

The will is that class of the soul,s Powers, from which volitions are evolved, or (to vary the language with the same meaning) it is that class of Psychical faculties, whose specific functions are, when certain conditions and occasions, shall be fulfilled by other faculties, to *cause* action. The number of faculties included in this class is eight, viz:—1st. Strength of will, or Thoroughness. 2d. Activity of Will, or Strenuousness, Promptness. 3d. Mental Fixedness or *Attention*. 4th. Expressiveness. 5th. Communicativeness or Utterance. 6th. Creativeness. 7th. Repressiveness. 8th. Decisiveness.

1st. Thoroughness—This faculty of the Will stands in direct relation to the whole muscular apparatus—it needs as a condition for its spontaneous excitement, the soul's consciousness of the well-being or health of the organization, and is manifested, when thus conditioned, in the most simple manner in the form of that love of exertion, delight in expanding muscular power so often seen in childish plays, frolics, pranks, and gambols of animals, &c. It is the spirit of industry as opposed to indolence. It gives *efficiency* of *character* and *power* of *endurance*. Its function creates force, energy, love of toil, hardwork, and labor. It is possessed by different men in various degrees of strength, hereditarily. Those in whom it is most feeble are mild, frail, powerless and inefficient. They can accomplish *no* great and ennobling purposes, and are unable to *drive* through important understandings.

The first step towards improving this power, is, to secure health, increase the *tone* and vigor of the whole orginization. The 2d, is. to place ourselves in situations where we shall be obliged to labor, obliged to test fully the amount of our strength, never, however, allowing ourselves to be overcome, obliged to rely and wait on ourselves, to provide for ourselves, to push our own way, and to increase our tasks as much as our increasing strength will admit.

2d. Strenuousness, Promptness—The functions of this faculty, creates zeal in accomplishing the gratification of desire, *courage* in meeting and removing obstacles thereto, adds spirit to industry, activity to force and intrepidity to power of endurance, in *amount* as occasion may demand. It stands in direct relation to the 1st, 4th, 6th and 8th powers of the Will, or in other words, is most frequently seen united with the function of those faculties, although it may be united with that of all the other faculties of the Will.

When this power is feeble, its possessor will be mild, inoffensive, passive, cowardly, unenterprising, unable to withstand opposition, will dislike noise and bustle, will not contend or oppose, and will lack passion and fervour of feeliag, and presence of mind in time of danger. Such men should sieze upon understandings, and follow them up with the spirit and assurance necessary to their complete accomplishment, and never allow themselves, in view of such, to say, "I can't" but always, "I'll try," they should accustom themselves to *trying*, to engaging in daring enterprises; they should ever keep themselves in preparation for defending and maintaining most fearlessly their rights and opinions, and effectually warding off all imposition; should acquire the habit and relish for braving dangers, meeting difficulties, overcoming obstacles, conquering in conflict, and engaging in the noise and bustle of business and contests, which are *just*, *honorable* and profitable.

3d. Mental Fixedness, or Attention—This faculty of the Will is in direct relation to the senses and intellectual faculties. Consciousness is the condition for its action, which is the condition for *memory*, of all kinds. The function of this faculty creates the ability to hold before the faculties of preception, the objects of consciousness for any required length of time for the purposes of examination, investigation, the ability to continue any existing train of thought, or feeling, subject of study or piece of labor until the soul is satisfied therewith and dismisses it, to make intellectual acquisements and accomplish intellectual feats.

Those in whom this voluntary power is feeble are never profound thinkers and scholars. get easily wearied in studying, investigating, examining, pursuing an avocation, transacting a business, reading and thinking and obtain only a superficial and general knowledge of things. They are generally, men of many avocations of impulse brilliant perhaps, but exclusively fond of variety.

In order to cultivate the vigor and activity of this faculty, such men should fix the mind on a single preception and keep it thereon, until it is fully imprinted, fix it on a subject until it is fully investigated, should settle on some avocation, which requires for its successful pursuit, *the mind fixed*, from hour to hour, and from day to day, and even from year to year, on one or a similar class of manifestations, and the accomplishment of similar difficult things. In acquiring knowledge, they should never take up a second study, until they have finished the first. They should accustom themselves to fasten the mind on one thing until the effort of keeping it fixed, has become unpleasant by palpable fatigue of the faculty, and this kind of exercise should be daily continued, until consciousness assures them of entire ability of attention for the successful prosecution of any amount of mental acquirements, of any enterprize or any avocation.

Destructive Fire in Lowell.—We learn from the Lowell *Courier* that the Machine shop at the corner of Adams and Cross streets, in that city, was entirely destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning. The building was owned by John R. Adams, Esq., was rented by several young and enterprising mechanics, upon whom the loss falls very severely. The whole loss is about $17,000, the insurance on which is only $5,800.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

A Trip to Buffalo in the St. Louis.

NUMBER XVIII.

The *St. Louis* left Chicago at 8 o'clock in the evening of Wednesday, the 7th July, on her return, having unnecessarily given notice that it would be a pleasure trip, as though a trip in her could be aught but one of pleasure. Still it is not to be denied, that the understanding that she would enter Green Bay, pause at Mackinac a day or two, and visit the Sault, had its influence in bringing together that crowd of "fair women and brave men" that thronged her. Never was any steamer on our lakes, or any vessel on any waters, honored by such a list of passengers. There were gentlemen of deserved celebrity, drawn from all parts of the Union. Statesmen and politicians of all parties. Persons of literary taste, and elegant accomplishments. One Reverend Clergyman at least, and a horde of editors. There were, apart from the celebrities, a host of well-informed, right-pleasant gentlemen on board. And then, as "Heaven's last, best gift" to the *St. Louis*, we had ladies who were ladies in the true sense of the term.

The gliding motion of our good *St. Louis* over a smooth sea, the calm night heavens, the brisk, enlivening, summer air, and the sweet harmony of all things, at once dispelled sour melancholy. Gaiety pervaded the atmosphere, and invalids, as though by miracle, threw aside their ailments, contracted at Chicago, and shared the general joy. There never was a happier company. All fell naturally into their appropriate places, and played their several parts, and the whole were fused into a joyous unity of fellowship, by a pervading good-nature and contentment, that failed not during the voyage.

We arrived again at Milwaukee on the morning of the 8th, stayed there two hours, and then coasted Wisconsin, northward, towards Sheboygan. The original programme of the voyage, which was to enter Green Bay, so as to enjoy the singular scenery at its junction with the lake, and then to cross to the Manitous, was submitted by the captain to a general meeting of the passengers, discussed, and approved by a large majority, before we reached Sheboygan in the afternoon.

Sheboygan is a place of great capabilities, as we Yankees say. It is situated on a high and healthy bluff, parted by a large river sufficient in volume to make a noble harbor for this part of the world. Six miles back in the country, it flows rapidly, and may be made useful to the miller, and manufacturer. Great forests too, of excellent pine timber are conveniently accessible. As yet the city is in the future, for attention has but begun to be directed to the advantages of the location. The rising village however has a promising appearance; and its President, of thorough good stock, who was brought up at Utica, is the very Cato, who will "give his little Senate laws" to make it prosper.

The morning was yet young and rosy, when the news that we were approaching Green Bay, brought all of us on deck. We had been compelled to keep well from the land to avoid a dangerous shoal, and were now standing in towards the most southern of the several entrances, or channels, between three or four islands which lie in the jaws of the Bay. The lake was smooth and bright, in the almost horizontal sun-light, as plates of planished silver, save near the shore, where it was darkened by a gentle breeze from the water; and, in the east, the edges of a few high and snowy clouds shone like burnished gold. The land, in the distance, seemed low and wooded. It was beautiful! Everything around us was so calm, so bright, so peaceful.—Perchance the sweet repose of nature tended to restore tranquility, and produce the applause with which our Captain's explanation, then given, of the course he was pursuing, in regard to which there had been some discussion the night before, was received: for who could be displeased at any cause that brought him there! Just as our commander ceased his speech, a bird well worthy to be sweet Peace's chosen emblem, with an arrow's speed, flew over us, and alighted, not in a lovely lady's bosom, but on one of the iron rods extended between the smoke-pipes, above the hurricane deck, to strengthen them. Was it a snow-white dove? That is but a poet's phrase for a tame pigeon—a lumpish, ungraceful bird, that is much given to domestic bickerings, despite its reputation. It was something far prettier—a blue, free, fleet wild pigeon—a thing like Cora, untameable, and given to wild flights, but of a truly gentle disposition. It had somehow been separated from its fellows, and in crossing the lake since sunrise, even its strong pinions began to flag, and so it stopped to rest. John Smith tells me, that birds are frequently found dead far out upon this lake—and that even the passenger pigeon, whose speed exceeds thirty miles the hour, and which often flies a hundred miles to breakfast, sometimes falls exhausted into it, and perishes upon its bosom, and so becomes a prey for the gigantic trout. This does not often happen—and only when this strong-winged bird is baffled by opposing winds, beaten down by tempests, or lost in murky fogs.

Our pigeon was warmly welcomed. We hailed its coming as a good omen: and then, the place it occupied between the pipes was very hot, as was proved by its drooping wings and open bill; but still, so fatigued was the poor wanderer, it would not stir, although an editor, pitying its sufferings, would have knocked it off with a fishing rod had not Smith interposed. John said the effort was a natural impulse of editorial ignorance, and in keeping with editorial benevolence. We had no doubt that the individual was impelled by the humanity of a tender nature to serve the poor bird so, though any one but the conductor of a leading journal would have known that it would not stop there if it were in danger of being roasted, and its abiding in so uncomfor-

table a situation proved only that it was very tired—and that our politicians were always striving to save the dear people from fancied perdition, by knocking them about, denying them all quiet, and keeping them a-moving. But our visitor remained admired and unscathed for half an hour, until we neared the shore, and then launched into the air and sought the pleasant green-wood shade.

There is nothing in the appearance of the entrance to Green Bay to warrant its doleful name. On the contrary, the islands, and promontory on the left, though wild and wooded, are neither majestic nor savage, but simply charming. I asked my friend how it came to be called Death's Door. He told me that a large war party of Indians, in their bark canoes, were here whelmed by a tempest, centuries ago, and perished to a man: and then he offered to tell me the tradition. I inquired if he heard it in the Porcupine Mountains, and he left me in a huff.

This Bay is named on the old maps Puant, after the Winnebago Indians, who once owned the adjacent country, and of whom a miserable remnant still remains in the vicinity. These Indians were called by the French the Puant, or stinking tribe; and their descendants are said to give countenance, by their want of cleanliness, to the assertion of the old explorers, that their fathers were the filthiest and most unsavory people of the whole continent.

On the cape, upon the left in entering, are the only works of human hands in this part of the country,—two stations for observation, erected by the United States Engineers, in making their trigonometrical survey of this part of the Lake. One looks like a strong feudal tower upon the point,—the other is within the bay, and peers above the thinned forest like a spire of some Gothic edifice. They were built by the direction of the brave and able Captain WILLIAMS, so well known to our citizens, who fell so gallantly in Monterey, while fighting his country's battles as a volunteer.

Having voyaged up the bay far enough to enable us to realize its beauty, and observe its great expanse, the *St. Louis*, turning, bore us out again through another passage, and headed for the Manitous, and put in to the North one to wood, early in the afternoon. The approach to these islands was superb. They were visible at a great distance, and their precipitous sides and towering knolls, of pure white sand, loomed up into the sky, and looked like masses of broken clouds: but gradually, as we neared them, the long patches of evergreens stood out in verdant stripes upon the seeming vapor, and clustered into groves, and woods, and forests.

On the Manitous we gathered two species of the honeysuckle, and a variety of pretty and fragrant flowers, wherewith to gratify our botanists, and deck the ladies. In the evening we left this romantic spot; and on the morning of the 10th had passed the lightship, and were abreast of the Island of St. Helena in the Straits. It was very early when we moored at Mackinac;—and here it was determined to divide our forces—that, while the *St. Louis* bore to Cape River, on the northern main, a number of inveterate anglers, to fish for trout, the great body of our company, and the ladies, should have a pic-nic on the Island, to be got up under the direction of our Steward, the unequalled Bloomer. While all are so full of preparation for the *fete* or river, I'll jot down some notes descriptive of this far-famed Island. F.

Return in the St. Louis.

NUMBER XIX.

A petty circumference of nine miles comprises Mackinac, which lies on the water like a sleeping tortoise, and hence the name which was given it by the Indians. It was always, and is yet, a favorite resort of the Indian tribes of the adjacent country, and was probably hallowed, in their estimation, by traditions, which may yet subsist, but which I know not where to seek for. But it needs no such tales to recommend it to true lovers of the beautiful in Nature.

It is one of a little groupe of islands lying in the Straits. The first towards the east is Bois-Blanc, or whitewood island. At its western extremity is the uninhabited Round Island, similar to, but lower, and less lovely than Mackinac, which lies directly north of it. The North Channel runs between these two islands—the South Channel is between Bois-Blanc and Round Islands and the Main, or lower Peninsula of Michigan. The Upper Peninsula is some ten or twelve miles north of Mackinac, and trends from St. Mary's River westwardly, until it bends to the south, to form the Western coast of Lake Michigan.

All these islands are, or are based on, limestone, which easily breaks, or separate, into small, rough, cuboidal fragments. The trees are principally birch, small oak, balsam, tamarack, and the white cedar. The beaches are usually of white, or yellow sand, though often composed of, or encumbered by, shingle from the cliffs.

I do not remember the latitude or longitude of Mackinac.—The maps will disclose these particulars to the lovers of accuracy:—But I can say generally, that it is too far north to be productive of the finer grains. Its potatoes are celebrated in this whole region for their size and mealiness, and have as yet escaped the rot. Orchards here are naught; and gardens yield not abundantly nor well. Indeed the island is not fertile, and the two or three farms upon it smile but faintly. Their fresh provisions—excepting always fish—are almost all imported, and the Collector says that the only cheap things here are trout, white-fish, and smuggled goods.

There are few wild animals on the island:—indeed, the only quadruped I heard mentioned, was the rabbit. There are no marshes to invite waterfowl, and the sportsman finds no snipe, nor

woodcock. Pigeons are often abundant. John Smith, after we separated, as I will mention in its place, returned here, and and wrote me, that, in a few hours, he shot in the woods twenty-one pounds of pigeons, picking them off the low trees one by one. On inquiring when we met what he meant by pounds of pigeons, he confessed he was too lazy to count them, and so had his game weighed.

Fish are, as every one knows, the staple article of the trade of Mackinac. Land at a wharf here, at any season, and you are sure to see two or three large boxes on wheels, hauled on the deck by tough-looking fishermen of the genuine French breed, and full of magnificent trout and superb whitefish, fresh from the water. John has promised me a number or two upon the fishes and fisheries, and so I'll forego this theme: but I must first impart an epicurean lesson as to whitefish. They are delicious any way, but are superlative when broiled. They disdain the aid of any sauce whatever, and are most exquisite in their primitive simplicity. Still, a little acid, squeezed from the fragrant lemon, will not injure the native flavor of this fish, for which Apicius, if he were truly a gentleman of taste, would have thrown aside for ever his far-fetched mullets, and slave-fed lampreys. But to the lesson! The peculiar richness of a fish in every case, as some folks fondly think, resides near the head, and the prime cut is at the shoulder, including the pectoral fin and belly beneath it, and the flavor and sapidity decrease in proportion as you descend towards the tail. It is not so with the whitefish. On the contrary, the *bonne bonche* is next the caudal fin, and, if you wish to enjoy a prime one in the way of a regular climax, you must commence at the head and eat down to the tail. An old gourmand once grumbled forth a wish that there were a breed of whitefish similar to the Cape sheep.

The Island was for many years a principal post, the center in fact of the operations of the American Fur Company. Many of its agents lived here, and they and their descendants are in fact the aristocracy of this wild region. They are very amiable and respectable people. The traders often took to their bosoms Indian wives, and there are several families at Mackinac, having in their veins a very large infusion of native blood. John Randolph was not prouder of his descent from Pocahontas, than are these good people of their Indian blood. I am perhaps prejudiced about such matters, but I cannot help it So far as I have read, the founders of noble families, with very rare exceptions, were great scoundrels; and the farther removed from them they are, the more kindly I regard their descendants, from the notion, that the taint of bad blood may be diminished by intermixture, and decrease with increasing distance from the original fountain of corruption, and so perchance I reason with reference to Indian blood. A true Indian is a noble animal indeed, but mixes not well with the white. A half breed is abominable. A quadroon considerably better; the next generation, by a white intermarriage, is a wondrous improvement; and so, finally, Indian blood, when it is so diluted as to become utterly imperceptible, may be most admirable and ennobling. And yet John says he once met a lady, who was not very far removed from the Chippewan stock, and whose slightly gutteral intonation had a silvery sound, with whom he was delighted, and who might perchance have warmed his old heart to love, had it not been won forever long before by a white maiden who now wears his name.

The permanent inhabitants of the island are the families I've alluded to—a worthy clergyman or two—two or three merchants, who usually take pay for their goods in fish, and head the fisheries—and a hundred families or so of fishermen, who talk more Indian-French than English. Then the barracks are usually garrisoned by one or two companies of Uncle Samuel's troops. The officers are almost invariably gentlemen, and the men are usually peaceable and orderly, or too perfectly restrained for any serious mischief. Such is the ordinary population.

In summer they are pretty busy. Visiters are continually arriving and roaming over the island. This too is one of the places where portions of the broken Indian tribes of the Northwest congregate once a year, to taste the bounty of the government—that is to receive their annuities secured by treaties. And, at the payment as 'tis termed, the place must present an interesting spectacle. Small traders flock hither to tempt the Indians with all manner of blankets, clothes, finery and gewgaws, and erect booths and shanties, and have in fact a fair. The island is thronged with them, and with the copper-colored natives tricked out in every variety of costume, from the Adamic to the best Broadway fashionable cut. An orderly disorder reigns for a time in Mackinac, during the payment, for liquor cannot be excluded, and plays its usual part. And then the Government Agent, having performed his part, leaves them to visit some other designated place, and is followed by a large portion of the traders, who pursue his course as faithfully as do the vultures that of a conquering hero—and the Indians, after lingering a day or two, launch their bark canoes; and cross the straits, singing and paddling, and disperse themselves amid the unbroken forests, and along the watercourses of Northern Michigan, and the Island is restored to its sweet quietude again. F.

Knowledge.—Young man, improve your idle moments! Don't sit doing nothing, and wishing you had something to do. Take a book and read, that your mind may be improved. You do society a great wrong to grow up in ignorance, a reproach to yourself and a discredit to your country. Come—take a book this instant—the effort may be irksome at first but you will find pleasure and profit and honor in it, in the long run. Then begin like a man, *now*, NOW, NOW. Do not procrastinate in a matter really vital.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

An Evening Reverie.

Now hath the golden summer-sun sunk to its evening rest;
The parent-bird hath gathered home her young unto her nest;
In the far blue sky the moon doth keep her state as queen of night,
And Hesperus, though sinking fast, still sheds a silvery light.

Hear now the lonely bird of night, pours out her plaintive song—
She hides her from the garish day, when sing a numerous throng
Of birds more brightly beautiful, who trill their cheerful lays
Of melody and thankfulness, in summer's noon-tide rays.

Who doth not love at evening's hour to rove and gaze on high—
To look upon the glorious stars that gem the azure sky;
To me it calls to mind again my childhood's rosy bowers
When seemed my life a verdant path, all strewn with fairest flowers.

J. H. B.

Royalton, N. Y.

Rural Department.

Buffalo Horticultural Society.

Horticultural Rooms, Sept. 30, 1847.

The Committee on Flowers and Flowering Plants, beg leave to offer the following report:—

The September Exhibition just closed, being the last of our Fairs, in *extenso*, for the season, it may not be amiss to take a retrospective glance of the floral season of labors, or rather pleasures, we are closing. And first, we would remark some peculiarities of the season, which may be admitted, has been rather an unusually short one.—April and May, and indeed much of June, was cold and ungenial, although the Tulip show on the 27th of May (our first Exhibition) was regarded as a rich and beautiful display. The sun's rays had not warmed into active life the Floral Kingdom generally—the beauteous Queen, when seen, had the tinge of palor upon her cheek, nor was the strong and healthy green and majesty of mien visible until the latter part of June, from whence our season has been fine. A clear unclouded sky, with an occasional refreshing rain, tarried with us through July and August, bringing rapidly into bloom a rich profusion of flowers.—The *Aphides*, generally so destructive to Roses at this period, have been less troublesome than is usual, and our Roses generally have had fine blooms.—This delightful class of plants have astonishingly multiplied with us. Ere this society became existant, three years since, the common garden or June Roses, with very rare exceptions, were the only Roses known here. The present season however, has demonstrated that we are not behind our suburban friends in this beautiful class of plants: all, or nearly all the leading *Perpetual*, *Tea*, *Bengal*, *Noisetta*, and *Bourbon* Roses that have attained celebrity either in this country or Europe have bloomed with us. The *Pelargoniums*, too, which at the same period were confined to some dozen of the old varieties, have been displaced by a magnificent collection of over fifty entire new ones, embracing every color and shade, forming as rich and gorgeous a display of intrinsic beauty during their blooming season (from May until August), as can be well imagined. The modest but ever charming, and ever blooming Verbena, has been generally cultivated amongst us, and has this season been multiplied to over fifty varieties, together with some new seedlings of acknowledged merit. The Fuchsia may also be regarded as a new plant with us.—Three years since, the "Ladies Ear Drop" Fuchsia *Onagrariæ*, bearing a pretty little pendant flower, of two or three varieties, were greatly admired, but these have now disappeared giving place to the more recent splendid hybrids, of which there are some fifty varieties among us. The flowers being increased four-fold in size, and of the most beautiful varieties and shades of color—*Paragon*, *Exoniensis*, *Majestica*, *Coccinea-rosea*, &c., &c., are truly magnificent. One of the most gorgeous of our Autumn flowers, "The Dahlia," has this season been more particularly introduced to our Society, and the magnificent collection of Mr. B. Hodge has drawn forth an universal admiration. There have been about sixty varieties bloomed; and would that most time honored sire, *Mr. John Frost*, with his linty locks, but delay his visits to us for a few weeks longer, we may yet anticipate a rare treat. The Dahlia might well be denominated the King of Garden flowers, and the Rose his lovely Queen, but what a progeny of little royalties are there in the rapidly accumulating splendors of the parterre. The Chrysanthemums are not yet in bloom, being October to December flowers; and from the truly rich varieties we have amongst us, all originating from the splendid collection of Mr. B. Coe, and the large stock of Camelias that have this season found their way hither, we have yet the material for another Exhibition, should our Executive Committee deem it wise.

In taking a summary of the five monthly Exhibitions of the season, we find enumerated as shown, some forty varieties of Tulips, fifty varieties of carnations, one hundred and fifty varieties of Roses, thirty varieties of Pansies, over thirty varieties of Fuschias, and over sixty varieties of Dahlias, with some several hundred green-house or pot plants, embracing all the choice specimens of Cactus, Achimenes, Calceolarias, Azaleas, Palargoniums, Nereum Splendens, Penstemons, Rhododendrons, Roses, Yuccas, Magnolias, &c. And of Annuals a most gorgeous display, embracing a great many that have never before bloomed in this part of the country. These results of the progress of our infant Society are truly gratifying to your committee, as evidencing a rapid, discriminating taste and skill in Floriculture, alike creditable to ourselves and to the city generally

and may be taken as an earnest of our future efforts for the propagation of this truly delightful and social refining, *rationale* of intelligent society. To our Monthly Committees of Arrangements, both senior and junior, embracing during the season some one hundred and twenty ladies, are we especially indebted for their assiduous and over tasteful labors, in the decorations of the Hall, in the arrangement of the boquets, and their ready and smiling acquiescence of the duties devolving upon them; and indeed it were but frank to acknowledge that to the Ladies of this Society belong largely the honors it has received, and the success that has accompanied it from its very existence.

At the close of the Fair, the President, Mr. L. F. ALLEN, delivered a highly instructive and valedictory address, giving a retrospective sketch of the progress and well being of the Society since its organization; he having been its only President, and declining a farther re-election. The address was attentively listened to and at the close was warmly and affectionately responded to. The Vice President being in the chair, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be tendered to our President, Mr. L. F. Allen, for the highly instructive and spirited Address we have just heard, and that we still farther tender our most cordial thanks for the untiring and unabated zeal he has manifested for our welfare, and the sagacity displayed in leading us through the first three years of our existence, to what we trust, will be a firm guarantee of future usefulness. And, that a copy of the address be granted the Society for publication.

After some pertinent remarks relative to, and seconding the resolutions adopted by the Erie Co. Agricultural Society, urging the claims of this city to be the place for holding the State Agricultural Fair for 1848, it was *Resolved*,

That this Society appoint a Committee of eleven to confer with the citizens and other Committees, in relation to having the State Fair for 1848 held at the city of Buffalo.

The following gentleman were elected said Committee:

Lewis Eaton, Col. B. Hodge, Cha's Taintor, R. H. Haywood, Asa Hart, J. R. Lee, W. R. Coppock, J. H. Coleman, N. H. Gardner, T. R. Coulon, L. Hodges.

Col. B. Hodge nominated the following names for honorary membership of this Society:—

A. J. Downing, Esq, Newburgh, N. Y.; Nicholas Longworth, Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio; David Thomas, Esq., Aurora; Luther Tucker, Esq., Albany; Col. H. H. Coit, Euclid, Ohio; who were unanimously elected.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS WERE AS FOLLOWS:

Mrs. L. H Pratt—Cut flowers, Dahlias, beautiful Cockscomb, Sweet Pea, Globe Amaranthus, &c.,

Mrs. W. R. Coppock—two bouquets of green house flowers, &c., also, two baskets of cut flowers for decorations. &c., composed of Dahlias, seven var. (2d rate only) with double and quilled asters, &c., &c.

Miss Hariet J. Arms—A very pretty wreath of verbenas.

Mrs. R. McPherson—Cut flowers Phlox Drumoudii, Zinneas, &c.

Mrs. L. Eaton—Bouquet composed of Petunias very fine, Balsams, sweet Pea, Phlox, very good, Dahlias nine var., several of these were fine flowers.

Miss Caroline Putnam—A tasteful bouquet of Dahlias, French Marigold, and several varieties of prarie flowers, very pretty.

Miss Hannah Hart—A beautiful wreath of Dahlias, also a boquet of Dahlias fourteen var., the most of those were very fine.

Mrs. E. H. Easterbrooks—Bouquet of fine Dahlias, &c.

Mrs. Chas. Howland—Two bouquets composed of Dahlias eight var., very fine, Passion flower, Cerulia, Zinneas, Pelargoniums, Hemerocallis, &c., very tastefully made up.

Mrs. Chas. Taintor—Two baskets of miscellaneous cut flowers.

Mrs. H. W. Rogers—Two boquets of Dahlias, eight var., tastefully made up.

Mrs. H. Pratt—Two bouquets composed of choice Dahlias, Roses, Geraniums, 2 var. Althea Frutex, &c.

Gen. H. B. Potter—A pan of rich and fine Dahlias nine varieties.

Mr. W. Webb—Eight bouquets, tastefully made, composed of Roses in variety, Verbenas, Fuchsias, Penstemon, Passiflora elata, very beautiful, Carnations, Salvia patens and fulgens, Heliotrope, Calceolarias, Mignionette, Globe Amaranthus, also two baskets of Dahlias, and a large collection of very rich annuals. Mr. Webb's annuals are particularly beautiful.

Mr. R. H. Heywood exhibited the flower of the Hercules Club; this tree from some cause has not of late generally flowered with us.

Miss Mary Davis—Buffalo Nursery—Four *hand* boquets composed of rich and choice Dahlias in var., Roses, verbenas, several varieties of Phox, the Stapelia flower, Begonias, Helitropes, Zinneas, Fuchsias, &c. The bouquets were very tastefully made up.

Mr. B. Hodge—Buffalo Nursery—A case of splendid Dahlias, containing forty var., also a very tastefnl pyramid of Dahlias embracing in the whole, some 60 varieties, viz: Arethusa (Brown's) Antagonist, Beeswing (Drummond), Beauty of Chempsford (Wicks), Cleopatra (Atwell), Cinderella (Dubras), Caleb Cope (Schmitz), Dupetet Thouars (Milliez), Duke of York (Keynes), Evecque de Bayeux (Oudin), Essex Primrose (Wicks) Harlequin (Dodd), Hero of the West (Schmitz), Hero of Stonehedge, Henry Clay, Indispensable White (Fassort), Lady Sale (Smith's), Lady St. Maur, Lady Antrobus, Mrs. Shelley, Nihil, Novelty, Oddity (Keynes), Ophir (Edwords), Pontiac (Schmetz), Prince of Wales (Dodds), Queen of Trumps, Queen of Roses (Widnal), Standard of Perfection, Sir E. Antrobus (Keynes), Surprise (Oakley), Viscount Ressigneur (Dubras), Victory of Sussex (Sanfords), Ultimatum, Admiral Stafford, Alba Purpurea, Charles XII (Miller's) Grand Turk, La Tour d'Auvergue, Lucina, Mrs. Rushton, Orange Boven, Prince of Wales (Girlings), Unique (Ansel's).

These Dahlias we have before mentioned as being worthy of admiration, and did the constitution and by-laws of our society grant premiums, we should certainly award Col. Hodge the first one, we would, however, desire the Executive Committee to award Col. Hodge as a token of this societies' approbation for his enterprise in procuring and cultivating this stock of Dahlias, a Diploma.

Mrs. E. Tyler—A large floral ornament on a square frame, groundwork beautiful moss. In the centre a large heart well formed, and worked

with German Asters, Verbenas, White Phlox, Candy Tuft, Arbutilon Shiata, &c., the whole surmounted by a rich border of fine Dahlias. The design was deserving of high approbation.

Mr. E. Tyler—Fifteen choice and very tasteful boquets, composed of Roses var., Souvenir de Malmaison, Mad-Dospres, Ophir, Augustine Monchelet, Yellow Tea, Prince Albert, White Tea, Agrippina, Belle of Travasic, Transcript de Seexemburgh, Henri Plantier, Jaune Despres, also Abutilons, Fuchsias, Phlox Drumondi, Dahlias &c., &c.

Mr. Tyler also exhibited a large case of Dahlias, many of which were very fine, viz: Beeswing, Oddity, Indispensable White. Standard of Perfection, Nihil, Lady Sale, Friendship, Victory, &c., &c.

GREEN HOUSE PLANTS.

Miss Hannah Hart—Species of Cactus, name not knowu.

Mr. E. Tyler—North street—Six pots of fine Fuchsias, var. Exoniensis Paragon, Duke of Wellington, a fine specimen of Russelia Juncea, in flower Ficus Elasticus, Roses Mad Despres, Agrippina, White Cyclamen, a very fine, and remarkably thrifty orange tree, in full of bearing.

The show of green house plants was by far the fewest of the season, the day being very windy, and withall very cold, prevented those having blooms to risk them.

W. R. COPPOCK, *Chairman.*

[Report on Fruits will be given next week.]

Visit to a Nursery.

We clip the following account of a visit to a Nursery from the Lawrence, Mass., *Courier*. It will give the reader at the West some idea of the attention paid to the cultivation of Ornamental Shrubbery as an article for the market, at the East. The second Nursery referred to below, though but half a mile from the first, is in another town and another State, being in Dracut, Mass.

"On Wednesday last we visited the Nursery of B. F. CUTTER, Esq., on the Mammoth Road in Pelham, N. H., four miles from Lowell. It has seldom fallen to our lot to pass a day as pleasantly. It is the first nursery upon an extensive and systematic scale we had ever been in; and loving, next to nature's old adamantine hills and rocks, the trees and flowers that adorn them, it is no wonder that time passed pleasantly, when so completely surrounded by the trees, and flowers and fruit, as we were here. We undertook to estimate the number of trees by counting the rows and the number of trees in a row, but gave up before half the task was accomplished. Of the Elm, Larch, Beach, Sugar Maple, Horse Chestnut, Silver Leaf, Mountain Ash, Fir, Arbor Vitæ, Slippery Elm, Apple, Peach, and Cherry, of two and three years growth we counted 9700 trees. Besides these varieties the Apple, Pear, Peach, Currant, Grape, Gooseberry, &c., of younger growth, were very great, and in combination of numbers too extensive for estimate. Trees from the banks of the Saco, in Maine, from the notch of the White Mountains, and from the County of Coos, N. H., were here flourishing as vigorously as is their wont in the soil from which they were taken. Elms from the seed, of three years growth had attained in some instances a height of 15 or more feet. We paid special attention to the different varieties of grape.—They were numerous, and some just in bearing condition. Passing from this to some others, we came to the same conclusion that the fox did—that "grapes are sour," but a return to our favorite established the opinion that the fox, though reputed to be cunning, had never anticipated any but a sour variety of grapes.

We intended, when we left home, to pay a visit to the extensive nursery of Mr. ASA CLEMENT, half a mile below that of Mr. Cutter; but on arriving at his house he was just starting off with a load of fruit and vegetables to deposite in the Horticultural rooms at Lowell. We noticed that a couple of squashes occupied the entire front of his wagon. Mr. Clement has been longer in the nursery business than Mr. Cutter, and his fruits are more extensive in quantity and variety, though perhaps his nursery contains no variety of tree or shrub not embraced in that of Mr. Cutter.

A STRANGE FLOWER.—One day last week some men who were working upon our streets broke a stone in two in which was found a beautiful purple flower, with some green leaves, as fresh in appearance and as soft to the touch as though it had been grown in a green-house. How it came there is a mystery to us. The stone had been in our street for twelve years. But the flower was evidently in the stone when it was quarried. Perhaps it had been there from "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,"—ay, for aught we know, it is an antediluvian flower. Mr. S. S. Younge says "the flower resembles the Hibiscus species; but the leaf is more nearly the rose, but is not exactly like any flower now a native of this country, nor indeed like any exotic cultivated here." He adds: "It most probably grew in the hole of the rock where it now is: but the rock must have been earth when it grew."—*Eaton (Ohio) Register.*

CHICAGO, Sept. 28.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—This morning about three o'clock a fire broke out in one of the lumber yards near Madison Street Bridge, and although the alarm was quickly given and the Fire Department on the ground with their usual promptness, yet we regret to say that the flames were not subdued until they had caused a lamentable destruction of property. The enterprising firm of Foss & Brothers suffer the heaviest loss. Their steam planing factory, with all the machinery, tools, buildings and lumber was utterly destroyed, and as from the nature and risk of the property, an insurance could not be effected, in a few moments not less than $15,000, the slow accumulation of their economy and toil, were turned to ashes.—At least 2,000,000 feet of lumber were burned. The individual losses so far as we have been able to ascertain, were as follows: Throop, Wait & Co., $5,000; T. D. Smith, $5,000; Roberts & Son, $6,000. Four dwelling houses, belonging to Throop, Wait & Co., and occupied by Throop and Wait, Wm. Burgess and others whose names we have not learned, were much injured. On the dwellings there were $1,800 insurance.

The fire originated in a heap of shavings, and from its isolated position was unquestionably the work of an incendiary.—*Journal.*

CARPET PRESERVERS.—One of our Cincinnati citizens visiting London lately, was passing thro' Holborn, and observing the sign "American Carpet *Preservers*," stepped in to see what the Yankees would produce next. What do you think he was shown, reader? A regular built Corn Broom, which, familiar as we are with the article, was shown to John Bull as a novelty, and at the low price of four shillings—one dollar. Such an article, my informant adds, as could not be sold here along side of a Shaker corn broom!—*Cist's Adv.*

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

A Week in Canada, with a Supplement of Three Days.

PART SECOND.

Which contains what is not found in Part First, and some things which may be omitted.

September Twentieth. — From Port Hope to Newcastle, a village in the western part of the township of Clark, the distance is seventeen miles—far enough for a day's journey in an open carriage with rain overhead and mud beneath: so here we halt to-night.

Newcastle is only one mile and a half from an excellent harbor, called Bond Head, and having a good wheat country lying on the north, it is becoming an important market for this article of produce. The inhabitants appear to be industrious, and business always seems lively. The temperance cause has stronger friends here, and perhaps more of them, than are usually found in a village of its size, in Canada. We wish them success in their good work.

Twenty-first.—Spending a few hours at Darlington, five miles west of Newcastle, this afternoon, we saw played for the first time, the game of Cricket. It is an imported amusement, of British origin, we believe, and is very popular all over the Province. Cricket Clubs are organized in all the cities and most of the large villages, and the spirit of competition among them is very strong. The Toronto players *have* been considered the best in these parts, they having, till lately, beaten almost every Club with which they have contended for the mastery. Last year they went to New-York City and beat the Yankees. But luck has turned against them of late. The Club in this village visited their play-grounds a few weeks since, and beat them in one innings: and to-day the Darlingtonians are again successful. They will now stand in the front rank of Cricket players.

Cricket is an innocent and very pleasant game of ball, and affords healthy exercise for college students, clerks, etc.; but it may be carried too far and become unprofitable. It is a very foolish waste of time—not to mention other expenditures—to go a hundred miles, or two, or three, which is sometimes done, simply to play this game, however delightful and scientific it it may appear; and no person with true solidity of character would feel satisfied with himself in doing it. Let it be distinctly understood that we are saying nothing against Cricket as an amusement, for there is no game of ball more beautiful; but it is the *abuse* of it which we would discountenance.

Oshawa, where we are spending the night, is still growing, and what we have heretofore said in regard to its smartness might be repeated. The people are intelligent, energetic and enterprising, and the village being favorably located for trade with the back country and there being a good harbor near by, bright prospects are before it.

Twenty-Second.—Left Oshawa at four o'clock this afternoon, and having "made" seven full miles and reached a public house in good repute, we halt for the night. Edibles are well cooked here at Post's old and famous stage house, and we are sure of having a good cup of coffee—or rather three of them—to-morrow morning.

We are away from any village to-night, where all is quiet: and with the full moon just above the crown of yonder forest, kindly scattering her pure beams on the peaceful earth, how thought-provoking is rendered the hour! A fit season is this to give a loose rein to the steeds of Imagination and trip it off

"Far as the solar walk or milky way,"

and over the latter in particular, (which is the "Main-Street" of the astronomical city, beautifully paved with stars) enjoy a pleasant run-away match with Idle Fancy. Withdrawn from the earth, and whirling through the blue abyss profound of ether, like the planets themselves, whom we visit to-night, what an Elysian dizziness pervades the frontal regions of one's cranium!—Though conscious that he is a sentient and rational being, endowed with a sufficiency of corporeality, he feels, nevertheless, like an abstraction, "preserved" in honey; and—whew! that coachman's musical horn has burst our globe of reveries, like a puff-ball, and all has vanished in smoke.

Twenty Third.—Oakville. That was a pleasant stage ride this forenoon from Post's to Toronto, a distance of twenty-six miles. A sunny day in September has no rival in the calendar.

"Month of my heart!—September bland!
When radiant summer breathed her last,
She placed a sceptre in thy hand,
Her robe around thee cast."

We have felt to-day, more than ever, sweet month of Sabbath sacredness! that

"Thy transient reign is passing bright."

Would that thou couldst long tarry with us, but alas! the dowry which summer bequeathed thee,

"That *sceptre*, soon will broken be,
That bright *robe* cease to cover thee,
For God the wide Earth made
A scroll inscribed with this decree—
'Thy loveliest things must fade!'"

Reaching the once-capital of Canada West to-day only a short time before the steamer Despatch was to start for Hamilton, via. Oakville, we had no time to visit the College grounds and the other places of attraction in this beautiful city.

A large and pleasant number of passengers had the Despatch this afternoon, and that poor highlander played well on his bagpipe and was handsomely remunerated. We were not surprised to see the tears standing in the eyes of that noble callan who had just left "old Scotia," while he listened to the stirring airs which have so often swelled his young bosom on the "banks and braes" of his native land. But that was a laughable discussion of clairvoyance, held on the same

occasion; and we are not surprized that the unlettered son of Erin was prepared to believe in its wonders, after he had heard of a young lady, who, in this state, declared, with truth, as was afterwards ascertained, that a large stone which had been placed on a table in an adjoining room, and which she had never seen, contained, in the middle of it, a small *white round* stone with a *red* spot on the *end* of it.

Twenty-Fourth.—At Hamilton. Here at Weeks' spacious and well-ordered hotel, with its good reading room, one feels comfortable and contented. As usual, Hamilton is full of life, and is thriving nobly. Just now the good people are making great preparations for the Annual Show of the Provincial Association, which comes off here on the 6th and 7th of October. This is well: such exhibitions cannot be too highly valued. It is expected that the Governor General of the Province will be present, and should such be the case, it will add interest to the occasion as he will be a stranger guest. It is very sickly here; it was so at Toronto; it is so all along the northern and western shores of Lake Ontario.

Twenty-Fifth.—Lake Ontario—noon. A strong wind is in our teeth to-day, and the little *Telegraph* is not making her usual headway. But in such good company as Capt. Masson one never thinks of time; and had not our eye accidentally caught the stars and stripes that are flapping yonder from Fort Niagara, we should hardly be conscious that our week in Canada with its Supplement was ended.

The Teachers Institute, held at Lancaster last week and the week before, was, we learn, a very interesting session. Addresses were delivered by several gentlemen, mostly of this city, and things passed off very pleasantly and no doubt to the benefit of the hundred or more teachers who were in attendance.

Union Magazine.—This new three dollar monthly grows better and better. The issue for this month is exceedingly racy. The Editor and all her lady correspondents seem to have done their best. Simms, Dewey, and W. A. Jones, also contribute good articles. Success to the Union!

Temperance Music for the People.—Number one of a collection of solos, duetts, gloes, quartettes, catches, &c., from the press of the "New-York Organ" is well adapted to temperance meetings, parties of pleasure, and celebrations. We hope it will find a ready sale. Price 12½ cents.

Eureka, is the name of a new monthly octavo publication, designed as "the national journal of inventions, patents and science." It is a work of high merit, and is of great interest to multitudes. Published by Kingsley and Pirsson, No. 5 Wall-street, at one dollar a year.

Correspondents must exercise patience. A large number of communications are on hand and have been received for insertion during the Editor's absence, he being on his way to the West. Articles received the present week, and any coming to hand for two weeks to come, will be laid aside till his return.

The Promotion of Religion by the Developments of Science, a lecture, by Rev. Jason Lothrop, of Southport, W. T., lies before us. It is introductory to a series; is well written and very timely.

The Three Dialogues of Cicero, on the Orator, translated into English by W. Guthrill, revised and corrected, with notes, New-York: Harper and Brothers. 1847.

This interesting little volume forms No. 37 of "The Classical Library," an excellent series of publications, which do much credit to the famous house whence they are issued. These writings of the prince of Latin orators "on the character of an oration," commend themselves at once to the attention of the reader. Let them be read with care, particularly by young men, who are aspiring to be public speakers.

Chambers' Edinburgh Journal may be had regularly, by application to Hawks.

☞ The probability is that the harbor improvements will soon be commenced. The contracts to be given under the bill in consideration require completion within a year. The amount of the surplus revenue of the canal, which will be expended at this point is $150,000. This, of itself, is no trifling sum, and passing from to hand as it will do, must tend more than any thing that has occurred of late years, not only to give employment to laborers and furnish a market for agricultural produce, but also to increase the business of our storekeepers and the rest of our citizens.

☞ Another accident, caused by machinery in the same manner as several others lately mentioned by us, happened last Saturday at the White Lead Works on Niagara street. The hand of a young man who was adjusting some part of the machinery, was caught between the band and the drum. The drum was making about 190 revolutions per minute, and his arm was broken and nearly severed from his body before he could be released. His recovery is doubtful.

☞ The St. Louis *Republican* of the 25th ult. publishes a letter from the first detachment of the First Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, called out for service in New Mexico, from which we learn that the detachment left Fort Leavenworth on the 7th of July, and on the 20th of August had reached Semirone Springs. The march, for the most part, had been a very pleasant one, and, owing to the excellent precautions taken, no accident had occurred to the detachment. Some Indians were occasionally discovered hovering about, but they did not venture to make an attack.

☞ Mr. Hawkins of Alexander, a notice of whose death was inserted by some of our city papers some ten days ago and very extensively copied elsewhere, continues to recover.

Chautauque County Fair.

Correspondence of the Commercial Advertiser.

FREDONIA, Oct. 1, 1847.

Our annual Agricultural Show and Fair came off at Westfield yesterday and the day before, and knowing your desire to learn whether the farmers of Chautauque county are making advancement in their profession, inasmuch as Buffalo is the natural market for a great deal of their products, I drop you a line on the subject. And first, the weather was very unpropitious, raining most of the afternoon of the first day, and showery the the next, which undoubtedly had the effect of lessening the quantity and diversity of articles brought forward for exhibition, but had no apparent influence in lessening the presence of the farmers themselves and their wives and daughters, for rarely have we seen a better turn out.

The fullest exhibition was in the cattle line, there being nearly or quite one hundred head of horned cattle on the ground, representing all dimensions from WRIGHT's celebrated big ox, which measures six feet five inches at the shoulder in height, to the calf of six months; among which were many superb bulls and steers and a few very good cows. The exhibition of sheep and swine was very good, the latter in particular; among which grunters the mother and children owned by Hon. G. M. PATTERSON were real beauties. One lot of sheep was present the wool of which last year sold in Lowell at ninety five cents a pound. The show of horses was no more than ordinary.—The display of improved agricultural implements was quite meager, and the product of the dairies was nothing like what it might have been—some eight or ten samples of butter and five of cheese telling the whole story. A sample of maple sugar showed what could be done in that line, comparing well with the best St. Croix. Three barrels of flour manufactured by Gen. G. D. CAMP, and put up in elegant style, was thought to be good enough for Queen Victoria. There was a beautiful display of shovels, spades, forks and edge tools from WATERS celebrated factory at Westfield. L. FAY was there of course with a grand display of fruit with which nobody thought of competing. There was about the usual exhibit of domestic manufactures, needle work and fancy articles. An article labeled "the lady's friend," which is brought into requisition on that day—to the fair sex the most momentous, and to the lords of the creation the most dreaded of the six, namely, "Washing-day" attracted much attention, and appeared to be a decided improvement upon the multiplicity of those machines, not only from its general operation, but from its having a very simple appendage for thoroughly wringing the clothes.

On the whole I do not think, from the representations of the papers, that our exhibition was much ahead of the recent State Fair at Saratoga; and until many of our best and in other respects most intelligent farmers divest themselves of their groundless and foolish prejudices in regard to these societies, and instead of staying at home or only going to *see* what others more patriotic bring forward, put shoulder to the wheel and enter into honorable competition themselves, a consummation it is hoped time will ere long effect, no very great advancement in the agricultural profession can be expected. The next year's Fair is to be held at Fredonia. Yours &c.

Later from Santa Fe.

Arrival of Gen. Price, Dr. De Camp, U. S. A., and others, at Fort Leavenworth—Progress of the Troops marching to Santa Fe.

We learn from Fort Leavenworth, that Gen. Price, Dr. De Camp, U. S. A., and others, in advance of the volunteers whose term of service in New Mexico had expired, arrived at that post on the 17th from Santa Fe. They left Santa Fe on the 11th of August, proceeding by easy marches to Moro. When they took their departure, all was quiet in New Mexico, which was then held by three companies U. S. Dragoons, and three companies of volunteers, who had re-enlisted, under Major Walker. On the 15th of August they met Lieut. Allen, with Capt. McNair's company of mounted men, and they encamped together on the Moro. Next day, Col. Easton, with his battalion of infantry, reached the same point: he had with him a large train of government wagons and a large drove of beef cattle.

On the 17th the companies, commanded by Capts. Shepard and Jones, passed the camp at the Moro, where Dr. De Camp and others were waiting for the arrival of Col. Price and Mr. Rich, sutler to Price's regiment. They did not come up on this day. Mr. Rich had his team, wagon, and contents swept away, and every thing destroyed, by a sudden and terrible mountain storm, while on his way from Santa Fe. He was so fortunate, however, as to recover his trunk, which contained a large amount of gold dust, four miles down the mountain canon. On the 18th, the company moved the camp three miles, still waiting for the volunteers to arrive, and at night they were robbed of three animals. Next day, the volunteers having arrived, they all took up their march for the United States.

Col. Price, we may infer, was sick of the duties of military life, or else he, the highest officer in command in New Mexico, would not have ventured to leave the territory in so exposed a position—a battalion of men only left to protect the people from any outbreak which might be attempted. What he will do now—whether he will immediately return to New Mexico, where the presence of an officer of high rank must be much wanted, or remain loitering about Missouri—is yet to be made known.—*St. Louis Rep., Sept.* 22.

HEARTRENDING ACCIDENT.—Two children of Elbridge Tyrrell, of Tyringham, Mass., were instantly killed on Monday afternoon, by a sand-bank caving in upon them, while they were at play near it. The oldest, a girl, was about eleven years of age, the youngest, a boy, about eight.

FROM BRAZOS.—Col. Randall, of the army, came passenger in the Telegraph, from New Orleans, with $500,000 in specie, for the Paymaster's department. A considerable amount of this money will probably be disbursed at this port.—Col. Randall has proceeded on to Monterey, to replenish the purses of the paymasters along the line. Capt. Chase is expected by the next arrithe with between 100,000 and 200,000 dollars for val, Quartermaster's department.

Arrival of the Hibernia.

ADVANCE IN BREADSTUFFS!

The Steamer *Hibernia* arrived at Boston yesterday, 2 P. M.

After the departure of the last steamer breadstuffs receded some, but on the 13th wheat advanced 5s. per quarter, and flour, fine, 3a4s., with immense demand, and better at London than at Liverpool. Best wheat 62s. Flour at Liverppol, 18th, per quarter, 28 6a30s.; London 29s.

Corn—In demand, with better prices.

Considerable purchases of breadstuffs for Belgium and Holland. A moderate supply of U. S. strengthened the market.

Many large failures have occurred all over Europe. The liabilities of three are reported over £1,000,000 each. The Ohio Life and Trust Co. are probably creditors of Messrs. Goner of $50,000.

Great consternation exists in the money circles.

No change has taken place in rates of interest.

The bullion in the Bank of England decreased £300,000 in four weeks.

The failure of Messrs. Denney will probably be felt in the United States.

Three bank directors have failed in four weeks.

The Trust Company accepted drafts on Goners' taken up by Burnett, Howes & Co.

The Sardinian Ambassador will assist the Pope against Austria.

New York, October 1—3 P. M.

News from Vera Cruz to the 15th Sept., by the way of Pensacola, has been received.

Letters from the city of Mexico dated Sept. 9th state that the propositions made by Mr. Trist, or a portion of them, had been rejected, and that hostilities recommenced on the 8th. In the evening of that day a battle was fought between a few hundred men of Gen. Scott's army and four picked regiments of Mexicans, commanded by Gen. Leon. Enemy's forces badly used up.

Letters say that Trist's propositions were: that citizens of the United States would not claim from Mexico indemnity for the damages occasioned by the war; that the United States have the privilege of establishing two factories in Upper California, and the Mexican Government could, after that time, renew, if it choosed, this article of treaty. This was not accepted. Mr. Trist remarked to the Mexican Commissioners, that he thought it better to cede the whole of Upper California to the United States, for which that government would pay 15 or 20 millions of dollars, and this probably would have been agreed upon, had the following articles met with the assent of the Mexicans.—That the Texan boundary line should run along the Rio Grande from its mouth. This was rejected. The Mexicans would not yield once inch the other side of the Nueces.

Mr. Trist asked 48 days to consider, as he said he was not authorized to accept such proposals.—The Mexicans replied they would give Mr. T. 5 days, but no more. On the 5th day of the conference, Sept. 7th, a letter was written by Santa Anna to Gen. Scott, informing him of the breaking of the armistice, on some trifling pretext. Scott replied, making similar charges against Santa Anna. On the 8th, a few hundred Americans, sent to attack Chapultepec, encountered a large force of the enemy's best troops. A terrible fight ensued, in which the Mexicans were defeated. General Leon, who commanded the Mexicans, was wounded, and Gen. Balderis, of the National Guards, killed.—Americans retired to Tacubaya, leaving five wagons behind. Loss of the Americans said to be comparatively small.

A proclamation was issued by Gen Herrera, of the city of Mexico, recommending the citizens—men, women, and children—to collect stones, carry them to the roofs of the houses, and throw them at the Americans, if they entered the city.

Our loss, since leaving Puebla, is estimated at 3,000 men.

Paredes is on the road between Vera Cruz and Mexico with a large band of guerrillas.

Troops have been arriving in great numbers at Vera Cruz from Brazos. There will be from 2 to 3,000 men ready to march into the interior soon.

Verbal report says there had been a revolt at Puebla and the Americans at that place and Mexico had lost 2,000 men.

7 o'clock, P. M.

There is nothing farther in relation to the Mexican news than was sent this afternoon. The news is not generally believed—it is thought the parts do not hang together well.

New York, Oct. 2, 7 P. M.

The Washington Union has letters fully confirming the late news from Gen. Scott's army.—The confirmation is from Mexican sources.

The editor of the Union places full confidence in the statement.

The loss of the American forces in the contest since the breaking off of the armistice is said by the Mexicans to be 600.

Gen. Scott and Santa Anna had a very sharp correspondence on occasion of the first rupture.

The Mexican Generals then were summoned to a council of war, and there they determined to fight with "Conquer or die" for their motto.

There has since been a good deal of fighting, but Gen. Scott had not taken the capital, and he, with his army, are in a very perilous position.

The Mexican loss had been heavy.

Herera has come out violenty against Santa Anna. The principal charge that he makes against him is that he is a coward.

New York, Oct. 4—11 A. M.

The steamer *Day* has arrived at New Orleans bringing accounts which confirm the Mexican news.

The news appears to come all from Mexican sources. The Vera Cruz *Iris* has letters from Mexico as late as the 9th stating that the Mexican Commissioners had rejected Trist's proposals.

Santa Anna called a council appointing the 9th for the recommencement of hostilities.

Herrera issued a proclamation to the Priests to invite people to arms.

Gen. Scott attacked Mill Delrey and was repulsed according to *Diario del Gobierno* with the loss of 400 killed and 600 wounded. It is represented to be the most desperate battle of the war.

The Mexicans represent their loss 100 killed 150 wounded. Gen. Leon killed and several Colonels. Santa Anna commanded in person.

A Mexican account says a bomb shell fell among some American ammunition wagons, exploding four of them, and blowing up 300 of our men, including Gen. Worth. Another account says in the battle of the 8th, the Americans lost 37 officers—Pillow reported among them.

Action recommenced on the 12th and continued all day.

A letter from Oixaba, dated 19th, to Mr. DIMOND, says an express had arrived bringing intelligence that SCOTT was in Mexico. Gen. BRAVO was killed, and SANTA ANNA wounded, and returned to Guadaloupe.

Another account says the city was bombarded on the 14th and 15th, and entered on the 16th.

Hostilities continued from the 8th until the possession of the city.

Our loss is reported at 1700. Mexican letters state that Riley and 70 men, deserters, had been hung by orders of the Court Martial.

Another letter from Mexico to the *Iris* on the 10th says Gen. P. F. SMITH of Louisiana, expired. Government signed $300,000 sent by a commercial house to SCOTT's army.

[We can't make out the meaning of this last sentence, but give it as received.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 4—3½ P. M.

The *National Intelligencer* has a letter from Puebla dated Sept. 10 h, which says all Gen. SCOTT's expresses from the Capital have been cut off, except one. This one left Mexico on the 8th but was robbed of his despatches.

Major. LALLY, with one thousand men is at Jalapa, surrounded by Mexicans and cannot get out.

The whole country swarms with guerrillas. A messenger will leave Washington forthwith with despatches for SCOTT.

Capt. Phil. Kearney, who lost an arm at Churubusco, is a nephew of Gen. Kearney, and a native of New York. His private income is $30,000 per annum, and like Gen. Taylor he follows the wars for the love of the thing.—*N. Y. Globe.*

There are few officers in the army more highly esteemed than the gallant Captain whom the fate of war has thus curtailed. He was some years since one of a Commission to visit Europe, to report upon the Cavalry tactics of the several governments of the old world In the prosecution of this duty, a portion of the commission visited Algiers, where they were hospitably entertained by the French officers, among whom was one of the sons of Louis Philippe. Soon after the return of the commission to France, a number of the French officers who had thus entertained them, visited Paris, and as an expression of their appreciation of generous treatment which Capt. K. and his associates had met with, he resolved to proffer them a banquet. The invitation was promptly accepted. The Captain felt himself the representative of the American army, and determined that the feast should be worthy the American name He accordingly ordered a full set of silver plate prepared for the occasion, upon which his initials, as an officer of the army, were engraved, and when his guests arrived, they were astonished at the magic-like magnificence of the scene which presented itself. It was the most costly banquet ever spread by an American (with a single exception) in Paris; and well it might be, for it cost the Captain over $50,000. He is, in his whole deportment, quite unostentatious; but he "let out a link" upon this occasion, not to gain eclat for himself, but in honor of the American name. The motive was appreciated by his fellow officers, and secured their grateful thanks.—*Alb. Eve. Jour.*

A HARD JOKE.—The steamer *Chautauque* on one of her return trips from Detroit recently, as is usual, ascended the ship canal at Monroe for passengers and freight. While there, a steamboat, schooner and one or two scows entered the mouth of the canal, and so arranged their position as completely to prevent all ingress or egress.—Meanwhile the *Chautauque* having discharged and received cargo, was returning to the Lake.—On arriving at the mouth of the canal, and finding it block'd, Capt. Dustin thus addressed the capt. of the schooner:

"Will you allow some of my men to cast off your lines, and permit us to pass, we will make all *tort* again?"

"No *sir*," replied the Captain emphatically "we don't change our position for any such craft."

Capt. Dustin, thinking that perhaps the man was not in earnest sent some of his hands ashore with the friendly purpose of removing the schooner, intending as soon as his boat was through to replace her, without trouble to her crew. The captain of the schooner, discovering their object, sent his hands ashore armed with clubs and iron bars, and under instructions to resist any efforts to cast off the lines, by which the schooner was fastened, at the same time giving Capt. Dustin to understand that he did not intend to move an inch.

A few moments spent in ineffectual expostulation, convinced the Capt. that he must fight his way through, or lose his trip.

"Now," said he "it's not necessary to spend any further time in words, if you don't move your vessel out of my way, I'll run into her and knock her out."

"Ha! ha! my dear fellow," responded the captain of the schooner "you must be joking now. We 'aint afraid of any such threat. We've got too much timber here for any such old dug-out as yours."

"Hold on to your steam," said Dustin to his engineer "and back her, we'll show them what this old dug-out can do." The little boat was backed to a sufficient distance to give her full headway, and aimed directly for the schooner's bow. "Now let her go boys with a will, and be sure and hit her square."

The boat seemed to leap from the water with the first revolution of the paddles, and rushing on with the speed of thought, and under the full impulse of a powerful engine, struck the schooner, by the side of her stem and cut her to within a foot of the water.

"There," said Dustin "that's one of my *jokes*, and now if you dont get out of my way, I'll *crack* another just like it, and let daylight in upon your cargo."

The schooner *mizzled*, and the Chautauque came on.—*Toledo Blade.*

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 5, 1847.

The steamer *Sunbeam* was sunk by coming in contact with the *Motive*, near Portsmouth, on Saturday last. Eight German emigrants were drowned. Boat and cargo total loss.

Nothing of an official character has yet reached the War Department from Gen. SCOTT.

The Louisiana *Patriot* says that Gen. PAREDES refuses to take the command of any troops, alleging that he came home wholly to serve his country, and does not wish that SANTA ANNA should have any reason to believe him inclined to foment a revolution.

At the Warm Sulphur Springs, Va., a few days since, some daring robbers entered the hotel and carried off the iron safe. When three quarters of a mile from the house, they blew it open by means of gunpowder and rifled it of about $5000.

SPRINGVILLE EXPRESS.—Mr. G. J. R. LAWRENCE has become associated with Mr. E. HOUGH in the editorial management of this paper, and promises to make it in point of interest equal to any country paper in Western New York. The number for this week, by its variety and spirit, gives good assurance for the future.

STATE OF NEW YORK, } ALBANY, August 3
SECRETARY'S OFFICE, } 1847.

To the Sheriff of the County of Erie:

SIR: Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE.

A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney-General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICT.

One Senator for the Thirty-First Senate District, consisting of the county of Erie.

COUNTY.

Also, the following officers for the said county, to wit: Four Members of Assembly, one to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully,
N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

ERIE COUNTY SHERIF'S OFFICE, }
Buffalo, August 6, 1847. }

A general election is to be held in the County of Erie, on the second day of November next, at which which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

au6oawtno2 TIMOTHY A. HOPKINS, Sherif.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
SECRETAY'S OFFICE. } ALBANY, Sept. 28, 1847.

To the Sheriff of the County of Erie:

SIR: Pursuant to an act entitled "An act to provide for the election of a Lieutenant Governor," passed Sept. 27, 1847, Notice is hereby given that at the next General Election, to be held on Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, a Lieutenant Governor of this State is to be elected. Yours, respectfully,

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

ERIE COUNTY SHERIF'S OFFICE, }
Buffalo, Oct. 2, 1847. }

Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election, to be held on the 2d day of November next, there will be chosen a Lieutenant Governor of this State, agreeable to the notice from the Secretary of State, a copy of which is hereto annexed.

oc6oawtnlc TIMOTHY A. HOPKINS, Sherif.

Price Current—October 6, 1847.

Flour, bbl.	$5 00@5 19	Turkeys	38
Pork, bbl.	14 75	Chickens	12½
Do slaugh. cwt.	4 00	Geese, each	—
Beef, cwt.	4@3 00	Clover seed, bu.	3 80
Butter, lb	13	Timothy	1 75
Lard	9½@10	Flax	1 06
Cheese	6	Grass	—
Hams	8	Whitefish, bbl.	6 50
Shoulders	7	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt.	1 50	Potatoes, bush	38
Wheat, bu.	93@1 10	Salt, bbl.	1 37½
Corn	52@53½	Apples, bbl.	1 50@2 00
Oats	31	Do dried, bu.	63½
Slaughter hides, lb.	4@4½	Onions	50
Dry do.	8½@9½	Eggs, doz	12½
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb	5
Sheep, slaughtered	1 12½	Soap	4@5
Lamb do.	18½@25	Whiskey, gall.	22@23
Dry	12½@50	Highwines	35
Hard wood, cord	2 75	Lead, hund.	4 00
Hemlock	2 75	Beans, bu.	87½
Bit. (O) coal, ton		Wool, lb	20@30
Blossburg		Hay	7 00

QUOTATION OF UNCURRENT FUNDS.

Canada, (Toronto and Hamilton	℔ ct. dis. 2	Baltimore	℔ ct. dis. 1
L. Canada and Kingston	2	Philadelphia	1
Ohio	¼ to 1	New Orleans	3
Indiana	¼ to 1	Missouri	2
Kentucky	¼ to 1	Virginia	2
Pennsylvania	¼ to 1	Mich. State Bank	½
Relief notes	2	F. & M. Bk, Detroit	½
Pittsburgh Scrip	20	Mich. Ins. Company	½
Alleghany Scrip	20	Wis. F. & M. Ins. Co.	½
		East. Exch.	℔ ct. prem.

MARRIED.

On the 26th instant, by P. A. Child, Esq., Mr. McGITRICK, of Bergen, Orleans county, and Miss SARAH McDONOUGH, of this city.

On the 30th ult., by J. G. Dickie, Esq., Mr. GEORGE RIDERMAN, and Miss MARY ANN SATTER, both of Black Rock.

On the 30th ult., by the Rev. L. Sternberg, Mr. B. V. B. HAWKINS, and Miss MARY WILLIAMS, all of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by Elder H. N. Plumb, Mr. LEVI HODGES, and Miss SARAH A. AMEDON, both of this city.

At East Bloomfield, Ontario Co., Mr. STRYKER N. BUTMAN, of Milan, O., and MARY PAULINE, youngest daughter of the late J. Adams.

At Persia, Catt. Co., on the 29th ult., by the Rev. Ira J. Stoddard, Mr. JAMES H. WARD, of Versailles, and Miss HARRIET J. BLASDELL, of the former place.

NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE AND WHOLESALE BOOKSTORE.

The subscribers beg to inform Booksellers, buyers and dealers in Books, and all interested in education and literary advancement, that they have recently opened an extensive Book and Stationery Establishment. Their assortment of Books in the various departments of literature is complete and well selected: comprising a full assortment of School and Classical Books in general use, Law, Medical and Theological Books, in great varieties. Their facilities as Publishers enable them to offer Books on as favorable terms as most of the Eastern Houses Orders from the country solicited and promptly answered.

Citizens and the public generally are invited to call and examine Books and Prices, where will be found the one progressive principle "Small Profits on numerous Transactions."

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Blank Books of all descriptions ruled and bound to any pattern.

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BUFFALO MUSICAL INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

At the residence of Prof. W. R. Coppock—Composer and Teacher of the Piano Forte, Organ, Singing and Composition.

An institute devoted exclusively to Musical Education is not yet common in this country; but in Europe the test of experience fully shows its great advantages over the too general superficial manner in which this important part of polite education is acquired. The advantages this institution offers to those desirous of completing their studies as Organists—or practical players of the Piano Forte, together with a thorough system of imparting the same to others is fully established by the many precedents of the past 15 years. The pupils are constantly guarded in their practice, against all bad habits, and from the various stages of progress they may be in, are continually stimulated to effort and industry, by association with each other. The family too, are all players, and the theory is amusingly discussed, impressing its rules in a more pleasing manner, and more lasting upon the understanding, than by the mere dry study of an elaborate book. Music is composed and arranged from time to time, showing the various styles and harmonies analytically, and adapted for performance on several Pianos at the same time. This teaches a thorough knowledge of counting, and dividing passages into their given time. Vocal music is particularly attended to, and when the pupil has a moderate share of talent, we hesitate not to say, a correct and pleasing singer can be made. The Piano Fortes used are all new, and of the finest quality, and every endeavement will be given to render the true spirit with us profitable. The building is commodious, and has a fine garden attached, with Green houses, Bathing rooms, &c., and is pleasantly situatuated in Seventh street, between Niagara Street, and the Falls rail road, and about midway to Prospect hill

Terms made known upon application at the Institute, or by mail, post paid, directed Prof. Coppock, Buffalo.

Prof Coppock, keeps constantly a choice selection of Piano Fortes for sale.

Buffalo, August 3, 1847.

PRINTERS' FURNISHING WAREHOUSE.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT, Manufacturer of Printing Inks, No. 6, United States Hotel Block, Pearl St., Buffalo. Printing Presses, Metal and Wood Type, Cards, and every other description of Printers' materials constantly on hand at New York prices, adding transportation. Also, sole Agent for the sale of C. J. Gayler's Patent Double, and Improved Single Salamander Book Safes. n18 3m.

CHEAP CASH BOOK STORE.

The subscriber, dealer in Books and Stationery, at 188 Main Street, 4 doors above Seneca, keeps constantly on hand, an extensive stock, embracing the most valuable selections from Ancient and Modern Literature—and a general variety of Theological, Classical, Gift and School Books, &c., &c. The Amateurs of Knowledge and all interested in the purchase of Books or Stationery are respectfully solicited to call. Print and Cap Paper at wholesale.

Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

JEWETT, THOMAS & CO.

PUBLISHERS,

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER BUILDINGS

MAIN STREET, BUFFALO.

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No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publishers.

* * All communications must be post paid, in order to be taken from the Post Office.

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Steam Press of Jewett, Thomas & Co.

WESTERN
LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1847. NUMBER XI.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Alchemist.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

Thou wilt, thou say'st, Alchemist poor and old,
From baser metals draw forth golden ore;
And what, age-worn, I long for more than gold,
By secret agents wilt my youth restore.
My purse I open to thy magic skill,
My trusting heart believes thine art divine;
Yet each pursues his favorite objects still;
Take thou the gold, let youth's blest hours be mine.

Blow then in silence on yon clear bright flame,
Or from that mystic page its secrets wring;
Thine art is sure; Pactolus' golden stream
Blends in thy crucible with youth's warm spring.
Thine eye fix'd on this flame, what dream'st thou now?
Do the court's smiles already on thee shine?
For me I ask but roses round my brow;
Take thou the gold, let youth's blest hours be mine.

Drunken with hope, what phrenzy leads thee on!
"Monarchs," thou cry'st, "at my soil'd feet bow down;
Gold more than Cortez and Pizarro won
For Spain's proud Lords, my subtle arts shall crown."
Thou who from alms thy scanty meals hast made,
Now pride inflames each lofty word of thine,
Let crowns and sceptres for thy dross be weighed;
Take thou the gold; let youth's blest hours be mine.

Yes, the bright days, with all their wants, restore,
Give to my soul a hardier, healthful frame;
Take from my spirit life's too dear-bought lore,
Let a more generous blood my breast inflame.
When from thy marble halls in pomp convey'd,
On velvet cushions proud thou shalt recline,
Calm see me slumbering 'neath some tree's broad shade;
Take thou the gold, let youth's blest hours be mine.

Full well I know what joys on wealth attend,
Yet still I *love*, possess, and oft my fears
Wake lest I see my all too youthful friend
Count on her fingers mine and her own years.
'Tis the glad sun that warms her cheek so brown;
'Tis the bright summer round our loves should shine;
My lov'd one heeds not fortune's smile or frown;
Take thou the gold let youth's blest yours be mine.

Now from the vase bring forth its gold!—what, none?
Alas, thou'rt poorer grown, and older I.
No, no, thou say'st, to-morrow's the new moon;
To-morrow gives us immortality.
Thou liest, old man; yet still of lies so dear
So great my need, that still I trust to thine;
On my bald brow these wrinkles see appear;
Take thou the gold, le youth's blest hours be mine.

HAMILTON, N. Y. A. C. KENDRICK,

THE DAUGHTER.—There is nothing more desirable in a daughter than intelligence joined to a gentle spirit. The mind is fashioned and furnished in the main, at school. But the character is derived chiefly from home. How inestimable is the confidence of that mother in producing kind feelings in the bosoms of her children who never permits herself to speak to them with a loud voice, and in harsh, unkind tones.

From the Union Magazine for October.

The Unwilling Bride.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

"Sister, let me take away this ring!"

The speaker was a young girl, that might have seen sixteen summers. Her companion appeared about three years older, and sat leaning her arm on the table near the window, in an attitude of dejection that ill accorded with her gay attire: Her dress was of white satin, and fell in graceful folds from her slender waist. Her beautiful arms were bare; and the pearls on her neck and in her hair, as well as the sprig of orange blossom that gleamed in its dark folds—the appropriate ornaments of a bride—showed that she "wore her bridal robe;" while the cheek that "rivalled its whiteness" as plainly betrayed that she was awaiting no joyous event. Her guitar and fan thrown carelessly aside, were in keeping with her air of sadness and abandonment, in which the younger sister appeared to sympathize.

"Let me take this!" again pleaded the soft low voice of the young girl.

"No, Juliet, I cannot part with *that!*" replied the other, in a voice full of melancholy tenderness.

"But, Margaret," persisted Juliet, "it is not right that you should wear the token—now!"

"I will not part with it."

"He is utterly unworthy of your remembrance,"

"I know that, Juliet; but I cannot help loving him; no—not him—but the image in my heart—such as I once thought him. The ring he gave me was a pledge of feelings I can never more cherish; and I will keep it. Oh, if he had not deceived me—deceived us all—I would have sooner died than given my hand to another."

Juliet kneeled down beside her sister, clasping one hand in hers, while the other arm encircled her waist. Her drooping face expressed the sympathy she felt.

"But it is all over now," pursued Margaret, with a sigh, and wiping away the tears that had gathered in her eyes. "I will try not to think so much of what is past. Indeed, I ought to be resigned; for Mr. Berneau is very kind, and my father has so earnestly wished the match! One person, at least, will be made happy."

"And more than one might be!" said a stern voice, as an elderly lady entered, having heard, apparently, the foregoing conversation. "Yes, we might all be happy. Is it possible you are still weak enough to be grieving after that———"

"Hush, mother!" implored Juliet, looking up anxiously.

"Margaret!" said the lady, regarding her daughter with asperity, "this sullen behaviour is more than unbecoming and foolish; it is wicked! Remember, you are to be married to-night."

"I do," responded the young girl, with a slight shudder.

"Mr. Berneau is your father's choice and mine. He is worthy of you. Meet him as a bride should—you have consented—it is too late to recede—your conduct will but lose you the affection and esteem of your husband, who must feel insulted by it."

The tone of extreme severity had its effect. The bride rose from her seat, and tried to smile as she received the little box containing her lover's bridal present. It was a superb necklace of diamonds. Juliet busied herself in arranging bouquets from the flowers that covered a table on one side of the apartment.

It is time to give the reader some clue to our little tale.

Margaret Leslie was the daughter of a planter in one of the districts of South Carolina. Beautiful and accomplished, as many young ladies are who pass nearly their whole lives in the country, she had numerous admirers; but her heart was given only to Edward Carlton. This young gentleman had just completed his law studies in New-York, and was on a tour through the Southern States, when he met Mr. Leslie and his family in Charleston. An invitation to spend some weeks at the country seat of the hospitable planter, was gladly accepted, and it was not long before his amiable manners, intelligence and entertaining qualities, won the favor of the master and mistress of the mansion, while the impression upon the heart of the fair Margaret was still deeper. How could it be otherwise, when she had never met one who in grace and refinement, as well as in varied acquirements, could compare with Mr. Carlton? He took an interest in all her studies, and enjoyed her amusements; drew with her, sang with her, and rode with her. That exhilirating exercise, in which southern country girls excel; how delightful it was, in the bright winter mornings, while Juliet with some chance beau in attendance, lingering a little behind—and they chatted gaily as they rode. Or the long lonely walks in the brown woods, or the sail on the river, or the quiet morning at home, or the evening enlivened by music and dancing, and social converse! It was not to be wondered at, that, the evening before the day on which Edward Carlton was to take his departure, he requested an interview with Mr. Leslie, and asked his daughter of him; nor that Margaret blushed and smiled when he joyfully announced that he had obtained her parents' consent.

Carlton resolved to return North immediately, and commence the practice of law, for which, from his position and family connections, he enjoyed unusual advantages. He hoped in a few months to be able to return and claim his bride. There was some sadness at the thought of parting with Margaret; but the visits of the family to the North every summer would bring them together; and Edward had promised that as often as possible, his young wife should spend her Christmas at 'Woodlawns.' Then the youthful pair were so happy in each other, and so well suited in tastes and dispositions! There seemed nothing to darken the prospect. The letters of Carlton were frequent, and filled with glowing accounts of success, even beyond his most sanguine anticipations.

Some time passed, and the family were beginning to talk of a visit from their cherished friend when his letters suddenly ceased. The Leslies had just returned from their annual excursion to Charleston during the season of the races, where Margaret had mingled much in fashionable society, and had received the attention due to a belle and a reputed heiress. Juliet, too, had made her first entrance into gay life. They had returned home weary—as they said—of dissipation. Margaret was enchanted to have her music and drawing again, and her long rides on horseback. But these soon lost their charm. Anxiety and disappointed hope, the "hope deferred" which "maketh the heart sick" banished the rose from her cheek and the smile from her lip, while two weary months passed on, bringing no tidings of Carlton.

Tidings at last came. A package was sent them by a friend, containing several newspapers, with the intelligence that a number of forgeries had been detected, committed by one Edward Carlton, who, having eluded the pursuit of justice, had escaped in a vessel bound for France. The description of his person, the locality and circumstances, left little doubt on their minds; and even this was removed by a letter from a person who was well acquainted with Edward Carlton, and knew of his engagement. Some of Margaret's letters, which he said were found in Carlton's lodgings after his hasty flight from justice, were enclosed to Mr. Leslie.

The blow sudden as it was, was a dreadful one to poor Margaret; but youth and a strong heart will resist much. Where the sting of disgrace, too, is felt, the struggles of the proud spirit terrible as they are, have a power to triumph over despair itself. Mrs. Leslie was a woman of haughty temper, and a quick sense of honor; she prided herself, moreover, on what she called the aristocratic blood of her family; and under her schooling the gentle Margaret soon learned to hide the anguish that was gnawing at her heart.—Carlton's name was mentioned no more, and a perpetual round of company and social amusements, devised by the sagacious mother, ere long restored the fire to her daughter's eyes, and the bloom to her cheek. It was not till after she had yielded to the earnest wishes of her parents, and plighted her troth to another, that she felt how irretrievable was the wreck of her happiness.

Mr. Berneau was a gentleman of French family, but had lived, as he said, in America since his childhood. He was supposed rich, and brought letters of recommendation to Mr. Leslie, whom he first met in the city.

* * * * * * *

The preparations for the wedding were completed; the guests were assembled in the spacious drawing-room, which was lighted up and decorated with garlands and wreaths of roses; the splendid supper table was laid, and shone with rich plate; and at the doors and windows might be seen rows of black faces glistening with interest and curiosity; while the piazza was crowded with negroes who had come up from the plantation to see their young mistress married. The bride had put on the snowy veil that floated like a cloud over her figure, and was seated in her room awaiting the arrival of the bridegroom. But he came not, though the great clock in the hall already pointed to the hour fixed. Another hour—and yet another—rolled away. The guests were gathered into groups, talking to each other in ominous whispers. The bride stood at the window of her apartment, through which the moonlight poured, gazing listlessly upon the shrubbery and flowers that looked so beautiful in the silvery light; while Juliet, pale with anxious apprehensions, was at her side,

The roll of a carriage was heard coming up the avenue. It stopped before the door. There was a bustle, and strange voices were audible in the hall. Juliet, trembling violently, clung to her sister, while the bride's maid ran to the top of the stairway to see what had happened. A few moments after, Mrs. Leslie entered, evidently highly excited, and ordered the doors to be closed. It was in vain; before the order could be obeyed they were forced open, and a stranger rushed in. A wild shriek burst from the lips of Margaret; she recognized in the pale and emaciated being the features of Edward Carlton. Starting forward at the first impulse to meet him, she recoiled suddenly, and fell fainting into the arms of her mother.

A brief explanation will be all the reader requires. The young man who had committed forgery and fled, though bearing the same name, and even some resemblance in personal appearance, was a very different person from the Edward Carlton who was betrothed to Miss Leslie. He had been long prostrated with one of those terrible typhoid fevers, which leave the body and mind for months so debilitated that the subject is incapable of action. Unable himself to write to Margaret, he had, as soon as consciousness was restored, entreated a friend to perform the duty for him. That friend was no other than Mr. Berneau! Edward had met him in different circles, where he was received as a gentleman; was pleased with his bearing, and hesitated not, when Mr. Berneau announced his intention of visiting the South, to invite him to accompany him, as soon as he should be able to travel.

Not a few will remember the sensation produced in certain polished circles, when it was discovered that the accomplished Mr. Berneau, the reputed possessor of wealth, had been in the habit of plundering those who admitted him to their houses on intimate terms, of large sums of money; Carlton had suffered with the rest; and the letters of Miss Leslie, of which such base use was afterwards made, were also purloined from the desk.

The moment he was able to bear the fatigue, Carlton set out on his journey southward. But it was not till his arrival in Charleston that he discovered the fearful extent of Berneau's villany: that he learned how his own name had been branded' and his affianced bride deceived into renouncing him, and won to pledge herself to the wretch whose deep-laid arts had imposed on Mr. Leslie as on others.

Edward's pursuit of the felon was in vain: he fled as soon as he became aware that his real character was exposed, and was never heard of afterwards. But it was ample consolation to the injured lover, to find that Margaret was still true to him in heart. Her parents when convinced of the truth, were anxious to repair their involuntary injustice; and it was not very long before a wedding was celebrated in the mansion of 'Woodlawns,' where the lovely Margaret did not figure as the *Unwilling Bride.*

Incidents among the Indians at the West.

BY THOMAS S. ELLS.

Six years of my life I have spent among the aborigines of the mighty West. My acquaintance with the red man commenced in the valley of the Mississippi. The poor degraded Indians this side of Detroit, I am acquainted with. They have become so deeply contaminated with the races of the pale face—so far steeped in dregs of infamy and degradation—that they (with some exceptions) are hardly worthy to be called by the name of Indians, and I claim no acquaintance with them, except the passing acquaintance of a traveller. The Chippewas and Pottawatomies of the upper lakes I know. The Menomonies, Stockbridges, and Brothertown Indians of Green Bay, I know. The amalgamated tribes of red men on and near the island of Mackinaw, I am fully acquainted with. Their traders, too, are ever to be remembered, for I have witnessed such sights among them there, that were I to live a thousand years, the recollection of their shameful acts could never be effaced from my memory. I have there seen the proud and haughty warriors robbed of their all, and made to crouch and bend their knees in humble submission to the avaricious and grasping trader. I have seen the aged warrior, whose locks were whitened by the frosts of four score and ten winters, traffic the last remnant of clothing that he possessed, to the trader for *fire water.* I have seen a band of Indians come in from a long fishing and hunting excursion, with their boats loaded down with furs and fish and game, with their countenances beaming with the joy and pleasure that indicate the lucky hunters; I have seen the crafty traders gather around them with demoniacal expressions of joy! joy! that they were about to cheat them out of their all. Perhaps for five gallons of whiskey, the traders would buy their whole boat load, worth fifty dollars. The fire-water was plentifully passed round until nine tenths of them were squibbs (drunk,) and ere a week had passed the traders would kick them from their doors, naked and destitute of everything save stabs and wounds, and with an insulting and derisive laugh, would tell them to go and bring more furs.

Mackinaw has been the depot and the market place from the immemorial. There generations have passed away in utter ignorance of the existence of the busy world east of them. Their knowledge does not extend beyond their own vicinity. They annually visited the falls of Lake Superior, and caught fish in the rapids of Sue St. Mary's and sometimes crossed the rough and boisterous lakes in their bark canoes, without one thought of danger. They fished in the passes of Thunder Bay and Manitou Islands, sometimes venturing to skirt the shores of the Michigan and Hudson lakes in pursuit of game, thence returning to Mackinaw and disposing of their boat loads to the traders. Thus have lived and died thousands of Indians; but they have nearly all decayed. A few yet linger there, too poor to get away. The rest have gone—some to Canada and some to the West. But by far the greatest number have gone to the wigwam of the Great Spirit. This island was a celebrated missionary station and in a high state of prosperity; its school numbered hundreds; its church was filled on Sundays to overflowing, while thousands of wondering Indians would remain outside, listening with intense interest to the words of the Great Spirit-man as he breathed his morning prayer to heaven; the cheerful response which came from a thousand voices, gave token that his presence was welcome.

That time, alas! has passed away. By one villanous act the fair fame of that noble institution was blasted, and now those buildings which cost thousands are a heap of ruins. The last time I saw them, I looked into the church and school-room; the floors were covered with torn books, soiled papers and broken slates. Snakes, toads, and venemous reptiles uttered their croakings and hissings where once the songs of Zion spoke, and in the pulpit where once the holy man of God stood fondly supplicating the Most High that he might be pleased to turn the hearts of his children to love him, sat a solitary owl, uttering his screechings in total defiance of any interruption.

But we have lingered on this spot too long; let us in imagination journey westward: we will travel up the Michigan Lake. On either side of that great lake we shall at the present day find towns, villages and cities that have sprung up as if by magic. Green Bay, Sheboyagan, Milwaukie, Southport, Racine and other towns on the one side; and on the other side we shall see Grand Haven, Kalamazoo, St. Joseph, New Buffalo and Michigan City, places of but a few years growth, where but a short time since, even while I resided at the west, naught was heard save the yell of the wild untutored savage, scarce a white

man resided within the limits of those places. But now mark the change. The war-whoop of the Indian is no longer heard there; they are peopled exclusively by white men. In place of the wigwam of the red man the palaces of the rich are reared as if by enchantment. Houses, stores, churches and other public buildings are springing up in quick succession. Canals, railroads and other sources of internal improvements are the projects now in contemplation; and the time will come, ere long—surely by the time the next census is taken—that the population of the mighty west will be legions. There is Chicago: it is now a city of 12,000 inhabitants—in 1831 the entire white population within 40 miles did not exceed 300, while the friendly Indians in the vicinity exceeded 7000. It was at the time of the Sac and Fox war. The country was almost entirely unsettled, almost the entire northern part of Illinois was inhabited exclusively by Indians.—The rapid growth of northern Illinois commenced at the conclusion of the war. The log houses of the Indian suddenly disappeared, the smoke from the Indian wigwams no longer ascended towards the heavens. The rapid improvements, commenced by the white man, had driven them into the praries; their wigwams were no longer pitched in the vicinity of the towns, except when they came to barter their furs for goods; the music of the saw and axe and the hammer had driven the game far away. The Indian's land east of the Mississippi had already been ceded to government by treaty; they only dwelt there by consent of government. When the Indians went away then, I went with them: I took up my quarters at the head waters of the Wis-se-ba—at the junction of two important streams, tributaries to the great father of waters—I opened a store and resolved to become an Indian trader. Permit me to tell you a coon story—not a political one, but a commerrial one. After exposing my goods (in all their Indian varieties) for some days without any success in selling, I became almost discouraged and nearly concluded to give it up. The Indians would come into the store by dozens; they would examine the goods and go away without buying. They had plenty of shu-ne-ah (money) and plenty of furs, but were destitute of goods, and that was to me a mystery. At length the head war chief of the nation came into the store in company with a large crowd of Indians. He instantly exclaimed: "How do, Thomas? come show me some of your nice goods; what do you ask for this? I'll take four yards of calico, three coon skins for one yard, half dollar exactly, by'meby, to-morrow, I'll pay you." The next day he came accompanied by his whole band; his blanket above his waist was stuffed with coon skins: "American, I'll pay that bill now." Suiting the action to the word he began to pull the skins from his blanket; throwing them on the counter he counted out twelve and stopped, still holding the thirteenth in his hand, at last he laid it with the rest exclaiming. "That's it exactly." I handed it back to him, telling him he owed me but twelve and the Great Spirit would not let me cheat him. We continued to pass it back and forth, each one asserting that it belonged to the other. At last he appeared to be satisfied; he gave me a scrutinizing look, then placed the skin within the folds of his blanket, stepped to the door, gave a yell and cried with a loud voice, "Come! come right away all of you and trade with the pale face boy, he is honest he will not cheat the Indian, he believes in the Great Spirit, his heart is big, he is an honest trader!" He then turned to me and said: "If you had taken that one coon skin, I would have told my Indians to have nothing to do with you, and would have driven you away like a dog; but now I have found that you are the Indian's friend and we will be yours." The Indians then began to flock into the store and trade, and before the sun had gone down, I was waist deep in furs, besides shu-ne-ah (money) in plenty. That one coon skin saved me.

Pork Stakes.—A loco in Lancaster offered to bet five dollars in property on the result of the election in our precinct provided a stake holder could be found who would hold the stakes in his hands. The loco found that the precinct was going against his party, and when urged to put up his stakes, said he was ready to comply literally with the terms of the bet he had offered; and turned out for his stakes a sow and five pigs. But no stake holder could be found to "hold them in his hands," the bet fell through, and the loco "saved his bacon."—*Wisconsin Herald.*

From the Literary World.

The Voice of the Brook.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

It cometh to me ever,
That melancholy voice,—
When the joyous tones of morning
Would bid my soul rejoice,
When the noontide ray has silenced
The tone of bird and bee,
When the star of Evening waketh
Earth's vesper melody,—
It cometh to me ever,
That low and tender song
Which the hidden brook is pouring
As it flows unseen along.

It cometh to me ever,
That solemn undertone,—
When sounds of mirth are in the air
It seems a far-off moan;
But when sad memories awake,
And life seems lone and drear,
Its voice of melody gives out
A hymn of holy cheer;
And sometimes too, in moody hour,
It falleth on my ear
With a sound as of the rustling wings
Of guardian angels near.

It cometh to me ever,
In the silent hours of night,—
When my spirit comes unwilling back
From Dreamland's world of light;
When its golden gates are closing,
And I linger still to hear
The music of those angel harps
That charmed my sleeping ear,—
Then comes the moaning of the brook,
With fancy's music blending,
Like the wail of human love and grief
Mid seraph choirs ascending.

It cometh to me ever,—
Howe'er the air is stirred
With noisier sounds of busy life,
That singing brook is heard;
It cometh like the mystic voice
Which e'en mid care and strife
Is whispering to our secret souls
A dream of holier life,—
The voice, which, when on danger's brink
Our heedless feet have trod,
Tells us that still within us dwell
The oracles of God.

Return in the St. Louis.

NUMBER XX.

The Indians may have been right in finding a resemblance between this Island and a turtle, but I could see none. For some reason they have always held it in veneration, and perchance it was this feeling, rather than any peculiar advantage it possesses as a military station, which made it so important, and gave rise to the notion, that, whatever power possessed it had control of the neighboring tribes. It never commanded the navigation of the Straits;—and, as a location for a force or fortifications for that purpose, the site of old Fort Mackinac, about twelve miles below, on the south side of the Straits, in my poor judgment, is preferable. That old fort, the scene of a celebrated massacre, has disappeared. It was probably merely a stockaded inclosure. If I can trust to boyish recollections, that massacre is far more effectively related by Henry, an Indian trader, who was the only white person whose life was spared, than by any of the fifty writers who have since endeavored to improve upon his materials, and tell the tale more thrillingly. Henry, too, was one of the first visiters of the Ontonagon River; and his travels are well worthy of being republished.

Mackinac is nearly circular, and usually opposes tall craggy cliffs to the water: but, on the south, presents, for a short space, a low plain, in which the sleepy little village nestles, and looks out upon a pretty bay, locked in, on each side, by a rocky reef. The village front is a hive of petty stores and groceries. Behind them are the dwellings, but few of which bear any special marks of wealth, or taste. Fishermen's huts are sprinkled on the beach on either side, and half a mile eastward, at the foot of the cliff, is the Mission House, a most comfortable and well conducted boarding house. All the buildings are of wood, and whitewash seems more fashionable than paint for ornament; and round, sharpened posts, or pickets, are a common material for fences.

From the village the ground rises suddenly one hundred, or one hundred and fifty feet, into a plain; and, on the very brow of the hill above the hamlet, is the so-called Fort, a most picturesque and conspicuous object. It is in fact merely a palisaded square of barracks, and is perfectly commanded by the hill in the centre of the island, on which stood Fort Holmes. Its snow white walls and pickets gleam in the sunlight, and make it visible at a great distance. The plain undulates towards the middle of the island, where it swells abruptly into a high hills, the loftiest part of Macinac, on which turfy embankments still mark the ruins of the old Fort. This hill is precipitous on three sides, but I think declines westwardly with an easy slope to the common level of the island. On the northerly side, an insulated rock shoots up from the plain below, nearly to the height of the hill. This tall and pointed rock, called the Sugarloaf, is a naked conical mass of limestone, and has in its side a cave, or hole, into which folks climb by the aid of a branch of a dead tree provided for the purpose—and in which, gentlemen, who, go where they will, have always an eye to business, occasionally leave their cards.

On the other side of the hill, not far from its base, is or rather was, Scull Cave. It is said to have been capacious, but the falling in of the roof has reduced it to a shallow hole. Human bones have been frequently disinterred there, giving some countenance to the tradition that a large party of Indians were smoked to death in it, by a hostile band. On the easterly shore is the Arched Rock of which we'll speak hereafter; and Robinson's Folly, of which we'll not speak at all, except to say, that it is a tall cliff with a legend attached to it, of little credit, and no interest.

The summer climate of Mackinac is most delicious and salubrious. Its winter is long, severe, but still, so say the inhabitants, clear, equable, and pleasant. Consumption in this country is scarcely known, and there are well authenticated cases of this fell disease being checked, and even, in its commencement, eradicated, by a residence in this pure, bracing air, and on the Southern shore of Lake Superior.

The cold must be intense, for the Straits are frozen, and people are often able to glide far out upon Lake Huron, and skirt its shores at a distance, even to Penetanguishine. The ice is crystal, and may be hewn out in three-foot cubes, What a building material it would furnish for imperial whim to work with!

In the winter the mails are brought monthly only, from Saginaw, by Indians,—or rather they travel from Saginaw on snow shoes, and guide and control the dogs who drag o'er snow and ice the mails on sledges. What a privation—this lack of a daily paper! How these poor people must suffer, cut off from the world for a full half of the year!—Pity them not! Or, at least pause and inquire whether they do not pity us, because we are cut off from their icy Paradise by winter. They have their homes there, and home to the healthful makes a happy, lovely land. News comes infrequently, but then it comes in masses which supply them till the next dog train comes trotting over the straits. What care they for the sunny South? They have plenty of the world's good things. Gaunt Famine and Disease both keep aloof, and leave both rich and poor, to their occupations. Gaiety reigns on the island, and presides at their merry meetings, which outlast the long brilliant, northern nights. They skate too, or drive the sledge, and hunt the rabbit, and rob Carp River of its speckled trouts; and so, in a round of hearty pleasures, they drive dull care away. and living within themselves, they scarcely think of the outer world, until the cracking ice is heaped by the wind into fantastic shapes, and the before fettered waters begin to flow. And then they think, perforce, of friends and relatives in lower and less favored latitudes, and begin to wonder when the first steamboat will arrive.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

The Indians on our Southwestern Frontier.

The policy pursued by our government for many years in regard to the various Indian tribes, is calculated to excite some unpleasant apprehensions for the future. For nearly a quarter of a century, or, rather, ever since the tide of white population poured over the Alleghany Mountains, and spread upon the broad western plains, the Indians have been forced to retire, and by treaties made with them at various times, their original title to the soil within the limits of the western States and Territories has been extinguished, and they have been removed to lands set apart for their use west of Arkansas and Missouri. In that region they have been concentrated in large numbers. The spirits of most of them have been effectually broken by their long intercourse with the whites. Their bodies have become enfeebled by vicious indulgence and consequent disease, and the habitual restraint to which they have been subjected for so many years, has, in a measure, destroyed their warlike propensities. If left wholly to themselves, and unsupported, or unprompted to hostilities from any quarter, they would not be apt to prove very troublesome neighbors; and if at any time they should show any turbulent disposition, a small military force would suffice to keep them quiet.

But with the extension of our Southwestern frontier, our own citizens and the tribes of Indians to which we have alluded, have been brought in contact with other tribes that threaten seriously to disturb the peace of that quarter. By far the most numerous, warlike and best organized Indian nations, of which history gives any account on this continent, if we except the Aztecs, the original founders of the Mexican monarchy, are to be found on the vast plains stretching from Texas, Arkansas and Missouri to the Rocky Mountains. They are a people that have never acknowledged the white man's supremacy.—They are the best horsemen in the world, trained to arms from their youth, and like the Germans of old, eager for the joys of a contest. It is from them that we are to apprehend danger, and recent events in the progress of the Mexican war are likely to precipitate hostilities.

If these Indians should cry havoc, they would almost certainly be joined by the remnant of those tribes our government has removed to that quarter, who, though too much depressed and broken down to wage war on their own account, would gladly embrace such an opportunity to wreak revenge for oppression and wrongs so long endured. This matter, which should arrest the attention of our government, is well alluded to in the following extract from an article in the New York *Herald:*

The Indian whom we have in the course of ages seen driven from the eastern edge of the Atlantic—who has vanished gradually away, before the steady march of the mighty phalanx of Anglo-Saxon civilization—who has in fact become almost exterminated under the direful influences of whiskey and the small pox; this kind of Indian (the only kind with which we in this part of the Union are acquainted,) has offered in the process of subjugation and banishment from the lands now filled with our own cities and increasing population, very little impediment, comparatively speaking, and very little difficulty to our triumphant extension.

But in reference to the Indian on our Western frontier, it behoves us, and our government, to entertain other feelings than those of contempt and self-confidence—feelings which chiefly preponderate at the mere mention of the name—Indian.

This Indian, of whom we speak, belongs not to that weak and pusillanimous race which has fled from before the face and the approach of the white man. He of whom we now speak, has never yet been conquered. The Spaniards, at the height of their glory and military fame, when they were, beyond dispute, the most warlike people of Europe, yet never could succeed in subduing or conquering any of the tribes of Indians of the Western world, who hovered on the borders of their settlements, and were incessantly a thorn in their side and a reproach to their military prowess. These are men who may be said to live on horseback. They are a realization of the fabulous idea of the Centaurs, for they are perfect Centaurs, and eat, drink, sleep, and fight on horseback. They are men inured to hardship, accustomed to warfare, familiar with victory, swift in pursuit, fleet as the wind when pursued, Mamelukes, without the effeminacy of that race, and Arabs without the destructive clime and debased mind of the Arabs. Let it then be remembered—let it be considered well and in time—that such is the race of men with whom the rapid course of events within the last few years, and the rapid strides our republican empire, have at last brought us into immediate proximity and unavoidable contact.

Impelled by the anarchy of the Mexican war, and witnesses of the dissolution of the Mexican empire, these tribes, accustomed till now to respect the white man, have, naturally enough, assumed an attitude of greater boldness and of more audacious defiance than ever till now they have ventured to do. We lif up our warningt voice to the country and the Government not to overlook this speck of a gathering storm, and not to despise, or regard with levity and delay an element which may otherwise become the source of political disorder and disgrace. Even the dictates of a niggard economy, should wiser and more noble motives be without their effect, are sufficient to call forth the energy of our government, the watchful eye of our statesmen, and the timely action of Congress, towards this important subject. Our various past Indian wars, first with the Cherokees, then with the Winnebagoes, and next with the Seminoles, cost us, in the total, no less a sum than one hundred and twenty millions; it may be much more, certainly not a penny less. But these three items of past expense have to do with Indians few in numbers, divided in power, and destitute of resources and refuge. The Western Indians, on the contrary, are a united, numerous, and organized people: we should rather say they are a regular organized army, for we refer only to the warriors, and they are never out of the field, and seldom, indeed, out of the saddle. From sources which may be relied on, we learn that "the aggregate number of the Indian tribes who descend every season upon the Buffalo region, amounts to 250,000 mounted warriors." While, on the one hand, the wealth of industry and civi-

lization on our frontier settlements stirs up their cupidity, and affords a strond temptation to their wants: on the other hand, the diminution of the supply of buffalo (which diminution has been going on a *vue d'œil* for some years past) adds to their necessity, and augments their poverty and voracity. For some time past, as the columns of the *Herald* will testify, we have at regular intervals to record increasing acts of hostility by these powerful tribes; a permanent Indian army has even occupied Middle Arkansas for a length of time past; and if our government continue its supineness, we confidently believe that some serious tragedy, some ever to be regretted disaster, will occur to awaken alarm and terror. Better, therefore, to prevent, by timely foresight, than to have to regret with useless tears and unavailing repentance.

A suitable force, in proper numbers, maintained on the spot, well commanded, well mounted, and well equipped, would save millions of dollars and thousands of lives, by inspiring these warlike hordes with that fear and respect for our name and nation, which, if they are not made to feel, we, that is to say, our defenceless frontier States and citizens, will be made to feel and to suffer greatly.

From Santa Fe.

The following extract from a long letter in the St. Louis *Republican*, gives an impressive sketch of the wretched condition of affairs in New Mexico. The editor of the *Republican* says the writer is "a gentleman of intelligence and unblemished character, familiar with the whole of New Mexico, and one of those clear-minded men, who can dispassionately, and without partiality, discuss passing events. His statements will be confirmed by every intelligent man who has spent the past winter in New Mexico:"

Since the insurrection consequent upon the murder of our lamented friend, Governor Bent, and other American citizens, the affairs of the Territory have fallen into the greatest confusion. That insurrection, which arose in the northern district, and principally in the valley of Taos, was speedily and effectualy suppressed. In the several actions against the insurgents our troops displayed their usual gallantry, and the barbarous murders of Governor Bent and others were amply revenged. Thus far, all was as it should be—but since that period, I regret to say, nearly the whole Territory has been the scene of violence, outrage and oppression by the volunteer soldiery against all alike, without distinction—the unoffending as well as the offending. The parties of volunteers detached to different points on the frontier, with but very few exceptions, conducted themselves in the most insubordinate and oppressive manner, neither respecting the rights of property or persons.

To redress these wrongs against unoffending citizens, in the presence of this licentious soldiery, the civil authorities find themselves utterly powerless; and I add with regret, that the military authorities are incapable of commanding or controlling this lawless soldiery, or are entirely indifferent as to the protection of the citizens.

The volunteer detachments, at different points on the frontier, and even the soldiery in garrison at the capital, pay *little* respect to military discipline or order, and *none* to the civil authorities or the rights of citizens. Col. A. W. Doniphan made a hollow peace with the Navajos, took their promises for *things*, the performance of which he was *ordered*, and should have required on the spot.—And in consequence, before Col. D's command had fairly retired from their country two of his men were killed by the Indians, and a series of robberies and outrages commenced which have been continued with impunity up to the present time, until many of the defenceless inhabitants are utterly ruined. During no one year, for the last twenty years, have the depredations of these Indians been so destructive to life and property. Upwards of fifty citizens have been killed or carried into captivity, and more than 60,000 head of horses, mules and sheep have been carried off from the country called the Rio Abajo. No efforts have been made to protect that frontier, or to redem the promises made to that people.

And now, the time of service of nearly all the volunteers having expired, the garrison of Taos was some days since called to Santa Fe to be discharged. The same was proposed with regard to Albuquerque, and only prevented by the timely arrival of Lieut. Love with the dragoons. Taos has been thus left exposed to attacks from the Indians and the fugitives who had fled to the mountains and joined them during the late revolt.

By the statute law of the Territory, the Gov. is ex-officio Superintendent of Indian Affairs, but these duties have been assumed entirely by the military authority, and I am compelled to say, are conducted, so far as the Navajos are concerned, with the most shameful injustice towards the New Mexicans. While the Navajos are stealing the flocks and herds of the Mexicans, and killing the people, the Americans are allowed freely to visit and trade with these Indian freebooters; and it is generally believed, and with good reason, that these traders have in many instances been the instigators of the Navajos to their depredations on the Mexican settlements.

We must necessarily, therefore, appear as the aids and allies of their enemies rather than their protectors.

The present acting Governor, Don Donaciano Figio, has discharged the duties of the office with unwavering good faith and ability, but being a native Mexican, and having been deprived of the exercise of some of the most important functions of his office by the *stronger arm*, the military, he feels a delicacy which at times prevents him from acting with the decision and independence he otherwise might.

Many letters have been addressed to the Department of State, both by the late Governor Bent and the present acting Governor, with full details of the situation and the wants of the Territoy. Not one line has been received in reply. A petition was forwarded to the President for the appointment of a Governor to succeed Governor Bent. No notice has been taken of it. Therefore the civil government of this Territory stands virtually unacknowledged. The revenue of the Territory, as prescribed by law, is barely sufficient to defray the expenses attending the administration of Justice. The Governor and Judges of the Superior Court are performing duties difficult and arduous *without compensation* for their services. Their salaries are directed by law to be paid out of the treasury of the United States—but how, or in what manner, no one has been able to ascertain. Many of the officers can ill afford to serve without receiving the means of support.

Wisconsin.—Gov. Dodge has issued a Proclamation convening the Legislature of Wisconsin on the eighteenth day of this month to take such measures as may be deemed necessary to enable that Territory to become a sovereign State at an early day.

For the Western Literary Messenger

An Autumn Hymn.

The muffled winds are sighing
O'er Autumn's opening grave,
And withered flowers are lying
Like hopes which Childhood gave.
Each leafy crown is stolen
That hung the fountains o'er,
Whose bosoms, sudden swollen,
Their grief in rivers pour.

No sylvan song of gladness
The birds are here to wake;
The wind's low tones of sadness
Alone the silence break.
And thus is Nature weeping
For beauties torn away,
Like Age, his vigils keeping
O'er Manhood in decay.

But soon the storms will vanish
And vernal bloom appear,
And Nature then will banish
Each gloomy cloud of fear.
And soon both age and sorrow
Aside the soul will fling—
Its long, celestial morrow
Will be eternal spring.

J. Clement.

Rural Department.

Buffalo Horticultural Society.

REPORT ON FRUITS.—SEPT. SHOW.

Your committee in offering this report upon the fruits that have just been exhibited, would beg leave to preface by some remarks on the superior excellence of the arrangement of the Fruit Tables, the skill and good taste in the arrangement of the Fruit, the great profusion and richness of the specimens, and the almost innumerable varieties on show. This being our last exhibition of the season has in some measure induced more than ordinary interest in the generous emulation of the members, and all that could be asked has been cheerfully responded to. The decorations of the Hall, with its floral designs, its temples, wreaths, festoons, &c., all tended to render the display of fruit the more imposing and rich, and elicited the admiration of the numerous visitors. For these embellishments your committee would return thanks to V. Pres't Coppock and our lady coadjutors, who are ever assidious and ready in these works of taste and art.

The fruit table in the centre of the Hall, 24 feet long by 4 feet wide, with two side tables of 40 feet in length were laden with the richness of Pomonas treasures—Grapes, Peaches, Pears, Apricots, Plums, Quinces, Apples, &c., embracing all the autumnal fruits in endless variety, vied with each other in the beauties of size, bloom, and color. The season has been one of fruitfulness, although the spring was backward being some twelve to twenty days later than usual; the blossoms notwithstanding set well, and many trees which are usually shy bearers have proved productive. The curculio has been less destructive; its habits are becoming better known, and salutary measures adopted to render it ineffectual in its depredations—as a whole the Plum crop has been an abundant one. The enterprise that has been manifest during the existence of our society in procuring all new and valuable, as well as the old choice varieties of fruit, is now beginning to be visible by the display of the fruit itself; and however commendable this enterprise is, your committee would not base their encomiums on the quantity of numbers as the quality of specimens. The anxious desire to possess every thing that is new in the shape of fruit trees because they are so, is not legitimately the great object to be sought for, but rather, a judicious and proper selection of those which have been tested in their various qualities and found adopted to our localities. We all know there are many fruits that possess an excellence in our locality that is lost by removal to another, and as friend D. Thomas observes, "three degree of lattitude may produce more than three degrees of flavor." Amongst Apples, the Northern Spy, Swaar, St. Lawrence, Roxbury Russet, Detroit Red, Cabashea, Seek-no-farther, Rhode Island Greening, &c.: and of Pears, the Seckel, Glout Morceau, Stone's Genetua, Summer Virgalieu, White Doyenne, Onondaga, Beurre Aremburg, Maria Louise, Duchess D'Angouleme, and Bartlet. These are standard sorts for this locality, truly fine within themselves, and sure producers. Of Peaches we fail as compared to the New Jersey growers; our soils are not warm enough, and our late frosts endanger a sureness of crop; yet notwithstanding we have many fine Peaches—Crawford's Melacaton, George the Fourth, late red Rareripe, and red-cheek Melacaton, are perhaps among the choicest of those that flourish with us. In Grape culture your committee are pleased to see much in progress. The specimens of hardy grape, Isabella, Catawba; early July, White Sweet Water, Black Cluster, Miller's Burgundy, &c., are rapidly accumulating and successfully grown. There are in progress also, by our enterprising amateurs, various *cold houses* for the cultivation of the richer but more tender foreign sorts, and another season or two will render us entirely independent of foreign importations. Your committee was highly pleased by the rich display of Quinces on show; the false error that has predominated in giving the Quince shady and out of the way places, under the fence, &c., with poorness of soil, is now nigh well exploded. The noble specimens exhibited by L. Eaton, Esq., measuring some 15 inches in circumference, are the result of strong feeding, open position, and well tilled borders. The scrapings of the poultry house have increased his stock nearly fifty per cent. in size.

Your committee cannot but pay a passing compliment to the great benefits that are resulting from the well directed efforts of our society; the increased and increasing attention that is given to the subject of Horticulture in our vicinity cannot

but be beneficially felt by all our citizens;—herein is a mine well worth working, the more it is explored the greater and richer its rewards. Fine fruits conduce as much to the health and happiness of a community as any one production of a rich and teeming soil.

The contributions were as follows:—

A. Bryant and Sons—Erie County Nursery—variety Pears, as follows:—seckle pear, wonder of winter, white doyenne, passa colmar, sugar top, buffam, Maria Louise, 5 fine specimens not named, catalac, vergalieu, cadett, Gansel's bergamot, autumn bergamot, virgalieu, beurre de Aremburg, Steven's Genesee, Newton, seedling, brown beurre, bergamot sylvange, swan's egg, orange, winter bell, doyenne sieule.

Peach—Crawford's meloctoton, lemon cling, red rareripe, oldmixon, magnum bonum, lemon rareripe.

Basket of fine Quinces of the orange and Portugal.

Apples—yellow belleflower, beauty of Kent, Lord Nelson, sweet pippin, pomme grisse, ribston pippin, glori mundi, Esopus spitzenberg, tallman sweeting, belle-bonne, domini, Russian transparent, Dutch apple, Dutch codling, Keswick codling, black apple, Hawthornden, maiden blush, northern spy, Poughkeepsie russett, red bell flower, New England seek-no-further, ramboe, easter pippin, fall pippin, Rhode Island greening, red and green sweeting, early lustre, winter russett, nonsuch, Alexander, striped gilliflower, sweet russet, Pennock's red winter, Famense, Hereford, pearmain, russet pearmain, Cox pippin, red cheek, red Siberian crab, yellow crab, golden beauty crab, autumn sweeting, pyrus japonica, barberry, tree cranberry.

B. Hodge, Esq.—Buffalo Nursery.—Grapes, royal muscadine, Isabella, black cluster.

Blood cling Peach.

Apples—American golden russet, autumn sweeting, autumn swaar, bellflower, beauty of Kent, beachemwell, belle fleur, brabant, black, black gilliflower, Boston russet, cabashea, Canada pie apple, early Dutch codlin, covert pendu, Cornish gilliflower, democrat, Detroit red, double flowering Chinese, drar d'or, Dutchess of Oldenburgh, favorite, golden sweeting, gray-house, granny-winkle, gloria mundi, hawthornden, large yellow bough, lady apple, Lyman's pumpkin sweet, lanagu, Keswick's codlin, Kirk's Lord Nelson, peach apple, pearmain Hertfordshire, pearmain golden, pomme de niege, fall pippin, King of the pippins, Quaker pippin, sweet pippin, London pippin, pomme grisse, pound sweeting, red injestrice, red and green sweeting, Rhode Island Greening, Roxbury russet, English russet, golden russet, sops of wine, seek-no-further, Siberian crab, spice sweeting, spitzenberg esopus, sweet gilliflower, tewkesburg blush, twenty ounce, Young's longkeeper.

Pears—autumn, autumn superb, Bleeker's meadow, beurre d'amalis, beurre spence, benrre easter, beurre brown, autumn bergamote, caillac white doyenne, Flemish beauty, Louise Bonne of Jersey, passa colmor, seckel, Stevon's Genesee, verte longue, Washington.

Nathaniel Wilgus—frost gage plums.

Wm. Webb—Apples—Alexander, yellow bell flower, St. Lawrence, Detroit red.

Catate Pears.

Plums—blue imperatrice, ichworth imperatrice.

Red cheek melocoton Peach.

S. F. Pratt—Grapes—white sweet water, black cluster. Apples—Detroit red.

Henry W. Rogers—Medott Pear.

Mrs. D. Burt—Orange Bergamot Pear.

C. Taintor—early autumn apple, Holland pippin, Newton pippin, greening, Roxbury russet, seek-no-further, pound sweeting, black apple, Esopus spitzenburg, twenty ounce, sweet bough, yellow bell flower.

Pears—brown benrre, Newton virgalieu, Marie Louise, bergamot, buffam, sugar pear. Portugal Quince. Isabella Grapes.

L. F. Allen—Pears, Maria Louise, glout morceau, swan's egg, Princess St. Germain, summer butter pear, orange bergamot, brown beurre, autumn bergamot.

Apples—scarlet winter, Roxbury russet, belle et bou. Orange Quince. Isabella Grapes.

W. R. Coppock—Isabella Grapes, very fine. Frost Gage Plums.

Lewis Eaton—Pears—Duchess d'Angouleme, large seckel, beurre d'Amolin, jaminette, brown beurre, Napoleon, Steven's Genesee, Angleterre St. Germain, demmpon virgalieu.

Apples—Detroit red, fall pippin, Rhode Island Russet, pearmain, fall russet, Ribston pippin, Hawthornden, Cabashea. Quinces.

Mrs. E. A. Maynard—Isabella Grapes.

Doct. Dellenbaugh—doyenne pear, yellow egg plum, German prune.

Mrs. Heywood—white sweet water grapes, Isabella grapes.

C. C. Haddock—Isabella grapes of uncommon size.

I. Gage—Isabella grapes, white sweet water, particularly fine.

For the Committee,

WM. H. MANN.

REPORT ON VEGETABLES

Your Committee regret that the past season has not shown more emulation on the part of the vegetable growers, in displaying their productions at our exhibitions. It is fair to infer, perhaps, that our market gardeners are as deeply interested in improving the growth of their articles, as those engaged in the culture of Fruit and Flowers.—Still at our exhibitions we have had but slight tangible evidence of the fact. Such specimens as have been exhibited have been creditable to the growers, and we hope another season will show a great increase in the number of contributors in this most essential aid to the culinary department of all good housekeepers. Our Vegetable gardeners as a class, may rank favorably with those of many of our older and more favored cities, and among the foremost we might name the Messrs. Bryant, whose sales we are told amount to over five thousand dollars annually, in this department alone. Mr. J. Keel, E. Tyler, J. Odlum, and others whose productions have elicited unanimous approbation, whenever exhibited at our shows. It may not be out of place here to advert to the too common practice of sending *monstrosities* only for exhibition, particularly in the vegetable line; this may be very well as a matter of curiosity merely, but contributors and growers should recollect that the *largest* specimens are not always the *best*, and that there is as much if not more merit in raising uniform medium sized productions, than in the nurture of some overgrown freak of nature merely for size.

The contributions for Sept. are as follows:—

Mr. E. Tyler—Walchian brocoli, very fine; a very productive variety of this delightful esculent,

well adapted to our climate: cauliflower, short orange carrot, large white carrot.

H. W. Rogers—Egg plants of fine size, white horn carrot, onions, two var.; parsneps, fine; mammoth squash pepper, pop corn, pear tomatoes, a particularly fine variety for pickling, Belgian carrots.

Lewis Eaton—Egg plants of extra size. Mr. E. is famed for the growth of fine specimens of the egg plant: until the past season the growth of which has been almost entirely confined to private gardens.

Mrs. H. P. Thayer—Cauliflower, a splendid head.

Mast. Charles E. Root—two very fine and extra large pumpkins.

A. Bryant and Sons—One dozen heads superior celery, red tomatoes, purple egg plants.

Lewis F. Allen—Sugar beets, blood beets, very large and fine.

James Keel—Ruta baga, remarkably fine and the third crop of the season; blood beets, orange carrots, a specimen bottle of tomato catsup, pronounced to be of superior flavor by all. Mr. Keel, we are told, manufactures annually from three to five hundred gallons for market.

Mr. Jessee Ketchum—Monstrous Beets!

Rev. A. S. Smith—Seedling potatoes, four and a half months from the ball. These potatoes are remarkably large and of many fine varieties.

For the Committee,

C. F. S. THOMAS, *Sec.*

Potato Rot.—There is but one remedy—that is to mow off the vines as soon as the potatoes have blossomed, or as soon as the potatoes have set, and are as large as pistol balls. This is a cure or prevention of the plague—nothing else will reach it. It is a disorder which alone can be cured by decapitation. All who have written on the subject, have mistaken the cause and the cure, and as Dr. Franklin would say, have come out at the little end of the horn! I tried the experiment last summer; it did well. There is no mistake, if the vines are cut off near the ground before the poison of the insect descends to the root of the potato the crop is safe. It is a winged insect that does the mischief. This is the fact, let philosophers humbug as they will about honey-dew, fungas, mildew, dew rust, young seed, old seed, hot weather, cool weather, too wet, too dry, &c., &c. All are wrong, and do not look to the way, or even squint, whence all the evil comes. Potatoes should be planted early, in order to be forward enough to part with their tops by the 25th of July, or the first day of August. The insect was ten or twelve days earlier last year than the year before. It may be earlier this year than last, or it may not come at all, which I hope. Where I cut off the vines last summer on the first day of August, the potatoes were sound—perfectly good; I am selling them for seed at one dollar per bushel. Those I cut off on the 16th day, were injured some—say one eighth lost.—*Belfast Journal.*

We give the above remarks without perfect confidence in the conclusions of the writer, but deem them more worthy of insertion from the fact that we know of similar experiments made in this county and which have been followed by the same results.

Thanksgiving.—Gov. Young has appointed the 25th of November, as a day of public Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Desperate Villain.—Baily, who has been sentenced to the State's Prison for life, for an attempt to assassinate Mr. Hotchkiss, was at the age of sixteen years sentenced to transportation for life in an English court of burglary. He remained at Vandieman's Land for several years, and secreted himself on board a whaling vessel, for the purpose of making his escape. His absence was discovered before the vessel sailed, and it was suspected that he was on board the whaler; the authorities had lances thrust among the oil barrels in order to ascertain whether Baily was on board or not. He was secreted near the kelson, perfectly safe, as he thought; having a friend in one of the sailors to furnish him with food.

The searchers, in thrusting down the lance, passed it through his leg. Baily knowing that if blood was found on the instrument he would be discovered, took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the blade as it was withdrawn from the wound, thereby escaping discovery. The vessel was afterwards smoked with brimstone, but he succeeded in keeping his place, and remained in it for thirty days after the vessel left port, living on what his friend, the sailor, secretly furnished him. Baily has written out his own history, which has been promised us for publication. In crime it almost equals that of "Jack Shepard." He left his parents at the age of seven years, and subsisted by petty thefts until twelve, before being detected. He was then tried and imprisoned. He was twice tried in England and transported for life, and each time made his escape; the second time to this country.

He here entered the naval service, robbed the vessel in which he was of a large amount of money, which he thrust into one of the guns, was caught, flogged through the fleet, then in the Mediterranean, again reached America, and was sent to the State Prison for knocking down and robbing a boy of a large amount of bank bills, in Wall street, in broad daylight. Having served out his time, about six months since, he was turned adrift; since when he has committed numerous robberies. The last in which he was concerned was that of Mr. Bennet, at Williamsburgh, which was committed some three days after he and his comrades attempted to assassinate Mr. Hotchkiss, in this city on the 3d of May last.—We shall publish some startling confessions made by Baily very shortly.—*Brooklyn Adv.*

Remarkable Family—Great Domestic Calamity.—On Sunday last three youths passed through this place on their way to the Blind Asylum in Columbus. They live in the town of Union in this county. They are brothers, and in the family of which they are members there are five individuals who were born blind. We have never heard of an instance upon record where so many in the same family were thus afflicted. Five out of the eight members of this unfortunate household are thus shut out from the light of heaven and condemned to a life of eternal darkness. Awful calamity! We understand that the cause of the dire misfortune is the frequent intermarriage of blood relatives in the same family.—*Dayton Transcript.*

Curious Amusement.—The communication was interrupted by telegraph west on Friday afternoon. A messenger was immediately despatched to ascertain the cause, and discovered that about three miles from this city, the wires had been broken by some person, who had shot off the peg, with a rifle, upon which the glass cap is fixed, and carried off about 600 feet of the wire. There is a standing reward of $25 for the detection of offenders of this kind.—*Rochester Adv.*

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Idiots.

Not long since, the Legislature of Massachusetts appointed commissioners to inquire into the condition of the Idiots of the commonwealth, and "whether anything could be done for their relief." We have seldom been more interested than in the report of these commissioners. They have certainly elicited much important information in regard to the present condition of these unfortunates, and their capability for improvement, and opened a new field for philanthropic effort. The unfortunate and degraded of every *other* class in society, have hitherto claimed our sympathy and effort The insane have all the care and the best medical treatment which humane men can bestow; the blind are brought from "Nature's darkness" to enjoy the blessings of sight; the dumb are made to speak an intelligible language; and the morally degraded are reclaimed to virtue, and restored to society—but this neglected portion of the human race has always been treated as if branded by the wrath of God and set apart from the rest of mankind. We have always felt a deep interest in this class of beings; shut out from all the privileges, and enjoyments of society, denied all notions of external things by the non-communication of the brain with the senses, consequently possessing no ideas, their existence must be a blank; worse than that of the brutes, for they are not only deprived of all intellectual and moral improvement, but all physical enjoyment. In their present condition certainly they are not moral agents; and we have often wondered when observing their vacant stare, and listening to their brutish noises, whether they were immortal beings—whether they were to spend an eternity of such rayless gloom. Most surely unless their minds are irradiated, they must be unprepared to participate in the praises, and joys of heaven, or join in the wail of demons and lost spirits.

But the error which has so long blinded the minds of men to the wants and capabilities of this class, is fast fleeing before the light of successful experiment; and France has made this experiment. Says Mr. Sumner, a recent tourist in Europe:—

"During the past six months, I have watched, with eager interest, the progress which many young idiots have made, in Paris, under the direction of Mr. Seguin, and at Bicetre, under that of Messrs. Voisin and Vallee, and have seen, with no less gratification than astonishment, nearly one hundred fellow-beings who, but a short time since, were shut out from all communion with mankind, —who were objects of loathing and disgust,— many of whom rejected every article of clothing, others of whom, unable to stand erect, crouched themselves in corners, and gave signs of life only by piteous howls, others, in whom the faculty of speech had never been developed, and many whose voracious and indiscriminate gluttony satisfied itself with whatever they could lay hands upon with the garbage thrown to swine, or with their own excrements; these unfortunate beings, the rejected of humanity, I have seen properly clad, standing erect, walking, speaking, eating in an orderly manner at a common table, working quietly as carpenters and farmers; gaining, by their own labor, the means of existence; storing their awakened intelligence by reading one to another; exercising towords their teachers and among themselves, the generous feelings of man's nature, and singing in unison songs of thanksgiving!"

The fact is now established beyond a doubt, that Idiots may be educated; and we rejoice to see that the government of our own native state, which has so nobly held the van in most of the philanthropic movements of the day, is taking active measures to ameliorate the condition of this unfortunate class.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW comes to us this month with its contents about equally divided between politics and literature. The political papers are able, and the literary uncommonly racy. We are gratified to see a constant improvement in its literary department. It contains an engraving of Nathan Clifford the present Attorney General of the United States, and a short biograpical notice.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW for Oct'r, opens with an article on "The Whigs and the War, and speaks pretty freely of the origin of the war, of what it is doing, of its ultimate object, and where the responsibility lies." Then follow "Catholic Reactive against the Reformation," "Night in the Brazils," "The Principle of Life" by a southern physician, a very mysterious, incomprehensible subject by the way, though very scientifically treated of, "The nature of this Government," "Kate Russell," Inductive Theory of Civilization." "Men, Women and Books" (a review,) "Life and Opinions of Philip Yorick, Esq.," "Lives of Lord Chancellors" (a review,) "Sonnet to" and "Our recent Corn Trade." Thos. S. Cutting, agent for this city.

INDIAN DIFFICULTIES.—A letter to the St. Louis *Republican* from Fort Kearney, September 22, states that the Pawnees and Sioux are at war, and that a severe battle is daily expected. The Sioux have over 2,000 warriors in the field, and have taken possession of the Pawnee village in the absence of the Pawnee braves, who were hunting buffalo. The Pawnees were hourly expected. The Sioux have also made a descent on the village of Otto Indians near Fort Kearney, killed some 20 persons, destroyed their corn, and put the whole population to flight.

☞ The Tioga County Court met on the 4th inst., Judge AVERY presiding. *There was no civil calendar*, and the Court adjourned to the following day to await the action of the Grand Jury. Litigation appears to be at a low ebb in Tioga.

THE LEXINGTON, Capt. G. RANDALL, leaves this port Monday morning of each week for Detroit, and returns Thursday. She is a neat, safe, commodious boat, and has been repaired during the past season to the amount of 3000 dollars.—Capt. R. is well known to the travelling public as a skilful seaman; the other officers are polite and attentive to the wants of the passengers, and those bound for Detroit or any of the intermediate ports will do well to patronize her.

Political Symptoms in Europe.

The present political symptoms of the courts in Europe indicate a singular state of things.—"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown;" and high political responsibility is no very trifling affair to any one one who holds it. It seems as if thrones might go a begging, and there is no period of peaceful history when so many occupants desired to escape from them. Among these instances are some in which there undoubtedly exists a desire to do public good, but where the difficulties attending popular progress appear at times almost insurmountable.

Prussia has recently received a popular constitution, not without some tolerably explicit assurances from its chief potentate, that the powers it granted are not to be used against himself, and that they are more theoretic than practical.

Leopold of Belgium, an acute and sensible man, has given his people a liberal ministry, but intimates that he thinks them foolish to wish it, and evinces an impatience and disgust which are natural enough to kings who cannot have exactly their own way.

The Prince of Orange is said to meditate a resignation of his claims as heir-apparent, for a strange reason, viz:—"to spite his wife and prevent her ever becoming queen. The story is scarcely credible, though the mutual pique of the spouses is but too true."

The Emperor of Russia is positively declared to be tired of power and to wish for the ease of private life. His sending gold to purchase funds in England and France, is said to have been done with a view to provide for such an event.

LOUIS PHILIPPE stands fully acquitted of all desire for popular advancement, and the best that can be said of him, is that he does not wish France to be worse off than she is. He desires a continuance of his power, and yet no monarch has less reason to do so. "Isabella of Spain is weary of the continual intermeddling of public interest with her private happiness. The genius of politics, LOUIS PHILIPPE, began by sacrificing her to a Cretin husband, and the same genius now excites this same husband to render his wife as uncomfortable as possible; so that the girl-queen is driven to say—"Take my throne if you desire it, but leave me at peace."

The Pope is at times in similar doubts as to the happiness of wearing a crown. His, to be sure, is a triple one, and proportionately heavy. Poor Pius! his delight is in being liberal and doing good. But this amiable taste has thrown him into a sea of troubles. He has Austria, France, and his own Cardinals plotting against him—his people impatient and hard to satisfy. The good Father is frequently perplexed between them, and his instant thought at such moments is resignation."

And if Queen VICTORIA does not desire to renounce her throne, it is for no other reason than that she is enabled by the legal fictions of England to throw all the responsibility of government upon her ministers, who are changed as often as public opinion changes.—*Com. Adv.*

Later from Vera Cruz.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 9. 1847.

There has been an arrival at New Orleans from Vera Cruz, bringing dates to the 21st ult., and Brazos to 23d.

The Matamoras *Flag* says, that Gen Cushing's brigade, encamped at Palo Alto, were in good health, and would soon embark for Vera Cruz.

Lane's entire brigade had sailed for Vera Cruz.

Part of Hays's regiment, under Chevalie, was to remain with Gen. Wool.

Col. Butler's battalion of dragoons had left Monterey.

A north wind blowing; the weather is cool, producing some sickness.

Urrea has issued a proclamation, announcing the termination of peace negotiations, and that the Mexicans of the 8th gave severe lessons to the hateful invaders, by royally repulsing their assaults, and driving them to their positions.

The *Flag* says that the last rumor is that the Mexicans, inspired by the news of Scott's repulse at the Capital, are flying to arms throughout the country, determined to be in at the extermination.

Three thousand reported already there and at Victoria.

The names of the killed and wounded of Lally's command are published in the Picayune. Total 105.

SHOOTING OFF THE WIRES.—Some person or persons engaged in very serious sport on Friday last. The Telegraph wires were shot off some three miles west of this city, on the afternoon above named, and about 600 feet of the wire carried to parts unknown. The messenger who was sent from the Telegraph office in this city to repair the damage, finding that he had not sufficient length of wire to supply the place of that taken away, left the roll he had with him and returned for more. While absent this roll was stolen!

It will be seen by a notice in another column that the Telegraph Company have offered a reward of $100 for the detection of any person committing such offences. Shooting off wires is a dangerous business.—*Rochester American.*

THE STOMACH.—I firmly believe that almost every malady of the human frame is, either by highways or by-ways, connected with the stomach. I must own, I never see a fashionable physician mysteriously consulting the pulse of his patient, but I feel a desire to exclaim—Why not tell the poor gentleman at once, "Sir, you have eaten too much, and you have not taken exercise enough!" The human frame was not created imperfect; it is we ourselves who have made it so. There exists no donkey in creation so overladen as our stomachs.—*Bubbles from Nassau.*

YANKEES IN THE WEST.—A correspondent who went up the lake on the *Wisconsin* a week ago, after speaking in deservedly complimentary tones of that noble boat and her accomplished officers, relates the following:

During the voyage, we became acquainted with a gentleman who is connected with the St. Croix Lumber Company, a wealthy and important association of which ROBERT RANTOUL, jr., of Massachusetts, is President. This new acquaintance is from "down east," and is an unblemished specimen of the Yankee. It did one good to hear him tell, in his modest way, of the wonderful things which are being done by a few New Englanders in one of the most wilderness portions of the Mississippi Valley. He had been to the State of Maine to visit his family, and to get a millwright (whom he had with him on the boat) to build a saw mill on the St. Croix. And thus it is, a Yankee in the pine forests of Maine must be sent for to go nearly two thousand miles, just to build a saw mill. Truly the Yankee is an important personage. In the language of a late writer, "no other man is like him. It has been said of him, that he is made for all situations, and can *manage* to work his way in all places.—Place him on a rock in the midst of the ocean, and with his penknife, and a bunch of shingles he would work his way on shore. He sells salmon, from Kennebec, to the people of Charleston; haddock, fresh from Cape Cod, to the planters of Matanzas; raises coffee in Cuba; swaps mules and horses for molasses in Porto Rico; retails ice, from Fresh Pond, in Cambridge, in the East Indies; takes mutton, from Brighton, to New Orleans and South America; manufactures multicaulis, for the governor of Jamaica; becomes an admiral in a foreign nation; starts in a cockleshell craft of fifteen tons, loaded with onions, mackerel, and '*notions*,' for Valparaiso; baits his trap on the Columbia river; catches wild beasts in Africa, for Macomber's Caravan: sells granite, on contract, to rebuild St. Juan de Ulloa; is ready, like Ledyard, to start for Timbuctoo, 'tomorrow morning'—exiles himself for years, from home, to sketch in their own wilderness, the wild men of the woods, and astonishes refined Europe, with the seeming presence of the untutored savage. Introduced to Metternich, he asks 'what's the news?' Says, 'how do you do, marm?' to Victoria. Prescribes Thompson's eye-water to the mandarins of China, and if he pleases, makes the scouting Southrons rich with cotton inventions. He is found foremost among those who sway the elements of society—is the schoolmaster for his country, and missionary for the whole heathen world. He is unequalled in tact, and instead of going over round-about ways, starts across lots, for any desired point. If perpetual motion is ever to be discovered, he will be sure to be the lucky contriver—for he is the *fac totum* for the world."

Our ride on the *Wisconsin*, rendered delightful on many accounts, will henceforth be associated with the most pleasant reminiscences of Yankee character; and may the reader, of whatever section he may be, profit by the *moral* contained in the picture above copied.—*Com. Adv.*

AMUSING BLUNDER.—One of the subjects proposed by the English Fine Arts Commissioners for the decoration of the House of Lords is "Raleigh landing in Virginia." To this appears to be a trifling objection. According to a correspondent of the London Times, Raleigh was never in Virginia, nor did he ever set foot in North America. In 1659 he sailed for Virginia, but was soon driven home by stress of weather, and the misconduct of his crew. Subsequently, he fitted out five or six expeditions for that colony; and the energetic though unavailing efforts made by him to form a settlement there have doubtless so connected his name with Virginia as to lead to the popular blunder that he had himself visited its shores. These expeditions were commanded by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir Richard Grenville, and other able navigators, but never by Raleigh in person.

STEAM TO BUFFALO!—We told the people of Green Bay, that if they would take hold and help themselves, in relation to the establishment of a steam communication with Buffalo, other capital and other enterprise would speedily be diverted to this channel. We learn from direct authority that John Jacob Astor, of New York city, is now negotiating with Captain Ward, the well-known steamboat owner, for the establishment of a line of two boats between Buffalo and Green Bay early the ensuing season. Capt. Ward writes that it is altogether probable he will accept of the proposition made by Mr. Astor; and that, at any rate, he has made up his mind to establish a weekly line on his own responsibility. This is good news for the North; and we hope it will stimulate our citizens to active exertion in the enterprise so auspiciously commenced.—*Green Bay Repub.*

NEW YORK, Oct. 9, 3 P. M.

The storm and flood at the South has done considerable damage in the vicinity of Baltimore and Philadelphia.

The bridge on the Washington Railroad, at the Savage river, erected at a cost of $7,000, has been swept off—thus interrupting communication beyond Baltimore.

The Whigs will have eleven majority in Maryland Senate, and the same number in the House of Delegates.

Returns from four counties in Georgia give a small gain for Towns, the democratic candidate for Governor.

STRANDED.—The Schooner *Outward Bound*, with a cargo of 11,000 bushels of wheat, in getting out of our harbor on Thursday last, touched her heel, paid off, and went on shore to the southward of the south pier. A small portion of her cargo was at once taken out, but the most of it was left on board. On Saturday night she commenced leaking, and has since leaked so as to injure her whole cargo. The vessel belonged to the Messrs. Richmond, and is insured. Part of the cargo, we are sorry to add, belonged to farmers of this vicinity, who were sending it on, on speculation.

The schooner *Black Hawk* also went ashore, north of the piers, on Saturday night or Sunday morning, she was however got off safely on Monday evening. As the weather is now fine, we hope the *Outward Bound* will be got off too.—*Racine Advocate.*

NEW YORK, Oct. 12—3 P. M.

The steam ship *Alabama* arrived at New Orleans on the 4th inst., bringing advices from Tampico to the 20th ult.

The *Picayune* says there is no later news from SCOTT's army direct, but it learns through a source entitled to great credit, that the Americans had 27 officers killed and 45 wounded in the battles of the 8th and 13th of September.

There is no confirmation of the reported death of any of the American Generals.

Letters received by commercial houses at Tampico from their correspondents in the city of Mexico, confirm entirely the *Picayune's* former reports of the battle of Mill El Rey, Chapultepec and the heights on the 8th and 14th, when General SCOTT carried the place at the point of the bayonet.

A circular from the Alcalde is published, dated at Guadaloupe, 14th September, and addressed to the Commandants of General Department, states that the American army charged on the 18th at daybreak with all their force, upon Chapultepec, which yielded after a spirited defence of six hours.

The Americans immediately marched upon another strong fortification, but their first advance was checked by the troops, led by SANTA ANNA, when after a short conflict the enemy was dispersed and finally routed.

After nine hours hard fighting, the capital being in a desperate situation, and anxious to avoid its bombardment, he determined to evacuate it.

A verbal report received at Vera Cruz, states that he retired to Guadaloupe with ten thousand troops and twenty-five pieces of artillery. No mention is made of the reported bombardment on the 14th and 15th.

MUTINY ON THE PLAINS.—The St. Louis Union of 30th Sept., has intelligence of the 24th of Aug. from the troops en route for Santa Fe, in a letter of that date from the Middle Semirone Spring. After mentioning the extraordinary march of 525 miles in thirty four days, performed on foot by a detachment of the companies of the Illinois Regiment, the writer states that by far the greater part of companies F. and G. were a few days before the date of his letter in open mutiny—absolutely refusing to obey positive orders. The dutiful force, consisting of but one company, was not sufficient to quell the insurrection, and the mutineers had pretty much their own way, till the regiment was joined by Lieut. Col. Boyaken, with a detachment of three companies. Order was then forthwith restored, and the non-commissioned officers who took part in the insubordination, were arrested and reduced to the ranks. The offence being above regimental jurisdiction, final proceedings in the matter had to be postponed until the arrival of the troops at Santa Fe.

Correspondence of the New Orleans National.

MONTEREY, Aug. 26, 1847.

There is very little news of a general nature stirring here. The order on this line of operations is to remain *statu quo*. Things may be summed up thus: General Wool remains at Buena Vista with the Mississippi rifles, the North Carolina regiment, and the "first families." The 10th regiment, Col. Tibbatts, will garrison Monterey. Several detachments will be placed at the posts below. General Taylor returns home in November.

Several men have been killed here lately, but nothing else could be expected, as the Americans walk through the out-of-the-way places of the town, at all times of the night, unarmed and perfectly reckless of exposure. However, if blood can appease their manes, their ghosts will never stalk the earth, for they are always amply provided with Mexican comrades.

Some fiend in human shape last night made a terrible illustration of a "little more grape, Capt. Bragg," for he placed under the bed of the gallant soldier an eight-inch bomb shell, with a train leading off, by which it was ignited. The explosion was terrific, but fortunately the captain received no injury. Two of the missiles went through his bed without touching him. His escape is looked on as miraculous, the contents of the shell having been scattered around for a hundred yards. No cause is assigned for this attempt upon Capt. Bragg's life, except that some of his men think he is too severe in his discipline. This is the second attempt upon his life.

FRIGHTFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—We learn, verbally, that the mail train of cars from the East ran off Cayuga Bridge, at the usual hour of crossing, last night. Information of the fact was communicated by Telegraph to Rochester about midnight, with a request for an extra train to be despatched to the scene of the accident. Whether all the cars were precipitated into the Lake, and whether any lives were lost, our informant could not say; but a car filled with passengers could scarcely run off at that place without causing more or less destruction of life. The afternoon train will probably bring farther particulars.

P. S. By the train this afternoon we learn that no accident befel the mail and passenger train. What gave rise to the report was the running off or falling through the bridge of the engine drawing a freight train.—*Com. Adv.*

A LATE MORMON MIRACLE.—The Ottaway *Free Trader* gives the following with an endorsement of its truth:

It appears the prophet Strang needed a new house, and he determined his followers should build it for him. So he called them together, and told them that in consideration that they would erect the house, the Lord had authorized him to promise them a wonderful *endowment*. The building was soon completed, and now they apply for their reward. All the Saints are gathered together in the Church, the prophet takes them through a variety of ceremonies, such as head washing, feet washing, &c., and concludes by anointing the heads of all, with a composition "that had a queer smell." They are then directed to adjourn to another room that was totally dark, where they were to receive the endowment, which was to be in the shape of an extraordinary and visible manifestation of the spirit, rendering them at once impregnable thenceforth to all the shafts of Satan. Arrived in the dark room, sure enough, the heads of all shone, as if lit up by the brightness of the sun, and great was the rejoicing of the saints thereat But the prophet William, who was present, although staggered a little, mistrusted that "all was not gold that glittered," so he took some of the ointment and submitted it to an examination, and to the discovery! He found that it was a mixture of *oil and phosphorus!* and

that hence the whole illuminating operation was a gross cheat. He took the first opportunity to accuse the prophet, Strang, publicly and before the whole congregation of the imposition, who so far from denying it, coolly acknowledged the corn, and then preached a sermon, justifying the act, and maintaining that all the miracles of Christ, Moses, &c., were wrought in the same way—that is, by natural means. Of course, William could no longer hold fellowship with *such* a man.

Surgical Operation.—Dr. Blackman of this village, has recently performed the rare and important operation of *tying both carotid arteries* on the same patient with success! This formidable proceeding was called for to arrest the growth of an enormous tumor involving the upper jaw-bone, causing it to *bulge out*, as many of our readers who have seen the patient, may recollect, in the most frightful manner. It had already protruded from the nose and mouth, and was growing with alarming rapidity, threatening the boy with speedy destruction. An attempt had been made by one of the first surgeons of New York to remove the disease, but so terrible was the bleeding which followed, that he was compelled to abandon the operation. One only hope now remained for the boy, and that a feeble one, viz: by cutting off its supply of blood, to starve the tumour! The right carotid was tied by Dr. B. forty-four days ago, and three weeks afterwards, the same operation was performed upon the left. Notwithstanding the immense amount of blood thus suddenly abstracted from the brain, with the exception of a temporary blindness, (lasting only half an hour) not an unpleasant symptom has occurred! Both ligatures have come away, and the wounds on both sides of the neck are entirely healed. The lad, who is but thirteen years of age, and a son of Mr. Gideon Birdsall, of Plattskill, exhibited the most heroic fortitude on each of these trying occasions, and won the admiration of numerous physicians both from our village and the adjoining towns, who were present and assisted Dr B. in this responsible undertaking. The disease, we understand, has been materially checked in its progress, and we believe the doctor has now some hopes that a fatal termination may be averted." *Newburgh Telegraph.*

Mrs. Bancroft in London.—It so happened that one fine afternoon, this summer, our minister's wife, Mrs. Bancroft, walked down Regent street, and called at a fashionable store to purchase a shawl. She found an excellent one, costing only £20; and wishing to test its virtues, she threw it over her shoulders, and left her old one to be ordered home. She sallied out again, sailed along up Regent street, desiring to make a sensation with her splendid shawl, and she succeeded wonderfully. She soon perceived that she was drawing unusual attention. Some stood in great wonder, some stopped and looked, some laughed outright, villainous boys pointed with their canes, young ladies turned round on passing and blushed, gentlemen on looking at her suddenly examined the sky for stars, acquaintances rode by in carriages, nodded, smiled, and bit their lips immediately afterwards. What could it all mean? It certainly was very unusual and very singular, and Mrs. B. hurried home out of her breath and out of her wits, too. Her maid soon solved the mystery. The shawl proved to be one which was exhibited in the windows of the shop, the merchant having forgotten to remove the show label, and there it was still, bearing the following announcement, in magnificent capitals, "VERY CHASTE, at £20."—*Sunday Atlas.*

A Fighting Parson.—It is a well known fact, that many of the Southern Methodist parsons are members of the church militant as well as the church triumphant. It is said that a Methodist minister was Captain of a company in one of the Mississippi regiments. Just before the battle of Buena Vista commenced, and whilst the troops were forming, he delivered the following pithy prayer, at the head of his company:

"Be with us this day in the conflict, oh Lord! We are few, and the enemy are many! Be with us as Thou wast with Joshua, when he went down from Gilgal to Bethorn and Askelon, to smite the Amorites. We do not ask Thee for the sun and moon to stand still, but grant us plenty of powder, plenty of daylight, and no cowards. Take old Rough and Ready under Thy special charge. Amen. Company, by the right flank! quick step!—forward—m-a-r-c-h!" His company, it is said, performed wonders on the field that day.

Green Bay Land Office.—The receipts at this office for the month of August last, amounted to $87,895—and those during the present month, up to yesterday, amount to $84,801—total, $176,696 00.

The above statement shows an increase of settlement unparalleled in Wisconsin. The returns at the end of this month will probably run the above total up to $90,000—equivalent to 72,000 acres. This, divided into farms of 120 acres each, makes *six hundred farms* sold in Northern Wisconsin in less than two months! Where can it be beat?—*Advocate.*

Proclamation.

By JOHN YOUNG, Governor of the State of New York.

A day of Public Thanksgiving is due to Almighty God, for blessings bestowed upon the people of this State during the past year.

While a sanguinary war has been raging upon our national frontier—while the principal city of a sister state has been scourged with a pestilence that walketh at noon day, and while gaunt famine and disease afflict the fairest portion of the mother country, the state of New York presents a gladsome picture of universal happiness and prosperity. Seed time and harvest have been continued to the husbandman—the laborer and artizan have not sought in vain for employment—the ships of the merchant have traded in peace with the nations of the earth, and plenty has crowned the efforts of all classes of society.

The blessings of free government—the means of universal education—the security of person and property, and the supremacy of law and order, have been vouchsafed to us in an eminent degree.

For all these, and for other good gifts, we are indebted to that Providence whose bounty and protection are conferred upon all, without regard to country or condition.

I, therefore, respectfully recommend to the people of this state, to observe the Twenty-fifth day of November next, as a day of Public Thanksgiving; to abstain on that day from their usual avocations, and mingle with their thanksgivings, prayers to Heaven for the continuance of its smiles, and for its protection against famine, disease and crime.

In testimony whereof, I have caused the privy seal of the State to be hereunto affixed. Witness my [L. S.] hand, at the city of Albany, this eighth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven.

JOHN YOUNG.

By the Governor,

Henry V. Colt, Private Secretary.

A Touching Incident.—The New Orleans *Picayune* says that a few days since a gentleman of that city saw in the streets a lovely little girl of tender years standing on the banquette bathed in tears. The good man approached her, and taking her by the hand inquired the cause of her anguish. The dear little creature continued to sob bitterly, until at length she exclaimed: "My father and mother have been taken to Heaven, and I am left an orphan." There were three or more persons by at this time, and the feelingly eloquent words of the engaging little one brought tears from every eye. The worthy gentleman who first addressed her said a few kind words with a view of relieving her, and then said: "I will be to you a father, and my wife (and no man has a better one) will greet you with a mother's smiles." He then took her by the hand and carried her to his residence.

This is an achievement, in the field of mercy, of which any good man should be proud.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, } Albany, August 3 1847.

To the Sheriff of the County of Erie:

Sir: Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE.

A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney-General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICT.

One Senator for the Thirty-First Senate District, consisting of the county of Erie.

COUNTY.

Also, the following officers for the said county, to wit Four Members of Assembly, one to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully,
N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

Erie County Sheriff's Office, Buffalo, August 6, 1847.

A general election is to be held in the County of Erie, on the second day of November next, at which which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

au6oawtno2 TIMOTHY A. HOPKINS, Sherif.

STATE OF NEW YORK, Secretary's Office. } Albany, Sept. 22, 1847.

To the Sheriff of the County of Erie:

Sir: Pursuant to an act entitled "An act to provide for the election of a Lieutenant Governor," passed Sept 27, 1847, Notice is hereby given that at the next General Election, to be held on Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, a Lieutenant Governor of this State is to be elected. Yours, respectfully,

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

Erie County Sheriff's Office, Buffalo, Oct. 2, 1847.

Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held on the 2d day of November next, there will be chosen a Lieutenant Governor of this State, agreeable to the notice from the Secretary of State, a copy of which is hereto annexed.

oc1oawtnlc TIMOTHY A. HOPKINS, Sherif.

MARRIED.

This morning, 7th instant, in St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Shelton, Mr. E. M. MARTIN, and Miss M. LOUISA, daughter of Geo. W. Allen, all of this city.

At Prospect Hill, on the 7th inst., by the Rev. S. Sturgis, Mr. ALLEN T. BENNETT, of Albany, and Miss EMILY T., daughter of A. K. Penton, of this city.

On the 7th inst., by P. A. Child, Esq., Mr. WILLIAM BURGHER, of Pittsburg, Pa., and Miss OPHELIA COFFIN, of Lockport.

On the 16th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Schuyler, Mr. ROBERT CODD, Banker, and Miss JANE, daughter of J. B Young, Esq., of Cincinnati.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. A. T. Hopkins, D. D., Mr. LEWIS B. HOWELL, and Miss GEORGIANA STOW, youngest daughter of Dea. A. Callender, all of Black Rock.

On the 6th inst., by P. A. Child, Esq., Mr. CHARLES HARRIS, and Miss MALVINA JACOBS, both of Tonawanda.

At Williamsville, by Esquire Johnson, Mr. T. B. CHAMPLIN, and Miss MARIA, youngest daughter of J. W. Smith, Esq., of that place.

Stereotype Foundry.

THE subscribers announce to Printers, Publishers and others interested, that having purchased the material for a complete Foundry, it is their intention to conduct the business of STEREOTYPING in all its branches, in connection with their other business. Having secured the services of competent workmen, they will be prepared to execute orders after November 1, in as good style as any of the Eastern Foundries, and at as low prices.

Stereotype Blocks, all sizes, furnished to order. Old Type taken in exchange for Stereotyping, at current rates.

☞ Cuts, Bordors, Small Jobs, &c., Stereotyped at short notice. JEWETT, THOMAS & CO.,
Commercial Advertiser Office, 161 Main street.
Buffalo, October 7, 1847. oc7d&ctjan8

NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE AND WHOLESALE BOOKSTORE.

The subscribers beg to inform Booksellers, buyers and dealers in Books, and all interested in education and literary advancement, that they have recently opened an extensive Book and Stationery Establishment. Their assortment of Books in the various departments of literature is complete and well selected; comprising a full assortment of School and Classical Books in general use, Law, Medical and Theological Books, in great varieties. Their facilities as Publishers enable them to offer Books on as favorable terms as most of the Eastern Houses. Orders from the country solicited and promptly answered.

Citizens and the public generally are invited to call and examine Books and Prices, where will be found the one progressive principle "Small Profits on numerous Transactions."

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GEORGE H. READ,

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY AND BOOK BINDERY, Commercial Advertiser Buildings, 161 Main Street, Buffalo. Over the office of the Daily Commercial Advertiser

Blank Books of all descriptions ruled and bound to any pattern.

Periodicals, Music Books, Newspapers, Magazines, Old Books, etc., carefully arranged and bound in every variety of style, and at moderate prices. Ladies Albums, Port Folios, etc., made to order. n8

BUFFALO MUSICAL INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

At the residence of Prof. W. R. Coppock—Composer and Teacher of the Piano Forte, Organ, Singing and Composition.

An institute devoted exclusively to Musical Education is not yet common in this country; but in Europe the test of experience fully shows its great advantages over the too general superficial manner in which this important part of polite education is acquired. The advantages this institution offers to those desirous of completing their studies as Organists—or practical players of the Piano Forte, together with a thorough system of imparting the same to others is fully established by the many precedents of the past 10 years. The pupils are constantly guarded in their practice against all bad habits, and from the various stages of progress they may be in, are continually stimulated to effort and industry, by association with each other. The family too, are all players, and the theory is amusingly discussed, impressing its rules in a more pleasing manner, and more lasting upon the understanding, than by the mere dry study of an elaborate book. Music is composed and arranged from time to time, showing the various styles and harmonies analyzed, and adapted for performance on several instruments at the same time. This teaches a thorough knowledge of counting, and dividing passages into their given time. Vocal music is particularly attended to, and where the pupil has a moderate share of talent, we hesitate not to say, a correct and pleasing singer can be made. The Piano Fortes used are all new, and of the finest quality, and every inducement will be given to render the true spirit with as profitable. The building is commodious, and has a fine garden attached, with Green houses, Bathing house, &c., and is pleasantly situated in Seventh street, between Niagara Street, and the Railroad, and about midway to Prospect hill.

Terms made known upon application at the Institute, or by mail, post paid, directed Prof. Coppock, Buffalo.

Prof. Coppock, keeps constantly a choice selection of Piano Fortes for sale,

Buffalo, August 3, 1847.

PRINTERS' FURNISHING WAREHOUSE.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT, Manufacturer of Printing Inks, No. 6, United States Hotel Block, Pearl St., Buffalo. Printing Presses, Metal and Wood Type, Cards, and every other description of Printers' materials constantly on hand at New York prices, adding transportation. Also, sole Agent for the sale of C. J. Gayler's Patent Double, and Improved Single Salamander Book Safes n16 3m.

CHEAP CASH BOOK STORE.

The subscriber, dealer in Books and Stationery, at 188 Main Street, 4 doors above Seneca, keeps constantly on hand, an extensive stock, embracing the most valuable selections from Ancient and Modern Literature—and a general variety of Theological, Classical, Gift and School Books, &c., &c. The Amateurs of Knowledge and all interested in the purchase of Books or Stationery are respectfully solicited to call. Print and Cap Paper at wholesale.

Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

JEWETT, THOMAS & CO.

PUBLISHERS,

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER BUILDINGS

MAIN STREET, BUFFALO.

TERMS.—To mail subscribers, $1.50 per annum in advance, four copies for $5.00, ten copies for $10.00. To city subscribers who receive their papers from the carrier, $2.00. Mail subscribers will also be charged $2.00 if payment is not made in advance.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publishers.

*** All communications must be post paid, in order to be taken from the Post Office.

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Steam Press of Jewett, Thomas & Co.

WESTERN
LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1847. NUMBER XII.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

A Ballad.

BY JOHN NORVAL.

I'm lonely, oh! I'm lonely, and weary o' the day,
And lang for night, that it may drive my waking thochts away;
But ah! for me the gloamin' comes in vain, while others sleep
And dream of happier days in store, I wake to mourn and weep.

I'm lonely, oh I'm lonely! care sits upon my brow,
And thochts arise to banish sleep I never felt till now;
I feel myself deserted—no sympathetic tear
Is shed to blot man's errings out—no mercy for him here!

I'm lonely, oh I'm lonely! I bring to mind the Past—
Those days that were too full of glee too pleasant long to last!
I think of all my mother said, er'e death had closed her 'ee,
"This worl's a wail o' care John! it hath been sae to me!"

I'm lonely, oh. I'm lonely! I seek the woods in vain
To hear the birds as I was wont—but ne'er shall do again;
There's sadness in their very song—they mind me o' the day
When I could sing as blythe a song—as licht o' heart as they.

I'm lonely, oh! I'm lonely! the tear stands in mine 'ee—
But why repine—tho' lang the road—an end to a' maun be!
To them wha joy while others mourn, and laugh when others weep,
There's but a'e road for a' to gang—a'e bed where a' maun sleep.

An Excursion to Manchester.

BY MISS CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

It is not a very disagreeable or sterile life, that a citizen of New-York or Boston need lead whose business confines him to the city, provided he can now and then take a day's excursion into the country. A New-Yorker may pass a happy day on the shores of the Hudson, any where between the city and Newburgh, and return in time to take tea in his own house—to bathe in his bath of blessed Croton—and sleep in his own accustomed place—with all the appliances and means of home about him. He may exchange the dusty street for the sea shore, and bathe in sea-breezes and surf; and, instead of blistering his eyes with red bricks, look at the sublimest of God's works—the upheaving ocean. He may go to a friend's house on any of the lovely bays or necks of Long Island, out of sight and hearing of the tiresome town; or, if imbued with true rural tastes, he may plunge into the sporting solitudes of Long Island, and pursue his prey by wood or water. We know merchants in the most active and oppressive business of the city, who do this. Let a man but cherish the tastes (and they are salvation to body and mind) which Heaven has implanted—the love of nature and simple pleasures—and he will have ample means for its gratification. Let him not lose his original nature, in the eager competitions and artificial pleasures of the city, but prefer the opportunity of cheerful, innocent, and elegant leisure, to excessive gains; put up with a simple lunch in the place of a luxurious dinner; and honestly love better the shadow of a tree on a cool hill-side, with birds for his musicians, than even the opera with his favorite singer; and he can have, at moderate price, these refreshments, any day in the week, and be sure of a happier to-morrow. "If it were not for to-morrow," said Byron, in estimating the joys of a revel. The highest wisdom is always to measure the enjoyment of to-day by the shadow it casts on 'to-morrow.'

I had a day's pleasure yesterday, that neither cast a shadow before or behind. A friend, who works like a good Providence, and without any bustle of preparation, by a process as quiet as that which brings the sunshine upon us, surrounds us with pleasant circumstances, so that all the wheels of life run easily—this friend had invited me to take an excursion to Manchester.

I am rather ashamed now to confess it, but I had never heard of Manchester, a town that has arrived at the mature age in manufacturing life of eight years, with a population of fifteen thousand souls; busy souls they are; and if one may judge by outward signs, full of cheerful self-complacency and honest ambition.

After a delicious breakfast in my friend's house, where may be seen a union of noble simplicity (such as is oftener fabled than realized,) with the luxury of wealth and the beauty of art, we took our places in the Lowell train. Here the number of our party was augmented to that of the muses and graces combined; and if the gentle dames of our citizens were neither muses nor graces, they had qualities quite as much to our purpose. I do not know whether it was the atmosphere that the born gentleman always carries with him, or that my friend did silently and unperceived exercise the beneficient arts of a host, but each of our company occupied the place he would have chosen; and unexpectedly (for who ever expected social enjoyment in a rail-car) found his surroundings so agreeable, that there was a buzz of cheerful conversation through our whole progress of fifty-five miles. To be sure, the day was as fine as if my friend had himself bespoken it; and June having just escaped from the clutches of this benumbing spring, was every where genially smiling in full fresh boughs, brimming streams, sweet cloverfields, and myriads of roses; roses laughing in the gardens, trailing over the little court-yards, and clambering to the very tops of the houses.—June is indeed the crown of the year, and the roses the jewels of her crown. We shot past the crowded suburbs of Boston, and through the rural districts that surround them, past gardens and woodlands, and darted into the far-famed city of Lowell, where we only stopped to exchange some thirty fellow creatures for some thirty others who, to our careless eyes, seemed as like as prints of printed calico of the same color and figure; but each of these had his distinctive marks, his own boundless world of memories, and hopes,

and projects. It is our insect vision that limits the world to our own horizon.

There is no second class of cars on this route, consequently we had the democratic principle of modern modes of transportation, without mitigation. There were brawny boatmen, of New-Hampshire, in their red flannel shirt-sleeves, returning from 'rafting' down the Merrimack, tall stalwart fellows, whose bodies had attained nature's generous dimensions. Their faces were intelligent, and their speech civil, without any indication of social subordination. How different from the demi-savages who come in swarms among us! men who have been undergoing the process of degradation from generation to generation; whose low foreheads, contracted eyes, and wide and open mouths show that approximation to the brutish nature which has been going on for the long years that they have been as the strong ass, couching down between two burdens—the burdens of civil and sacerdotal oppression. Still the generous instincts of their hearts have survived oppression and barbarism. Let them be kindly welcomed to our wide New World home, and strike root in our soil, and grow up to the full stature of free and enlightened men! Their children's children will be like these New Hampshire boys; men capable of self direction, of far-seeing projects, and extended responsibilities.—The spirit that would reject from our unsown fields these poor creatures, who, in their barbarizing process, have narrowed down their wants to potatoes, and are blighted with the potatoe blight is surely not the Christian spirit. They who are of this spirit seem to have forgotton that their title deeds to this New World were forced upon their fathers by the Old World despotism. They remind us of two friends, who, being permitted to walk in some beautiful private grounds, one, in the genuine spirit of elegant exclusiveness, said to the other, "This would be very charming if we had it quite to ourselves." "It seems not to occur to you," replied his companion, "that *we* are here upon sufferance!" In God's name, let our people remember this, and welcome their suffering brothers to their wide home; and give them 'right of way' to the untrodden wilderness which Providence has reserved for them. I beg pardon of my readers; these thoughts are naturally suggested by comparing our own and foreign laborers. While we feel proud in the one, let us be touched with pity for the other.

It is a gratifying exhibition of our Manchester population that we see in the cars, diverging from Boston in every direction. I have not the arrogance to claim for the gentlemen and ladies of Massachusetts general superiority to their class elsewhere, but placed as I was on this pleasant day, with people of fortune and education and habits of refinement, I could not but notice the simplicity of their manners, their freedom from pretension, and the quality of sympathy and general courtesy and kindness, that is well called 'human beingism,' which was exercised on the comfort of an aged person in our company, and in good natured civilities to poor women cumbered with many children, who got in and out at the several stations. One lady entertained a little fellow on her lap, while its martyr mother hushed his baby-sister in her arms. One gentleman bribed, with an apple, a young marauder, whose particular fancy it was to stride up and down, first stumbling on one side, and then falling on the other. And my friend—as courteously as if he were attending a fine lady—helped a poor little body with her brood out of the cars, whose husband stood awaiting her with a horse and wagon, in a very 'do n't-care-and-rather enjoying' manner. I was reminded of the poor wife, who said, in similar circumstances, "Ah madam, the man has it a *dale* pleasanter than the women!"

Our course lay along the Merrimack, brimfull from the late copious rains. It glides on its way with the full-leafed trees waving like banners over it, with coronals of flowers hanging about it, and fields flushed with the purple lupin on its margin, as if it were made for the adornment of these lovely rural scenes, and not as it does, every drop of it, to distil showers of gold over our Midas manufactures. Prosperity be with them! their showers go up in beneficent dews, refreshing all the land. Their spindles endow our colleges, open fountains and baths for our 'young barbarians,' and run freely as the water that feeds their mills, in every channel of liberality and charity.*

Arrived at Manchester, we had the most of our time, first, by going about to see the various processes of manufacturing by machinery, which has been brought to a degree of perfection only short of self-directing intelligence. Indeed to my perception, to which the complicated operations are inexplicable mysteries, these machines seemed like the living operatives, reasoning, 'calculating,' and 'concluding' beings. One, of its own head, stopped its hundred spindles to rejoin a broken thread, another advanced slowly, and returned rapidly as befitted its purpose, and yet another received to its dark chamber the delicate white mousseline that glided down from an upper room and by successive and, as it appeared to me, voluntary movements, delicately painted it, and then suffered it with quiet dignity to withdraw. The vestals who presided over these mysteries, were more prosaic than the machines themselves; and, with their nicely-plaited hair, gold beads, and comfortable dresses, cut according to the universal fashion of the season, looked like duplicates of the ministers of our households. There was no sign of discontent or debility among them, but health quite up to the average, and a look of satisfaction, which is an unfailing indication of prosperity in our acquisitive race. The din of the machinery was insupportable to me, even for the brief time we were looking at it, and especially in one well-filled room, *four hundred and fifty feet in length*, but the 'young ladies' assured me after being accustomed to it, I could talk and listen there as well as elsewhere. Such is use! and such the supremacy of the social nature of man and woman! From the manufactories, a few of us drove, with our kind host, to the cemetery, where a lovely piece of woodland slopes on two sides to a little thread of a stream, of the yellow hue of topaz, and as bright and transparent — Shaded and flowery paths wind along the slopes; and there is here deep retirement and the solemn beauty of nature to inspire religious meditation, and pensive contemplation. The beautiful cemeteries that are springing up in our country, indicate the rapid progress of civilization. The generous capitalists of Manchester, in their provision of this burial-place, and in the ample public squares, have shown a most laudable regard to the moral natures of their operatives. Whatever raises a man above the animal instincts and physical gratifications, advances him in the scale of being; and many an impress on immortal natures will be made, in moonlight walks, through the public squares and cemeteries of Manchester. Nature is most apt at this sublime ministry, and the falls and rapids of the Merrimack will devel-

* That this is no flight of fancy is known to every one who knows any thing of the history of the wealthy manufacturers of Massachusetts. Mr. Abbot Lawrence's late munificent gift of $50,000, to Harvard and his brother, Amos Lawrence's repeated beneficiences to Williams' College, are cases in point.

ope the sense of beauty in their young people. They have, thank God, leisure and education, and freedom enough for its nurture; their immortal natures are not crushed by the mortal necessity of each day straining every nerve to earn precarious daily bread. That they have a choice of destiny seems to be forgotton by those who would limit by legislation their hours of labor. They can almost make their own terms in house hold service, they can have the independence of rural labor, or they can make haste to be rich, and tend the spindles. Thank God again fervently, that there are no dreary depths and cold shadows in our humble life to embitter prosperity to the most sensitive. So, after a morning of varied pleasure and observation, we sat down to a dinner (delicious, for it included the luxuries of the season—salmon, peas, and strawberries), sure that not one of the hundred operatives we had seen but had a dinner as abundant and wholesome, if not as luxurious as ours.—*Union Mag.*

The Holy Land.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

JERUSALEM—THE TEMPLE.

My room opened upon a little terrace—the flat roof of a lower apartment in our inn at Jerusalem, and from this little terrace I was never tired of gazing. A considerable portion of the city was spread out below me; not with its streets laid open to view, as it would be in one of our cities; but presenting a collection of flat roofs, with small white cupolas rising from them, and the minarets of the mosques springing tall and light as the poplar from the long grass of the meadow. The narrow, winding lanes, which are the streets of eastern cities, are scarcely traceable from a height but there was one traceable from our terrace, with its rough pavement of large stones, the high house-walls on each side, and the arch thrown over it, which is so fatniliar to all who have seen pictures of Jerusalem. This street is called the Via Dolorosa, the Mournful Way, from its being supposed to be the way by which Jesus went from the Judgment Hall to Ca vary, bearing the cross. Many times in a day my eye followed the windings of this street, in which I rarely saw any one walking; and when it was lost among the buildings near the walls, I looked over to the hill which bounded our prospect:—and that hill was the Mount of Olives. It was then the time of full moon, and evening after evening I used to lean on the parapet of the terrace, watch the coming up of the large yellow moon from behind the ridge of Olivet. By day the slopes of the Mount were green with the springing wheat, and dappled with the shade of the Olive clumps. By night, those clumps and lines of trees were dark amid the lights and shadows cast by the moon; and they guided the eye, in the absence of daylight, to the most interesting points—the descent to the brook Kedron, the road to Bethany, and the place whence Jesus is believed to have looked over upon the noble city when he pronounced its doom. Such was the view from our terrace.

One of our first walks was along the Via Dolorosa. There is a strange charm in the streets of Jerusalem, from the picturesque character of the walls and archways. The old walls of yellow stone are so beatifully tufted with weeds, that one longs to paint every angle and projection, with their mellow coloring, and dangling and trailing weeds. And the shadowy archways, where the vaulted roofs intersect each other, till they are lost in the dazzle of the sunshine beyond, are a perpetual treat to the eye. The pavement is the worst I ever walked on—large, slippery stones, slanting all manner of ways. Passing such weedy walls and dark archways as I have mentioned, we turned into the Via Dolorosa, and followed it as far as the Governor's House, which stands where Fort Antonia stood when Pilate there tried Him in whom he found, as he declared, no guilt. Here we obtained permission to mount to the roof.

Why did we wish it? For reason of such force as I despair of making understood by any but those to whom the name of the Temple has been sacred from their earliest days. None but Mohammedans may enter the inclosure now; no Jew nor Christian. The Jew and Christian who repel each other in Christian lands are under the same ban here. They are alike excluded from the place where Solomon built and Christ sanctified the temple of Jehovah: and they are alike mocked and insulted if they draw near the gates. Of course, we were not satisfied without seeing all we could see of this place—now occupied by the mosque of Omar—the most sacred spot to the Mohammedans, after Mecca. We could sit under the Golden Gate, outside the walls; we could measure with the eye from the bed of the brook Kedron, the height of the walls which crowned Moriah, and from amid which once arose the Temple courts; we could sit where Jesus sat on the slope of Olivet, and look over to the height whence the glorious Temple once commanded the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which lay between us and it: but this was not enough, if we could see more. We had gone to the threshold of one of the gates, as far as the Faithful permit the infidel to go: and even there we had insulting warnings not to venture farther, and were mocked by little boys. From this threshold we looked in; and from the top of the city wall we had looked down upon the inclosure, and seen the external beauty of the buildings, and the pride and prosperity of the Mohammedan usurpers. But we could see yet more from the roof of the Governor's house, and there we went accordingly.

The inclosure was spread out like a map below us; and very beautiful was the mosque, built of variegated marbles, and its vast dome, and its noble marble platform, with its flights of steps and light arcades; and the green lawn which sloped away all around, and the row of cypress trees under which a company of worshippers were at their prayers. But how could we, coming from a Christian land, attend much to present things, when the sacred Past seemed spread before our eyes? I was looking, almost all the while, to see where the sheepgate was, through which the lambs for sacrifice were brought: and the watergate, through which the priest went down to the spring of Siloam for water for the ritual purification. I saw where the Temple itself must have stood, and planned how far the outer courts extended,—the Court of the Women, the Treasury, where the chest stood on the right of the entrance, and the right hand might give without the left hand knowing, and the place where the scribes sat to teach, and where Christ so taught in their jealous presence as to make converts of those who were sent to apprehend him. I saw whereabouts the altar must have stood, and where arose, night and morning, for long centuries the smoke of the sacrifices. I could see the lavishing of Solomon's wealth upon the edifice, and the fall of its pomp under invaders who worshipped the sun; and the rebuilding in the days of Nehemiah, when the citizens worked at the walls with arms in their girdles; and in the full glory and security (as most of the Jews thought, of their Temple while they paid tribute to the Romans. O! the proud Mohammedans before my eyes were very like the proud Jews, who mocked at the idea that their

Temple should be thrown down. I saw now the area where they stood in their pride, and where before a generation had passed away, no stone was left upon another, and the plow was brought to tear up the last remains of the foundations.—Having witnessed this heart-rending sight, the Jews were banished from the city, and were not even permitted to see their Zion from afar off.—In the age of Constantine, they were allowed to approach so as to see the city from the surrounding hills—a mournful liberty, like that of an exile being permitted to see his native shores from the sea, but never to land. At length, the Jews were allowed to purchase of the Roman soldiers the leave to enter once a year,—on the day when the city fell before Titus.

And what to do? How did they spend that one day of the year? I will tell you; for I saw it—The mournful custom abides till this day.

I have said how proud and prosperous looked the Mosque of Omar, with its marble buildings, its green lawns, and gaily dressed people,—some at prayer under the arcades; female devotees in white sitting on the grass, and merry children running on the slopes,—all these ready and eager to stone to death on the instant, any Christian or Jew who should dare to set his foot within the walls. This is what we saw within. Next we went round the outside till we came by a narrow, crooked passage, to a desolate spot, occupied by desolate people. Under a high, and very ancient wall was a dusty narrow space, inclosed on the other side by the backs of modern dwellings, if I remember right. This ancient wall is the only part remaining of the old Temple wall; and here the Jews come every Friday, to their place of Wailing, as it is called, to mourn over the fall of their Temple, and pray for its restoration. What a contrast did these people present to the proud Mohammedans within! The women were seated in the dust—some wailing aloud, some repeating prayers with moving lips, and others reading them from books on their knees. A few children were at play on the ground; and some aged men sat silent, their heads drooped on their breast. Several younger men were leaning against the wall,—pressing their foreheads against the stones, and resting their books on their clasped hands in the crevices. With some, this wailing is no form: for I saw tears on their cheeks. I longed to know if any had hope in their hearts, that they or their children of any generation should pass that wall, and should help to swell the cry 'Lift up your heads, O, ye gates, that the King of Glory may come in!' If they have any such hope, it may give some sweetness to their rite of humiliation. We had no such hope for them;—and it was with unspeakable sadness that I, for one, turned away from the thought of the pride and tyranny within those walls, and the desolation without, carrying with me a deep-felt lesson on the strength of human faith, and then the weakness of the tie of brotherhood.

Alas! all seem weak alike. Look at the three great places of prayer in the Holy City! Here are the Mohammedans eager to kill any Jew or Christian who may enter the Mosque of Omar. There are the Christians ready to kill any Mohammedan or Jew who may enter the Holy Sepulture. And here are the Jews pleading against their enemies,—'Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem, who said, raze it, raze it, even to the foundation thereof. O, daughter of Babylon that art to be destroyed, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hath served us. Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth the little ones against the stones!' Such are the things done and said in the name of Religion!—*People's Journal.*

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, Oct. 12.

TEXAS ITEMS.—We have the Galveston *News* of Sept. 18 and 25, and the Houston *Telegraph* of Sept. 13 and 23.

One of the foremost things occupying the attention of the Galvestonians was the body of a whale, which had been somehow crippled at sea, and was afterward thrown, still living, upon the beach at Bolivar Point, where it was killed and cut up for oil. The writer who first mentioned it, in the *News* of the 18th, described it as about seventy feet long, but the editor "could not give it up so," and in his paper of the 25th declared the length of the animal to be eighty feet. The carcase would have yielded three hundred barrels of oil if properly managed, but for want of utensils very little was saved.

A fatal accident occurred at Galveston on the 17th, while some men were firing an 18 pounder at an ordnance depot. The men appointed to sponge the gun, after a discharge, did not understand the business and rammed down the charge without sponging; it exploded and blew them to pieces. Capt. Payn, who was at the vent, had his hands so shattered that the thumb of one and the middle finger of the other had to be cut off. He was badly hurt also in the face. The two men killed were Germans, Sebastian Finck and Frederick Wallsmith. One of them left seven motherless children, the other a wife and two children.

The *News* of Sept. 25 gives the following, from Corpus Christi:

Some time ago a young man 18 or 19 years of age, named Morris, from New York, was sent up from Brazos St. Iago to Corpus Christi for trial, on the charge of murder. At the last District Court the jury found him guilty only of manslaughter, on which, of course, the Court allowed him bail. Subsequently he became acquainted with a gentleman from New Orleans, and on an occasion of some difficulty between them, Morris offered a challenge to fight with pistols, which the New Orleans gentleman declined accepting.—Whereupon Morris took an opportunity and shot him through the heart; declaring at the same time that if he was not confined he should kill some one else. He was accordingly placed in irons. In the meantime two other men who had been sent up from Brazos St. Iago for trial, also for murder, were in confinement with Morris.—Soon after all three succeeded in making their escape: but they had not been gone long before Morris was apprehended in the chappural, nearly famished with hunger, and again secured. But such was the hardened character of Morris, some of the citizens being apprehensive of another escape, and other murders, despatched him by a summary process from Judge Lynch a few days ago. Meantime the two other prisoners have voluntarily come in and surrendered, and are now in confinement.

We learn from a gentleman who lately arrived from Bexar, that a large number of Mexican families have removed from the Rio Grande to that town, and others are expected to follow them this season. These families, however, possess little property, and appear to have removed from Mexico to avoid the oppressive exactions of the numerous guerrilla parties that now infest all the Eastern States of New Mexico. According to their representations, the people in the valley of the Rio Grande are in a deplorable condition. Unprotected in any manner by their own government, almost without laws or officers who are empowered to restrain marauding bands of their own countrymen, or to check the incursions of the savages, they are unable to enjoy the least security of person and property.

We are happy to learn that these families have been treated with kindness, and express much satisfaction that they have at last found a home where they can enjoy security and peace. We learn that Bexar is not the only town that has been benefited by the emigration from Mexico. Laredo, which has enjoyed comparative security since the ranging company of Gen. Lamar has been stationed there, seems to be slowly recovering its former prosperity. We have been informed that its population is now even greater than that of Bexar, and it is estimated that not less than five thousand souls are now residing in the town and the neighboring settlements. The number of Mexican votes that will be polled in Western Texas, at the election in November next, is estimated at about three thousand.

Mexican Sheep.—Several thousand head of sheep have lately been driven from the Rio Grande to our settlements on the San Antonio and Guadaloupe.—These sheep we learn are purchased on the Rio Grand for three or four bits a head, and the expense of driving them to our Western frontier is comparatively trifling. We have before mentioned that the raising of sheep has become one of the most lucrative branches of agriculture in that section. The sheep feed upon the prairie grass throughout the year, and require little more care than the wild deer. Their fleeces are not so large as those of the sheep of Ohio and Kentucky, and the wool generally is coarser.

We have received a letter from a gentleman residing in Navarro county, which mentions that an unusually large number of Indians have appeared in that section. They all profess to be friendly, and have in no instance attempted to molest the settlers; but the writer thinks the appearance of so large a number of Indians is an unfavorable indication, and he is apprehensive that they may become hostile when they ascertain the weakness of the settlements on that frontier. It is believed that many of these Indians have removed from Arkansas and intend to settle in the territory between the Trinity and Brazos.

From the same of the 23d.

Gold Mine.—The report that a gold mine had been discovered near Crockett, in Houston Co., is in all probability a hoax, circulated by interested persons to sell their lands at a high price. We have seen several gentlemen from that section, and they place no credit in the report.

We learn from a gentleman who has lately visited Torrey's trading house, that Major Neighbors and twenty rangers have gone into the Camanche country, to induce the principal chiefs to attend the council that is to be held at the trading house at the new moon. Mopechuca and Payayuca are, it is feared, still dissatisfied, but are opposed to hostilities. They have become alarmed to find that the rangers have been stationed almost directly in their hunting grounds, and they fear that the government is about to punish them for the outrages that have been committed, as they say, by the Waccos and Wichitas. The report that the Lipans have become hostile is not yet fully confirmed.

Upper Colorado—We have recently received a letter from a gentleman who accompanied a party of surveyors on an excursion to the Concho and Upper Colorado. We learn that the lands in that section are much less valuable for tillage than they have been represented by most persons who have explored it. The country is subject to severe droughts. The timber is generally of very small size and the grass is often completely parched up by the summer heat, with the exception of the narrow belts of land skirting the streams. They were told by the Indians that no rain had fallen there for twelve months.

Toward the sources of the Colorado and Concho the valleys are watered by the streams which burst out of the sides of the mountains, and they are remarkably fertile and beautiful. The Camanche chief Santa Anna treated Capt. Hudson and his party with great kindness. He informed him that the wild tribes from the Northern prairies were coming down to the Colorado to hold a grand council, and that they would certainly attack the surveyors unless they returned immediately to the settlements. He also sent runners to each of the other parties of surveyors to warn them of their danger. A grand council was held by the Indians soon after, and it was with great difficulty that Santa Anna could pacify the Northern bands and induce them to continue at peace with the whites. The war party was overruled in the council by a very small majority; and there is reason to fear that a new outbreak will occur if any surveyors should attempt to visit the Indian country at present.

Corpus Christi.—We learn from a gentleman who lately arrived from Corpus Christi, that the business of that place is almost entirely destroyed. Scarcely any traders have visited it for several months. Only ten or a dozen families remain in the place, and if it were not the county seat of Nueces county, it would probably be entirely abandoned. The trade has all been diverted to the settlements on the Rio Grande, and the Mexican traders prefer to purchase at those settlements, rather than venture across the open country between the river and Corpus Christi.—Hostile Indians and thieving Mexicans are almost constantly lying in wait on the Sel Colorado, and other streams, to intercept the traders.

Iron Mountain of Texas.—We have been informed by an intelligent gentleman who resides in Fredericksburg, that the surveyors who have been engaged in running the boundary line of the German colony have discovered a mountain near the Conchos river that consists entirely of iron ore. A portion of this iron has been smelted and yielded seventy per cent. of pure iron. According to the representation of those who have visited this mountain, it resembles the celebrated iron mountain of Missouri. It is not so large as the mountain in Missouri, being only four or five hundred feet high and probably half a mile in circumference. We are informed, however, that a range of hills extends several miles north of it, that appear to be composed almost entirely of iron ore. Within a tract of country fifty miles long by twenty broad, extending from the east bank of the Colorado northward toward the Brazos, there is probably sufficient iron to supply all the foundries in the world for the next century.—Owing, however, to the scarcity of fuel, this ore, except in the immediate vicinity of the Colorado and its tributaries, will probably remain for many years, perhaps for centuries, as valueless as the sandhills of the desert.

New Steamer.—A new Steamer of about 600 tons, called the *G. P. Griffith*, is now receiving her engine at the Cuyahoga Steam Furnace.—She has lately changed hands and is now owned by the gentleman whose name she bears. She will be out in a few days, when a more extended notice will be given.—*Cleve. Plain Dealer.*

A Horrible Sight.—A man by the name of Ansel McDonald, confined in the jail of this county, under the influence of delirium tremens, dug both his eyes out on Tuesday last! He presented a horrible spectacle to the beholder.—*—Onondaga Stand.*

Indian Council of the Six Nations, at Tonawanda.

From the Batavia Spirit of the Times.

For the following sketch of the recent Council of the Six Nations, held at Tonawanda, we are indebted to Ha-sa-no-an-da, (Mr. Ely S. Parke,) a native Indian of Tonawanda, who prepared it at our request. It may perhaps interest some of our "white" readers to know that the article is set up from Mr. Parker's own very neat and legible manuscript, without the alteration of a comma, capital letter, or word. It is quite seldom that an article sent us for publication is written and punctuated with so much accuracy.—Eds. Times.

On the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th inst, a Grand Council of the Six Nations of New York was held at Tonawanda, for the purpose of hearing again their religious code from Jimmy Johnson, the Grand High Priest of the Iroquois Confederacy.

Nothing was done the first day save the exchange of salutations and congratulations upon their safe meeting around the brand of the Iroquois religious council fire.

The Council was opened the second day by an introductory speech from an Onondaga Sachem. He spoke of the goodness of Providence in preserving the lives of so many to meet again around the sacred flame of their religion. He exhorted the people to good order and close attention to whatever might be said. And according to the custom of the Indians he returned to Jimmy Johnson the belt of wampum that had led him and others to seek the smoke of the Council fire, and in behalf of the Council he returned thanks to the Great Spirit and his servant from whom they that day expected to hear the will of the Creator to his red children.

The last speaker having resumed his seat Jimmy Johnson arose from the midst of his counsellors, and briefly returned his thanks to the people for their attendance, and prayed their requests to the Great Spirit that he might faithfully perform his duty. He gave the history of their religion in a few words. It seems that about 48 years ago, the Great Spirit looked down from heaven upon the sufferings of his red children below. He saw that they had greatly decreased and were grossly degenerating into the manner and customs of the pale faces, who were settling around them in great numbers. He saw the ravages of the fire water of the white man among them.

Though much decreased in numbers they had multiplied exceedingly in their sins. He then resolved to raise from among the Indians a preacher through whom he should communicate his will to his red children. He accordingly endowed a man with divine wisdom, and to whom the Great Spirit had at different times revealed his will, who preached to the Indians for 16 years, after which he died, or as Johnson says, when he was called from his labors to enjoy eternal happiness with the Great Spirit in heaven above.

For two days did the Council listen to the wise sayings of this man, repeated to them from the memory of Johnson. The doctrine laid down was not much adverse to universalism, although the preacher rejected, *in toto*, the idea of the Indians being saved by means of the sufferings and death of the Savior, yet he desired the Indians to understand that finally they would all enjoy happiness with their God, except a few who were doomed by their uncharitable and sacrilegious conduct to eternal punishment.

One peculiar idea was presented in his discourse which I will note: the idea was, that the souls of white people, dying, never passed from earth, but were continually wandering up and down to and fro in the earth, until the end of the world, when the Son of God should award them such judgment as their conduct on earth deserved. Of all the whites, however, Gen. Washington had been peculiarly gifted, (the idea was doubtless suggested from the fact, that the memory of George Washington, is held with great reverence among the Indians,) for on account of his humane and generous policy to the Indian race, the Great Spirit had assigned him a place in the Indian's heaven.

On the second, third and fourth days the grand religious, with some other dances, were performed. The grand religious dance was a magnificent display of Indian agility and strength. It was performed in Indian costume, by about 30 warriors, selected from the Onondaga and Seneca Nations. A spirit of rivalry seemed to exist between the two parties, for each exerted themselves to the utmost to excel the other.

Upon the fourth day many pathetic and eloquent speeches were made by various Sachems of the Confederacy in regard to the perpetuity and purity of their religion. But they dreaded the future, the fact staring them in the face that some portion of the whites had determined to rob them of the last heritage left them by their fathers, and to drive them unwilling from their homes, their council fires and the graves of their fathers, to a western wilderness, where naught to them was, save misery and death. They prayed by all that was sacred to them in the memory of their fathers and the justice and mercy of the Great Spirit, that it might not be permitted to them to accomplish their destructive designs. They resolved, Providence permitting, to meet again around the Council fire, always kept burning at Tonawanda, next year.

At this Council, William Parker, of the Seneca Nation and Turtle tribe, was installed, according to the Indian custom, a war or military chief.

No strong or spirituous liquors were allowed to be sold, during the Council, by any Indian to another.

After the Council was a grand Indian ball play. It was not one nation against another, but a mere trial, to see how far one nation would be warranted in challenging another.

Such is a condensed report of the Indian Council held at Tonawanda; and heaven only knows whether the place where the chiefs and wise men of the Six Nations have so often met to counsel, will continue to be preserved to them, or whether that, to them sacred ground, is to be desecrated by land speculators.

HA-SA-NO-AN-DA.

Fortune's Frolics.—We notice, in the correspondence of the *National Intelligencer*, the following account of a singular freak of fortune which recently came to the knowledge of the writer, and which has more the appearance of being "founded" than most narratives of that sort that find their way into the newspapers:

I heard of rather a striking case a few days since, which shows the strength of nerve needed by a man who is known to have the ability, and suspected to have the disposition, to be a "Mæcenas in the 19th century." An adventurer, portionless, though belonging to a wealthy family, emigrated in his youth from Newcastle, England, to Vermont, or the northeastern part of N. Y[illegible], and passed his life for years in that region as a hard-working farmer.

At length, one bright morning in October, arrives a spruce young gentleman from the city of New York to inform Mr. Nators, or Naturs, or something like it, (for that was the name,) that he was the heir of a fortune of five hundred thousand pounds sterling. Not your "great Jeu-

nings property," nor your "great Chase property," nor any other moonshine of that sort, but *bona fide* pounds, shillings and pence, coal mines, farms, and three per cent. consols to the tune of £500,000. The worthy man at first supposed the good news to be a practical joke, and would give it no heed—was rather annoyed at being trifled with, but slept upon it for a night, and concluded the next morning to pocket the affront and the legacy. He went down to New York, and received undoubted proofs of his good fortune, in the shape of various authentic documents from England, and he now began to show by numerous acts of beneficence to those around him, that the bounty of Providence had fallen into liberal hands. The news of his wealth and generosity spread together, and the world of beggars, high and low, were in commotion. Individuals, institutions and societies—(whether colleges and universities were among them, I do not say,)—committees of every name and for every object, benevolent, literary, educational, moral, patriotic, electioneering, deputed and volunteer; every person and everything that could move and beg was at his door. To use an expressive vulgarism, "it beat all natur;" it certainly beat poor Mr. Nature, and drove him out of the country. He changed his name, took the first packet for Europe, bought an old castle in Switzerland, and placed a moat and draw-bridge, and walls eleven feet thick, between himself and his sturdy persecuters.

Singular Occurrence.—On Sunday evening last a very large audience attended the North Pearl street Baptist Church, attracted in part by the fame and eloquence of the pastor, Dr. Welch, and partly, we doubt not, in consequence of the announcement made from the pulpit in the morning, that the rite of marriage would be solemnized at the close of the service.

The theme of the Rev. Doctor was the power and goodness of God, chosen as the basis for an appeal to the Christian charities and warm sympathies of his people, in behalf of the needy widow and children of the late sexton of the North Pearl street Church, G. S. Morton, who, though a colored man, was noted for his estimable Christian character, habits of industry, strict integrity, and learning and intelligence beyond the great majority of his class and complexion. The discourse was characterized by all the high and admired qualities which have placed Dr. Welch in the front rank of pulpit orators and extemporaneous preachers, and the appeal was not made in vain. In the midst of one of his happiest illustrations, and with voice and gesture admirably suited to the sentiment, he looked out upon the audience and exclaimed—"*The Spirit and the Bride say,* Come!"

The wedding party, having been notified of the time fixed upon for the performance of the nuptial ceremony, had stationed themselves at the foot of the stairway, in readiness for the signal, which was to be communicated by the sexton. The latter, when he heard the exclamation, "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!" and saw the gesture, verily believed the time for the marriage had arrived, and immediately beckoned the party to approach. They promptly obeyed the summons, and bride and bride-groom, bride's-maid and groom's-man, marched solemnly up the broad aisle to the pulpit! The Doctor was in the midst of his discourse. The whole audience saw the awkwardness of the occurrence, many understood the true cause of the mistake, and all looked to see the preacher embarrassed and the nuptial party placed in a painful predicament. But in this they were disappointed. Closing the sentence thus curiously interrupted, Dr. Welch calmly stepped down from the pulpit, and almost before the echo of his voice in the utterance of his discourse had died away, he was heard addressing the candidates for marriage in a manner most appropriate to the occasion, and in the beautiful style and fervid eloquence for which he is so celebrated. The ceremony over, the wedding party retired, and the preacher, as little disconcerted as if nothing unusual had occurred, reascended into the desk, and taking up his subject at the precise point where he had left it, (though he uses no written notes,) proceeded to finish his sermon. So admirably was the awkward incident managed, that we doubt whether the party occasioning it ever suspected anything wrong.—*Albany Express.*

M. Bonpland.—This gentleman, the celebrated travelling companion of Humboldt, who has been recently numbered among the dead by several journals, is full of life and health. Having been detained for nine years in Paraguay by Francia, he obtained, towards the year 1830, the permission to leave that unlucky country, where he had had the impudence to engage himself without authority. He was detained eighteen months longer on the frontier, and when at length he recovered his liberty, he fixed himself opposite Corrientes, near the confines of Paraguay, where he is at the present time. He lived for seventeen years at San Borja, Uraguay, in the old Brazilian Mission establishment. He has solid interest there. He owns lands, and the seventy-five years that have passed over him make him more sedentary, and take from him almost all idea of returning. Travellers recently arrived from Paraguay by way of Brazil, one among others who passed several months with him, have not been able to induce him to come back. He thinks, however, he told them, of making a voyage to Montevideo when the river navigation becomes more practicable, but we cannot hope to see him for a long time. This information was furnished by M. de Mersay, who has returned from Paraguay, which he entered without difficulty, at the very time when M. de Castelnau was refused permission to penetrate to the head of his scientific mission. He finished at la Plata a voyage of discovery on which he was sent by M. de Villemain, and will soon arrive in France.

Learned Wood Sawyer.—We have in this city a German, about 30 years of age, who was educated in one of the German universities. He is an excellent Latinist, a good Greek and Hebrew scholar, and speaks and writes French, Spanish, German and English, and is an excellent mathematician. With all these accomplishments, he is compelled, for want of better employment, to saw wood for a living.—*Detroit Journal.*

The Potato Rot.—The loss occasioned by the mysterious disease in potatoes threatens to be even more severe this season than last. A friend in Maine, who sent his whole crop, valued at a thousand dollars, to this city, will have it all returned upon his hands: as the infection has developed itself in every barrel. Cannot our men of science assign some cause and remedy for this wide-spread calamity.—*Boston Trans.*

Punch says: It may be proper to state, that the distinguished person known among the ancients by the name of *Cupid*, has recently changed his name to *Cupidity*, and will hereafter devote his attention to matters of money, as well as love affairs.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Victim of Consumption.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF MISS B.

When evening steals out from afar,
And the sun is approaching his rest,
New glory is shed from his car,
To beam o'er the brow of the west;
And thus at her life's sunny close,
Strange loveliness lighted her path;
Like the glory of sunset it rose,
Who thought it the herald of death!

Her eye beamed a tremulous light,
Her cheek wore a roseate glow,
'Twas strange with a sickle so bright,
That Death should have stricken the blow;
For false was that glow of the cheek,
And false was that light of the eye,
Her heart-strings but trembled to break!
Each pulse only quivered to die!

The smile of the spring-time was round,
"The sigh of the turtle was heard,"
And the rivulet's murmuring sound,
Was blent with the song of the bird:
Around did the flowerets wave,
As though they were spirits of love,
As the maiden was laid in her grave,
While the violets blossomed above.

BUFFALO, Sept. 26, 1847. P. S.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

THE ADAPTATION OF CHRISTIANITY TO THE CULTIVATION AND IMPROVEMENT OF THE MORAL NATURE OF MAN.—This fact is one of the highest proofs of the genuineness of Christianity. That it is a fact, is placed beyond all doubt, when contemplated either in the light of history, or the nature of Christianity itself. The history of its practical influence and results, is the history of the elevation, the reformation, and the increased prosperity and happiness of man. It has been the quickening, purifying leaven, wherever in human society its influence has been felt. Its nature is to bless and save, and its history has been true to that nature. Virtue, peace, and happiness, have ever attended its progress. It has enlightened man in reference to his character, relations, duties, and destiny; and has prepared him to fulfil the high end and purposes of his being. It has restrained him from wrong, quickened him in the pursuance of the right, and implanted the principles of moral purity in his breast. It has tamed the savage, civilized the barbarian, and been the efficient promoter of intelligence and refinement, among the civilized and enlightened. What has abrogated the obscene and cruel rites of idol worship, and snatched the bleeding victim from the altar of human sacrifice? Christianity. What has quenched the funeral pile, and rescued the helpless infant from the jaws of the crocadile? Christianity. What has absolved woman from her abject and cruel slavery to man, and placed her in her true position as a companion, sister, and mother? Christianity. What has abolished infanticide, and driven polygamy from the arrangements of human society—taken from the tyrant his sceptre—destroyed caste—and linked together by the ties of humanity and christian love, those of the most adverse dispositions and habits? Christianity. It has changed man from the beast and savage, into a man and brother. We speak of a pure christianity, and not of the many things which have worn its name, but whose works have proved them false. It is sometimes said that Christianity has been the cause of more bloodshed than any other single cause whatsoever. But this is a mistake. Christianity sheds no blood. Blood has been shed in opposition to it—blood has been shed in its name, but not by it—it was rather for the want of it. Just in proportion as the principles and spirit of Christianity have prevailed, war, bloodshed, and cruelty have ceased; and justice, kindness, and peace occupied their place. What nations have been most happy and prosperous in the past? Where have human rights and social enjoyments been most sacred? Where has there been least of cruelty and wrong? Has it not been where there has been most of Christianity? And what nations are most prosperous and happy now? Are not those where Christianity is most known and its influence most felt? All this is just what might be expected, from the nature of Christianity. It is perfectly adapted to man's condition; it is just what he needs. Its practical influence, is the proof of the perfection of its nature, and of its genuineness and truth.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Psychology.—The Human Will.

PART SECOND.

4th.—Expressiveness, natural Language, the power to exhibit, through movements of the muscles, the action of the different faculties of the sensibility, etc.; the ability to exhibit our own passions and emotions not only, but to assume, to imitate, to take on, to copy their manifestations in others. This faculty stands directly between and in connection with the faculties of the sensibility, etc., and the muscular apparatus; the excited or spontaneous action of the former is the condition for the functional action of this faculty of the will, in giving the air and manner in walking, the modulation of voice in utterance, the actions and postures of the body and the movements of the eye and countenance. Those in whom this power of voluntary effort is feeble, will fail in giving adequate representation and expression to passion, emotion and sentiment; will be awkward in gait, unnatural in manners, eccentric and unadaptable. They may improve and perfect *it*, by exhibiting (in proper times and places,) every acting faculty by its *natural* muscular movements; by describing, representing, &c. The next most effectual method is to copy, to imitate, the manifestation of moral sentiment, social feeling, etc., as exhibited by the pure, the regenerated around them—not only act the moral virtues themselves, but adopt the *manner* of ac-

ting them which the *best* exhibit; not only should they be *intellectual*, but they should adopt all the valuable adaptations of ways and means to ends practised by the *great* around them; not only should they be original, in regard to the useful which they desire to employ, but they should strive to adapt their own to the inventions and improvements of their neighbors; not only should they strive to be regular in their habits, unexceptionable in their manners, amiable in temper, and incorruptible in morals, but they should aim at the attainment of excellence and perfection in all their *manifestations*, and in order to effect this should copy all matters of taste, in manners, expression, the fine arts and the refinements of sociality, morality and religion, practiced by those most in favor with the Saviour of men.

5th.—Communicativeness, utterance, the power to utter, articulate sounds as signs of thought—This faculty is in direct relation to the Intellectual Faculties and the muscles of the tongue and mouth: the condition whose existence is necessary to its functional action is intellectual action in the service of some one or more of the social faculties; it is used always more or less in functional connection with expressiveness or natural language. It gives the power and freedom, fluency and copiousness of utterance. Those in whom it is feeble will articulate with more or less difficulty, will stammer or stutter, will enunciate more or less inaccurately and indistinctly; that is, will easily forget the series of muscular movements necessary for the production of the sounds, which as signs of the thought formed by the acting intellect are to it related, and if recollecting some of them may forget others and so create the confusion seen in stammering. This will cause the employment of but few of those muscular movements or sounds, that is, words, and those of the most common and familiar, in communicating thoughts and feelings; will cause a "dry, barren, commonplace style," and an inveterate taciturnity. Such ones, if they desire improvement should talk more, give utterance to *more* of their ideas, increase the amount of their social conversation, inquire, answer,, argue reply and answer again. In their communications they should have and deliver a message, give egress to *ideas* and utter them *well;* in their efforts of utterance finish out completely their communications without interruption in reference to time or matter or manner, and in return give the same privilege to their companions; should keep up epistolary correspondence with friends, relations and acquaintances; put down on paper in good language their own observations and reflections on important subjects; take notes of sermons, discourses, debates and speeches; commit to memory; be careful to enunciate, distinctly and correctly; and lastly learn by the ear modern language.

6th.—Creativeness, power to make, to construct, to invest with new characters, to employ and apply the laws of quantity, extension, magnitude, solidity and motion in the service of the useful and beautiful. This voluntary power gives skill, art, dexterity, handicraft, and manufactures. It requires intellectual as the condition for its own functional action; stands between and in immediate connection with the muscles of the upper extremities and the intellectual faculties, acting in the service of the *love* of the useful, for the gratification of the personal or social feelings or both, or in the service of the beautiful for that of the moral faculties. Those in whom it is feeble will have little ability to contrive, construct and repair; will take very little pleasure in the effects produced by mechanical principles; will perform clumsily all manual operations; display little ingenuity; will be poor penmen, draughtsmen, and mechanics. Its improvement lies in its exercise; such men should work at manual operations, should practice writing and drawing together; should plan, model, invent, mould, and repair as opportunity in the exercise of their callings will allow; and aim at and strive for perfection in whatever they may attempt with the hands; should cultivate delight in examining mechanical principles and their practical applications; and endeavor to obtain the *practical idea* in all constructions.

7th.—Repressiveness, self restraint, the power to withhold the open manifestation of the thoughts and feelings, through expressiveness and communicativeness; to suppress the premature, excessive, or entire functional action of thoroughness and strenuousness; to control the application of attentiveness and creativeness. It stands, in the class of the souls voluntary faculties, between attentiveness, creativeness, communicativeness, expressiveness, strenuousness, and thoroughness on the one side, and decisiveness on the other; in connection with and between the social and lower faculties of the sensibilities, below the moral feelings, above in logical relation, *prior* to the observing department and in chronological relation, *prior* to the reflective department of the intellectual faculties; attentive observation in the service of the *sense* of the safe, is the condition for its functional action, which again is the condition for the functional action of the reasoning faculties. In these connections its function gives self government and prudence. When it is feeble its possessor will be blunt, hasty, precipitate, impetuous, open-hearted, undisguised, unsuspicious, undeceptive, communicative, impolitic, unable to keep dark when he ought not to reveal; liable to commit himself, to imposition, and unable to penetrate the intentions, secrets, plots, and stratagems of others. To improve this power—1st, restrain the manifestion of anger and revenge; 2d, withhold the exhibition of feeling, until by moral reflection, its expression is seen to be proper; 3rd, be not loquacious, communicate neither plans or opinions until *wisdom* allows an affirmative decision; 4th, withdraw the attention from the passions and their objects, and direct it to the subjects of the reasoning faculties, while in the service of

the moral and religious sentiments whenever occasion permits; 5th, cultivate policy, finesse and management as much as possible in business affairs; 6th, reflect, deliberate, acquire the habit of circumspection and attentive consideration.

8th.—Decisiveness, fixed purpose of acting according to rule, persistance in design, unalterable continuance in progress, unvaried conduct in pursuits, immutability of character. This, the supreme faculty of the will, requires as the condition to functional action, that of the reasoning faculties in the service of the moral sentiments, especially those of *merit* and *justice;* —stands between the Deity above and the other voluntary powers below, between the religious on the one side and the moral, social and personal departments of the faculties of the sensibility on the other, and between inspiration and intellectual function. It gives to the functions of the moral faculties, their necessary quality of perpetuity, and in so doing makes *moral character.* The functions of the moral faculties, as moral principles, are recognized as virtues only through the function of this faculty of the will. Those in whom it is feeble are fickle, unstable, irresolute, not to be trusted, nor relied on, can in life accomplish very little, and the very creatures and sport of circumstances. To such persons the improvement of this power is of the utmost importance. In order to do this they should, 1st, carefully avoid commencing any thing for the execution and accomplishment of which their strength and capacity are not fully competent; and, whatever is thus judiciously commenced, never *leave* unfinished. 2d, allow no obstacles to turn from a course once determined on; 3d, permit no persuasion or influence to overcome moral judgment; 4th, never yield when right, but, be firm and steady in adherance to right resolutions; resist to the death all temptations to break moral decisions, or principles, and hold out to the end; 5th, cultivate patience in waiting for the results of acting causes, of efforts put forth, of purposes vigorously commenced and zealously continued; that is, lay systematic courses of action, or plans for the future requiring length of time for their accomplishment, pursuing them meanwhile with that perseverance, prudence, attention, zeal and energy which will effectually repel compulsion and triumphantly overcome impossibilities.

Chinese Agriculture.

At the present moment, when the most heart-rending scenes of human misery are occurring in Europe, in consequence of famine, it cannot be uninteresting to turn for a moment to the subject of Chinese Agriculture. Every one is familiar with the story, that from the remotest antiquity, once in each year, the Sovereign of that Empire descends from his throne to hold the plow, whilst the Empress plies the loom. This lesson of industry is not without political object, and, in a nation ruled by patriarchal sway, may have been quite as "protective a policy" as any tariff that the ingenuity of economists could devise. China proper contains about 830,716,360 English acres of ground, and, it is supposed, that one half of the land is capable of cultivation, whilst each acre can sustain an individual. If such be the facts, we find that there is arable land in the Empire sufficient to sustain 415,000,000 inhabitants, and that the census of 1812, by making the number 361,279,896, brought it within about 54,000,000 of its utmost capacity of internal production.

The paternal government has, therefore, with a provident foresight, always maintained storehouses and depots, whilst it taught the people the necessity of careful and economical cultivation. By dressing chiefly in cotton and silk, and importing the few furs and woollens they consume, a large part of the empire is saved the waste of *grazing*, especially as their chief animal food is pork. The Chinese laborer would consider *meadows* of every kind as land in a state of nature and utterly useless. *Their great crops, therefore, are grain.* For rice, the great staff of Indian life, every thing else is sacrificed. They allege that a field of grain will yield as much straw for the nourishment of cattle as it would have produced hay, besides taking into account the advantage of the cereal product for the sustenance of man, of which they can spare a small portion in plentiful seasons, to nourish such beasts of burthen as are absolutely required on their farms.

It is said, upon good authority, that a Chinese agriculturist would smile if it were intimated that the soils had need of rest occasionally, and would be destroyed unless permitted to lie fallow for a season, or were employed in cultures designed only for manures. The result is, that China is wrought like a garden, and that no offal is lost that can contribute to the minutest improvement of the earth. The Chinese soils, in general, are not superior to those of Europe, and all the farms, even in the northern provinces, yield annually two crops; whilst it is asserted that those in the south often produce *five in the course of two years*, without having been permitted to lie fallow for a single season during the thousands they have been devoted to the purposes of agriculture. The whole country is irrigated with the greatest care. A network of canals laces the empire, diffusing water throughout the whole country, as in the trenches of a garden; and as all the immense transportation of the nation is conducted on them by the sail and oar alone, the innumerable beasts of burden that consume the products of the earth in other countries, are dispensed with in China.

The Chinese do not lose an inch of available ground. The rocky hills which in Europe are converted into vineyards, are by their industry, made productive of *grain.* Pleasure grounds of great extent; parks for the maintenance of deer alone, and waste land devoted to the sports of a dissipated court or nobility, have no existence in the Empire. The small gardens surrounding their country retreats, diversified by useful and beautiful cultures, are the only luxuries of this sort permitted by the national spirit of economy; yet, by delightful situations, judiciously improved, and by picturesque scenery, they endeavor to compensate, in miniature, for those vast domains, which, in other countries, are at once the objects of an aristocracy's pride, and the causes of a people's poverty.—*Southern Quarterly Review.*

Cochin-Chinese Boats.—"After the engagements which took place against the Cochin-Chinese, the sailors of the 'Victorieuse' perceived several small boats floating about. They were picked up; and found to be formed of thin sheets of copper, without any wood in their construction. They are to be sent home, and placed in the Naval Museum."—*French Paper.*

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

PROGRESS: A SATIRICAL POEM, by J. G. SAXE: New York: John Allen, 139, Nassau Street. 1846.

This poem has been published nearly a year. We have before referred to it, and given extracts which were floating through the channel of the newspaper press. For months we have longed for a copy of it; but not till a few weeks since, did the golden rivulet of wit and humor meet our thirsty lips. Having thoroughly tested its virtues, we can assure the reader that it is like "stolen waters"—sweet.

Progress "was written at the instigation of the Associated Alumni of Middlebury College, and spoken before that Society, July 22, 1846." The learned body who listened to its recital are to be envied. So witty a poem coming fresh from the lips of its author, and being pronounced in Mr. SAXE's peculiarly grave style of delivery, must have excited the risibility of a Puritan bishop. With what a zest must have been received the following lines, which portray some of the "Protean phases" of capricious FASHION, and which were pronounced with the solemnity of a funeral sermon:

"To-day, she slowly drags a cumbrous trail,
And 'Ton' rejoices in its length of tail;
To-morrow, changing the capricious sport,
She trims her flounces just as much too short;
To-day, right jauntingly, a hat she wears
That scarce affords a shelter to her ears;
To-morrow, happy searching long in vain,
You spy her features down a Leghorn lane;
To-day, she glides along with queenly grace,
To-morrow, ambles in a mincing pace;
To-day, erect, she loves a martial air,
And envious train-bands emulate the fair;
To-morrow, changing, as her whim may serve,
'She stoops to conquer' in a 'Grecian curve!'
To-day, with careful negligence arrayed
In scanty folds of woven zephyrs made,
She moves, like Dian in her woody bowers,
Or Flora, floating o'er a bed of flowers;
To-morrow, laden with a motley freight
Of startling bulk and formidable weight,
She waddles forth, ambitious to amaze
The vulgar crowd, who giggle as they gaze."

Scarcely less racy than the above, is the following capital hit on the most fashionable kind of ladies' schools:

"Where Education, in its highest sense,
Gives place to Learning's shallowest pretence;
Where hapless maids, in spite of wish or taste,
On vain 'accomplishments' their moments waste;
By cruel parents here condemned to wrench
Their tender throats in mispronouncing French;
Here doomed to force, by unrelenting knocks,
Reluctant music from a tortured box;
Here taught, in inky shades and rigid lines
To perpetrate equivocal 'designs;'
'Drawings' that prove their title plainly true,
By showing nature 'drawn' and 'quartered' too."

Here is a happy and very direct thrust at transcendentalism and modern Orphic poetry:

"Room for the sages!—hither comes a throng
Of blooming Platos trippingly along.
In dress how fitted to beguile the fair!
What intellectual, stately heads—of hair!
Hark to the Oracle!—to Wisdom's tone
Breathed in a fragrant zephyr of Cologne.
That boy in gloves, the leader of the van,
Talks of the 'outer' and the 'inner man;'
And knits his girlish brow in stout resolve
Some mountain sized 'idea' to 'evolve.'
Delusive toil!—thus in their infant days,
When children mimic manly deeds in plays;
Long will they sit and eager 'bob for whale,'
Within the ocean of a water pail!
The next, whose looks unluckily reveal
The ears portentous that his locks conceal,
Prates of the 'orbs' with such a knowing frown,
You deem he puffs some lithographic town
In western wilds, where yet unbroken ranks
Of thrifty leaves build enchanted banks;
And prowling panthers occupy the lots
Adorned with churches on the paper plots!
But ah! what suff'ring harp is this we hear:
What jarring sounds invade the wounded ear?
Who o'er the lyre a hand spasmodic flings,
And grinds harsh discord from the tortured strings?
The sacred muses, at the sound dismayed,
Retreat disordered to their native shade,
And Phœbus hastens to his high abode,
And Orpheus frowns to hear an 'Orphic ode!'"

The reader will perceive, that although Progress is a satirical poem, the writer preserves his wonted good humor. On this point, he says that his muse

"Strove to be just in each satiric word,
To doubtful wit, undoubted truth preferred,
To please and profit equally has aimed,
Nor been ill-natured even when she blamed."

And she *has* accomplished her end; for the poem will both "please and profit" all who read it.

THE PUBLIC FAREWELL OF THE MISSIONARIES.—This took place last Sabbath evening in the Cottage Baptist Church of this city. It was a deeply interesting and solemn occasion. The opening prayer was made by the pastor; afterwards a hymn was sung, which was followed by a brief and eloquent discourse on "The right which christians had to expect that all nations would have the gospel preached to them." Mr. Stoddard then rose and made a few remarks on the origin and progress of the Burman mission, the present condition of Assam, to which place he is under appointment, his own feelings in sundering the ties that bound him to friends and country, and closed by an earnest appeal to the impenitent. "Yes my native land I love thee," was then sung, after which Mrs. Stoddard came out before the audience and calmly told her feelings in regard to the trials which the Lord had called her to pass through, thanked the church for their kindness in supplying her temporal necessities, and tenderly bade them farewell, *forever*. Mr. Sheldon then in a touching and affectionate manner, presented in behalf of the church, the *parting hand*. The hymn "Reunion in Heaven" was sung and the services closed.

The article under the head "The adaptation of Christianity to the cultivation and improvement of the Moral Nature of Man," is an extract from one of a series of sermons being delivered Sabbath afternoons by Rev. Mr. Sheldon of the Cottage Church. These discourses are characterized by deep thought, clear and logical reasoning, beauty and appropriateness of language. Mr. S's style as a whole, is chaste and elegant; there is no daubing with foreign material to make it glitter, but the "glorious gospel" is clothed in its primitive simplicity and truthfulness.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—"*Boys' Autumn Book*," descriptive of the season, scenery, social life and country amusements. By Thomas Miller; embellished with 36 beautiful engravings. An excellent book, got up in Harper's best style, and appropriate to the season.

"*Life of Henry Fourth, King of France and Norma.*" Parts one and two. By G. P. R. James. Mr. James has long been favorably known as one of the most popular novelists of the day, and his French novels particularly have owed much of their reputation to the general historical accuracy obscured in the construction; in selecting the materials for these Mr. James has had an eye to this present work and a cursory examination induces us to believe it interesting and accurate. The work is to be completed in four parts, making two handsome volums.

"*The Wayside Cross, or the Raid of Gomez.*" By Capt. E. A. Millman. This forms No 106 of Harpers' cheap series of novels, and is sold at the low price of one shilling.

"*Pictorial History of England*" No. 30. All the above are Harpers' publications, and for sale by A. BURKE, under the Mansion House, Main Street.

CANAL BUSINESS OF BUFFALO—A NEW ERA.—By the statement in our commercial column, furnished by H. P. THAYER, Esq., Canal Collector, it will be seen that *the Canal tolls already received this season at the office in this city, amount to more than* ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS. The late hour at which the statement was received, precludes any extended comment, but the fact that more than one million of dollars in tolls has been taken at a single office in one season is too imporant to be passed over without remark. It is an era in the history of the canal, and the business of our city. —*Com. Adv.*

☞ The U. S. frigate *Columbia*, Captain ROBERT RITCHIE, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore ROUSSEAU, arrived at Norfolk, Va., last Monday, in 38 day from Rio. The *Columbia* brought as passengers, Hon. HENRY A. WISE, late Minister to the Court of Brazil, and family; ROBERT MOYLAN WALSH, late Secretary of Legation, and Mr. WILLIAM HOLLAND, U. S. Consul's clerk at Rio de Janeiro.

FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—We learn through our travelling correspondent, who is now in Michigan, that the train of passenger cars going westward on Thursday afternoon, the 14th inst., ran off the track four miles west of Albion, on the Central Railroad, and killed the engineer, whose name was MYERS.—The locomotive fell down an embankment twelve feet high, and landed bottom side up with the engineer underneath, and so fastened down that immediate extrication was impossible. He was dreadfully bruised, and so scalded in some parts that the flesh came off his limbs. The accident occurred about four o'clock, and was occasioned by a wedge of wood which, it is supposed, had been put on the track designedly. The fireman was also badly, but not dangerously burnt or scalded. No injury was done to the passengers.

☞ A Telegraphic report, published in the New York papers reports that Generals WORTH, PILLOW and SMITH—the first reported wounded and the last killed—are safe, and that WORTH had been appointed by Gen. SCOTT Military Governor of the city of Mexico.

In regard to the report that Gen. REA had captured and taken possession of Puebla, the *Journal of Commerce* says it publishes the report without attaching the least importance to it. No dates nor authorities are given, but we presume it is based upon the silly stories of the Spanish paper, *La Patria*, at New Orleans, as mentioned in the subsequent telegraphic despatch to the Baltimore *Patriot*.

GEN. WOOL'S SWORD.—The Common Council and citizens of Troy, where Gen. WOOL resided for many years, previous to his going to Mexico, are about to present a sword to that most accomplished officer and gallant soldier, in compliment to his personal worth and distinguished military services at the battle of Buena Vista. The *Journal of Commerce* says:

It is a Roman sword, thoroughly classical in style, and surpassingly elegant in workmanship. The mountings—hilt and scabbard—are of gold. The blade is two-edged, broad and straight, about two feet four inches long, and looks as if made to be used by a warrior, rather than to be worn by a carpet knight. The hilt is surmounted with a Roman helmet. On its sides are figures of Hercules and Mars. The wings of the American Eagle are outspread beneath the guard, and on the guard is the following appropriate inscription:

"Presented by the Common Council and Citizens of Troy, N. Y., to their townsman Brigadier General John E. Wool, as a token of their personal esteem, and of their high appreciation of his gallantry and military ability, as displayed on the bloody field of Buena Vista, the 22d and 23d days of February, 1847."

The scabbard is richly engraved with battle scenes, arms and banners, and other suitable devices, and bears the following impressive inscription:

"QUEENSTON, Oct. 13, 1812. PLATTSBURG, Sept. 11, 1814. BUENA VISTA, Feb. 22 and 23, 1847."

The design was furnished by Brown, the sculptor.

JEWISH POETRY.—The first Rabbi of the Synagogue of Rome, M. Moses Israel Kazzan, who has recently entered on his new office, composed on the occasion, a hymn, which is pronounced by connoisseurs a piece of poetry almost worthy to take a place beside the psalms of David. Poetical creations in the sacred language are not at all rare among the Israelites of the present day, but what is especially remarkable in the work of M. Kazzan is the subject, which is the Pope, the civic guard and the present state of affairs in Rome. Some stanzas, expressing a touching gratitude, are consecrated to the head of the Catholic Church, who sees only sons in the children of Israel.—*Translated for the Boston Daily Advertiser.*

The permission granted to the Jews of Rome—a privilege for many years withheld—to a Rabbi, is quoted in many European journals, as one among other proofs of the tolerance of the new Pope. Rabbi Kazzan is one of the most learned Jews of the age. He was born at Jerusalem, and it is said can trace his ancestry back for more than ten centuries through the Levitical line.

A TERRIBLE CALAMITY PROVIDENTIALLY PREVENTED.—As the magnificent steamer *Hibernia*, No. 2, was on her last downward trip from Pittsburg to Cincinnati, fire was discovered in her hold, and upon raising her hatches flames burst out and ascended nearly to the hurricane deck, threatening almost certain destruction. The Cincinnati Commercial says:

'There were three hundred passengers on board, men, women and children, and the alarm is said to have been terrible. The captain, a cool energetic man, set all hands to work to save the boat, and the lives of the passengers, and by scuttling &c., the fire was extinguished.

The fire is said to have originated from the explosion of some chemicals that were in the hold. To the horror of all on board, it was discovered that some half burned casks, marked coffee, contained kegs of gunpowder, surrounded by coffee, and the staves of one powder keg were actually charred! It seems almost a miracle that the boat was not blown to atoms and 300 souls ushered into eternity. One shudders at the very thought of such immiuent peril.

☞ WORSE AND WORSE.—Potatoes are in a worse condition than they were last year. The crop is abundant, but farmers and dealers tell us that it seems impossible to keep them. Buyers purchase rather sparingly from this reason. It may be that those farmers whose potatoes seem likely to keep, are hoarding them up until a high price can be obtained for them. It is certain that those brought into the city soon become unfit for use.

The condition of this crop throughout the British provinces and this country, at least as far South as Georgia, is similar to that prevailing here. We do not observe that in the States west of Ohio and Michigan, the same complaints are made. The malady appeared to travel from the eastward.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 15.

During a violent thunder storm at the city of Nashville, Tenn., on Tuesday evening last, the powder magazine at that place was struck with lightning, causing an awful explosion which shook the city as by an earthquake, and spread dismay, destruction and death on all sides. One hundred houses were destroyed and many lives lost.

Ten dead bodies have already been recovered from beneath the sad ruins. The dwelling of Mr. SHEAVERS was torn to pieces, his family badly injured, and one young lady killed. Buildings owned by the following persons were either entirely destroyed or much damaged:

Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Reed, Messrs. Williams, Taylor, Chandler, Banno, Faner, Harris, Moore, Cole, Stout, Stephens, J. L. Smith, Reverend Henry Marsh, C. Glovers and Dearing, including a new Methodist Church.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14—3 P. M.

44 counties heard from in Pennsylvania show a Democratic gain of 8,991 compared with the Governor's vote of 1845. SHUNK will have over 10,000 majority probably.

In Georgia returns have been received from all but 10 counties. TOWNS is elected of course, and the Senate stands 24 Whigs and 21 Democrats.

Five Senetorial Districts to hear from. In the House the Whigs have 62 and the Locos 59, and 9 to hear from.

OHIO.—The Tribune has the following by telegraph:

THE CARS AT INDIANAPOLIS.—On Friday last the first train of Cars entered Indianapolis, and about two thousand visitors had the satisfaction of "riding on a rail" into that flourishing city.—The Indianapolisians and their neighbors, had a tremendous glorification in honor of the important event.

FROM MEXICO.—We have received, this morning, an extra from the office of the New Orleans *Picayune*, issued on Monday, the 4th, (on the arrival of the Alabama,) which ought to have reached us yesterday. We copy from it only the following letter, its other contents having already appeared in our columns:

VERA CRUZ, Sept. 24, 1847.

A detachment returned last night from Gen. Lane's command, which had arrived at the National Bridge without encountering any serious obstacle, although the guerrillas made their appearance on several occasions, in small numbers, without doing any harm to our command.

You will be surprised when I tell you that this detachment was sent back to *obtain ammunition*. It appears that upon the arrival of Gen. Lane's command at the bridge a report was current that Cerro Gordo had been fortified by the guerrillas, and was occupied by them in force. Preparations were made to continue on and attack them, but upon inspection it was found that the men on an average had only about eight cartridges each, and it was impossible to continue with the prospect of fighting over two hundred miles of the way, without powder and shot. A requisition calling for 100,000 rounds has been filled today, and all the spare troops (Louisiana rangers) will go along to escort: but this command only took about six day's provisions, and by the time this ammunition reaches them they must run short at a place where provisions cannot be had except from Jalapa or this city for so large a body of men.

Truly this is a serious affair, and I am sorry to see an officer of Gen. Lane's experience make such a blunder. But the difficulty of transportation from this to the bridge is very great, and I am told that Lieut. Hughes' command have been obliged to live for several days upon half rations of bread; yet his teams have been taken to send down here for this ammunition instead of provis-

ions for his command. Then again, having taken all the mounted volunteers for this escort, it is impossible for the commanding officer of this post to supply them with what they require. Fresh beef can be obtained in abundance, but men cannot live on this alone, particularly as the troops stationed there are not acclimated, and I am also informed on good authority that the yellow fever has made its appearance among them, as well as in Col. Collin's command at the San Juan.

Col. Collin's command, which is stationed at the San Juan bridge, was attacked a few days since by the guerrillas, who killed one private and wounded two others, which shows that notwithstanding the lower part of the road is fully occupied by the Americans, it is occupied by the guerrillas also.

From the Washington Union.

LATEST FROM VERA CRUZ.—We have been favored with extracts of letters received at Washington from officers at Vera Cruz, which we lay before our readers:

"VERA CRUZ, Sept. 25, 1847.

"We are without any news from the army since they went into the city of Mexico, but momentarily expect an express.

"There was a letter received yesterday from Mexico, which stated that Santa Anna was desirous to keep open the negotiations until intelligence could be received from Washington; that the wealthy citizens of Mexico were urging upon him this measure.

"Gen Lane was last at the bridge, and sent back for further supplies.

"Governor Wilson has been sick for the last four days, but is somewhat better this morning. The city has become much more healthy."

Extract of a letter from

"VERA CRUZ, Sept. 26, 1847

"SIR: The Alabama having this moment arrived, the Quartermaster has informed me that she sails immediately back, and only affords me a moment to say that yesterday I saw a letter from a Mexican in Mexico, dated the 18th inst., which stated that Gen. Santa Anna had left the city with 1500 cavalry for Oajaca; that he had delegated his powers as President to Senor Pena y Pena and two of the Judges of the Supreme Court—that is, he had resigned the Presidency, and placed the above named gentlemen in his place to act.

Last evening, however, to our surprise, we heard, by letters from Jalapa, that Santa Anna had reached Puebla with 2000 cavalry, and that Col. Childs, who has command of the forts above the city, had commenced bombarding, and had hove 300 shells into the city. This, sir, is the strange news we received last evening from Jalapa. My own opinion is—and I am not alone—that Gen. Santa Anna is endeavoring to make his way to the seacoast to embark, or was on his way to Oajaca: for with so small a force he could not think to cut off the reinforcements for Gen. Scott.

Strange to say, we are without any letters that can be depended on—nothing from the army or even from foreign houses.

Mexican letters say that the leperos had sacked the city, and that Gen. Scott could not control them; but we cannot believe anything from the Mexican writers.

I think that Pena y Pena and his associates will call Congress together, and will endeavor to open negotiations.

Gen. Lane was at the National Bridge when last heard from, and ought to reach Jalapa on the 1st of next month.

Major Lally, I understand, has been ordered to march up. The city is comparatively healthy. I think there is truth in the first report; the other may be doubtful."

We have been kindly furnished with the following extracts of a letter from an officer of the army in Mexico to his friends in this city, which gives some details that have not heretofore fallen under our notice. The officer belonged to Col. Child's command, and the subject has reference to the march from Jalapa to Puebla:

"Between Jackson and Perote is a famous pass, stronger than Cerro Gordo. We had learned before leaving Jalapa that at the pass of La Hoya we were to be attacked by a force of from 1000 to 1500 men. The road for fifteen miles runs through a valley, or rather up the sides of a mountain, still higher mountains completely commanding it. All these points we were compelled to occupy before we could venture to pass with our 350 wagons. This was immense labor to the men in climbing up the steep and rugged sides; but the result was, that but two shots were fired at us during the day. By night we arrived at the most difficult pass—at a point which the Mexicans commenced fortifying when they left Cerro Gordo, called La Hoya. Our position was in a lovely valley surrounded by mountains.

Those points near enough for musquetry to reach us we occupied, and again encamped in a rain, having been all day accomplishing eight miles. On the morning of the 20th we again commenced sending detachments of troops upon the mountains, and in two miles came to a point where the enemy were strongly posted, and where we could see them in great numbers. We then sent a large detachment to gain their rear and ascend the mountains so as to drive the Mexicans towards the road instead of from it. The enemy on the hill saw that our troops were gaining their rear, started early to cross the road, and place themselves more in our front; in doing so, they fell in with a force sent from Perote, under Col. Wynkoop—they having heard that we were to be attacked.

Hearing this fire in our front, we could not imagine what it meant until we came upon them; the enemy were then running in all directions; we followed them into the hills for two miles, when we found our pursuit a hopeless one, and returned to the road, having killed, during the day, a dozen of them. Capt. Walker, who came with the Perote troops, in charging a picket of the enemy the night before, lost eleven horses—his own fine horse and saddle and his Philadelphia sword.

"A priest of some consideration, who went to Mexico several weeks since, contradicted the report there in circulation that we had desecrated the churches, &c.; stated that, so far from this, Jalapa was never so orderly before—that nothing was taken without being paid for. Santa Anna heard of it and banished him from the city; he arrived here yesterday, and says he was banished for telling the truth.—*Union.*

NARROW ESCAPE.—A man, whose name we did not learn, while passing over the railroad bridge, just above the high falls of the Genesee, on Tuesday evening, fell through an opening, and was carried by the current, which is now very swift, to the very brink of the falls, when fortunately he came in contact with some rocks, which stayed his progress until ropes were thrown him, which he clung to, and was thus saved from an inevitable grave. Persons should beware crossing the bridge on foot, as it is intended only for the cars.—*Roch. D. Adv.*

Correspondence of the N. O. Picayune.

BUENA VISTA, August 26, 1847.

All the Mexican women have fine hair; as for the dressing the least said about it the better—it is always black and very long and thick, and generally speaking, left hanging loose about their shoulders. In riding through the streets I have often seen half a dozen heads thrust out of a door with such dishevelled, wild looking locks, as have forcibly illustrated my ideas of the wierd sisters, who sold Mr. Macbeth so beautifully. Beauty among the women, a due regard for the truth, cool and comfortable as she lies at the well's bottom, compels me to say it is not common, notwithstanding the praises that have been sung of them. If it were not a brutal comparison I would say that you can admire them as you would a horse, and speak of their fine points; they carry themselves well, have a good gait and small feet. Their features partake strongly of the Indian character, particularly among peons or country estates; in towns and cities they lose them in a measure and their complexion becomes lighter. There is one thing about them, however, which none can see without admiring: it is a native politeness and grace that cannot be excelled by all the polished elegancies of modern days. Every little civility is extended with an air that would puzzle a Parisian lady to excel, and a blunder in others is never noticed at all, let it be ever so gross a one. This same ease and politeness extends to the men also; and a rough looking fellow, whom you might fear in the road alone, will offer you a *cigarita* with the air of a courtier, and while you are lighting it from his, raise his hat, and as you return his cigar, thanks you with a bow for your condescension.

The country is infested with vermin—the men are alive with the most repulsive kind, while the heads of the women suffer some, their kindness and assiduity to each other notwithstanding.

In their manner of living, as well as everything else, the Mexicans are away behind the age. Their dwellings are all rude and uncomfortable, from the cane *jacole* on the banks of the Rio Grande to the rude, rough house of *adobes* in the cities. In the poorer houses you see generally one comfortable bed, a pile of skins, a few saddles and bridles, a couple of benches, several cushions of the same material as their blankets, a crock with water, a meagre display of leather breeches, and a beggarly account of other wearing apparel; on the walls a few rough daubs of saints and rude ornaments; upon the ground floor a number of naked children, or sometimes partly clothed, and any quantity of rubbish. You very rarely see a Mexican, either man or woman, sitting upon a chair or bench, even when they have them—a sort of natural propensity inducing them to *squat*, if I may be allowed the use of the word.

THE LARGEST DAY'S WORK YET—BEAT IT WHO CAN.—One of the largest, if not *the* largest, day's work ever done in Rochester, in the way of milling, was performed at the mill of Elisha D. Ely, on St. Paul's street, Wednesday. There was *ground, bolted, packed* and *shipped*, during the day, *seven hundred and eighty-four barrels of flour*. The mill has nine run of stone; and if any establishment of equal capacity can turn out a greater quantity of flour, we would like to have it named. The amount of wheat required was 3,528 bushels; and adding 50 barrels of flour which were ground but not bolted, and it swells the aggregate to 3,755 bushels!

The Oswego people think that 750 barrels of flour is a very large boat load; but in this instance the boat *American Eagle*, Clark Halstead, Captain, took on board 800 bbls., drawing 3 feet and 4½ in. water.—*Roch. Adv.*

☞ The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Patriot*, thus states the amount of Mexican territory we should have received by a treaty concluded on the basis proposed by the Mexicans:—

She offered to give us 32,000 square miles of New Mexico east of the Rio Grande, and 291,000 square miles of California, west of the same river—in all, 323,000 square miles, embracing more than one-fifth of the whole Mexican territory. It would give us the Bay of San Francisco and the town of Monterey, on the Pacific. Most of the territory offered thus to be ceded to the United States is good for nothing. Still it is just about equal to that between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, for which the war is to go on, and the stream of blood and carnage and death and expense is to flow on!

DEACONESSES.—The Protestants of France, as we learn from the Presbyterian's correspondent, are trying to establish an order of female religious laborers, under the title of Deaconesses, to be, according to appearances, a kind of Protestant counterpart of those orders of nuns and sisters and other kinds, of female celibates, which Romanism has found so convenient for carrying out its purposes of subjugation. That female benevolence and labor are most valuable in promoting the best objects of Christianity, is a truth that Protestants would be the last to deny: but that in the work of charity, it is necessary or wise that they should be segregated into orders, shut out from matrimony, and invested, with a sort of ecclesiastical function and character, common sense and all history warrant us to doubt. The works of charity appropriate to woman's sphere are never better done than when left to the spontaneous impulses of piety, working in accordance with natural laws and usages of society.

STATE OF NEW YORK, } ALBANY, August 3
SECRETARY'S OFFICE, } 1847.

To the Sherif of the County of Erie:

SIR: Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE.

A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney-General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICT.

One Senator for the Thirty-First Senate District, consisting of the county of Erie.

COUNTY.

Also, the following officers for the said county, to wit: Four Members of Assembly, one to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully,
N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

ERIE COUNTY SHERIF'S OFFICE, }
Buffalo, August 6, 1847. }

A general election is to be held in the County of Erie, on the second day of November next, at which which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

au6oawtno2 TIMOTHY A. HOPKINS, Sherif.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
SECRETAT'S OFFICE. } ALBANY, Sept. 28, 1847.

To the Sherif of the County of Erie:

SIR: Pursuant to an act entitled "An act to provide for the election of a Lieutenant Governor," passed Sept. 27, 1847, Notice is hereby given that at the next General Election, to be held on Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, a Lieutenant Governor of this State is to be elected. Yours, respectfully,
N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

ERIE COUNTY SHERIF'S OFFICE, }
Buffalo, Oct. 2, 1847. }

Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held on the 2d day of November next, there will be chosen a Lieutenant Governor of this State, agreeable to the notice from the Secretary of State, a copy of which is hereto annexed.

oc1oawtnlc TIMOTHY A. HOPKINS, Sherif.

From the Columbian Magazine.

"Reef Sails."

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

A thoughtless pair, with streamers gay,
O'er Hymen's waters sweep,
Profusion dancing at the helm,
And Prudence laid to sleep;
At Labor's ancient chart they scoff,
On murdered hours they tread,
And lavish waste another's gold
When all their own is fled.
Reef sails! reef sails! a whirlpool's nigh,
The angry breakers sound;
Haste, change your reckoning, ere ye plunge
In gulfs profound.

Young Beauty, in her painted barque,
Like Egypt's boasted queen,
For whom, 'tis said, the world was lost,
With haughty brow is seen;
The morn is fair, the breeze is rare,
And gliding on her way,
She deems each billow's flashing crest
To her doth homage pay;
Reef sails, my lady! there's a cloud
To threat thy noontide skies,
A wrecking sand, a lonely strand,—
Be timely wise.

Pride launches bold, with canvass spread,
And topmast towering high,
Regardless of the warning blast
That through the shrouds doth sigh,
Reef sails! 'tis not for him of dust,
Whose fall the worm doth wait,
To magnify the fleeting pomp
That seeks his high estate;
Reef sails! reef sails! life's bubble breaks,
The stern grave claims its part,
But heaven's eternal favor crowns
The lowly heart.

Price Current—October 20, 1847.

Flour, bbl.	$5 81@5 00	Turkeys	38
Pork, bbl.	15 60	Chickens	12½
Do slaugh. cwt.	4 00	Geese, each	—
Beef, cwt.	4@5 00	Clover seed, bu.	3 50
Butter, lb	13	Timothy	1 75
Lard	9½@10	Flax	1 06
Cheese	6	Grass	—
Hams	9	Whitefish, bbl.	6 50
Shoulders	7	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt.	1 50	Potatoes, bush.	38
Wheat, bu.	1 10@1 23	Salt, bbl.	1 62½
Corn	56@57	Apples, bbl.	1 50@2 00
Oats	31	Do dried, bu.	62½
Slaughter hides, lb.	4@4½	Onions	50
Dry do.	8½@9¼	Eggs, doz	12½
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb	5
Sheep, slaughtered	1 12½	Soap	4@5
Lamb do.	15½@25	Whiskey, gall.	24
Dry	12½@50	Highwines	26½
Hard wood, cord	3 00	Lead, bund.	4 00
Hemlock	2 00	Beans, bu.	87½
Bit. (O) coal, ton		Wool, lb	20@30
Blossburg		Hay	7 00

CANAL TOLLS AT BUFFALO.—By the statement below, furnished us by HIRAM P. THAYER, Esq, Canal Collector at this point, it will be seen that the amount of *One Million Dollars* and over has already been collected for tolls at this point. It is an era in the collection of canal tolls at our office worthy of notice:

Amount collected month of		May	$206,303 11
Do	do	June	281,352 60
Do	do	July	214,423 98
Do	do	August	137,673 70
Do	do	September	108,156 41
Do	two weeks in	October	61,309 41
			$1,012,229 33

MARRIED.

At Ellicottville, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Cowles, Dr. I. M. STANTON, and Miss M. E. WILBER, second daughter of Church Wilber, Esq., of Byron, Indiana.

At Westfield, on the 9th ult., by Rev. Mr. Tinker, Capt. ALONZO BOWDISH, of Portland, and Miss LOUISA ANDREWS, of Chautauque.

At Darien Center, on the 14th inst, by the Rev. James Remington, of Alden, Mr. A. H. FRANK, of this city, and Miss ORRIL, eldest daughter of Solomon Chapin, Esq., of the former place.

DIED.

On the 15th inst., Mr. E. C. NIQUET, aged 51 years.

On the 15th inst., Miss PHEBE ANN CARMAN, aged 31 years.

NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE AND WHOLESALE BOOKSTORE.

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At the residence of Prof. W. R. Coppock—Composer and Teacher of the Piano Forte, Organ, Singing and Composition.

An institute devoted exclusively to Musical Education is not yet common in this country; but in Europe the test of experience fully shows its great advantages over the too general superficial manner in which this important part of polite education is acquired. The advantages this institution offers to those desirous of completing their studies as Organists—or practical players of the Piano Forte, together with a thorough system of imparting the same to others is fully established by the many precedents of the past 10 years. The pupils are constantly guarded in their practice against all bad habits, and from the various stages of progress they may be in, are continually stimulated to effort and industry, by association with each other. The family too, are all players, and the theory is amusingly discussed, impressing its rules in a more pleasing manner, and more lasting upon the understanding, than by the mere dry study of an elaborate book Music is composed and arranged from time to time, showing the various styles and harmonies analytically, and adapted for performance on several Pianos at the same time. This teaches a thorough knowledge of counting, and dividing passages into their given time Vocal music is particularly attended to, and when the pupil has a moderate share of talent, we hesitate not to say, a correct and pleasing singer can be made The Piano Fortes used are all new, and of the finest quality, and every inducement will be given to render the true spirit with us profitable. The building is commodious, and has a fine garden attached, with Green houses, bathing rooms, &c, and is pleasantly situatuated in Seventh street, between Niagara Street, and the Falls rail road, and about midway to Prospect hill

Terms made known upon application at the Institute, or by mail, post paid, directed Prof Coppock, Buffalo

Prof. Coppock, keeps constantly a choice selection of Piano Fortes for sale.

Buffalo, August 3, 1847.

PRINTERS' FURNISHING WAREHOUSE.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT, Manufacturer of Printing Inks, No. 6, United States Hotel Block, Pearl St., Buffalo Printing Presses, Metal and Wood Type, Cards, and every other description of Printers' materials constantly on hand at New York prices, adding transportation. Also, sole Agent for the sale of C J Gaylor's Patent Double, and Improved Single Salamander Book Safes a18 2m.

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The subscriber, dealer in Books and Stationery, at 186 Main Street, 4 doors above Seneca, keeps constantly on hand, an extensive stock, embracing the most valuable selections from Ancient and Modern Literature and a general variety of Theological, Classical, Gift and School Books, &c. &c. The Amateurs of Knowledge and all interested in the purchase of Books or Stationery are respectfully solicited to call. Print and Cap Paper at wholesale.

Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

JEWETT, THOMAS & CO.

PUBLISHERS,

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER BUILDINGS

MAIN STREET, BUFFALO.

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WESTERN
LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1847. NUMBER XIII.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

"The Night Cometh."

O man! the day is sunny,
And its censer full of balm;
The air is bland and bracing,
And it nerves the brawny arm.
Then while the light is streaming
On the whitened fields around,
And the voices of the reapers
Like a holy anthem sound,
Into the golden harvest
Thrust the sickle with thy might,
For fast the day is waning,
And cometh soon the night.

O worn and weary worker,
Whose sun is in the West,
Thy labor, nearly ended,
Will sweeten coming rest.
And great shall be the honor
Of thy spirit, truly just,
When the task of life is finished
And thy body lies in dust:
For the toilers in the vineyard
Of the glorious God of love,
For ever rest from labor
In the palaces above.

JACKSON, MICH. J. CLEMENT.
Sabbath Evening, Oct. 10, 1847.

From the National Era.

The better way, or the Wife's Victory: A tale of Domestic Trials.

BY SUSAN D. E. SOUTHWORTH.

"I would not have him, though he owned all the mines of Golconda," said bright Kate Gleason to her sister, Mrs. Lindal.

"And why not pray?" said gentle Mary Lindal."

"Oh! because he has got such a horrible temper."

"How do you know that?"

"By a great many signs; by the shape of his head and the color of his hair, the glances of his eye, the curl of his nose, and the set of his mouth ——"

"Oh! stop, stop; of whom are you speaking? That incomparable man, in philanthropy a Howard, in wisdom a Newton, in patriotism a Washington, in——"

"Temper a Bluebeard."

"Kate, I will not hear another word of this. You are speaking of—of—" and Mary Lindal blushed.

"Out with it! of Grenville Dormer Leslie, your husband. But I give you fair warning, Mary, that though you may feel a vocation to become Mrs. Bluebeard, I am not particularly inspired to play 'Anne! sister Anne!' and run the risk of catching my death of cold by standing on a windy tower, to 'see if anybody is coming,' when he is about to slay you for your disobedience."

"But perhaps I shall not be disobedient," said Mary.

"Perhaps you shall not *be* disobedient," repeated Kate, with a withering sneer. "Well, for my part, when *I* am married, if ever my husband ventures to lay a command on *me*, I shall make a point of breaking it, at whatever cost of convenience by way of asserting my independence."

"Not if you love, Kate."

"Either way, either way. Now, I like Lem Dunn very well; and if neither of us change our minds, we may be married when he returns from sea; but fancy Lem Dunn playing husband *a la Grand Turque*, and daring to say, 'you shall' and 'you shall not,' really, if I were in a good humor I should laugh in his face, and if in a bad one, I should be apt to box his ears."

"I must believe you are jesting, Catherine."

"Then I will be as serious as his Eminence Archbishop Leslie himself, and say that I really cannot see why we woman should be called upon to 'honor and obey' so implicitly, unless we could be first convinced of their superior excellence by whom such honor and obedience are claimed."

"We are not. We *should* be first convinced of men's superiority, before we give them that 'right Divine' to control our actions and destinies, which by all Christian and human law is the just prerogative of a husband, whether or not he be mentally or morally superior to his wife."

"Pooh! nonsense! fiddlestick! with your Divine prerogative and the rest of it. If a woman marries a jackass, I suppose she is bound to obey him!"

"When a woman marries a man whom she feels she cannot respect, she places herself in a false position, from which nothing can extricate her; and, however repugnant however galling, they may become, the same duties of submission and obedience are incumbent upon her, in all cases where they do not clash with the laws of God. A woman, in such a case, is an object of deep commiseration, although, having brought the evil upon herself, by a desecration of all her most holy instincts, she suffers but a just and most fitting expiation of her fault. *I* could not love, and would not give myself away to a man on whose wisdom I could not rely as on God's, to whose will I could not submit as to God's,

"Idolator! Would you set up an earthly God, and fall down and worship him?"

"Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands *as to the Lord!* There is Scripture for the idolatry, if you choose to call it so."

"Pshaw! If you were not talking foolishly, you would be talking wickedly. 'Satan can quote Scripture for his purpose.'"

"So he can. I am now quite convinced of that fact. But do not let us trifle with such holy and beautiful mysteries, dear Kate. There is another text of Scripture to the same purpose ——"

"Oh, yes! There are hundreds; pray don't recite them."

"Just this one, Kate, I love it so much. 'The head of the woman is man; the head of the man is Christ; and the head of Christ is God.' Is it not a lovely chain, a beautiful climax, from weakness to Omnipotence; like Jacob's ladder from earth to heaven?"

"Sweet Providence! You have put my brains in a complete whirl, with heaven and earth, and chains and ladders, and heads and husbands; but out of the chaos one fact and feeling stands very

distinctly. If Lem Dunn expects any such subordination from me, he will find himself very much mistaken; but he is not so presuming, poor Lem Dunn."

"I think *you* will find yourself mistaken in your estimate of his character and expectations."

"Well, perhaps so; in that case, I shall only have a little more trouble in breaking him in. But suppose now, only for argument, that you are deceived in Leslie; suppose his temper to be violent?"

"I will take care not to arouse it."

"His will unbending?"

"I shall not waste my strength nor risk my peace by seeking to bend it."

"His nature selfish?"

"Methinks, as I love and esteem him more highly than myself, I should only unite with him in his self-worship."

"His heart and mind unprincipled and depraved?"

"Impossible! impossible!" continued Mary, indignantly, "I will not for a single instant suppose such a thing, even for argument's sake. I have seen my error in permiting you to go on so long. Leslie has none of the bad qualities you have named. He is every way worthy of the highest esteem."

"And if he were not so?"

"If I were his wife, my duties would not be less incumbent upon me—would not be less scrupulously performed. But I shall not find myself in the degrading position of a wife who cannot reverence her husband, in giving myself to Leslie. I obey a Divine instinct that will not mislead me; in loving him, I shall offer the best worship, and in obeying him the most acceptable service to the Deity."

Mary and Catherine Gleason had lost their parents during their infancy, and had become the charge of their grand-father, old Capt. Gleason, a retired merchant. At the time Capt. Gleason received his grand-daughters into his house, he was mourning the loss of his younger son, who was supposed to have perished at sea, on his passage home from Europe. The ship in which he was to have taken passage had never been heard of since her setting sail from Liverpool, and was now believed to have been wrecked. Years flew by, and no clue was obtained to the fate of the lost ship or the lost son.

Mary Gleason, at the age of sixteen, had, in obedience to her grandfather, given her hand to Mr. Lindal, a wealthy merchant, some twenty years her senior. In the second year of her marriage, she became the mother of a lovely little girl. Soon after the birth of the little Sylvia, the failure and death of Mr. Lindall left Mary again dependent on the bounty of her grandfather, who received her and her child with the deepest sympathy and affection. Little Sylvia soon became the especial pet and plaything of the whole household.

Although Mary Lindal had faithfully discharged her duties as a wife, she had never loved her husband, except as a friend. Her whole affections centered upon her child, the little Sylvia. She was her constant companion, in doors and out doors, in parlor, chamber, and street, by day, and at night she slept encircled in her arms, pressed to her bosom. At the age of four years, Sylvia had been attacked with a violent and contagious fever. No words can describe the anguish of the mother, as she watched, day after day, and night after night, for weeks, beside the bed of the little sufferer; no pen can portray the joy when, at last, her darling was pronounced out of danger.

Mrs. Lindal was very beautiful, graceful, and accomplished, and a co heiress with her sister Catherine: consequently, she was much followed and flattered. Notwithstanding her numerous admirers, and some very eligible offers, the seventh year of her widowhood had passed away, and she was still unmarried. In the mean time, Catherine Gleason had grown up to womanhood, more radiantly beautiful than her sister had ever been.

At length, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, Mrs. Lindal became acquainted with Mr. Leslie, the subject of the conversation with which this sketch opens. Mr. Leslie was a man of great personal attractions, pure morals, and distinguished talents. Mary Lindal ever listened to his brilliant conversation with delighted attention. Convinced by his clear-sighted views and able exposition of truth, she had insensibly acquired a habit of shaping her opinions by his own. There was one circumstance about their acquaintance that peculiarly attracted Mary. It was this: He *never* flattered her, never by any chance paid her a compliment, excepting this—the most, the only acceptable one, of constantly seeking her society.

I think it was that agreeable jiber, Rochefoucault, who somewhere asserted that any woman may be safely flattered on any subject, from the profundity of her understanding to the exquisite taste of her fan. Without venturing to differ from such authority, I will simply assert that Mary Lindal was an exception to this rule.

* * * * *

At the end of a twelve-month's acquaintance, Grenville Dormer Leslie and Mary Lindal were married, and took possesion of a handsome house in a fashionable quarter of the city.

An event occurred soon after their marriage, that greatly pained the affectionate heart of Mary. This was the death of her grandfather. The old gentleman had made a will, leaving his property equally divided between the sisters, Mary and Catherine. This property, however, as is frequently the case, was not half so large as had been reported, and his grand-daughters inherited only about twenty thousand dollars apiece. A few moments before his death, while holding little Sylvia's hand within his own, Capt. Gleason turned his dim eyes on Leslie, and said, "I have been thinking of this poor child, Leslie; if time were allowed me, I would alter my will, giving her mother's share of the property to her at her mother's death, or perhaps at her own marriage.—You are wealthy, Leslie, and your children, if you shall have any, will be handsomely provided for, while poor Sylvia——"

"Shall fare as one of my own," said Leslie.

"I believe you, and I thank you; now call Mary."

Leslie summoned his wife.

"Ma-y," said the dying man, as she came up to the bedside, "I leave you a certain sum; I wish you and Leslie to consider it as intrusted to your care for the future use of Sylvia. *You* will, of course, have the use of it for—for many years to come." The old man spoke with difficulty. Turning his fast-failing eyes once more on Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, he added, "I have been so strangely thoughtless of this poor child's future—but now promise to do as I ask you." Mary promised, through her tears, while Leslie assured him that his wishes should be scrupulously fulfilled.

The old man soon after breathed his last.

* * * * *

Six months after the death of Capt. Gleason, Mrs. Leslie and Catherine Gleason, who was an inmate of her house, were sitting together in the parlor, engaged in needlework, and talking of the expected return of Lieut. Lemuel Dunn, the

affianced husband of Catherine, whose marriage was to take place upon the promotion of the lieutenant to a captaincy. There was a ring at the hall door, and a few minutes after—

"Mr. Gleason" was announced.

Both ladies rose to receive him, looking strangely at each other and at him.

"I suppose it is impossible, ladies, that you should remember or recognise a relative who left his native country while you were yet in the nursery. I am Henry Willis Gleason, at your service."

Mrs. Leslie and Miss Gleason stood speechless with surprise and incredulity for an instant, but, quickly recovering their self-possession, greeted their new-found relative with the warmest affection.

"But my father! my dear old father! Where is he? How is he?" The ladies wept. At last, Catherine found words to say—

"It is six months since grandfather went to Heaven."

"Oh! that he had lived to see this day!" exclaimed Mary. "Oh! that he could have lived to be blessed in your return."

"He believed me dead?" questioned Gleason.

"Yes," said Mary, "for the last ten years he has believed you dead."

The reason for his protracted absence and apparent death was now demanded and explained. It was a long story, in substance the following:—Ten years before, he had left his native shores, to make a voyage to Europe and a tour of the Continent. After having travelled over the greater part of Europe, he visited the city of St. Petersburg and the Court of Russia, where, after a residence of some months, he was so unfortunate as to give offence in some unknown manner to the Emperor, for which he was banished to Siberia for a term of ten years; and these ten years had actually been passed among the everlasting snows of Asiatic Russia. Upon his return to St. Petersburg after receiving his discharge, he met with some travelling countrymen of his own, who furnished him with money and everything requisite for his comfortable return home. Gleason had but just concluded his narrative, when Leslie entered, who, on being introduced to him, expressed the most sincere satisfaction at his unexpected return.

* * * * *

"Mary," said Mr. Leslie, entering his wife's room on the morning succeeding that of Gleason's arrival, "Mary, I wish to hold a few moments counsel with you."

Mrs. Leslie, who with a flushed cheek and kindling eye, was gazing upon an exquisite picture upon the easel before her, while the brush was half raised in her hand to give another touch to the piece, did not immediately hear the entrance or remark of her husband, and she started with surprise and pain, as an impatient voice exclaimed at her side—

"I wish, madam, you would not consume so much time over that paltry daubing, nor become so engrossed in it as to be utterly unconscious of all that is going on around you."

Mary instantly laid down her brush, (and it was years before she again resumed it,) and turned with a gentle and cheerful smile to listen to what her husband had to say.

"At the time that Capt. Gleason made his will he supposed his son to be deceased, did he not?"

"Yes; from the loss of the ship, and as uncle Henry did not return or write."

"And if he had known that his son was living he would, of course, have left him the bulk of his property?"

"Doubtless."

"Then you must see, as I do, that the property should and must be restored to him, as the rightful heir."

"The whole of it?"

"Of course, the whole of it."

"Catherine will not agree to it."

"Catherine may do as she pleases with that which she may choose to consider is *justly* as well as legally her own, but the portion left to us must be given to the proper inheriter."

"The portion left to *Sylvia*, you mean," amended the mother, gently.

"I mean nothing of the kind," said Leslie, with cold gravity.

"Surely you remember your promise," said Mary.

"Surely, madam, I remember the promise given to a dying father, who little thought when he exacted it that he had a living son, or that the promise ever would be urged as an excuse for keeping that son out of his just inheritance. I am pained to see, madam, that your feelings as a mother somewhat obscure your sense of justice. I shall be glad to obtain your cheerful co-operation in this matter, but if that is impossible I must act without it."

Mary, who saw that she had been wrong, and that a cloud had gathered upon the brow of her irritable lord, hastened to dissipate it by saying, "Yes, my motherly love *has* made me wish to be unjust; forgive me, and do whatever seems to you to be right; my dear husband, I will subscribe to all."

"Thank you, dear Mary; and now I will confess to you that the giving up of that money will be as great a sacrifice on *my* part as it is on *yours* in behalf of your daughter; for just at this time my business is greatly embarrassed, and the use of twenty thousand dollars for a year or so would be of incalculable benefit to me. But the sacrifice must be made notwithstanding."

"Yes, it must be made. You are right, as you always are." But the child's interest was sacrificed, not so much to the mother's sense of justice as to her wifely duty—to her husband's will.

"Mary Leslie!" said Catherine, bursting into her sister's bedroom, with a heated and angry brow, "I hope you have not really consented to sign away all that property you had in trust for little Sylvia?"

"Yes," said Mary, quietly.

"And why? why? why have you made your child a beggar?"

"My husband thought it right to give up the property, and I obey wishes."

"Spaniel!" exclaimed Catherine, with a withering sneer, and flung out of the room.

The necessary arrangements were soon made, and Gleason put in possession of one-half the wealth of his deceased father. Mary Leslie saw that her child's only chance of independence was cut off forever; but she was a loyal Christian and a loving wife, and she reposed trustingly under the shadow of the goodness of God, and in the righteousness of the husband to whom he had given her. And even though it did sometimes painfully cross her mind, that Leslie might have been a little more gentle with her, in a controversy in which her maternal feelings were so deeply involved, she considered that his somewhat overbearing temper was the sole defect in an otherwise excellent character, and she prayed for patience and strength to "overcome evil with good." She remembered with pride and pleasure the purity and strength of principle that had forced him to alienate a sum which, however finally disposed of, would just now have so materially assisted him in his business. With Kate, however, she had much ado to keep her temper; and she looked

forward, with secret joy, to the time when "Lem Dunn's" promotion should deliver her from the trial. Kate often indulged in a recreation which she herself denominated "speaking her mind," and which was anything but an amusement to Mrs. Leslie; so that Mary could not always refrain from repaying her in kind; for in her love for Kate, there was not, of course, that feminine instinct of submission that characterized her love for her husband. With Mary, love was religion; and her love to God and to her husband always acted upon and augmented each other. Mary Leslie could not, therefore, be unhappy; on the contrary, her daily sacrifice or obedience would have been a source of the greatest happiness, but that her husband, from real or seeming insensibilty, never noticed the offering, by commending the votary. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

SINGULAR SENSIBILITY TO MUSIC.—Some years since, when the steamer *Cleveland* was one of the 'crack' boats on lake Erie, we took passage one beautiful morning for Detroit. A fine band stationed upon the hurricane deck discoursed most delightful music, and contributed not a little to enliven the party. Among the passengers were a lady and her infant. The child was lying listlessly upon its mother's lap, when, the moment the music struck up, a singular change came over its little frame. Its eyes brightened, its lips were parted, its hands elevated, it vibrated through its whole frame like a harp-string to the time of the tune. A livelier air was played, when it was affecting, almost painful to behold the quiverings of the little creature. Every feature was wrought up to an expression of the most intense interest. The music ceased and the child wept.

So far as our limited observation in such matters avails us, it is rarely that a mere child weeps. It squall, bawls, and yells outright, but the silent tear seldom trickles down its cheek. The little incident made an impression upon our mind, and we then thought that if that child's ability should equal its susceptibility to the concord of sweet sounds, we should hear of it again. The denouement of the affair is yet to be told. A day or two since, we met the identical mother and daughter, the latter a sprightly girl of ten, with an eye full of soul and a voice full of melody. She presides at the piano as though it had been her companion from infancy, and sings like a bird. May her song never be softened by the touch of sadness.—*Chicago Journal.*

A Wife to her Husband.

Linger not long. Home is not home without thee:
Its dearest tokens only make me mourn.
Oh! let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel and hasten thy return.

Linger not long. Though crowds should woo thy staying,
Bethink thee; can the mirth of friends, though dear,
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
Costs the fond heart that sighs to have thee here?

Linger not long. How shall I watch thy coming,
As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell;
When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell!

How shall I watch for thee, when fears grow stronger,
As night draws dark and darker on the hill!
How shall I weep, when I can watch no longer!
Oh! art thou absent, art thou absent still!

Yet I should grieve not, though the eye that seeth me
Gazeth through tears that make its splendor dull;
For oh! I sometimes fear, when thou art with me,
My cup of happiness is all too full.

Haste, haste thee home into thy mountain dwelling!
Haste as a bird unto its peaceful nest!
Haste as a skiff, when tempests wide are swelling,
Flies to its haven of securest rest!

An Hour with Alexander Von Humboldt.

[The readers of the Literary World, in perusing the following account of a late interview with the celebrated HUMBOLDT, will rejoice to recognize in this most interesting "Incident of Travel," the pen of a distinguished countryman, which of late years has only been, too long idle.]

Towards sunset on the first of July, the railroad cars from Hamburgh brought me to the gate of Berlin. Entering the city, the twilight of a northern summer illuminated the stately houses, and the broad Avenue of Unter Den Linden.—Leaving the proud portal of the Brandenburgh Gate, with the car of victory on the top, carried off as a trophy by Napoleon, and after eight years of captivity, restored in triumph to its place—and riding on to the other extremity of the avenue, I had before me at one view the Schloss Platz, or Palace Square, with the colossal palace, and all the most magnificent buildings of the city, all enlarged and made more grand by the mellow twilight, and exhibiting an architectural splendor hardly to be met with in any capital of Europe. Turning off on one side of the square, at nine o' clock, I was "taking mine ease" in the salon of the Hotel de Ruisse.

I had gone over in the Washington, the pioneer of the American mail-steamers to Bremen, and was striking over the continent for a passe on the Rhine, and to intercept the steamer at Southampton on her return to New-York. I had but a day for Berlin. There was but one object in it I had any special desire to see, and that was—Humboldt. I might visit Berlin again, the other monuments of the city would remain; but he might pass away.

Early in the morning, I called upon Mr. Donaldson, our minister, and to my extreme regret learned from him that Baron Humboldt was with the king at Potsdam, thirty miles distant, in feeble health, and unable to receive visitors. Fortunately I had occasion afterwards to call upon Baron Von Rœnne, formerly Prussian minister to this country, and incidentally mentioning to him my disappointment and regret, he stopped me abruptly and with friendly earnestness said that I must not leave Berlin wit houtseeing Baron Humboldt, at the same time looking at his watch, calling up my servant, telling him that the cars for Potsdam started at 12, and hastily writing a line of introduction, without allowing me any time for acknowledgments, he hurried me off to my carriage. A brisk ride brought me to the depot just time for the cars, three-quarters of an hour carried us to Potsdam, and almost before I had recovered from my surprise, I was at Baron Humboldt's residence.

It was in the Royal Palace, a stately and historic pile, once the residence of Frederick the Great, with his apartments remaining in the same state in which he left them. One wing was now occupied by Baron Humboldt, and it seemed a just tribute and a right reward—a proper crowning of his fame, alike honorable to Prince and subject, that after years of travel, of physical and intellectual labor, he should, in the evening of his days, return to the town in which he was born, to live in the Royal Palace, the guest and friend of his king.

Ascending to the door of his apartments, I was disappointed anew by positive word from the servant in attendance, that the Baron would not receive any visitors that day. With very little hope of success, but disposed to try every chance I left my letter and card with an intimation that I would call again at 2 o'clock.

On my return, the expression of the servant's face as he opened the door, relieved me of all apprehension. Showing me into an adjoining apartment, Baron Humboldt came to meet me, with the flattering greeting that no letter of introduction was necessary.

I was entirely mistaken in the idea I had formed of his personal appearance, and was surprised at not finding him bowed down, and bent by age. Nearly half a century ago, he had filled the first place in the world of letters, sitting as it were, upon a throne, lighting up the pathway of science to the philosopher, and teaching the school-boy at his desk. He was recorded in the annals of a past generation. Indeed, his reign had been so long, and his fame went back so far, that until I saw him bodily, I had almost regarded him as a part of history, and belonging to the past; even then, alone and in the stillness of the Palace, I could hardly keep from looking at him as something monumental, receiving the tribute of posthumous fame.

He is now nearly eighty, but has the appearance of being some years younger. In stature, he is rather under than above the middle size, with a frame, probably in youth, well-fitted for the hardships of his arduous travels. His head might serve as a study for a craniologist; his face is broad, and his eye remarkable for its intellect and expression. He was dressed in a plain suit of black, without ribands or decorations of any kind, and his apartments correspond with the simplicity of his personal appearance. He was debilitated from an attack of illness, but the vigor and elasticity of his mind were unimpaired. He spoke English with much fluency, but with an accent, and his manner of speaking and the tone of his conversation remin ed me of Mr. Gallatin, who was an old personal friend, and to whom he wished to be remembered.

The ruined cities of America being the means of bringing me to is acquaintance, were of course the first subject referred to, but learning my connexion with the line of mail-steamers to Bremen was the immediate object which had brought me to Germany, he expressed his satisfaction that I was identified with an enterprise, at that moment most interesting to Germany. He considered the action of our Government in establishing the line, wise and statesmanlike, as, for a commercial people like ours, it must be the means of opening new relations, and a wide field for the enterprise of our citizens. He himself felt a lively interest in its success, believing that the Germans of all classes were desirous of direct intercourse with us; that they had a great variety of manufactures which might be exchanged to advantage for the large amount of our staples now consumed in that country, when more frequent intercourse should give a better knowledge of each other's wants and resources: as between the United States and Germany, there never could be any feeling of rivalry or any cause of collision, and the closer we could be drawn together, the more advantageous would it be to both countries He spoke of the long lines of railroads now constructing in Germany, to connect the Rhine and the Danube, the Adriatic and the North Sea, with branches from towns and manufacturing districts, winding into each other all over the country, furnishing facilities for travel and transportation to the sea-board, such as had never been known before, the greater part of which, both as a matter of feeling, and on the score of interest, must in the first instance turn towards the United States.

He inquired about Mr. Wheaton, our late minister to that country, whether he had arrived in the United States before my departure, and what was to be his future career. He said that it was understood at Berlin, that he was to be appointed minister to France, and expressed his surprise that the United States should be willing to lose the public services of one so long trained in the school of diplomacy, and so well acquainted with the political institutions of Europe.

Although I had heard Baron Humboldt spoken of as one of the privy councillors of the king, I did not expect to find him, at his advanced age, and with his great work Cosmos to occupy his mind, bestowing much of his attention upon political relations; but the political condition of Prussia, and indeed of the world, seemed to be the subject which interested him most. It was, in fact, just at that moment an interesting point in the history of Prussia. The long-called-for Diet, which had been looked to with great anxiety throughout all Germany, had closed its session but two days before my arrival. For the first time in the history of Prussia, delegates had been permitted to assemble at the capital, and in the hearing of the king, discuss the measures of his government. Great reforms had been proposed, and boldly and fearlessly debated. The debates had been published, and the voice of a liberal party heard all over Germany.

Baron Humbolt himself is a liberal, a firm believer in progress and improvement, known and recognised as sympathizing with that great politecal party which has for its lofty aim the greatest good to the greatest number, bettering the condition of the masses, and increasing the sum of human happiness; and while throughout the civilized world he has filled the "measure of fame" as a traveller and philosopher, in Prussia he is regarded besides as one of her soundest and best statesmen.

Out of Europe, Mexico seemed to be the country which interested him most; perhaps from its connexion with those countries which had brought me to his acquaintance, or more probably because it was the foundation of his own early fame. He spoke of Mr. Prescott's History of the Conquest and said that I might, when the opportunity offered, say to that gentleman as from himself, that there was no historian of the age, in England or Germany, equal to him.

And he was keenly alive to the present condition of Mexico: he was full of our Mexican war: his eyes were upon Gen. Taylor and the American army. I was well aware, that in the conduct of this war. General Taylor was drawing upon himself the eyes of all Europe; and that whatever might be the differences of opinion as to its necessity or justice, it was producing everywhere, in monarchical and anti-republican countries, a strong impression of our ability and power for war—which, in *enlightened* (?) Europe, even at this day, more than all the fruits of peace, industry, and extended commerce, more than the exhibition of 20 millions of people abounding in all the comforts of life, raises us to the rank of a "first rate power," and makes us "respected."

Baron Humboldt said that with one of his own maps before them, the King and his military council had followed General Taylor from his encampment at Corpus Christi, to Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, through the storming of Monterey, and the bloody scenes of Buena Vista. They had fought over all his battles, and with his positions all marked on the map, were then looking for further tidings. They had seen and appreciated all his difficulties at Buena Vista. In Prussia war is a science, and according to the leading policy of Europe, to be always ready for war, every male in Prussia, the highest nobleman's son not excepted, is compelled to serve his regular term in the army. In the teeth of all settled opinions, and as it were upsetting the whole doc-

trine of standing armies, General Taylor, with a handful of regulars, and a small body of volunteers who had never been in battle, had stood up for a whole day against a murderous fire, and had finally defeated four times his number. Field Marshals and Generals of Prussia, among them veterans who had studied the art of war on the great battle-field of Europe, were struck with admiration at the daring and skill displayed at Buena Vista; and this admiration, Baron Humboldt said they expressed without reserve, freely, publicly, and everywhere. Amid the bitterness and malignity of the English Press, it was grateful to hear from such lips, that the leading military nation did justice to the intrepidity and firmness of our volunteers, and to the courage, skill, and high military talents of General Taylor: while Baron Humboldt's comments upon his dispatches and orders, and in fact upon all that related to him personally in the conduct of the war, were such as no American could listen to without feeling proud.

I had occupied, without any interruption, more than an hour of Baron Humboldt's time, when the servant entered to summon him to dinner—with the King, I would have left him at once, but courteously saying, that if late, he would excuse himself by mentioning the cause that detained him, he urged me to remain a few days, for the purpose of making certain acquaintances at Berlin, and, pressed as he was, insisted upon giving me a line to a distinguished gentleman of that place, without seeing whom he said I ought not to leave. Circumstances did not permit me to deliver the letter; but I had the satisfaction of bringing it home with me, written in German, in a strong, firm hand, as an autograph of Humboldt and a memento of one of my most interesting incidents of travel.

Rural Department.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

On the Culture of Bulbous Roots.

By a Member of the Buffalo Horticultural Society.

"All hail! ye lovers of Flowers."

Upon the production of a fine flower, depends chiefly the skill and proper regimen that has been adopted for its growth—too many fancy for themselves that in committing the seed or plant to earth, nothing farther is needful, but to wait with patience the allotted time. Such being the too general belief, a few hints at this time, on the true principles of growing bulbs may save much disappointment. The first requisite is a *rich fresh loam*. Select if possible a position sheltered from the winds, having a Southern exposure, dry and airy—and here lay out in any desirable form a *bulb bed*—thus, take away the surface soil to a level with the walk, or still lower if an under drain can be produced. Spread evenly four or six inches of well decomposed cow-dung, and upon this, sprinkle a handful of salt, (all bulbs are fond of salt in small quantities.) Now procure some fresh sandy loam taken from the surface of a common, or a pasture field; chop well the sod, and cover the bed to the depth of a foot; rake it neatly, and let it remain for a week, to settle.—About this time, (middle of Oct.,) or until hard frost sets in, plant the bulbs in this wise: Take a blunt dibble, or stick, somewhat larger than the bulb, and press it into the soil about four inches at the distance of eight inches apart, for Tulips, and Hyacinths, and perhaps somewhat closer for Anemones and Ranuncules. Having at hand some clean coarse sand, put into the hole the depth of an inch, and upon this place the bulb in an upright position, and fill around to the surface with the sand. The bulb will then be covered to the depth of two, or two and a half inches. The sand is esteemed valuable in protecting the bulb against rot. The whole bed may now have a slight covering of leaves or coarse straw litter.—Thus let it remain until the beginning of March for Hyacinths, or a little later, for Tulips, when the whole may be carefully removed and left clean. If possible, prepare a frame, that an awning may be stretched over the flowers during their blooming, to shield them from the intensity of the sun's rays at noon, as also the beating Spring rains, which so much destroy the colours and form of a fine flower. In planting the bulbs, be careful to mark the position of each by labels, or numbers, that their name may be preserved, and fail not to keep the bed neat, and free from weeds. In their arrangement, much good taste may be exercised, by intermixing the various colours to form a harmonious whole; and in their gradations of size, reserving those of shorter stem for the foreground, &c.

It must be borne in mind that the bulb lasts but for once flowering, a new one forming as the plant declines. In the Tulip and Hyacinth, the new bulb is formed at the side of the old one; in the Iris, under, and in the Gladiolus and Crocus, over the bulb. It is very necessary that the leaves should be carefully protected from injury, as upon them depends the maturing of the new bulb—when, however, they have begun to decay, they should be taken up and carefully dried, by throwing a little dry sand over them for a few days, when the fibrous roots, and leaves, may be rubbed carefully from them, and placed in a cool situation until the time of replanting. Bulbs should not be permitted to seed, as by so doing, the future flowers are very much weakened;—when, however, it is desirable to grow from seed, it may be sown in similar soil, and there suffered to remain until it flowers, which for bulbs generally, is from three to five years. Tulips, as well as many other bulbs, should not be grown in the same soil for several successive years, as their exudations are said to be poisonous to themselves, although not so to other plants.

ON THE CULTURE OF BULBS IN POTS AND GLASSES.

Of Hyacinths, there are some twelve to fifteen hundred varieties, comprising all the various hues, such as yellow, purple, blue, white, pink, crimson, red, &c., &c. They produce their flowers on short erect stems, covered with florets or small bells; each floret is filled with petals rising towards the centre, and is suspended from the stem by

short strong foot stalks, the largest at the bottom, and forming a most beautiful pyramid. When grown in glass, the coloured glass should be preferred—the roots of all plants shun light, and in the case of Hyacinths, white glass causes them to grow and flower weakly. The water used, should be fresh rain-water, and by placing a piece a charcoal at the bottom of the glass, the water need not be changed oftener than once in four or five weeks, or until the water becomes slimy, hence the plant is not so frequently disturbed.—The best plan, however, of removing the water when necessary, is, to have such a quantity of the same degree of temperature as that in the glass, that by elevating the bulb a very little you continue to pour to overflowing until the whole has been changed. Endeavor to fit the bulb to the rim of the glass, but should the bulb be too small, put a collar of cotton to suit, so that when the water is put in, it may just touch the bulb. It should then be put into a dark *warm* closet until the roots and crown have made a growth of half an inch or so, when it must be brought out into the light, and in a day or two, give it the strongest light you possess, keeping it regularly turned, side for side, every few days. A window that has a southern exposure, is the best adapted, for it is light, with genial heat, that gives strength, and strength ensures richness of flower. Single Hyacinths, are more generally esteemed a florist's flower, and for water-pot culture, are generally selected; either, however, will well repay the small amount of labor necessary to grow them. For growing bulbs in pots, take a six-inch pot, the deeper the better, give it a good drainage of broken charcoal, upon which place a bit of sod, prepared thus: Take a sod cut two inches thick, from a good rich pasture or common, of a loamy soil, put it into an oven and bake it to a char—a piece of this placed upon the drainage, is not only very enriching, but retains a nutricious moisture for the roots, and prevents a leaching of the soil, when watering. Fill the pot with the rich compost before described, not forgetting the sand, and place it in the warm closet, &c., for the same purpose. Let the bulb be covered about half an inch. Water regularly but moderately, and give plenty of air, taking care that the plant does not get chilled in so doing. As the plant is coming into flower, water occasionally with weak, *clear*, guano-water. Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Jonquils, Snowdrops, &c,, may be grown in this way, and richly repay the maiden's care.

That caterer for the palate in choice things, has also been catering for the intellect of Flora's votaries. Mr. C. C. Haddock is dispensing with a liberal hand, some several bushels of rich and choice bulbs, in *variety*. Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Jonquils, Ranuncules, &c., &c., from the famous Dutchman, Vander Schoots, of Haarlem. From all which we may reasonably anticipate a magnificent show at the Horticultural rooms, next May.

"Hail to thee! hail thou lovely flower!
Still shed around thy sweet perfume,
Still smile amid the wintry hour.
And boast e'en then a Spring-tide bloom."

W. R. C.

Coal and Iron in Alabama.

Mr. Tuomey, a Professor in the University of Alabama, in a report on the Geology of a part of the Iron and Coal region of Tuscaloosa county, Alabama, gives the following account of mines of Coal and Iron, but more particularly of the latter, which in their abundance, the ease with which they might be worked, the facilities for transportation, and the nearness of favorable markets, exceed any thing of which we have ever heard:

It exhibits in the neighborhood of *Tuscaloosa*, formerly the seat of government of the State, a region of coal and iron of unbounded richness almost, and from its geological position susceptible of being most easily wrought. The bed of the Black Warrior river for one hundred miles is through coal; the dip of the coal *strata* is invariably towards the river, so as to afford the certainty of easy drainage. These immense coal fields are nearer by two hundred miles to the Gulf of Mexico than any other source of supply, and on the border of a navigable river, or of which the obstacles to the navigation may be readily overcome; running into the Tombigbee, and thence past the city of Mobile into the Gulf. Tuscaloosa is most favorably placed to become the centre of a manufacturing population. It is in a very healthy region in the hill country, with a considerable white population scattered through the high lands anxious for employment, and which would afford, in abundance and cheaply, the labor requisite in factories.

With coal and iron at their doors—with water power in profusion, in a cheap and healthy country—nothing seems wanting to the introduction and prosperity of manufactories in this region but experience and capital. It should be added, that most of the land lying within the coal and iron region embraced by the survey of Professor Tuomey (executed, as it states, with equal care and skill, and presenting its results with great precision and care) is still public property, and may be entered at the established price of $1 25 per acre.

An iron mountain in Texas, though less likely to be useful at an early period, is one of the wonders of the world.

We have been informed by an inteligent gentman who resides in Fredericksburg, that the surveyors who have been engaged in running the boundary line of the German colony have discovered a mountain near the Conchos river that consists entirely of iron ore. A portion of this iron has been smelted and yielded seventy per cent. of pure iron. According to the representation of those who have visited this mountain, it resembles the celebrated iron mountains of Missouri. It is not so large as the mountain in Missouri, being only four or five hundred feet high and probably half a mile in circumference. We are informed, however, that a range of hills extends several miles north of it, that appears to be composed almost entirely of iron ore. Within a tract of country fifty miles long by twenty broad, extending from the east bank of the Colorado northward toward the Brazos, there is probably sufficient iron to supply all the foundries in the world for the next century. Owing however, to the scarcity of fuel, this ore except in the immediate vicinity of the Colorado and its tributaries, will probably remain for many years, perhaps for centuries, as valuless as the sand hills of the desert.

For the Western Literary Messenger

Love's Apology.

When the bright-robed morn, a blushing maiden,
Awakens the birds from their slumbers deep,
And smiles o'er the turf with dew drops laden,
Kissing each flow'ret awaking from sleep,
The thrilling song that the loving bird,
Has sung to the morn, thou'st often heard,
Thou'st seen the flowers with smiles return,
The glance bestowed by the dewy morn;
But thou ne'er hast blamed either bird or flower,
For loving the morning's dewy hour!

When Cynthia, pale, o'er the throbbing waves,
Scatters her light from her silvery urn,
While the sea-gems flash in their hidden caves,
And the stars around in beauty burn;
Thou'st seen the breast of ocean swell,
As the moonlight o'er the waters fell;
Thou'st seen the trembling billow rise,
As "the moon, their mistress" walked the skies;
But thou ne'er hast blamed them because they love,
The quiet morn and the stars above!

As morn to the flowers, the moon to the sea,
The smile of beauty has been to me!
When her silvery laugh my'ear has heard,
My pulse has throbbed like ocean's tide;
I've felt the heart within me stirred,
And my lips like the breathing flowers have sighed,
When the smile of Beauty has glanced on me.
Like morn o'er the flowers, the moon o'er the sea!
Wilt thou chide because my heart has burned,
When the eyes of Beauty to mine were turned!

P. S.

The Battles near Mexico.—Entrance into the City.

Correspondent of the New Orleans Delta.

City of Mexico, Sept. 25, 1846.

The Mexicans having repeatedly violated the armistice agreed upon between our army and themselves, Gen. Scott on the 6th notified the Mexican authorities that unless they made explanation, satisfaction and reparation for the injuries we had sustained, he should consider the armistice at an end on the 7th, at 12 o'clock. They not complying with the demands of Gen. Scott, we commenced preparations for the attack.

The General-in-Chief received information that at Molino del Rey, where stood several buildings, the Mexicans were at work casting cannon, shells, shot, &c. Desiring to stop their military operations, he directed Gen. Worth, with his division, supported by Gen. Cadwalader's Brigade, to attack and destroy the place, on the morning of the 18th, and then retire. The buildings, which the Mexicans call *Casa Mata*, is situated on the West side of Chapultepec, and within six pound range of the guns of the fort. On the West side of the buildings, and the breastworks around them, is a large open plain, gradually descending to the position occupied by the Mexicans —a deep ravine inclines round this plain, or open space, until it arrives within about two hundred yards of the building upon which rested the enemy's right flank. Two 24 pounders, belonging to Capt. Huger's siege train, were placed in position to batter down the breast-works and buildings, if they were found to be occupied by a heavy force—but they did not fire but a very few shots, before Gen. Worth advanced his infantry down the plain, and attacked the enemy's works in the front and centre. The Mexicans opened upon them a most murderous fire from the point attacked, and both their flanks, which mowed down our troops like grass before the scythe.

Many of the best officers of the division were cut down, and the heavy loss in the ranks caused the advance to waver for a moment, until the supporting force came up, which also sustained a severe loss. A column of lancers, numbering 4,000 to 5,000, which were stationed on the enemy's right, perceiving the effect of this deadly fire on our infantry, came charging down, in the hope of being able to take advantage of circumstances, and put our troops to rout—but they were soon checked in their onward career. Col. Duncan brought two pieces of his battery to bear upon them, and Capt. Drum, with the two recaptured Buena Vista pieces, also opened his fire on them—while at the same moment, Major Sumner, with two squadrons of dragoons, and Capt. Ruff's company of mounted rifles, which, until then, had been held in reserve, passed down under the fire from the enemy's works, and charged the head of their column, which they could not stand for a moment, and commenced a confused and precipitous retreat. After that, they rallied twice, and attempted to return, but at each time our little handful of dragoons made them leave without exchanging cards; while the cavalry and the infantry, rallying, succeeded in carrying the buildings and breast-works which the enemy held, and compelled them to retreat—capturing seven pieces of artillery, a large quantity of ammunition, small arms, &c., and about 600 prisoners.

As soon as they were driven from the buildings, Capt. Drum and Col. Duncan advanced their light batteries, and Lieut. Stone brought forward one of the 24 pounders, the whole of which opened a most destructive fire upon them, as they retreated across a low plain to the rear of the position they at first occupied. Our loss was very heavy, and I regret to say, that some of the very best officers of our army fell killed and wounded, while the Mexican loss was very slight, until they commenced their retreat. While the cavalry were passing in front of the enemy, in order to charge the column of lancers, they were not under fire more than ten secouds, and during that time they sustained a loss of 6 officers wounded, 32 privates killed and wounded, and a loss of 105 horses. There were but two officers that did not have their horses shot under them—but there is one thing very remarkable, that the horses from which the riders had been shot, wheeled and moved with the same regularity as though they had been mounted, until they came to halt from the charge, when they all kept on in a body in direction of the enemy.

We were deceived in reference to the character of the buildings, as there was no foundry, or even a semblance of one—and after blowing up some of the buildings, and bringing off our killed and wounded, we evacuated the place, as the occupation of it would give us no advantage. Our loss was 800 killed, wounded and missing.

The result of this engagement taught us one lesson, which was, that the Mexicans use their arms well, and fight well, when they are in position; and although the superiority of our arms, and the valor of the troops will eventually triumph, yet still we must call into requisition all our military science and skill, or we purchase our victories at too dear a price. A list of the killed and and wounded, you will find in the general recapitulation which I send you. Many a tear will be shed on its perusal, and many a heart will bleed for the noble souls, and the old and firm veterans who fell in the assault.

Col. Riley was now advanced from San Angel. (his former camp) to El Piedad, in order to make a diversion, and hold the en rance to the Piedad

and San Antonto road. Gen. Pillow's division moved up to within supporting disrance, and thus rested our army until the 11th, without any thing of moment occurring. The Engineer corps were busily employed night and day in their reconnoisance, ascertaining and examining the positions of the enemy, and the different entrances to the city. The engineers, throughout all our operations, have performed a most dangerous and laborious duty. They have proved themselves to be men of sterling worth—of masterly ability, and bright ornaments of their profession.

There was a little incident which occurred to Capt. Mason in one of his reconnoissances, which is worthy of record. It became necessary on one occasion for him to go very close to the enemy's breastwork, in order to ascertain its true position. As he approached, a Mexican officer rode out with two of his escort, and came up within a very short distance, when Capt. Mason drew his revolver. The Mexican then in Spanish saluted, "Good morning." The Captain responded.—The Mexican then said, "You seem to be very curious; suppose you come a little closer." "No, I thank you, sir: I can see very well from where I am." "Walk inside, sir: we will endeavor to treat you as well as the accommodations of the camp will enable us." "I am much obliged to you, sir, for your kindness, but prefer partaking of your hospitalities on some future occasion." And holding his spy glass to his eye, he continued, "I only want at the present to see how you are situated. I can see two guns in embrasure, one in barbet, and I think you have one in embrasure a little farther to the left. That gun I see your men loading, I do not think you will be able to bring to bear on me, as I will keep you between it and myself;" and moving round a little to the right, he continued his observations. Capt. Mason, who had been making his observations during the whole time of the conversation, said to the officer, "I have no desire at present to be brought within the range of your guns, and having learned all I want to know about your position, I will bid you good morning, sir;" and then returned to where he had left his escort.

On the 11th, a column of cavalry sallied out from the fort on the San Antonio road, either for the purpose of threatening our position or taking Capt. Magruder's battery, which was stationed with the picket within about 800 yards of their fort, though in a great measure covered from the range of their guns. As soon as they got their column moved out into a place free from all obstructions, Capt. Magruder opened two pieces upon them with shot and shell, which passed through them with great destruction, and they took to their heels, and got back to the fort as quick as possible. The fort opened two guns on the battery, but without farther effect than killing one man of the 15th Infantry. An officer shortly after rode up and inquired of Capt. Magruder if the fort had fired on him. Holding a 12 pound shot, he replied, that he had the gentlemen's card, and he expected that the cavalry would carry back his compliments to the fort.

About sundown, Gen. Twiggs, with the balance of his division, arrived at Piedad and Gen. Pillow moved with his division to the south of Tacubaya, and took a position on the west side of Chapultepec, and Gen. Quitman, with his division, occupied the road from Tacubaya to the city of Mexico, Gen. Worth's division remaining in Tacubaya.

In the course of the night three heavy batteries were planted in front of the castle of Chapultepec: No. 1 commanded by Capt. Drum; No. 2 by Lieut. Hagner; No. 3 by Lieut. Stone—all under the general command and superintendence of Capt. Auger, Chief of the Ordnance. Also, during the night General Twiggs's division planted Capt. Steptoe's in front of the fortifications on the San Antonio road, it being intended that Gen. Twiggs should make a feint for the purpose of drawing out the enemy in that direction.

At daylight on the morning of the 12th, all the batteries opened—the feint made by Gen. Twiggs's division succeeded admirably. As soon as Capt. Steptoe opened his guns, the enemy marched out several heavy columns, and in reaching the fort passed within range of Steptoe's guns, when he turned a heavy and destructive fire upon them.—As soon as they reached the work he turned his attention to the fort, and in the course of an hour's cannonading drove them out of it, and silenced all the guns. Capt. Steptoe's fire throughout was one of the most effective and well-directed that has been witnessed during the war, while his position was such that the enemy's shot had little or no effect upon him.

The siege batteries continued an uninterrupted fire upon the Castle of Chapultepec throughout the day, which was answered by eleven guns in the work. Our guns proved to be very destructive, as we found after the work was taken 500 dead men unburied but thrown in ditches. The building was also completely riddled.

It was determined on the morning of the 13th to storm the Castle of Chapultepec and the works connected with it. The General-in-Chief, knowing the strength of the fortifications, and the strong force with which it was garrisoned, concluded to assault it with old and well tried troops—not that he did not posses confidence in the divisions of Generals Pillow and Quitman—but in carrying a point which was the key to all our future operations, it would not do to make a mistake or omit to take every advantage. Therefore, the storming parties from the divisions of Gen. Worth and Gen. Twiggs, which had so frequently been under severe fire, were selected. The heavy batteries continued their fire upon the fort, and about 7 o'clock, when the brigade of Gen. Smith arrived as a supporting force to the division of General Quitman—as soon as Gen. Smith's brigade reached its position—the division of Gen. Pillow passed Molino del Rey and ascended the hill on the west side, the Voltigeur Regiment, which had been advanced into the timber to clear it of the enemy's skirmishers, became the assaulting force, supported by the balance of the division.

Gen. Worth was situated to the north and on the left of Gen. Pillow. A part of Gen. Quitman's force ascended the hill on the south and to the right of Gen. Pillow. As the division of Gen. Pillow, and a portion of Gen. Quitman's ascended and carried the Castle in most gallant style, the balance of Ger. Quitman's force and the brigade of Gen. Smith, swept the works on the road, the whole of the commands moving harmoniously and simultaneously together, much to the honor and credit of their respective commanders, struck the enemy in different positions at one and the same time a fatal blow. The hill, where Gen. Pillow's command ascended, had been mined for the purpose of blowing up our troops when they arrived at a certain point, but the rapid movements of the Voltiguer Regiment, and the deadly effect of the fire of their rifles, as they followed up the enemy from the first position, prevented their carrying out their views and intentions.

Just as the command of Gen. Pillow rose the hill, and while in the act of assaulting the work, he fell wounded, and Col. Ransom was killed; but so lucidly had Gen. Pillow explained his objects aad intentions in carrying the work, and aided by an active and efficient staff, that his com-

mand moved on and carried the work without even being brought to a stand. As Gen. Quitman's division was charging on the work in the road, Brig. Gen. Shields received a severe wound in the arm; and as soon as the works were carried he returned and had it dressed, and again mounted his horse, which was shortly afterwards killed under him, but he continued to command his brigade, which was actively engaged throughout the day, and the name of Shields will long be remembered in connection with the laurels won by the Palmetto of the South and the Empire of the North.

Gen. Pillow being disabled by his wound, Gen. Worth took the command of both his own division and that of Gen. Pillow, and advanced along the aqueduct leading to the gates of San Cosmo. Gen. Quitman, with his own command and Gen. Smith's brigade, also advanced towards the city by the aqueduct leading into the city at the gate of Piedad, which is commanded by the .Citadel. On each of the routes the two columns met with a decided and stubborn resistance, and after the advance of Gen. Worth's command had reached the gate of San Cosmo the fire was so hot that they were compelled temporarily to abandon it—and did not make a permanent lodgment until towards evening, when a portion of the siege train battery was brought into action, as also a piece or two of the mountain howitzers, which hurled the shot and shell about the ears of the enemy a little hotter than they desired.

Gen. Quitman's column, with the Rifles at their head, continued steadily and cautiously on, taking position and breastwork as they came in contact with them until they arrived near the gate of the city. Here the firing was so heavy, both from small arms and artillery, that it was deemed prudent to carefully reconnoitre it before attacking. Accordingly, Lieuts. Beauregard, of the engineers; Lovell, of Gen. Quitman's staff, and Van Buren, of Gen. Smith's staff, went forward to ascertain the position of affairs; they returned, and upon their report the Rifles, supported by a small force of infantry, was advanced forward for the purpose of picking off the artillerists, which they did—being partially covered by the aqueduct—with the same success and accuracy as one of our Southern or Western men would shoot squirrels.

This rendered the situation of the Mexican artillerists so uncomfortable, that they were unable to stand to their guns long enough to load them, and they commenced moving their guns, which was perceived by Gen. Quitman, and he ordered a charge, which was carried into execution as soon as ordered—Lieut. Stuart, of the Rifles, leading the way. It captured the main work, with two pieces of artillery, which Capt. Dunn turned on the retreating enemy. Gen. Quitman was himself among the first to mount the breastwork and plant the standard thereon, at 1 o'clock; the enemy then formed and three times attempted to charge us and retake the position, but the unerring and deadly fire of the rifles, together with a volley of grape from Capt. Dunn, so cut them to pieces that they would not approach nearer than rifle shot. The third time they tried to advance under the cover of the arches of the aqueduct, but if ever a Mexican poked his head out for the purpose of slipping from one arch to the other, some rifleman would be sure to put a ball through it.

During the whole of the afternoon the Citadel and a fort on our right continued a concentrated fire upon the gate, where our troops were, in the hopes of driving them out, but in this they were much mistaken although we had but little cover. Here it was that the lamented Capt. Dunn fell mortally wounded; the death of no man in our army has been more sincerely regretted than his—throughout the bombardment of Chapultepec he stood by his guns, and when the works of the enemy were stormed, he continued to advance his battery under the heaviest fire, himself possessing and infusing into his men, a cool and deliberate bravery and self-possession surpassed by none. You will recollect that it was he who recaptured the Buena Vista guns, still covered with the blood of those who fell over them at the time they were lost, and afterwards used them with such decisive effect at the battle of Molino del Rey on the 8th inst.

Under cover of the night Gen. Quitman's column erected a breastwork, and put into position a battery of two 18s, one 68 pound howitzer and one 24 pound howitzer, intending to warm up the citadel in the morning. Gen. Worth's column got his guns in a position to rake everything in its vicinity, and after night Lieut. Hagner threw a few shot and shell into the city, which no doubt intimidated the enemy very much, as they had a taste of this at Vera Cruz.

After the results and successes of the day, Gen. Scott intended, on the morning of the 14th, to make a lodgment on the "New Paseo," entering by the San Cosmo gate, and bombard the city, and for this purpose the balance of Gen. Twiggs's division was ordered from El Piedad to the support of Gen. Worth.

On the night of the 13th, Santa Anna evacuated all his positions and retreated from the city, having had more than one-half of his army killed and wounded or taken prisoners. Among the latter was Gen. Bravo, with his staff, at Chapultepec.

Santa Anna found that if he fought us on the 14th, he would hardly have a body guard left to cover his retreat.

Early in the morning the two columns took up their march. Generals Quitman and Smith, at the head of their columns, entered the grand national plaza at 7 o'clock.

The column was formed in the plaza by order of Gen. Quitman. The national flag of the vanguard of the Cerro Gordo division, while the command came to a present, was flung to the breeze on the National Palace, and it now triumphantly waves over the Halls of the Montezumas.

Gen. Worth's command halted four or five squares from the Plaza, where Col. Garland was wounded.

About eight o'clock Gen. Scott and staff, in full feather, escorted by the cavalry, came into the city, amidst the huzzas of the soldiery on all sides. As he entered, the band of the 2d dragoons, mounted, interested the staring crowds with "Hail Columbia."

As the escort entered the Grand Plaza, the band moved the patriotism of the whole of us to a little higher pitch, by the good old fashioned national air of "Yankee Doodle."

Correspondence of the Picayune.

MEXICO, Sept. 14.

An immense crowd of blanketed leperos, the scum of the capital, were congregated in the plaza as the commander-in-chief entered it. They pressed upon our soldiers and eyed them as tho' they were beings of another world. So much were they in the way, and with such eagerness did they press around, that Gen. Scott was compelled to order our dragoons to clear the plaza.—They were told, however, not to injure or harm a man in the mob—they were all our friends.

About five minutes after this, and while Gen. Worth was returning to his division near the Alameda, he was fired upon from a house near the

Convent of San Francisco. Some of the cowardly Polkas, who had now commenced the assassin game of shooting at every one of our men they saw, from windows, as well as from behind the parapets on the azoteas or tops of the houses. In half an hour our good friends, the leperos, in the neighborhood of the hospital of San Andras and the church of Santa Clara, also commenced discharging muskets and throwing bottles and rocks from the azoteas. I have neglected to mention that just previous to this Col. Garland had been severely wounded by a musket, fired by some miscreant from a window.

For several hours this cowardly war upon our men continued, and during this time many were killed or wounded. It was in this species of fighting that Lieut. Sidney Smith received his death wound. The divisions of Gen. Twiggs in one part of the city, and Gen. Worth in another, were soon actively engaged in putting down the insurrection. Orders were given to shoot every man in all the houses from which the firing came, while the guns of the different light batteries swept the streets in all directions. As the assassins were driven from one house they would take refuge on another; but by the middle of the afternoon they were all forced back to the barriers and suburbs. Many innocent persons have doubtless been killed during the day, but this could not be avoided. Had orders been given at the outset to blow up and demolish every house or church from which one man was fired upon, the disturbances would have been at once quelled. As it is, I trust that the lesson the rabble and their mischievous leaders have received today may deter them from future outrages.

On entering the palace General Scott named General Quitman governor of Mexico—a most excellent appointment.

Yours, &c., G. W. K.

City of Mexico, Sept. 17, 1847.

The capital is now quiet enough, and although the inhabitants say but little they are probably not altogether contented with their new masters.—They say that the Lord and Santa Anna are to blame for all their misfortunes—their own lack of prowess and courage is not thought of. They say that Providence withheld the rains and gave the Yankees fair weather for their operations, while Santa Anna deserted them in their extremity, and gave up the city without even making terms for them, The latter has gone no one knows whither. Some contend that he is on his way to the coast, with the intention of leaving the country; others that he has gone toward Queretaro; while many think that he is lurking about Guadaloupe or San Christobal, within a few miles of this, yet with only a small force of cavalry at his command. His wife, who has been living all the while at the houre of his particular friend Mackintosh, has gone out in the direction of San Christobal in search of him. Santa Anna, just before he left the city, grossly insulted Gen. Torres, who commanded at the Belen gate, for deserting his post. It is also said that he has quarreled with Lombardini. These are old tricks of the tyrant—throwing the blame upon others to coger his own shameless conduct.

Lieut. Morris, of the 8th infantry, has died of the wound he received at the hard fought battle of El Molino, and it is thought extremely doubtful whether Lieut. Ernst, of the 6th, wounded at the same time, can recover. I do not learn that any other officers are considered as in a dangerous condition.

List of Officers Killed and Wounded.

FIRST DIVISION—MAJOR GEN. WORTH.

Names of the Officers Killed, Wounded and Missing in the action of Molino del Rey, Sept. 8.

Killed.—1st. Lieut. Wm. Armstrong; Bvt. Capt. G. W. Ayres; 2d Lt. W. S. Burwell; Bvt. Lieut. Col. Martin Scott, Capt. M. E. Merrill; 2d Lieut. E. B. Strong; Lt. Col. Wm. M. Graham; 1st Lieut. R. H. L. Johnson.

Wounded.—Capt. J. L. Mason, Eng'rs, severely; 2d Lt. J. B. Foster, severely; Capt. C. Kerr, severely; 2d Lt. Smith, 2d Lt. Tree, 2d Lt. Walker, severely; 1st Lts. H. J. Hunt, W. Hayes, 2d Lt. H. F. Clark, slightly; Capt. E. K. Smith, mortally—since dead; 2d Lt. F. S. Dent; 2d Lt. and aid-de-camp H. Thorn, slightly; 1st Lt. M. L. Shackleford, 1st Lt. C. B. Daniels, severely; Capt. R. Anderson, severely; 2d Lt. G. P. Andrews, slightly; Asst. Surg'n. J. Seniors, slightly; Adj. H. Prince, severely; 2d Lt. A. B. Lincoln, do.; 1st Lt. S. Smyth, slightly.

Bvt. Col. J. S. McIntosh, severely—since dead; Asst. Surg. Wm. Roberts, severely; 2d Lt. C. S. Hamilton, badly; Capt. A Cady, slightly; Capt. W. H. T. Walker, severely; 2d Lt. R. F. Ernst, severely; Major C. A. Waite, Bvt. Maj. George Wright, slightly; Bvt. Maj. A. Montgomery, Capt. L. Smith, severely; 1st Lt. J. Burbank, mortally—since dead; 1st Lt. J Beardsley, severely; 1st Lt. C. Morris, mortally—since dead; 1st Lt. J. D. Clark, severely; 2d Lt. G. Wainwright, badly; Lt. J. G. S. Snelling, severely; Maj. Geo. W. Talcott, 2d Lts. G. L. Kitzing, R. Swann, Wm. J. Martin, Washington Terrell, slightly; Maj. John A. Savage, severely; Captain Thomas Glenn, Lts. Hays, Thomas Shields, Samuel B. Davis, slightly; Capts. Wm. H. Irvin, P. M. Guthrie, severely; Adjt. D. S. Lee, slightly.

Names of the Killed, Wounded and Missing of the 1st Divisions in the actions of the 13th and 14th Sept.

Killed.—Lieut. A. J. Rogers; 2d Lt. J. P. Smith.

Wounded.—A. A. Gen. W. W. Markall, volunteer, A. D. C. George W. Kendall, slightly; 1st Lieut. J. J. Stevens, severely; Lt. Col. John Garland, commanding 1st brigade, severely; 1st Lt. S. Smith, mortally—since dead; 2d Lt. Maurice Maloney, condition not stated, Capt. D. H. McPhail, slightly; 1st Lt. L. A. Armistead, slightly; 2d Lt. James Longhurst, 1st Jos. Seldon, severely.

SECOND DIVISION—BRIG. GEN. TWIGGS.

In the action at Chapultepec and the Garita de Belen, on the 13th, and in the city of Mexico on the 14th and 15th September, 1847.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Wounded.—1st Lt. Earl Van Dorn, slightly; Maj. W. W. Doring, severely, arm lost; Capts. J. S. Simonson, J. B. Backenstos, S. S. Tucker, 2d Lt. T. S. K. Russell, Bvt. 2d Lt. I. A. Palmer, Capt. Geo. Nauman, slightly; 1st Lt. and Adjt. J. M. Brannan, severely; 1st Lt. J. M. Haskin, do,

SECOND BRIGADE.

Killed.—1st Lt. Levi Cautt.

Wounded.—Capt. Silas Casey, 1st Lt. N. Lyon, slightly; Capt. Thos. Handey, severely.

THIRD DIVISION—MAJ. GEN. PILLOW.

During the attack on Chapultepec and the city of Mexico on the 13th and 14th Sept. 1847.

Major Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, wounded severely; Lt. G. T. Beauregard, wounded twice slightly.

FIRST ARTILLERY, CO. 1—FIELD BATTERY.

Wounded—Capt. J. B. Magruder, twice.

NINTH REGIMENT INFANTRY.

Killed—Col. T. B. Ransom.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT INFANTRY.

Wounded—Col. Wm. Trousdale, severely; Capt. J. M. Scantland, severely; Col. Robt. G. Beale, very slightly; 2d Lts. Rich Steel, Robt. W. Bedford, slightly.

FIFTEENTH REGIMENT INFANTRY.

Wounded—Capt. E. A. King, slightly.

VOLTIGEUR REGIMENT.

Wounded—Lt. Col. Jos. E. Johnston, slightly; Capt. Moses J. Barnard, twice slightly; 1st Lts. Jas. Tilton, H. C. Congenecker, [Adj't] slightly; 2d Lts. J. L. Reno, severely; W. J. Martin, slightly.

FOURTH DIVISION—MAJ. GEN. QUITMAN.

Several actions near the city of Mexico, on the 14th and 15th September, 1847.

Killed—Major L. Twiggs, Capt. A. Van O'Linda, 1st Lt. J. M. Morgan, 2d Lt. J. Wells Cantey.

Wounded—Lt. Col. J. M. Geary, slightly; Lt. A. S. Towrison, Capts. E. S. Williams, Chris. Sieb, Lt. John Keefe, Capt. James Caldwell, severely; 1st Lt. and Adj. D. D. Baker, 1st Lt. and A. Q. M. J. S. Devlin, slightly; 2d Lt. Charles A. Henderson, Maj. A. H. Gladden, Act'g Adjt. M. Clarke, severely; 1st Lt. A. B. O'Bannon, 2d Lt. C. J. Kirkland, Capt. J. H. Williams, slightly; Lt. Col. Charles Baxter, mortally—since dead; 2d Lts. Mayne, Reede, Capts. J. Barclay, S. W. Peel, slightly; Capt. C. H. Pearson severely; 2d Lt. Bell, 2d Lt. J. W. Steen, 2d Lt. J. B. Davis, 1st Lt. Chas. H. Janes, Capt. M. Fairchild, Lieut. J. W. Green.

General Staff.—Brig. Gen. James Shields, severely; F. N. Page, A. A. G., slightly; M. Lovell, A. A. A. G., slightly; Capt. Dauly, vol. aid, severely.

GENERAL TOTAL.

	Killed.	*Wounded.*	*Missing.*
1. Gen. Worth's Division....	140	766	27
2. Gen. Twiggs' Division....	36	191	10
3. Gen. Pillow's Division....	21	111	10
4. Gen. Quitman's Division...	42	267	..
Total.....	238	1335	47

Killed, wounded and missing in the four divisions of Generals Worth, Twiggs, Pillow and Quitman, 1623.

CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 24, 1847.

Not a little joy has been manifested by all at the arrival here of the American prisoners—Captains Clay, Heady and Smith, Lieutenants Churchill, Davidson and Barbour, and sixteen privates—who have recently been confined at Toluca. It seems that they were released by the Governor, on his own responsibility, they promising that the same number of Mexican prisoners, and of equal rank, should be delivered up to him. Those officers who refused to give their parole when all were ordered to Toluca, and who afterwards escaped, have performed active service here in the different battles. Major Gaines has been serving on the staff of Gen. Scott, Midshipman Rogers on that of Gen. Pillow, Major Borland on that of Gen. Worth, and Capt. Danley on that of Gen. Quitman. The latter was severely wounded on the 13th, but will recover.

G. W. K.

CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 26, 1747.

Assassinations continue. No less than ten murdered soldiers were found this morning in the vicinity of the quarter of San Pablo, and eight on the previous day. The fault lies partially with our own men, who straggle from their quarters and get intoxicated at the first *pulqueria* or grog shop; but the fact that even in this state they are set upon by gangs of armed ruffians, shows that a feeling of revenge and deep hatred obtains against us; and the frequency of the murders would prove that a regular system of assassination is organized, the wire workers very likely some of the priests and leading men.

In my last I stated that Col. McIntosh was sinking under his wounds—that brave officer died last night, and is to be buried tomorrow with all military honors. He fell pierced by two balls while gallantly leading his men to attack the Casa Mata on the 8th Sept., and his system, suffering under wounds received in former battles, was not able to overcome the shock.

Yours, &c., G. W. K.

CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 28, 1847.

We have rumors without number from Puebla today. One is that Santa Anna has been killed in an encounter with Col. Childs in the vicinity of that city; another story would make us believe that he has been taken prisoner, after defending himself for some time at the paper mill called La Constancia, in the neighborhood of Puebla. The accounts say that Col. Childs was reinforced by Major Lally, and that he immediately entered the city, drove out the guerrilleros and surrounded the mill above named. What credit to place in these rumors I know not; but if Santa Anna is really a prisoner it has been intentional—he has given himself up. If he has been killed, it has been what the Mexicans would term one *casualidad*, a sheer accident, for no such intention ever entered his head.

It is said that the Mexican Congress is to assemble at Queretaro, on the 5th of October—next week—and that Pena y Pena has gone out to be installed as the acting President. I have heard Mexicans say that the body has many members who will deliberate manfully and seriously in favor of peace; but my opinion is, that a majority of them will talk of little save honor and ditches and glory, and last extremities and ruins, and of being buried under them, and kindred nonsense. Some of them may be bribed, or hired, to espouse the peace side. We shall see.

Paredes was here in the city a few days since, without followers, and has gone North, perhaps toward Guadalajara, his old and favorite ground, to stir and influence the minds of the people against the Yankees, and try his hand against them. He is, no doubt, one of the bravest and best Generals Mexico has ever produced.

Gomez Farias is at Queretaro, but we do not hear what he is doing. General Herrera is also there, and if any leading man in Mexico is in favor of peace, he is the one. His influence, however, is confined almost entirely to the *moderados*.

Mr. Wells, the partner of Hart in the army theatre, died here a day or two since. He may be recollected in the United States, not only as a pantomimist but as a dancer and actor of some distinction. Capt. Pemberton Waddell, of one of the new regiments of infantry, is also dead. The wound of Gen. Shields, although painful, is improving. A musket ball struck him in the left arm at the storming of Chapultepec, but binding a handkerchief around it he continued with his men until everything was calmed. Gen. Pillow is almost entirely recovered. Since commencing this I have heard another rumor to the effect that Alvarez and the Congress of Puebla have risen upon Santa Anna and put him to death. This can hardly be credited. Alvarez is doubtless in that direction. He took special good care to keep himself and his pintos out of harm's way during the recent struggles in that vicinity.

The loss in the different divisions in the storming of Chapultepec and capture of the city on the 13th is as follows: In that of General Quitman about 300, in that of Gen. Twiggs 268, in that of Gen. Pillow 142, in that of General Worth 138. Owing to his previous heavy loss the latter only had about 1,000 men engaged in the last battles. As I know it will be of great interest to their friends, before closing this letter I will state that the wounds of almost all the officers are doing well. I can speak positively of Colonel Garland, Majors Wade, Waite, Loring and Gladden, of Capts. Mason, Walker, Danley, and of Lieuts. Foster, Shackelford, Selden and Lugenbeel, and I mention them as being some of the most severely wounded. Yours, &c., G. W. K.

Some of the incidents related in the letter below, written by a Frenchman to one of his countrymen in Vera Cruz, have been partially reported by the Telegraph, but the details, will, nevertheless, be found interesting:

MEXICO, Sept. 28, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR: I avail myself of the departure of the British courier to sketch you the scenes it has been my luck to witness in the capital and its environs, the Mexicans having been beaten in all points, and in every way, from the 8th to the 13th inst.

Gen. Santa Anna left the Capital on the evening of the 13th, and took the road of the interior. On the 14th, in the morning, the Americans entered the city in a very quiet manner, and Gen. Scott was already in the Palace, when, on a sudden, the people of the low classes commenced throwing stones on the Americans from the tops of the houses, and from all the streets, whilst individuals of a better standing, fired from the windows and balconies on the Yankees, who were far from expecting such treatment.

Gen. Scott ordered immediately pieces of artillery to be placed in all directions, and soon swept the street with grape shot; but this proved insufficient to subdue the insurrection. General

Scott then sent a few companies on divers points, with orders to break open every house out of which the Mexicans should fire; to put to the sword those found within, and lastly, to sack the property therein contained.

This order was executed with great moderation, thanks to the secret instructions of General Scott, but in some cases, with stern energy, soon put down the insurrection.

These scenes lasted three long and sad days—from the 14th to the 17th—and, I assure you, we were much alarmed during the whole time.

All foreigners, including those imbued in other respects with prejudice towards the Americans, agree in one point—that the American army had not done the hundredth part of the injury it had a right to do, and which European armies have done in similar circumstances. A foreigner myself, and having seen warfare in Europe, towards the end of Napoleon's military career, I, judging by comparison, give it as my sincere and candid opinion, if a Continental army had been stoned and fired upon by the population of a vanquished city, the inhabitants would have been dealt with rather roughly.

Now we are tranquil; but it is a sad tranquility, as we fear new disturbances. Our precarious situation will not change for the better, until peace be concluded, or the Americans send about 15,000 men. The army of invasion is really too small; for figure to yourself 7,000 men in a city of upwards of 200,000 hostile souls, and in Puebla less than 1,500 to restrain a population of more than 50,000. This is really too little. The Americans have covered themselves with glory in all the battles fought in Mexico; they are all and each of them heroes; but it is a great thing to see a handful of Americans cut their way through three hundred miles of dense populations, and hoist the *star-spangled banner* on the domes of this capital.

TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN ART.—A correspondent of the *Albany Evening Journal* says:

While the steam engine, (in its application to purposes of locomotion) the lightning rod, the spinning gin, the magnetic telegraph, and other American inventions and discoveries have gained a world-wide renown, the researches in the new science of *Palæontology*, by Geologists in the United States, have already attracted the especial notice and admiration of scientific men thro'-out Europe.

But the object of this note is to call public attention to the remarkable fact, that a young man residing at Canastota, in Madison co., N. Y. has, by the force of his own singular genius and extraordinary perseverance, succeeded in constructing more powerful miscroscopes than have ever been produced before, *either in this or any other country*.

A letter written by Prof. BAILEY, of West Point, is quoted in proof of this statement. In that letter Prof. B. says that Mr. SPENCER's lenses showed beautifully objects that had been sought in vain by the aid of the highest powers of other miscroscopes. "I feel therefore," adds the Professors, "no hesitation in pronouncing his Miscroscopes far superior to Chevalier's; and they show all the lines on the most difficult objects which I could see with the Lowell instrument at Boston.

This is a triumph for American art, in which we should all rejoice, and feel it a duty to spread the knowledge of."—*Com. Adv.*

☞ More than nine thousand different animals have been changed into stone. The races or genera of more than half of these are now extinct, not being known in a living state upon earth.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Funeral Display.

"At my death," says Sir Thomas Brown, "I mean to take a total adieu of the world, not careing for a monument, history or epitaph, not so much as the memory of my name to be found any where but in the universal register of God." This sentiment, so characteristic of one of the greatest of "the great old prose writers of England," is the sentiment of every thorough christian and all truly great men. And display after their death, whether at their interment or at a future period, is repulsive to their feelings when alive, and is looked upon as a sad exhibition of misplaced regard and human weakness. This counsel to friends is like that of Milleande:—an old lord in Ford's beautiful play of the "Melancholy Lover:"

"When I am dead
Save charge, let me be buried in a nook;
No gems, no *pompous* whinings; these are fooleries.
If, while we live, we stalk about the streets,
Jostled by carmen, foot-posts and fine apes
In silken coats, unminded and scarce thought on,
It is not comely to be haled to the earth
Like high-fed jades upon a tilting day,
In antic trappings."

We are sorry to say that such counsel as this, full grown common sense, is seldom regarded by the friends of the deceased. They have no thought of saving charge. Not only must an army of uninterested mourners (?) be marshalled, but a long procession of carriages must figure on the occasion, even though the relatives are unable to defray the expenses thus incurred.

The distribution of invitation cards to attend funerals, a custom prevalent in Canada and some other countries, appears to be in bad taste. Would it not be preferable to have only such individuals present on a funeral occasion as are drawn to the house of mourning by sincere friendshipial attachment at least, to the lost? How *can* real mourners take any pleasure in being crowded in the house of sorrow, or jostled at the grave, by disinterested personsl Such things, it would seem, *must* be dissonant to the feelings of the afflicted. Be this as it may, they are at best but a cold mocking of the sacred instincts of our nature.

Afar from home and amongst strangers, we have witnessed to day the *pompous* interment of a Son of Temperance. During the sermon, the speaker said he rejoiced that there was such a society as the one to which the deceased belonged BECAUSE *it had a tendency to make large and respectable funeral processions!!* The worthy association assembled on the occasion, must have blushed at this argument in their behalf. We can, for our part, most heartily say, Heaven deliver us, while living, from any *conventional* ties which,

alone shall constrain others, when we are dead, to follow us to the "narrow house." Let no mortal view our open grave unless he can drop a tear into it out of respect to us as an individual *merely*. We would prefer one sincere mourner to a nation of indifferent spectators.

FEMALE TEACHERS FOR THE WEST.—A meeting was held last Sabbath evening at the first Presbyterian Church, in connection with the departure of thirty-two female teachers from the east to the west, accompanied by ex-governor Sldae of Vermont, the agent for "The National Board of Popular Education," under the patronage of which these young ladies are sent out.—Mr. Slade addressed the meeting at considerable length on "The organization of Board—the wants of the west—the need of immediate and vigorous action in meeting these wants, and the most practicable plan for accomplishing the object in view." Mr. S. stated that he had travelled for the "Board" about one year in endeavoring to arouse the attention of the west to the subject of Education, and in establishing auxiliary organizations in the most important western cities.—The present location of the "Board," if we mistake not, is at Cleveland, Ohio. Last spring it sent out thirty-three teachers who are now laboring in different portions of the North-western states with a good prospect of success. The plan on which the Board is now operating, met with the hearty approval of the clergymen present, and cannot fail, we think, of accomplishing all it proposes.

THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.—The *Builder*, an English publication, says the Church of Santa Sophia, at Constantinople, which has been converted into a mosque since 1453, and is the most ancient Christian church that exists, is now undergoing a thorough restoration, by order of the Sultan, under the direction of M. FOSSATI, an architect. As we are informed, adds the *Builder*, they have removed the layer of plaster with which the superb mosaics and frescoes that decorate the walls were covered, and which are not less important as regards art than they are in respect of history.

THE POTATO CROP ABROAD.—A private letter to the editors of the *Batavia Times* dated London 21st ult. states that notwithstanding whatever the papers may say, the writer is entirely satisfied, from personal observation in England and Ireland, that the potato crop in both those countries will prove a total failure. Decay had already commenced and was rapidly increasing.—Reasoning from analogy, we have expressed an opinion that this would ultimately be found the case in those countries, as well as in the United States. The Continent of Europe, it has been admitted, is severely visited by the this affliction; and the British press has an interest to serve in refusing to make public the extent of the failure.

☞ The following is an illustration of the very extensive business continually carried on in the fine grazing counties in our neighborhood. There is so far as we know, not any way of accurately estimating its amount. The cattle are driven along various roads and to various places, chiefly to New York and Boston, and sometimes to Philadelphia, or the country near those places, where after being fattened they are sent to market. They are sometimes sent to various places in Upper Canada also, and even to Montreal.—If the money value of the cattle exported from these lands were in the shape of wheat, it would attract public attention and a greater influx of settlers than at the present time:

"WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?"—It is surprising to witness the numbers of horned cattle that pass over the Allegany road through this village. Scarcely a day passes at this season that does not bring along its three or four droves; and occasionally it does appear as if the roads was covered with a continual drove from daylight till dark.—*Perry Dem.*

THANSGIVING IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The Governor of Pennsylvania has also appointed Nov. 25th, as a day of public thanksgiving—making the eighth State in which the same day is to be observed.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22, 3 P. M.

It was rumored at the Capital by messengers from Puebla, on the 27th, that PAREDES, BUSTAMENTE, and other influential persons, were about to invite a foreign Prince to Mexico to settle the difficulties of the country.

Gen. QUITMAN issued orders on the 25th notifying all officers of the Mexican army at the Capital to report immediately to the Inspector General of the American army, and another under date of the 27th regulating the value of commodities.

Some accounts reiterate the statement that the Americans had lost three thousand since the army left Puebla, while others state the loss at 1623, as follows:

Gen. WORTH'S division 140 killed, 766 wounded, and 27 missing. Gen. TWIGGS'S division, 38 killed, 194 wounded, and 10 missing. Gen. PILLOW'S division 21 killed, 111 wounded, and 10 missing. Gen. QUITMAN'S division 41 killed and 267 wounded. Total killed, wounded and missing, 1623.

"We have destroyed," says the despatch from the South, "the Mexican army of over 30,000 men—upwards of 6,000 of which have been taken prisoners. We have captured seventy pieces of artillery—27 at the battle of Contreras—10 at the fort of Cherubusco, and 33 on the 12th, 13th and 14th.

The last of Mr. KENDALL'S letters dated the 29th, mentions two rumors with regard to SANTA ANNA, one of which is that he has been taken prisoner by Col. CHILDS, and the other that he had been slain by Gen. ALVAREZ and the Congress of Puebla.

A correspondent of the *Delta* gives a graphic account of the entrance of Gen. SCOTT into the Capital, but it is too long for this despatch.

One of the first acts of Gen. SCOTT was to appoint Gen QUITMAN Civil and Military Governor of Mexico, and Col. J. F. BELTON Lieut. Governor.

Gen. QUITMAN's department embraces the following officers:

Capt. F. N. Page, Assistant Adjutant General, Lieuts. M. Lovell, M. Wilcox, and R. P. Hammond, aid-de-camp, Capt. J. T. Davis, Secretary, and Mr. Levi, interpreter.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25—3 P. M.

The Southern mail brings New Orleans papers to the 17th, but nothing later from the army.

The Picayune contains a circular from Pacheco, Mexican Secretary, addressed to the Governors of the several States, recounting the disasters which have befallen Santa Anna and the Mexican army—Santa Anna's resignation of the Presidency, and his determination not to lay down his arms until ordered to do so by the Mexican Government.

The Telegraph is out of order beyond Wilmington, Deleware.

NEW YORK, Oct. 21—7 P. M.

Santa Anna not wounded, but resigned the Presidency, and retired to Luca, 15 miles from Gandaloupe, with the remnant of his army, for the purpose of attacking our trains. Most of the deserters hung. Riley only flogged.

Clay and others joined Scott in taking the Capital. Scott issued congratulatory orders, requesting officers and men to return thanks to God for our triumph, and enjoined strict discipline and sobriety.

An American paper has already been issued at the Capital.

The report that Gen. Rhea was at Puebla is fully confirmed, and the Sun of Liberty of the 27th ult., says our troops under Col. Childs were bombarding the city from the surrounding heights; the same paper of the 2d inst., says Santa Anna was at Puebla. His force after its junction with Gen. Valencia amounted to only 3000 men, and was quartered in the Convent of Saint Carmain.

The Americans shortly fortified in a massive building, awaiting reinforcements in the utmost security. At intervals bombs were thrown into the city, doing very little execution.

It is not true that the Americans were at any time severely repulsed.

A letter from the capital says the Americans entered the city in a very quiet manner, and Gen. Scott was already in the Palace when on a sudden the people of the lower classes commenced throwing stones on the populace, while individuals of the better order fired from the windows and balconies. Gen. Scott ordered parks of artillery to be placed in all directions and soon swept the street. But this proved insufficient. Gen. Scott then sent a few companies in advance parties, with orders to break open every house out of which the Mexicans could fire, to put to the sword those within and sack the property. This order was executed with much moderation.

Farther details by the Fashion represent that the Mexican Gen. Rhea, is certainly in possession of Puebla, and that forces was concentrating there from all quarters.

Col. Childs having returned is well posted near by, expecting Gen. Lane and Maj. Lally to arrive soon.

Gen. Lane was at Jalapa on the 30th ult.—Bescot, who took a convoy for him to the National Bridge says, he saw no enemy. Col. Fairchilds in returning from the bridge, was fired upon, and one man wounded. Gen. Patterson was to leave soon with 2000 men.

A bearer of despatches from Gen. Scott is reported killed at Cordova.

ARRESTED.—We understand the first and second Mates of the steamer Chesapeake have been arrested under an indictment found in the last United States Court, for manslaughter, (in disregarding the lives of passengers lost by the sinking of the Chesapeake,) and are now confined in this place.—*Clev. Plain Dealer.*

THE WIRES ARE UP.—We noticed day before yesterday the arrival of 50 bundles more of Telegraph wires, and yesterday they were being strung along on the tops of the posts leading up Fort street. A few weeks more and this city will be struck by lightning every day.—*Detroit Adv.*

"THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE."—The prairie has presented a beautiful appearance for the past few evenings in the neighborhood of the city, as the fire has swept over it. The season for the annual burning has arrived, and the long line of fire on the South and West nightly, looks like a bright opening through the earth, or in detatched spots like the watch fires of an army—so noiseless, yet so grand.—*Chicago Journal.*

SUICIDE.—Mr. Tucker, a young man residing on Fifth street, between Race and Elm, committed suicide last by blowing his brains out with a pistol. He died instantly. He had been for some time in a melancholy mood, but none knew the cause of his dejection.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

STATE OF NEW YORK, } ALBANY, August 3
SECRETARY'S OFFICE, } 1847.

To the Sherif of the County of Erie:

SIR: Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE.

A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney-General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICT.

One Senator for the Thirty-First Senate District, consisting of the county of Erie.

COUNTY.

Also, the following officers for the said county, to wit: Four Members of Assembly, one to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully,
N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

ERIE COUNTY SHERIF'S OFFICE, }
Buffalo, August 6, 1847. }

A general election is to be held in the County of Erie, on the second day of November next, at which which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

auboawtno2 TIMOTHY A. HOPKINS, Sherif.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
SECRETAY'S OFFICE. } ALBANY, Sept. 23, 1847.

To the Sherif of the County of Erie:

SIR: Pursuant to an act entitled "An act to provide for the election of a Lieutenant Governor," passed Sept. 27, 1847, Notice is hereby given that at the next General Election, to be held on Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, a Lieutenant Governor of this State is to be elected. Yours, respectfully,
N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

ERIE COUNTY SHERIF'S OFFICE, }
Buffalo, Oct. 2, 1847. }

Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election, to be held on the 2d day of November next, there will be chosen a Lieutenant Governor of this State, agreeable to the notice from the Secretary of State, a copy of which is hereto annexed.

oc loawtnlc TIMOTHY A. HOPKINS, Sherif.

☞ Mr. KENDALL in one of his letters from Mexico, under date of the 24th of September, relates the following:

'Speaking of Mr. Trist, reminds me of a story current on the 13th. It is said that, shortly after Chapultepec was carried, that gentleman rode up the height, and on being recognized by a gallant Irish soldier, the latter accosted him with, "I say, sir, it's a beautiful thraty we've made wid 'em to-day sir." The story is worth relating, at all events.

SHOCKING DEATH.—David Darrow, an old and much respected citizen of Stow township, Summit County, was digging a well on his premises the other day, when suddenly the banks caved in upon him, burying him twenty-five feet under.—It was soon discovered, and the neighbors rallied and commenced digging him out. After five hours of intense exertion and great excitement they reached the body, and found it dead.—*Clev. Plain Dealer.*

Price Current—October 27, 1847.

Flour, bbl.	$5 62½	Turkeys	.38
Pork, bbl.	15 00	Chickens	12½
Do slaugh. cwt.	4 00	Geese, each	—
Beef, cwt.	4@5 00	Clover seed, bu.	4 00@4 50
Butter, lb	12@14	Timothy	1 75
Lard	9½@10	Flax	1 18½
Cheese	6	Grass	—
Hams	9	Whitefish, bbl.	6 50
Shoulders	7	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt.	1 50	Potatoes, bush.	38@50
Wheat, bu.	1 05@1 18	Salt, bbl.	1 62½
Corn	50@52	Apples, bbl.	1 50@2 00
Oats	31	Do dried, bu.	62½
Slaughter hides, lb.	4@4½	Onions	50
Dry do.	8½@9½	Eggs, doz	16
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb	5
Sheep, slaughtered	1 12½	Soap	4@5
Lamb do.	1½@2	Whiskey, gall.	24
Dry	12½@50	Highwines	26½
Hard wood, cord	3 00	Lead, hund.	4 00
Hemlock	2 00	Beans, bu.	87½
Bit. (O) coal, ton		Wool, lb	20@30
Blossburg		Hay	7 00

QUOTATION OF UNCURRENT FUNDS.

Canada, (Toronto and Hamilton	℘ ct. dis. 2	Baltimore	℘ ct. dis. 1
L. Canada and Kingston	2	Philadelphia	1
Ohio	¼ to 1	New Orleans	3
Indiana	¼ to 1	Missouri	2
Kentucky	¼ to 1	Virginia	2
Pennsylvania	¼ to 1	Mich. State Bank	¼
Relief notes	2	F. & M. Bk, Detroit	½
Pittsburgh Scrip	20	Mich. Ins. Company	¼
Alleghany Scrip	20	Wis. F. & M. Ins. Co.	¼
		East. Exch.	℘ ct. prem.

MARRIED.

This morning, 20th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Tucker, Mr. WILLIAM SMITH, and AMANDA A., daughter of Henry Bacon, all of this city.

This morning, 21st instant, by the Rev. Dr. Lord, Mr. ROBERT D. FOY, and Miss ANGELINE F., daughter of Samuel S. Taff, all of this city.

On the 20th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Tucker, Mr. WILLIAM H. SPENCER, and Miss SARAH A. WESTERVELT, all of this city.

On the 26th inst., by Rev. Dr. Tucker, Mr. I. M. LELAND, of Hartland, and Miss CALISTA L. HERRINGTON.

On the 24th inst., by P. A. Child, Esqr., Mr. CYRUS A. LOVELAND, and Miss FANNY NILES, all of this city.

At Lancaster, on the 26th inst., by Rev. Mr. Havens, Mr. WILLIAM H. DRIESBACH, of Wisconsin, and Miss LAURA WHEELOCK, youngest daughter of John G. Wheelock, of Lancaster.

DIED.

On the 12th inst., WINSLOW S. HALE, merchant, of Coldwater, Mich.

On the 15th inst., Mrs. MARGARET ABBOTT, aged 62 years.

On the 20th instant, at the Western Hotel, of asthma, Gen. WILLIAM B. SHELDON, lately of Janesville, W. T., aged 49 years.

On the 24th instant, SARAH AUGUSTA, daughter of James and Sarah G. McKnight, aged 16 years.

Mrs. Steele's Female Seminary.

THE Regular Fall and Winter Session of this Institution will commence on WEDNESDAY, the 3d day of November, and continue twenty-two weeks. All the Studies usually pursued in the best Schools are thoroughly taught in this Seminary, including the Languages, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Drawing and Painting.—One competent Assistant Teacher is provided for every ten Pupils

This Institution is under the supervision and control of a responsible Board of Trustees. The Seminary buildings are pleasantly located on the banks of the Niagara River, Black Rock, within one mile of the city of Buffalo, and are sufficiently commodious to afford a comfortable home for a large number of pupils.

TERMS—The price of board, washing, lights, fuel and Tuition in all the English Studies, is $112 per annum.—The extra charges are, for Music on the Piano $10 per quarter; German or French Language $7 50; Drawing and Painting $5.

☞ Pamphlets, explanatory of the plan of the School, may be obtained at the principal Bookstores in this city.

Buffalo, Oct. 14, 1847. o:t14d&ctf

NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE AND WHOLESALE BOOKSTORE.

The subscribers beg to inform Booksellers, Buyers and dealers in Books, and all interested in education and literary advancement, that they have recently opened an extensive Book and Stationery Establishment. Their assortment of Books in the various departments of literature is complete and well selected; comprising a full assortment of School and Classical Books in general use, Law, Medical and Theological Books, in great varieties. Their facilities as Publishers enable them to offer Books on as favorable terms as most of the Eastern Houses Orders from the country solicited and promptly answered.

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BUFFALO MUSICAL INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

At the residence of Prof. W. R. Coppock—Composer and Teacher of the Piano Forte, Organ, Singing and Composition.

An institute devoted exclusively to Musical Education is not yet common in this country; but in Europe the test of experience fully shows its great advantages over the too general superficial manner in which this important part of polite education is acquired. The advantages this institution offers to those desirous of completing their studies as Organists—or practical players of the Piano Forte, together with a thorough system of imparting the same to others is fully established by the many precedents of the past 15 years. The pupils are constantly guarded in their practice, against all bad habits, and from the various stages of progress they may be in, are continually stimulated to effort and industry, by association with each other. The family too, are all players, and the theory is amusingly discussed, impressing its rules in a more pleasing manner, and more lasting upon the understanding, than by the mere dry study of an elaborate book. Music is composed and arranged from time to time, showing the various styles and harmonies analytically, and adapted for performance on several Pianos at the same time. This teaches a thorough knowledge of counting, and dividing passages into their given time. Vocal music is particularly attended to, and when the pupil has a moderate share of talent, we hesitate not to say, a correct and pleasing singer can be made. The Piano Fortes used are all new, and of the finest quality, and every inducement will be given to render the true spirit with us profitable. The building is commodious, and has a fine garden attached, with Green houses, Bathing rooms, &c., and is pleasantly situatuated in Seventh street, between Niagara Street, and the Falls rail road, and about midway to Prospect hill

Terms made known upon application at the Institute, or by mail, post paid, directed Prof. Coppock, Buffalo

Prof. Coppock, keeps constantly a choice selection of Piano Fortes for sale,

Buffalo, August 3, 1847.

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Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1847. NUMBER XIV.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Translation from Horace.

What slender youth, where roses bloom,
Pregnant with odors and perfume,
Beneath some grateful bower,
Woos thee, O Pyrrha! false and fair?
For whom bind'st thou thine auburn hair,
The favorite of an hour?

Alas! too soon thy fickle heart,
And gods as fickle as thou art,
He shall in vain deplore,
And, inexperienced, with surprise,
On the smooth main see winds arise
And surging billows roar.

Trusting too well that thou wilt be
Forever fond, forever free,
He now enjoys thee well—
And little deems the fickle breeze
More constant than thy will, to please
The victims of thy spell.

The sea-god's sacred shrine will show
That I, in token that I owe
My safety to his care,
A garment, dripping with the brine,
And tablet, with a fit design,
Wave high, suspended there.

SCHOOLCRAFT, Mich., Oct. 15, 1847. E. L. B.

From the National Era.

The better way, or the Wife's Victory: A tale of Domestic Trials.

BY SUSAN D. E. SOUTHWORTH.

[CONCLUDED.]

But the greatest trial and the greatest triumph of the wife were now at hand.

Twelve months succeeding the events recorded above, Mrs. Leslie sat in her parlor. It was eight o'clock in the evening, the snow was falling fast without, within everything wore an air of the greatest possible comfort. A coal fire was glowing in the grate, a snow-white cloth was laid for tea. Mrs. Leslie reclined upon a lounging chair near the fire; her face was somewhat paler and thinner than when we noticed her last, but scarcely less attractive. Her large, tender eyes wore an expression of holy and meditative love that was very beautiful. Her work (an embroidered slip) had fallen from her hands upon the carpet. Sylvia sat on a low stool at her feet, dressing a doll. Catherine reclined upon a distant sofa, absorbed in a novel, (her constant occupation when not visiting, dressing, or disputing.)

"Who are you making this for, mamma?" inquired Sylvia, taking up the little dress.

"*For whom*. You should try to speak correctly, darling," said her mother, coaxingly.

"Well, then, *for whom*, mamma, are you working this little frock?" persisted Sylvia.

"First find out what rule of grammar you have just now transgressed, and then perhaps I may tell you darling."

"Why can't you tell the child? For my part, I don't see the use of mystifying children," exclaimed Kate, throwing aside her book and coming to the fire.

The front door was now heard to open, and in another instant Mr. Leslie entered.

Going up to Mary, with more tenderness than we have ever yet seen him display, he took her hand, and, pressing a kiss upon her brow, said—

"How are you, this evening, sweet wife? Nay, sit still. I will ring for tea, or Sylvia, do *you* do so. Why, Sylvia, an affectionate daughter should be ever on the watch to save her mother trouble."

Sylvia sprang to obey. Tea was soon brought in, and they gathered around the table

"I bring you good tidings, Catherine. Lieut. Dunn has received his promotion.

"Then I congratulate the lieutenants. There is one fool the less among their number," said Catherine, piqued, perhaps, that "Lem Dunn" had not hastened to her with the news himself.

"Capt. Dunn is now on duty, but will pay his respects to you to-morrow," said Leslie, divining her cause of dissatisfaction.

After the tea service was removed, the conversation became rather constrained. Catherine took up her everlasting novel, Mary resumed her seat and her needle-work, Sylvia, bent on following up the hint of her step-father, began to arrange her mother's work-box, while Leslie walked up and down the floor, after the manner of a man who *has done*, or is *about* to do, something disagreeable. At last he took a seat, drew a letter from his pocket, examined the superscription, turned it over, glanced at Catherine, who had closed the book, and was now looking at him with quiet impudence, and finally replaced the letter in his pocket. He evidently had something to say, but was withheld by the presence of Catherine. I am really mortified to be obliged to record such a weakness on the part of the stately Mr. Leslie, but truth must come, and Mr. Leslie really stood in a little awe of Catherine. He had no sort of influence over her. She would do and say just exactly what she pleased, however disagreeable it might be, and he could not prevent her; nor could he decently turn her out of the house, nor would he descend to quarrel with her. Consequently, Mr. Leslie was ever on guard to avoid any chance of controversy with Miss Gleason.

Fortunately, Mary, with her usual tact, saw the impatience of Leslie to unburden his mind, and, making an excuse to the Catherine, retired early to her own room. Leslie followed her almost immediately.

Catherine's beautiful lips were disfigured by a mocking smile, as her glance followed Leslie from the room.

"Come, Sylvia, honey, let us go up stairs to bed. The Bashaw is meditating some new atrocity. I know it by his looks. He is afraid to let *me* know it, though."

"Ma'am?" said Sylvia, raising her large eyes to the face of her aunt.

"Yes; and I should not wonder if it was against *you* again, too. Perhaps he wants to black your face, and crisp you hair, and sell you for a negro."

"Who—no—of whom are you speaking, Aunt Catherine?"

"Of His Infallibility the Grand Seignior, your step-father."

"Then, please do not speak of him in that way, Aunt Catherine, and call him bad names."

"Why not, miss?"

"Because mamma would not like it."

"Oh! your mamma is as great a ———. But what are you staring me in the face in that manner for? Don't you know it is very rude? Come along up to bed."

And they left the room.

* * * * *

"Something has disturbed you, Leslie," said Mary, after waiting for a few moments in vain for Leslie to open the conversation. "May I inquire, without indiscretion, what it is?"

"Certainly, Mary. I have not now, nor have I ever had, any concealments from you. I have never, from a false sentiment of tenderness, withheld from you any cause I might have for anxiety. I have several vexing cases just now. In one of them, you have an especial, perhaps you may think, an exclusive interest."

Leslie then drew the letter from his pocket, and added—

"This letter is from Madame D'Arblay, of New Orleans, now in this city, at the Astor House."

"From whom?"

"Madame D'Arblay, the mother of the late Mr. Lindal, and the grandmother of your daughter, Sylvia."

"Oh! yes; I recollect now having heard that the mother of Mr. Lindal married the second time a Frenchman by the name of D'Arblay, and removed to New Orleans; but that was many years ago."

"Yes. And now she writes that she has been left, by the recent death of Mr. D'Arblay, entirely alone, the sole mistress of a large fortune, without a relative on earth, except her grandchild, our daughter Sylvia."

"Well?" questioned Mary, pale with a presentiment of what was coming.

"Madame D'Arblay makes up the very handsome proposal to make Sylvia her heiress, on condition that we allow her to return with her grandmother to New Orleans, and reside permanently beneath her roof."

"But I cannot part with Sylvia," said Mrs. Leslie.

"Do not decide hastily, Mary; you must consider in this matter your child's interest, not your own feelings," said Leslie, tenderly but gravely.

"I cannot! I cannot part with her. Indeed, indeed, I cannot," cried Mary, trembling.

"But this is childish, Mary."

"It would break Sylvia's heart to leave me."

"Not at all. By no means. Grief is very shortlived with children of her age."

"Yes! yes!" exclaimed Mary, passionately, "and affection, too! and impressions, too! She will soon forget her mother. She will only be consoled for her separation from, by ceasing to love her mother!"

"You have not a mother's *disinterestedness*, Mary, or you would be willing to make any sacrifice of your own feelings to secure for your child the immense advantages offered by her grandmother."

"You did not seem to consider wealth such an immense advantage twelve months ago," said Mary, bitterly.

"Mrs. Leslie forgets herself, and forgets what is due to me," said Leslie, rising and walking towards the door, adding, as he was about to leave the room, "I will leave you, Mary, by reflection and solitude, to recover your lost recollection."

Mary sprang to his side, and seizing his hand, exclaimed, as she burst into tears—

"Forgive me! forgive me! It is the first time; it shall be the last. But my heart is *so* wrung, *so* tortured, you do not know—you could not understand, unless you were a parent. But tell me, then, how you have decided; for that you *have* decided I know, and that your decision is immovable I know; therefore, tell me at once; it will save us a world of useless argument, controversy, and vexation. How have you decided?"

"That Sylvia shall return with her grandmother," said Leslie, gently but firmly.

Mary let fall the hand of her husband, and, growing very faint, sunk back on her chair.

"These are the reasons that have influenced my decision," said Leslie, resuming his seat by her side: "We have deprived Sylvia, justly and righteously, it is true, but we *have* deprived her, of the reversion of a sum that would have made her independent. At the period of that transaction, I believed that I should be able to secure for Sylvia every advantage which that money would have given, and, finally, to have given her a portion of equal amount. I will now admit, that the temporarary possession of that sum led me into a speculation which failed by the sudden withdrawal of it. I have never recovered that failure and I am now on the very brink of insolvency. Nothing but the strictest economy and the most careful financial diplomacy will save me. I have therefore great doubts of ever being able to carry out my plans for Sylvia; consequently, it becomes my duty, my painful duty, to determine that our daughter be given up to her grandmother."

"I did intend to say no more," murmured Mary, in a quivering voice, "yet———"

"Well?"

"Madame D'Arblay, is she a proper person, at her advanced age, to bring up a girl?"

"Read her letter," said Leslie, handing it.—"You will find no infirmity there; and for the rest, you have doubtless heard enough of her piety and intelligence to feel secure that the moral and intellectual welfare of your daughter will be safe, while her vast wealth will insure her all the more worldly advantages of which she is now deprived."

"But is it not very sickly at New Orleans?"

"You have not yet read Madame D'Arblay's letter through, or you would see that she spends her summers at her villa on the Gulf, which, she says, is remarkably healthy in its location."

"When shall we have an interview with Madame D'Arblay?"

"I was thinking to-morrow, about twelve o'clock you had better make her a call."

"And do you know—do you know how long she will stay in the city? I mean, how long shall I yet have dear Sylvia with me?" And the mother burst into tears.

"I do not know, of course, as I have not yet seen Madame D'Arblay. But we will talk no more at present, Mary; you *must* compose yourself. I will leave you for that purpose for a few moments. On my return, let me find you quiet." And Leslie descended the stairs.

Mary threw herself on her knees, and prayed long and earnestly, then rose calmly, and retired to rest.

* * * * *

"See here, Mr. Leslie," exclaimed Kate Gleason, as she entered the breakfast parlor the next morning. "What have you been saying to Mary? She is up in her chamber in tears, and Sylvia is sobbing by her side. I can't get anything out of her, but I know *you* are at the bottom of it. Now, what is it all about?

"I have no explanations to make you, Miss Gleason," replied Leslie, taking his hat, and leaving the room to evade a quarrel.

"I'll make Lem Dunn call you out for that, sir!" cried Kate, as he went out.

Kate looked the very idea of a beautiful scold, as she stood there, her bosom heaving, her cheeks glowing, eyes sparkling, lips curling and quivering, and the tangled masses of jet-black ringlets falling in tear-sprinkled disorder about her face and neck.

"Captain Dunn!" announced a servant, throwing open the door, and Capt. Dunn entered.

"Ah! I'm glad you've come! I'm *very* glad you've come. You're come in *excellent* time. Go after that man! Go after him! He's—he's——" Kate was out of breath.

"What man, dear Kate? What is the matter?" inquired Captain Dunn in surprise.

"That Leslie!"

"Leslie! Why, what has he done?"

"He has abused his wife, and insulted me; that is, he has made her weep, and treated me with contempt."

"Tell me all about it, Kate—tell me all about it; and if he has been wanting in proper respect to my little betrothed—I'll—I'll annihilate him," said Capt. Dunn, laughing; for he had known Leslie too long and too well to imagine that there could be any real cause of complaint. Unfortunately, Catherine could tell him but little about it, and that little was not very much to her credit.

"He's a terrible fellow, Kate," laughed Capt. Dunn, as she concluded her account, "a very terrible fellow, indeed. Upon second thought, I should rather not fight him. He would shoot at me—he might hit me—in which case, I might be mortally wounded, and the service would lose" ——.

"A coward! an arrant coward! a poltroon, who will one day bring disgrace upon the flag, if he is not hung before that comes!" exclaimed Kate, as she flounced out of the room, in a great passion, passing Leslie, who was about to re-enter.

Captain Dunn was laughing heartily.

"You laugh now, my dear Dunn," said Leslie, smiling, "but will you laugh a year hence?"

"Yes! oh, yes! that is, I hope to do so."

"Have you no misgivings concerning your future peace?" asked Leslie, seriously.

"For my *peace?* I don't know; for my *happiness*, not one. Kate's temper amuses me beyond measure."

"Yet, I heard some ugly names called, as I came in."

"Yes! yes! Oh! I've no doubt Kate will have given me twenty beatings before this time next year."

"You will weary of it."

"Well, when the blows grow unpleasant, I have only to catch the little shrew in my arms, and hold her very tight, until she becomes quiet and good," said Dunn, laughing.

"Ah! and then—do you know what she will do?"

"No. What?"

"Try to frighten you to death, by going into a hysteric fit, or worse—falling into a swoon."

"Ha! ha! ha! Is that Mrs. Leslie's method?"

"No! Bless dear Mary! Don't jest with her name, Dunn."

"I be hanged if I don't, just as much as I please. What! Haven't you been jesting with Kate's? 'It's a bad rule that won't work both ways.'"

Mrs. Leslie entered at this moment, equipped for a drive, and Leslie excused himself, and attended his wife to her carriage.

Mrs. Leslie drove to the Astor House, and was shown into the private parlor of Madame D'Arblay. Madame D'Arblay was at this time in her sixty-fifth year. Her tall, graceful, and majestic figure and stately carriage would have rather repulsed the gentle Mary, had not her face been so sweetly prepossessing. Her countenance wore an expression of holy calm, of heavenly goodness, very beautiful to look upon. Mary was at once reassured by her countenance and demeanor. They conversed a long time, the subject being a recapitulation of and enlargement upon the plan proposed in her letter. She made many inquiries, however, about Sylvia, and expressed a great desire to see her. At Mary's earnest entreaty, Madame D'Arblay consented to leave her apartments at Astor's, and take up her abode for the period of her visit at Mrs Leslie's.

The next hour, Madame D'Arblay was comfortably ensconced in Mary's large easy chair, by the parlor fireside. Sylvia, who had fallen in love with her at first sight, was nestling at her feet. Mrs. Leslie sat with her back to the light, to shade as much as possible her tear-stained face. Kate was sulking in her own room, and "would not be entreated" to come down and be sociable. There was so much in the pious and intelligent conversation of Madame D'Arblay to set the fears of Mary at rest on the subject of the welfare of her child, that when the dinner hour arrived, and Leslie, Captain Dunn, "Uncle Gleason," and Kate, had joined them, Mary had actually become cheerful.

The month of Madame D'Arblay's visit drew to a close. Mary, after a severe struggle with herself, and much prayer, had grown composed, and tranquilly prepared Sylvia for her journey. Leslie was unusually attentive and tender towards her; Madame D'Arblay mentally condemned the seeming indifference of Mrs. Leslie to the departure of her child, but she quietly ascribed it to the influence of her second marriage. Kate, with whom Sylvia was a great pet, had out scolded her protype and namesake, and was now not upon speaking terms with any of the family, and had banished "Lem Dunn" into perpetual exile—until recalled. Sylvia, child-like, was delighted with her new dresses, new books, and new toys, and the prospect of a long journey and new scenes, and had no room in her heart for painful sensations.

* * * * *

The last evening of Madame D'Arblay's stay arrived.

"Oh! Aunt Catherine! Aunt Catherine!" exclaimed Sylvia, bursting into Kate's sanctum, "to-morrow we're going. I'm so glad. Mamma has just laid out my new blue pelisse and velvet hood, and my nice chinchilla muff, all ready for to-morrow at six."

"Yes, miss!" said Kate, severely, "you seem very much delighted to leave your poor, pale, sick mother, who is grieving herself to death at the idea of parting with *you* who do not care for her."

A thunderbolt fell upon the child's gladness, and destroyed it all at once. She burst into tears.

"Oh! Aunt Catherine, is mamma sorry? Doesn't she want me to go? I thought she wanted me to go. I forgot I had to leave mamma; I only thought of the fun. I will run now and tell mamma that I won't go; no, *that* I won't." And Sylvia made for the door.

"Mr. Leslie will compel you, miss," said Catherine. The name that was a spell to all the household arrested the flying steps of Sylvia for an instant, then saying—

"I will speak with mamma," she ran out.

* * * * *

Mary Leslie, who had nerved her gentle heart to go through the impending trial, was in her own room, still engaged in laying out such articles of

dress as would be needed by Sylvia for the next morning. Mrs. Leslie's tranquillity was entirely overthrown by the impetuosity of Sylvia, who now burst into her presence, exclaiming, as she threw herself into her mother's arms, "Mamma! mamma! I can't leave you; I don't want to go any longer now I know you do not wish it. I *love you*, mamma, better than fine clothes, and grandmothers, and journey's; and so, mamma, I *cannot* go, and I *will not* go."

Mrs. Leslie was quite unprepared for this outburst, Sylvia had been so tractable and so cheerful up to this time. She repressed her tears with difficulty, and replied, with an effort—

"*Cannot* and *will not*, Sylvia! why, what manner of words are those, and where learnt you them? You will, of course, do as your parents wish you."

"Aunt Catherine says that if they send me away from you, mamma, it will break you heart, for that you don't want me to go"

"Catherine is mistaken: listen to *me*, my darling Sylvia. I *do* want you to go; and though I may be very sorry to part with my dear little girl, yet I shall soon get over the grief, because I know it will be for her benefit. And now," added the mother, with an effort at cheerfulness, "let us talk about the fine ride in the cars you will have, and look at the pretty things I have put in your nice little travelling basket."

"No, no, mamma! No, no, mamma! I don't care for the ride in the cars, and don't want the travelling basket. I love *you!* I want to stay with you," exclaimed Sylvia, bursting into tears. "Oh, mamma, *don't* let me go! don't, *please* don't I did not think about parting from you before, and I know I can't! *indeed* I can't!"

There was grief, there was agony, on the mother's countenance, as she crushed back the rising emotions of her heart, and choked back her tears. She struggled to speak, but could not do so with the calmness requisite to soothe her child. She could only press her closer to her bosom in silence. Neither spoke for some moments; at length—

"Mamma, do you know the night you were married, when I slept alone in my little bed? Well mamma, I cried all night; I could not sleep, because I was away from you. I knew that I should see you soon in the morning, but still I wept; yes, and I wept many nights, too, although you did not know it, and although you were not further off than the next room, and I could see you every day. Now, so many days must come and go, and so many nights pass, and—and—no mother to—to—" and Sylvia, breaking from her mother's hold, threw herself, in a fit of hysterical sobbing, upon the carpet.

"Oh! God, have mercy on me, and give me strength," exclaimed the mother, in strong emotion, as she went towards Sylvia, stood for an instant to gain self-control, then took her child in her arms, and, reseating herself, pressed her to her bosom, smoothed back the shining ringlets of her hair, and imprinted kiss after kiss upon her fair brow, as she talked gently and soothingly to her, and, rocking her to and fro, finally succeeded in subduing her emotion. Exhaustion, after so much excitement, soon put Sylvia to sleep; yet still the mother rocked and sung, even as she had done when the little girl in her arms was a babe—thinking, perhaps, that it might be the last time she should ever hold her thus. At last she arose, and, laying Sylvia on the bed, sunk upon her knees, and poured out her whole soul in prayer to her Creator—first, that this trial might yet be spared her, "if possible;" then, that if it were not, she might have strength and resignation to bear it cheerfully. How earnestly, passionately, fervently, she prayed! And when emotion became so great that words failed, the upturned straining eye, the clasped hands, and heaving sighs, bore up the silent prayer; and at last when the weary head sunk upon the folded hands, and thought no longer took the form of words, the heart, the untiring heart, still bore up the prayer, in one intense, absorbing yearning after mercy. Unknown to Mary; there was one spectator to this scene. Leslie was standing within the door. He had entered, silently and unobserved, at the moment that Mary had lain the sleeping Sylvia on the bed, and sunk down by her side in prayer. The first words of the prayer arrested his intention of coming forward or speaking. He had seen, and had heard—and never before had the pure and holy heart of his wife been so unveiled as in that prayer; and while it yet ascended, in all its Christian beauty and eloquence, he quietly withdrew from the room, murmuring, "the angle, the angel, how blind I have been! I must save her this trial; there is but one way, for I must save her without sacrificing Sylvia." He passed to the door of Madame D'Arblay's room, and knocked. The pleasant voice of the old lady bade him enter; he did so, and merely saying—"Will you come with me to Mary's chamber, Madame? She seems much distressed at the thought of parting with her daughter to-morrow." He accompanied her thither, and withdrew. Mary's voice was still heard, but in low, interrupted, and quivering tones. Her tears were falling like rain, and her hands wringing and twisting over each other; but the *words* of Mary's prayer, breathed, as she deemed, to the ear of God alone unfolded the most secret thoughts and feelings of Mary's pious heart.

"Oh, God!" exclaimed Madame D'Arblay, "I did not dream of this. Mary, Mary, my dear child, arise. Your prayer is heard and answered."

Mary started in surprise to her feet, and was caught to the bosom of the old lady. "Mary, my dear daughter," said she, "your child shall not be taken from you, neither shall she lose anything by remaining with you. Oh! Mary, how little did I know you! How unjustly have I judged you, when I condemned the indifference with which you seemed to regard a separation from you child. But, Mary, how could you suppose that I would have taken my grand-daughter away, had I not thought that you were willing, nay, anxious, for her removal to my abode? Forgive me, Mary, but I fancied that your second marriage had unnaturally alienated your heart from you child; I was therefore the more anxious to receive her. But, Mary, why did you not make me acquainted with your feelings on the subject?"

Mary, who during this long speech had had time to collect herself, replied—"Mr. Leslie, Madame, had determined that Sylvia should go with you. He thought that her residence beneath your roof would be a solace to you, and an advantage to herself. I could not seek to thwart his his purpose, by making an appeal to your sympathies, you know, Madame."

"You were right, my daughter, perfectly right. You have won my deepest love, my highest esteem, Mary Leslie! You have won it by your self-control. You have established yourself firmly and permanently in your husband's respect and affection; more than that, you have proved and known the power of faith and prayer. Never forget it my child! Now, Mary I must tell you my improvised plan. Though I will not take Sylvia away, neither will I leave her. I am glad this has happened. I like you so much, Mary, I want to live with you. I have been so solitary: and, after all, a little girl is not company enough

for an old woman. So, Mary, if you will give me an easy chair by your fireside, and a place at your table, I will even spend the close of my life with you. I will do everything for Sylvia here, that I would have done at home; and when I die, I will leave her all I posses; and if she marries before that event, I will dower her handsomely. What say you, Mary?"

"Oh, Madame!" exclaimed Mary, seizing her aged hands, and pressing them to her bosom and her lips, "If I have been silent, it has been from deep emotion. Words will not convey my thanks. It will take a lifetime to live my gratitude." At this moment the supper-bell rung, and its alarum awoke Sylvia from her deep sleep, who, when informed of the change in her grandmother's project was delighted beyond measure; and, after bestowing many caresses on her grandmother and her mamma, ran to tell "Aunt Catherine" the good news. What effect the "good news" had upon Kate may may be gathered from the follow circumstance: Kate took pen and paper from her desk and wrote a note. Meeting the errand boy on the stairs as she descended to supper. she gave him the note, telling him to carry it to Captain Dunn, on board the store ship Edymion, promising to give him a half-dollar if he returned with an answer very quickly. Kate's note ran thus—

"Captain Dunn: Will you be so kind as to call at Harpers', and get 'Forest Days' for me. It is just out. Bring it to me *this evening*.

"Yours, &c. C. Gleason.

"*Friday Evening*"—

for Kate, with her impetuosity, exercised a precaution which I would recommend to all young ladies, and would not commit herself, by writing love-letters or billetdoux; for she said, "I might change my mind, or he might change his; and then—there!" Captain Dunn answered the note in person, and took his seat with the happy family at the supper table. Kate's good humor was entirely restored. She welcomed back her exile with affectionate frankness. Sylvia's bright eyes were glancing and flashing from one face to another, each countenance seeming to reflect its own gladness. Madame D'Arblay regarded the scene with a look of quiet self-complacency; that seemed to say, "I have made them all happy!" Mary's countenance expressed quiet and grateful happiness. Leslie's eyes were occasionally fixed upon the face of his wife, with looks of ineffable and holy tenderness. Leslie never subjected her love to another trial. He was deeply moved by the gentle resignation. the tender submission, with which she had yielded up the dearest object of her affections and her most cherished wishes, to be dealt with according to his good pleasure. That submission had given her a place in and an influence over his heart. that no beauty, grace, or accomplishments—no, nor intellectual nor moral excellence *without it*—could have secured.

A month from this time, a gay party was assembled at Mr. Leslie's, to honor the nuptials of Captain Lemuel Dunn, U. S. N., and Miss Catherine Gleason.

Beautify Home.—Men will say that appearance is nothing, and that the pleasures of the sight are not to be valued and cultivated! I say that appearance is always to be regarded; that we cannot render our homes too beautiful and attractive. Our first object should be to make our dwellings as convenient and comfortable as art can make them; our second object should be to render them to an equal extent tasteful and elegant. Do what we can, and all we can, we shall fall far short of rivalling even the simplest forms and combinations of nature.—*Selected.*

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Ladies' Graduating Class.

In fancy's eye I see them now,
As on that glad, auspicious day,
When, wreathed with flowers, each beauteous brow
Glow'd with expression's lofty ray.
Around their teachers there they stand,
In mental graces heavenly fair,
To take the bright seal from their hand
Of fruits of knowledge gathered there.

On every brow the eye can trace
The lines of deep and patient thought;
Which give to nature's mould a grace,
With polished dignity inwrought;
In every eye how brightly plays
The light which intellect inspires,
Most sweetly blent with virtue's rays,
And sacred truth's immortal fires!

At learning's fane they long have knelt,
And paid their tireless vigils there;
The charms of classic lore have felt,
And grasped its treasures rich and rare.
Thy wonders, Science, now they see,
For ages long and dark concealed,
Till eagle-eyed Philosophy
The hidden stores to man revealed.

'T is thus they stand as miners bold,
Who deep have delved in richest veins,
Exulting o'er the massy gold
Which well rewards their ceaseless pains.
Thus brightly shines that sister-band,
With high resolves in every heart;
Then slowly give the parting hand,
And from those hallowed halls depart.

But, not to close their noble toil
They pass without those sacred walls;
Their feet may press another soil—
Their voices sound in other halls;
Yet, where the trees of knowledge grow,
And bend with rich and golden fruit,
Their unforbidden thoughts shall flow,
And wisdom crown their high pursuit.

And O! how gladdening is the thought,
That all those fruits and flowers, and gems—
Earth's choicest wealth—which they have sought
To deck their spirits' diadems—
At meek Religion's holy shrine,
A willing offering shall be laid,
In honor of that love divine
For them a willing offering made.

Ada.

Anecdote of O'Connell.—O'Connell was a zealous, perhaps we should say, a bigoted Catholic. He performed the prescribed duties of his religion rigidly and laboriously, but not ostentatiously. We remember having heard on good authority a singular instance in which this spirit was shown to the extent of superstition. A Member of Parliament arriving one dreary frosty winter morning at Canterbury, beheld in the grey light a figure, with which he thought he was familiar, issuing muffled up from the cathedral. A further observation convinced him that it was Daniel O'Connell. Prompted by curiosity, he made inquiry of the beadle regarding this phenomenon, who stated that the gentleman who had just gone forth had given him a sovereign to be permitted to stay all night by the tomb of Thomas A'Becket.—*London Patriot.*

Politeness consists in being easy yourself and making others so.

Dr. Chalmers' Idea of Christianity.

He possessed in highest measure that divinest faculty of spirit, the power of creating its own world; but it was not a poet creating worlds to look at; it was the reformer and philanthropist in haste to people and possess them. His was the working earnestness which is impatient till its conceptions are realities and its hopes embodied in results. For example, he took his idea of Christianity, not from books, nor from its living specimens: for the Christianity of books is often trite, and the Christianity of living men is often arrogant and vulgar; but he took his type of Christianity from its divine original—benignant, majestic, and God-like as he found it in the Bible and gave this refined and lofty idea perpetual presidency in his congenial imagination. And what sort of place was that? Why, it was quite peculiar. It was not like Jeremy Taylor's—a fairy grotto where you looked up through the woodbine ceiling and saw the sky with its moonlit clouds and the angels moving among them; or listed the far-off waterfall now dying like an old-world melody, or swelling powerfully like a prophecy when the end is near. Nor was it like Foster's—a donjon on a frowning steep—where the moat was black, and the winds were cold, and the sounds were not of earth, and iron gauntlets clanged on the deaf unheeding door. Nor was it his favorite Cowper's—a cottage with its summer joy, where the swallow nestled in the eaves and the leveret sported on the floor—where the sunbeam kissed the open Bible, and Homer lay below the table till the morning hymn was sung. Nor was it the imagination of his dear companion, Edward Irving—a mountain-sanctuary at even tide, where the spirits of his sainted sires would come to him, and martyr tunes begin to float through the dusky aisles, and giant worthies enter from the mossy graves and fill with reverend mien the ancient pews. More real than the first—more happy than the second—more lordly than the third, it was more modern and more lightsome than the last. It was a mansion airy, vast, and elegant—an open country all round it and sunshine all through it—not crowded with curiosities nor strewed with trinkets and toys—but massy in its proportions and stately in its ornaments—the lofty dwelling of a princely mind. And into this imagination its happy owner took the gospel and enshrined and enthroned it. That gospel was soon the better genius of the place. It gave the aspect of broad welcome and bright expectation to its threshold. It shed a rose-tint on its marble and breathed the air of heaven thro' its halls. And like an Alhambra with a seraph for its occupant, it looked forth from the lattice brighter than the noon that looked in. Yes, it was no common home which the gospel found when it first consecrated that lofty mind: and it was no common day in the history of the church when that spirit first felt the dignity and gladness of this celestial inmate. Powers and resources were devoted to its service—not needed by that gospel, but much needed by gospel-rejecting man. And, not to specify the successive offerings laid at its feet by one of the most gifted as well as grateful of devotees, we would mention his parochial sermons and his astronomical discourses. In the one we have the gospel made so palpable that the simplest and slowest hardly can miss it; in the other we find it made so majestic that the most intellectual and learned cannot but admire it. In the one we have Christianity brought down to the common affairs of life; in the other we have it exalted above the heavens. In the one we see the gospel in its world-ward direction, and starting from the cradle at Bethlehem, follow it to the school and the fireside and the dying bed; in the other we view it in its God-ward direction, and following its fiery chariot far beyond the galaxy, lose it in the light inaccessible. In the one we have existence evangelized, in the other we have the gospel glorified. The one is the primer of Christianity; the other is its epic.

But it was not in mere sermons that his imagination burned and shone. His schemes of beneficence—his plans for the regeneration of his country took their vastness and freshness from the idealism of a creative mind. At first sight they had all the look of a romance—impossible, transcendental, and unreal. And had the inventive talent been his only faculty, they would have continued romantic projects and nothing more;—a new Atlantis, a happy valley, or a fairy-land.—And if he had been like most men of poetic mood, he would have deprecated any attempt to reduce his gorgeous abstractions to dull actualities. But Chalmers was never haunted by this fear. He had no fear of carnalizing his conceptions, but longed to see them clothed in flesh and blood. He had no tenderness for his day-dreams, but would rather see them melt away, and leave in their place a waking world as good and lovely as themselves.

Power of Bible Truth —Sent from heaven, but little thought of—locked up in that trite small-printed book, the Bible—lies the germ of moral renovation—the only secret for making base spirits noble, and fallen spirits holy. Received into the confiding heart, and developed in congenial affections, it comes forth in all the wonderful varieties of vital Christianity; and, according as the recipient's disposition is energy or mildness, activity or contemplation, it creates a bold reformer or a benign philanthropist—a valiant worker or a far-seen thinker. In bolts that melt as well as burn, it flashes from Luther's surcharged spirit; and in comprehensive kindliness spreads its warm atmosphere round Melancthon's loving nature. In streams of fervor and fiery earnestness, it follows Zuingle's smoking path, and in a halo of excessive brightness encircles Calvin's awful brow. In impulses of fond beneficence it tingles in Howard's restless feet, and in a blaze of indoor gladness welcomes Cowper's friends. But whether its manifestations be the more beauteous, or the more majestic, of all the influences which can alter or ennoble man it is beyond comparison the most potent and persuasive. In the sunny suffusion with which it cheers existence, in the holy ambition which it kindles, and in the intensity which it imparts to character, that gospel is "the power of God."

And just as its advent is the grand epoch in the individual's progress, so its scanty or copious presence gives a corresponding aspect to a nation's history. When its power is feeble—when few members of the community are upborne by its joyful and strenuous force—when there is little of its genial infusion to make kindness spontaneous, and when men forget its solemn future, which renders duty so urgent and self-denial so easy—the public virtues languish, and the moral grandeur of that empire dies. It needs something of the gospel to produce a real patriot; it needs more of it to create a philanthropist; and, amidst the trials of temper, the seductions of party, and the misconstructions of motive, it needs it all to give that patriot or philanthropist perseverence to the end. It needs a wide diffusion of the gospel to fill a parliament with high minded statesmen, and a country with happy homes. And it will need its prevailing ascendency to create peace among the nations, and secure the good will of man to man.

A Scene in a Gambling House.

The following very remarkable circumstance is vouched for by Green, the reformed gambler.—There is a degree of romance attached, that in a manner relieves it of the horror excited by the catastrophe. It occurred at New Orleans some years ago:

A sea captain was in the habit of frequenting a roulette table, kept by a Frenchman, in company with a party of gamblers. Green remarks that they played with more regard to fairness then, than is customary or general with them now.—The captain was evidently influenced in his visits more by a wish to kill time, than from any passion for the sport. He had visited the room frequently, and his invariable bet was twenty-five cents, and winner or loser, he never increased it. He visited the place on the night in question.

The sea captain, having placed his bet upon the red, sat with his head leaning upon his hand, as if to await the result of the game. The ball fell into the column, and he was the winner. The wheel started again, but the captain did not move, and, contrary to usual practice, the amount of his bet was doubled. He won the second, third, fourth and fifth—the sum doubling each time. Thus it went on to the eighth time, when the gamblers began to be excited, and uttering loud curses, exclaimed—"He wins again!" At this, many who were in the room gathered around the table. The result of the ninth and tenth being the same, one of them cried out—"He is a fool! why don't he make sure of what he has won?" The eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth brought the same result, and many exclaimed—"He is mad!" But the game went on, and the captain continued heedless. The fourteenth was in his favor. At the fifteenth, thousands were at stake, from the small beginning of twenty-five cents, and all eyes seemed fixed in amazement. Still he won. The sixteenth was the same. The bankers vociferated curses upon the wheel-players. Others urged the captain to withdraw at least a part of his winnings. *Sixteen thousand dollars* was at stake. The ball flew like lightning, but there was no change. The money was piled up before the captain in heavy bank notes, but he moved not a finger, nor uttered a word. At this juncture, a husky voice, in a seaman's phrase, was heard—"Haul in, old captain! you don't bet all that pile against this set of land pirates! haul in!" and a hand was stretched forth from one at the table, grasping the money, and depositing it in a hat. It was the first mate of the captain's vessel. Having thus secured the money, he seized the captain by the shoulder, saying—"Come, you have a full cargo, it's time to hoist off,"—when, horrible to relate, the corpse of the captain fell against him. He had been sitting with his head upon his hand throughout this exciting scene; having died while in the act of betting his first quarter. The mate called for water, and dashed it into his face; then for spirits; but all efforts to resuscitate him were in vain. Life was extinct.

Green goes on to detail the result.

The gamblers then demanded that the money should be refunded: but the mate had rolled it up in a handkerchief, put it into the hands a cabin-boy, and charged him to run with it for his life to the ship, and deliver it to the clerk, and summon the crew to the gambling house. The tumult and confusion were so great that the boy slipped away unnoticed.

When the corpse was laid on the plank, the gamblers again demanded the money of the mate, stating that as the captain had undoubtedly died betting the first quarter, justice required that it should be returned to the bankers. The mate, in a tone of defiance, replied that the orphan children of the captain needed the money, and should have it. Force was then threatened if he refused to deliver it up. Seeing that their threats were unheeded, they rushed upon him with violence, seized his hat, and bore it off, supposing they had thus secured the money: but to their surprise the hat was empty. A large number who were present took the part of the mate, and great excitement prevailed throughout the house. An assault was made upon the mate. Some cried one thing, and some another. "Down with him him!" "Get the money!" "Let him alone!" "You have no right to rob him!"—mingled with oaths, and imprecations, and curses. At this moment twenty or thirty of the ship's crew rushed in, and one word from the mate brought them to his rescue, and the gamblers were made to stand at a distance. Something was said respecting the money, which led the sailors to suppose that the mate had been robbed, and they were about rushing upon *Monsieur Grumpin*, as the proper person to indemnify him for any loss he might have sustained; but were diverted by the entrance of some twenty of the city watch, armed with short swords. The sailors knew the character of this posse, made up of what is called among them, "*wharf rat Frenchmen*," and were no more daunted by their array of force, than they would have been by the display of tin swords in the hands of so many trained monkeys. A fracas was, however, prevented between the sailors and the watch, by the assurance of the mate, that the money was safe, and a request from him that they would return to the vessel. He proposed to take the corpse on board, but was informed by the Captain of the watch, that a Coroner's inquest must be held over it before it could be removed. He then seated himself by the corpse of his Captain, to watch over it during the rest of the night; and the gamblers retured to the common work of darkness, playing cards and drinking liquor, meanwhile, now and then uttering curses upon the dead body of the Captain.

Which was the Brute?—We find the following extraordinary story in a late number of the Edingburgh Chronicle:

An instance of animal sagacity and humanity, unequalled in our remembrance, took place before our door lately. An unfortunate dog, in order to make sport for some fools, had a pan tied to his tail, and was sent off on his travels towards Galt. He reached the village utterly exhausted, and lay down before the steps of Mr. Young's tavern, eying most anxiously the horrid annoyance hung behind him, but unable to move a step farther to rid himself the torment. Another dog, a Scotch collly laid himself gently down beside him, and gaining his confidence by a few caresses, proceeded to gnaw the string by which the noisy appendage was attached to his friend's tail, and with about fifteen minutes exertion severed the cord, and started to his legs with the pan hanging from the string in his mouth, and after a few joyful capers around his friend, departed on his travels in the highest glee at his success.

The widow of Dr. Benjamin Rush yet lives, and resides in this city, at the age of nearly ninety years. She retains the complete use of all her faculties—is active, gay and cheerful in the bosom of her family, and commands the profound and universal respect of a large circle of admiring friends. We think she is the only surviving partner of any of the fearless and patriotic men who pledged life, honor and fortune in Independence,—who braved the power of a great Empire, and by that act secured a distinguished place for their names and their country among the nations of the world.—*Phil. Enq.*

Strength from the Hills.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

Come up unto the hills—thy strength is there—
Oh though hast tarried long,
Too long amid the bowers and blossoms fair,
With notes of summer song.
Why dost thou tarry here?—what tho' the bird
Pipes matin in the vale—
The plough-boy whistles to the loitering herd,
As the red day-lights fail—

Yet come unto the hills—the old strong hills—
And leave the stagnant plain—
Come to the gushing of the new-born rills,
As sing they to the main;
As thou with denizens of power shalt dwell,
Beyond demeaning care—
Composed upon his rock 'mid storm and fell
The eagle shall be there.

Come up unto the hills—the shattered tree
Still clings unto the rock,
And flingeth out his branches wild and free,
To dare again the shock.
Come where no fear is known—the sea-bird's nest
On the old hemlock swings—
And thou shalt taste the gladness of un-rest,
As the torrent round thee rings.

Come up into the hills—the men of old,
They of undaunted will,
Grew jubilant of heart and strong and bold,
On the enduring hill—
Where came the soundings of the sea afar,
Born upward to the ear,
And nearer grew the moon and midnight star,
And God himself more near.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

NEW ORLEANS.—A single, sudden death, whether by violence or disease, often makes a profound impression on the community in which it occurs. But when men fall by the thousand in battle or by pestilence, hearts grow seemingly callous and men pursue their usual avocations or pleasures with as much apparent reckless indifference to the fearful mortality on every side, as if they were immortal. From the days of the Plague at Athens, two thousand years ago, it has every where been noted that where death has been most busy, men have been most careless of his approach, and most devoted to the enjoyments of the hour.—The gayest cities in the world are those where the lease of life is the frailest and briefest. Such places are not necessarily the most depraved, or unfeeling. Man cannot mourn always. The living and the present have claims at least equal to those of the dead and the past. Danger ever imminent at last ceases to alarm or even be noted, and the fact that in New Orleans, the population, on the cessation of the pestilence, should resume their accustomed pleasures with renewed zest, although to us in a colder climate not subject to such fearful visitations, it may seem indicative of deplorable thoughtlessness, is, in reality, precisely what we are doing, even while we complacently flatter ourselves that we entertain juster notions of the true purposes and solemnities of life. Death knocks alike at the palaces of kings and the cottages of peasants. His visits are inevitable. There is not a man who does not know that the icy hand of the king of terrors will one day be laid upon him, yet because we are not subject to a pestilence that sweeps away thousands in a month we wonder that men will dance on the brink of the grave. Why, what else are we doing? And what, when rightly considered, is the difference of a few years? and that is all there is between the greatest old age of the North and the shortest span of the South. We of the North are not less devoted to business and pleasure than the people of New Orleans; the only distinction is, that we crowd neither into the same short compass.

But we are insensibly running into an essay when we merely intended to introduce with a few lines the following from the *Picayune*, which strikingly illustrates the elasticity and recuperative powers of the Capital of the South-West:

"We have but just emerged from the most terrible and fatal epidemic that New Orleans has ever been visited with, and yet the streets in which, it seems but yesterday, scarce aught was to be seen save the funeral cortege, are now alive with business, and with preparations for the season at hand. Ships from many a land are crowding the wharves and unburthening themselves of their valuable freights. Magnificent river steamers are to be seen at the steamboat landings in sufficient numbers to show that the wonted intercourse with our up-country friends has been resumed with the usual activity. Many old citizens have returned from their summer excursions, and not a few of the "floating population" begin to show themselves. A stranger walking through New Orleans now could scarcely realize that within three or four months about five thousand of its people have been borne to their graves.

Everything betokens that we shall soon be in the midst of one of the briskest seasons we have ever had, and it is gratifying to note that the fearful scourge through which we have passed has but measurably affected the preparations for our extending commerce. New stores are being built and old ones are being enlarged in almost every quarter of the business portion of the city. Nor have the improvements demanded in the harbor by the constant increase of trade been neglected. In the First and Third Municipalities wharves are being or have been extended or repaired, and in the Second Municipality no effort has been spared to enlarge and improve the facilities for shipping and steamers. While ample preparations have been making, however, for the demands of commerce, it seems that the demand for domicils does not meet with an adequate supply. One would naturally suppose that in a city depopulated to such an extent as this has been during the past summer, residences could be easily obtained—yet so it is not. "This house to rent" is an announcement that the eye of the "house-hunter" looks for almost in vain, we care not how industrious he or she may be. Even the Third Municipality, the usual successful resort of those who despair of finding a tenement in a location more to their liking, is full to the brim."

MEMORY OF A MOTHER.—JOHN RANDOLPH, some years since, addressed himself to an intimate friend in something like the following:

"I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics, and though this was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, '*Our Father which art in Heaven.*"

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY, Sept. 1, 1847.

Ere this you have doubtless heard of the defeat of the forces of the famous Kurdish Chief Bader Khan Bey, by the Turkish army. I never anticipated that the Turks would make such easy prey of this devastator of the Nestorian Christians, who, it was pretended, could bring 50,000 warriors into the field. In a week or two after the first enagement, however, besieged in one of his castles, he was obliged to surrender; and now we shall have him, probably for a long period, as a captive, to gaze at in Constantinople.

Under the administration of the most enlightened and liberal Grand Vizier that an Ottoman Sultan ever secured, Turkey is fast realizing and consolidating all those new and improved institutions which have only hitherto had an existence on paper. Reschid Pasha marches much less precipitately forward in reform, than he did on his return from his first embassy to France, and as a result, the capital is perfectly free from rumors of conspiracies. Yet thousands give him the name of the Ghiaour Pasha.

To carry out his schemes of a reformed administration, he is in the greatest want of suitable employees for every branch of the service. Their deficiency is in intelligence and education. To remedy this evil there is a Council of Public instruction, who are devising Normal and Elementary schools for the whole people. In the meantime, there is a superior and secondary military school, a superior and secondary naval school, and a superior and secondary medical school. The secondary schools are preparatory to the superior ones. In them all, a course of education, liberal compared with anything previously existing, is pursued. But to crown all, there is now building, under the shadow of Saint Sophia, a *University*, to receive pupils of every religion, and to be taught by professors of whatsoever nation. The secondary school for this already exists on a small scale.

The young and enterprising MR. LAYARD, an Englishman, has just returned from an eight months tour to Mosul, where he has been engaged in disinterring the monuments of the *real* old Nineveh. It is pretended with some plausibility that MR. BOTTA has not dug up the real Nineveh at Khosrabad, but that the mound called in the vicinity Nimrod is the spot, about a day's journey from Mosul. The discovery of the word *Ninus* on the inscriptions confirms this supposition. The Turkish firman gives the English the sole right to disinter the remains of Nimrod, which is many times larger than Khosrabad, which belongs to the French. The rivalries of those two nations, however, will make us better acquainted with those hitherto hidden realms of antiquity. The hundreds of drawings taken by Mr Layard's own hands, will be a most valuable contribution, not only to general history, but also to the materials for Sacred history.

The Patriarch of the Chaldeans, or Nestorian Catholics, has had such a serious quarrel with the French and the Pope, that the Pope has deposed him. It would appear that either the Patriarch, or the Turkish Government of its own accord, had it inserted in his diploma of office, that "as now the Chaldeans had a Patriarch, they would in future have no need of foreign interference." When the French, who pretend that by their convention with Turkey, they are protectors of *all* the Catholics in the East, wished to conduct some affair in their own way through the Apostolic Vicar (a Frenchman) and the French Consul, the Patriarch, appealing to his Diploma, rebelled. And his rebellion has been carried to such a point that he has threatened either to make his church independent of the Pope, or to join some branch of the Protestant church, say the English. His people for the most part are heartily with him. But in most of such conflicts, Rome gains the victory. The last we heard of this Patriarch, he was in Persia, to preserve himself from being carried to Rome.

Dr. Smith, of South Carolina, who is in the service of the Sultan, assisted by Mr. Hamlin, a missionary from New England, has had the honor of exhibiting to the Sultan, in one of the halls of his Palace, the working of Prof. Morse's Electric Telegraph. The Sultan, after devoting two hours attention to it, requested that the machine might remain till the next day, for the purpose of exhibiting it to all his Viziers and Ministers.—Dr. Smith having declined any favor for himself, the Sultan decreed a diploma and decoration for Prof. Morse.

Yesterday a Frenchman meeting me in the street said with great enthusiasm, "Monsieur, we are three or four million Frenchmen, who are going to embark for America, with a constitution to form a separate State in the United States; but our whole scheme is based upon Christianity. Our system is Fourierism immensely improved; and our agent is already presenting the plan to the government in America." You will know whether this accords with any movements you hear of in other directions.

SENDING A LETTER BY TELEGRAPH.—A few days since a young countryman from our neighboring State arrived in New Albany, and inquired for the "telegraph." His appearance indicated that he had traveled with a speed little inferior to the telegraph itself. "Whar's the telegraph?" was his hurried inquiry of the first person he met upon arriving in Main street—at the same time asking what would be the cost of sending a "letter" to Cincinnati.—Now, this Kentuckian lived in a district where the principles of Morse's invention were not so perfectly understood as in the patent office at Washington, nor had he ever attended a course of Dr. Bentley's lectures; much less did he trouble himself about the disputes of Morse and House, of Kendall and O'Reilly.

The gentleman to whom he addressed himself being somewhat of a wag, informed him that if he went to the office with his letter they would charge him pretty heavily; but that he could, by climbing up one of the posts, put his letter in one of the holes through which the wire passes, and the first "shock" would take it to its destination, "free of postage." Being a disciple of Franklin of the strictest sect, our Kentucky friend saw no good reason for the expenditure of half a dozen dimes, when his object, as he thought, could be otherwise so easily attained. But he reckoned without his host. In a coon hunt he was counted "some," and if his rifle failed to fetch a possum, he would, with an agility little inferior to the subtle animal itself, climb up and "bring" it himself.

Having made the necessary preparations, he commenced the ascent of one of the "neatly dressed" posts that "ornament" our principal street. When he had reached an elevation of about fifteen feet, his hands slipped, and down he came, jarring his whole frame, and considerably bruising himself.

Nothing daunted by the failure of this his first experiment, our "operator" made another effort, and had almost gained the necessary altitude, when the same misfortune, and a much worse bruising overtook him as before. This double failure would have been sufficient to check the courage of most men; but who ever heard of a Kentuckian saying, "I can't?" Picking him-

self up, and consoled with the idea that the "third time is the charm," he recommenced his labors, and succeeded in putting the precious document in its proper place.

Descending from his elevated position, the next trouble was to know how, or where, or when he should get a reply to his communication.—But the wag, who was standing by (together with a number of others,) enjoying this ludicrous scene, was at no loss for giving the necessary instructions to the Corn-cracker. He told him that if it came to the knowledge of the telegraph agents that he had been thus clandestinely sending "despatches" without paying the usual fees, they would certainly make him pay dear for his whistle. He instructed the green one, therefore, to go about a half mile east of town, climb one of the undressed posts, and there await the arrival of a reply, for which he must keep a sharp look out or it would escape his observation. The instructions were obeyed, and the last we heard of this telegraph operator from Kentuck, he was snugly perched on one of the posts, a little way out of town, with his eyes intently bent on the magnetized wires.—*New Albany (Indiana) Democrat.*

Stampede among College Students.

Many entertaining stories are told of the pranks of College students; but in the following is detailed the silliest, most lugubrious attempt to rival them that we ever heard of. The gay, dashing adventures that form the staple of collegiate traditions bear about the same resemblance to this exploit that the exciting contest of thorough-bred racers, displaying matchless beauty, grace and game, does to a stampede among a herd of awkward, snorting, heavy-heeled steers running like mad for a while, and then, exhausted with the unwonted effort, with heads and tails drooping, slowly sneaking back to the farm yard. We can admire the one spectacle, while the other is only the subject of laughter and ridicule :

From the Utica Gazette.

If there is an anomaly in the world, it is a male mortal in the transition state between petticoats and the *toga virilis*, that is to say in College.—To him, anything that troubles no one else and puts himself to a vast deal of inconvenience is a capital joke. Last week thirty-four out of forty of one of the classes in Hamilton College took a fancy to "bolt." It was a scheme concocted within a few minutes, and they left the hill as the ball rooms of Belgium's capital turned out the officers for the field of Waterloo, with whatever toggery they happened to be wearing at the time, some in morning gowns, some in slippers, some in roundabouts and all in hot haste. They assembled in a field near the village, and there "in green pasture and by side of the still waters" each assumed a pumpkin transfixed on his walking-stick as the emblem of (*we didn't hear why they chose the pumpkin,*) and swore on that fruit of the vine, that he would not be a lettered man. Thence they walked in a body to Manchester, where in convention one of the slippered moved to obtain carriages. Done, and they rode to Whitestown, thence walked to Utica where they took wheels and rode to Trenton Falls The dressing gowns and slippers and straw hats could not admire the beauty of natural scenery as they wished, but they revelled in the luxury of independence, having a moist time of it till Friday, when they returned home tired, wet, and proud, having spent $150 in two days, and bored the Faculty by suffering fatigue and cold to their heart's content. Our informant stated that some of them were considered the "flower of the class." Whether the flower of College is improved by *bolting* we don't know, but we suggest farther grinding. Perhaps the grain that the article was made of was not sufficiently ripe. We really think that more fun might be had with far less trouble. We like fun, *oh, don't we?* but it never seemed possible that fun could be raised of such materials as shaved horses, even though the skin were buttered afterwards, or as persuading cows into the belfry by the horns and tail—or as burning assafetida on the stove of a room to worry a professor, and snuffing it yourself to keep him company—or as sitting up all night between two of the most fatiguing days of a College year to "ring the rust" off a bell when no one compels the performance of such duty—or as coming down a lightning rod at 1 o'clock at night from the top of a chapel steeple to escape detection after ringing the bell.

This is the famous class "who rung the rust" off in '46—and this feat is one of the most marked results of that brightening. How we would hate to go to Trenton Falls in the rain, 'specially in morning gowns and slippers!

Col. Martin Scott, who was killed in one of our sanguinary battles before the city of Mexico in Gen. Worth's division, was a native of Bennington. Vt. He was educated at West Point, and from that school entered the army some thirty years ago. He has since then seen much hard service, and conducted himself always with great caution, skill, and kindness. In his youth he was famous among the sharp shooters of the Green Mountains, very few of whom could perform feats to be compared with his. He never shot game in the body; but at whatever height or distance, always struck the head. He would drive a nail into a board part way with a hammer, and then takinging the farthest distance at which his eye could distinctly see it, drive it home with his unerring bullet. He has always been much respected and beloved by his townsmen for his amiable and benevolent qualities, associated with the most exact integrity. With a moderate income, he had so economized in his personal expenses, as to support his own family, and very essentially to aid two maiden sisters, several nephews, and other relatives, who with his wife, and immediate family now at Milwaukee, are left to mourn his loss.—How these hearts bleeding ache. How many such circles of bleeding, aching hearts have our victories made. The guilt of all this misery must rest on some body. Who is it? Wretched man. For these losses and this guilt, the nation takes 'ts pay in glory. What a pity that men should not reflect that all true glory is in doing good.—*—Jour. of. Com.*

Character Indicated by the Laugh.—How much of character is there in a laugh? You know no man till you have heard him laugh—till you know when and how he will laugh. There are occasions—there are humors, when a man with whom we have been long familiar, shall quite startle and repel us, by breaking out into a laugh which comes manifestly right from his heart and which we had never yet heard before. Even in fair ladies, with whom I have been much pleased, I have remarked the same thing. As in many a heart a sweet angel slumbers unseen till some happy moment awakes it, so there sleeps often in gracious and amiable characters, deep in the back ground, a quite vulgar spirit, which starts into life when something rudely comical penetrates into the less frequented chambers of the mind.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

A Ride down the St. Joseph River.

PART FIRST.

On a sunny afternoon in the middle of October, we stepped on board a little steamer at Constantine and started for the mouth of the St. Joseph, distant 130 miles. It was the first downward trip of the beautiful "Michigan" and many were anxious to see how she would run with the current. She had been constructed for river navigation—was flat bottomed, and "squat" on the water, graceful as a swan. She started at two o'clock, and when fairly on the way it was all excitement to observe her antic movements. The river is as crooked as a politician's life, and as uneven in the "tenor of its ways" as a capricious woman; now wading its deep way through a muddy bottom and now racing it over gravel and cobble stones like a little stream in summer suddenly raised by heavy showers and half mad with transport at its own bigness. When our sportive water bird came to a curve she would run round it like Childhood playing at hide and seek; and when she approached any rapids she would glide gracefully up to them, dip her bill in the ruffled surface and then leap down the stream till she found deep water, like Youth in pursuit of butterflies.

Reaching Mottville, where she had just been built by the Messrs. KELLOGG of White Pigeon, she took on a cargo of flour. This village is ten miles below Constantine by water and six by land. It has been settled nineteen years, and has a population of about three hundred. It contains amongst other things, a paper-mill, two breweries, a tannery, and a hat factory. It was formerly on the old grand travers of the Indians from east to west, that is, from Detroit to Chicago; and was a somewhat noted halting place for American soldiers in the famous Sac War. Gen. WILLIAMS was there on one or two occasions with a few hundred men, and made a great slaughter among charged bean pots and whiskey barrels.

The Michigan being freighted, she dropped down to Bristol, Ia., and there halted for the night, it being unsafe to navigate the river in the dark. This place has a pleasant location, twelve miles below Mottville. It is in Elkhart County, sixteen miles from Goshen, the seat of justice. The village has been settled seventeen years and is about the size of Mottville. It has but one public house, which, the night we were there, was overflowing with wide-a-wake sleepers.—They were a motley crowd: some intoxicated with mirthfulness and some with whiskey; some shaking with laughter and some with the ague; some with a lap full of children and some in the lap of poverty; peddlers with their cross dogs, and emigrants with their crosser wives; children crying for the want of sleep and grown people all anxiously praying for a place where they might seek it. We were the last to ask for the abiding place of the eyeless god, nor did we do this till the "Pleasures of *Hope*" were completely exhausted. Without waiting to count the number of sleepers in the *other two* beds in our miniature chamber, we finally took a bee-line for the land of dreams. Tarrying a brief season amongst its spicy groves, the firing-up of the little Michigan brought us to a "realizing sense" that daylight had come again and that at least a good share of the world must be awake.

How gloriously the sun rose that morning, and how beautiful every thing appeared in the light of young day. Does not nature always look loveliest in the morning? The mind is then unvexed by the cares of the day, the heart is measurably pure, and consequently we are best prepared to appreciate the Beautiful. On that occasion the gray willow-boughs seemed bending unusually low by the waters' edge, as if at their matin devotions, and the very stream itself seemed instinct with holiness. The forests that skirted the shores were myriad dyed and glorious beyond description; but like all things else of earth they were parting with their glory. To us each tree, casting off its gorgeous livery, stood like a preacher on the river's banks; for every dry leaf that rustled for a moment amid its fellows on the half-naked twig, and then, falling on the bosom of the stream, was borne away, reminded us that *our* Autum, with its killing frosts, must come ere long, when the tree of life must begin to part with its verdancy; when the green leaves of the heart—the hopes and joys that budded in youth and that blossom in manhood—will one after another become sere, and then, falling upon the stream of time, float for ever from our sight. It cannot be well with Age unless its roots can pierce the mould of divine truth, for there only can sustenance be obtained when the leaves of the tree have fallen and the winds of death are whistling in its naked branches.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Returning from a trip to the west just as our paper is going to press, we find a large number of communications on hand, for which the several writers will accept our thanks. The following are accepted:—"*The Swallows*" and "*The Messenger Dove*," two beautiful translations from the French, by Prof. Kendrick; "Night in Autumn" and lines "*On reading Mrs. Norton's Autumn Winds*," by "THE RECLUSE," who is very welcome; "*Nelly Gray*," by T. C. Wheeler; and "*A Serenade*," by "D. F. D."

We cannot publish "The Beacon Light" without the author's name. It is needless to send us anonymous contributions.

We would like an interview with "*A Melancholy Clerk.*"

THE LIBERTY CONVENTION.—Through some inadvertancy we omitted to mention last week that the Liberty Convention which lately met in this city, nominated JOHN P. HALE, of New Hampshire for President, and Judge KING, of Ohio, for Vice President.

THE SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, at Hamilton, Madison Co., of which Miss ELIZABETH DELANCEY is principal, we hear spoken of in the highest terms of commendation. The superior accomplishments of Miss DeLancey will be apt to secure for this school an unusually wide reputation.

THE UNION MAGAZINE for this month glitters like —*as it is*—the pure ore. The embellishments "Steps to Ruin" and "The Novel Reader," are "beautiful exceedingly," and contain a moral. In the literary department Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Jane C. Campbell, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Sloman, W. O. Bourne, Redwood Fisher, etc., etc., have done their best.

☞ HARBOR APPROPRIATIONS.—The Senate has passed a bill providing specifically for an appropriation of $150,000 to this purpose, and it is now submitted to the Assembly. The bill of the Senate is considered more favorable than the measures which were first passed by the Assembly. We understand that Mr. Flagg has been energetic in promoting the interests of Buffalo in this matter.

BIRTHS AND DEATHS.—Dr. CIST, whose statistica observations are astonishing two continents, has just arrived at the following rational conclusion: "The greatest number of births occur between nine o'clock in the evening and six in the morning, whilst the smallest number between six o'clock in the morning and nine in the evening.—Individually regarded, the ratio of deaths from inflammations, phthisic, and pulmonary hemorrhage, is greater in the afternoon; from extanthemata, just before midnight; from cerebral apoplexy, during the day; and from diseases of the nervous system in general, in the hours which immediately follow midnight."

NEW YORK, Oct. 29—3 P. M.

The Episcopal Convention adjourned last evening.

ALEXANDER H. NEAL, house and sign painter, 43 Ann street, was found dead in his shop about half-past 9 o'clock this morning.

He had been killed by a blow with an iron bar which was found near by. Suspicion rests upon an apprentice 18 or 20 years of age.

Accounts from Bogota to Aug. 23d state that serious difficulties had occurred between Peru and Bolivia. The latter maintains that Peruvian citizens of distinction had been attempting to produce a revolution in its territory.

The former complains of the violation by Bolivia forces, and of the expulsion of its diplomatic agent. Both republics have called extraordinary sessions of their respective Congress.

At Eucadon all was quiet.

THE ELECTION.—The Whig ticket has prevailed in this State by a large majority.

Later from Mexico.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.

The steamer *James L. Day* at New Orleans brings accounts from Vera Cruz to the 19th.

Nothing later from the capital. Some particulars of Santa Anna's attack on Puebla are given. On arriving at Puebla Santa Anna ordered Col. Childs to evacuate, saying he would allow him to form a junction with Scott or with the American force at Perote.

Colonel Childs declined, and on the 27th ult. Santa Anna commenced a heavy cannonading on the American works from three different points, Juan de Dias, Santa Cosa, and Santa Yhonula.

Childs returned the cannonade, firing into the centre of the city, and doing much damage.—Hostilities were suspended at night and renewed next morning.

On the 29th, Santa Anna raised a breastwork with cotton bales. The Americans, meantime, kept up a continual fire on the workmen which was for some time returned briskly by the Mexicans; but finally, at the intervention of many citizens, Santa Anna ceased firing.

The artillery then marched to the Convent of Santa Rosa and commenced a fearful attack, but night produced cessation of firing. The monks were removed from the Convent and on the 30th nothing was doing except a few grenades thrown from the direction of San Juan Del Rio in rear of the Convent in whose church Gen. Rea had erected a battery to operate upon San Jose.

On the 1st Santa Anna with two thousand cavalry and infantry sallied out of Puebla to attack the American train which was at Perote on the 14th but before reaching Zeydualco, all his soldiers except one hundred and thirty persons pronounced against him, declaring him a traitor, unworthy to command, &c. He received an order from Queretaro, to repair thither with the troops under his commad, but declined, and marched with his hussars to Oajaca to raise another army, and come back to give battle to Los Yankeos

When Santa Anna left Puebla the cannonading ceased, and the cotton warehouse of Valesco, which had furnished bales for his breastworks, with two thousand bales in the Convent of San Domingo, were fired and burnt.

Senor Pena is discharging the duties of President at Queetaro, and has refused to recognize the associates appointed by Santa Anna. He prefers Congress should appoint a President.

The report prevailed at Vera Cruz on the 18th that a company of Texas Rangers, attacked by guerillas 12 miles in the interior, had been all but two but off.

The Legislature of the State of Vera Cruz, met at Huatusco on the night of the 27th, and new State officers were elected who were believed to be more active in raising supplies to prosecute the war.

Gen. Cushing has issued orders declaring sixty of the Massachusetts regiment guilty of insubordination, and disarmed them to remain at Vera Cruz. The names are not given.

Herrera according to Arco Iris, has collected 10,000 men at Queretaro—all of the National Guards.

The reinforcements designed for Gen. Scott reached Perote October 4th.

When the *James E. Day* left, there were upwards of 4,000 men at Vera Cruz, ready to leave, in addition to those on the way to reinforce Gen. Scott.

It was rumored that it was in contemplation to advance the war into some state which not been previously attacked.

The Mexican people had become much changed in opinion since the fall of the Capital, and were now in favor of peace.

The expedition fitted out at Vera Cruz against the guerillas had returned, after routing several parties.

The National Bridge was stronly fortified by an American force, and all was quiet in that quarter.

The Legislature of the State of Vera Cruz, in session in that city, had proposed the adoption of vigorous measures against the guerrillas.

Major Polk succeeds Major Cook in command of the detachment of cavalry at Vera Cruz.

The steamer *James Casey* had burst her boilers at Vera Cruz, injuring several persons.

The vomito had again made its appearance in Vera Cruz, but in a mild form.

Two Days Later from France—Tidings of the French Steamer Philadelphia.

From the N. Y. Herald.

The fine packet ship Zurich, Capt. Thompson, arrived yesterday, in a passage over the Atlantic of only twenty-four days, bringing advices from Havre to the 5th Oct., inclusive.

We learn from Capt. T. that on the 25th inst. at 8 o'clock A. M., in lat. 42 31, lon. 59 34, he passed the French steamer Philadelphia, bound to this port. She was making about eight miles an hour, and from her course, and the slow rate she was going, it was thought that she must have been out of coal, and that she was making for the nearest port—probably Halifax. The Zurich, in three hours, left her, hull down, completely out of sight.

The advices from Bologna are of the 25th ult. The persons arrested on the night of the 16th have been all discharged, with the exception of M. Pigozzi, who has published, without the permission of the censor, a letter justifying his conduct.

The Common Council voted eight thousand Roman crowns to arm the National Guard of Bologna.

The Ferrarese, on the 22d ultimo, saluted the Tuscan flag. There were cries of "*Vive Pius IX.*," "*Vive l'Independence Italienne*," "*Vive le Cardinal Cracchi.*" The Austrian garrison remained all day on their arms.

We learn that six Austrian regiments are on their route to form a military cordon on the Piedmontese frontier. They have already arrived at Milan. It is supposed the Sardinian government will take the same measures.

It is said that Austria, already has 60,000 men on the line of the Po, between Plaisance and Ferrara.

The Duke of Modena has re-entered his dominions, with the reigning duke, and the hereditary Prince of Lucca.

An Austrian official arrived yesterday from Ferrara, and continued his journey direct to Rome and Naples. Austria insists on obtaining the passage for a body of her army, destined for the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The Pope is formally opposed to this passage.

M. Zanotini, member of the provisionary government of 1834, has just returned to Bologna, after sixteen years exile.

Somewhat of a serious episode has disturbed the calm that has lately fallen on affairs in the Spanish capital. Some hint having appeared in *El Faro*, a Madrid paper, that M. Salamanca, of the Cabinet, was endeavoring to create a new power near the Queen, a young Colonel Gandara, a determined partisan of Espartero, conceived that he was alluded to, and demanded an apology from the editors A lame one was published after a lively argument among the editors, the principal one and two his colleagues retiring from the paper on its appearance. The Colonel was not satisfied with the apology, and challenged M. Coello, the chief editor, who had retired from the paper. The challenge was taken up for him by the *ad interim* actual editor, M. Tasara, and a meeting took place; but after two harmless shots on both sides, the affair terminated without injury on either side.

It is said that the new Captain General of Catalonia, Don Manuel de la Concha, has written to the government that he hopes by the end of October that not one single band of armed Carlists will remain in that province.

The Queen has granted a second private audience of Colonel Gurrea, former Secretary of the Duke of Victoria.

The grape gathering has already begun in France. The crops in Provence, Roussillon, Narbonne, Montpellier and Nimes will be larger than last year. The wine of Bordeaux (claret) is genenerally thought to be excellent and extra. Champagne and Burgundy will be abundant and of a superior quality. The Rhenish wine will also be of a capital brand. We see by the preceding that the wine's *recolte* will be remarkable this year, and that the rumors that the grapes would not arrive to maturity were false and erroneous.

Shocking Accident.—On Friday evening last, a middle aged German woman, one of a company of immigrants on their way westward, in a line boat, was horribly crushed at Shell's Lock, about five miles below Little Falls. Some difficulty had occurred among the immigrants in the hold, caused by the use of ardent spirits, of which she had also partaken, and being unable to defend herself, she was standing out upon the outside of the boat as it passed into the lock, and was caught and badly crushed between the boat and side of the lock. Both collar bones were broken, and her ribs and ankle much bruised. She has her senses, and can speak, but is entirely helpless.—She was taken off at this city, on Saturday afternoon last, and a place provided for her in Bleecker street, opposite the Market, by the kindness of Mr. H. Bushnell, to whom much credit is due.—She will remain there until her husband, who is in Louisville, Ky., comes to her aid, or other arrangements are made for her comfort. No blame can be charged to the boat hands or lock tender, as they warned her of her danger, but she not understanding, did not heed them.—*Utica Her.*

American Tea.—We learn by a communication in the Union, that the Hon. James Buchanan, Secretary of State, has recently received a package of tea, grown in Brazil, from our Consul at St. Catharine's. The leaf is somewhat larger and darker than the Chinese tea; its flavor is strong and aromatic, and resembles the best specimens from China. When prepared, it strongly assimilates the mixture of black and green tea, so much, indeed, almost exclusively, drunk in England; after China, the greatest tea drinking country in the world. The tea plant was first introduced into Brazil by King John, of Portugal. The writer of the communication states that the successful cultivation of this plant in the United States, may be looked upon as a matter of certainty, as a climate exists in the States of North and South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, extending one degree south of the Rio Grande, precisely similar to the climate of the tea growing districts of China.

Collision of Railway Trains--Providential Escape.

From the Albany Argus.

On Friday morning a collision took place on the Western (Boston and Albany) Railway, about a mile west of the Charlton station, between the Albany passenger train, which left Boston at 8 that morning, and a freight train. The passenger train had got fairly under headway after leaving the Charlton station, and was proceeding to the Spencer station when the collision took place, the passenger train running on a down grade and the freight train on an up grade. Neither train was in sight of the other but a few seconds, before the collision. The locomotives of both trains were completely disabled; the baggage and express package cars broken up; the passenger cars suffered material damage, the last in the train receiving the greatest injury, almost all the seats having been broken up and several of the passengers being bruised. Fortunately, however, no life was lost. The engine drivers and stokers on both trains, with one exception, jumped off and received no injury; one man fell across the second track and broke his leg.

Immediately as the collision took place, the rebound of the cars composing the freight train was so great as to detach ten of them, which ran back towards the Spencer station, on the downward grade, acquiring additional speed as they progressed, and not a brakeman on any one of them to check their speed. Great anxiety was manifested at the scene of the disaster, for fear of a collision between these freight cars and the morning passenger train from Springfield, which was then due at Spencer, but three miles distant. That train had reached Spencer, and notwithstanding the importunities of the passengers and the engine driver to proceed, the conductor, Mr. Parker, directed the engine driver to back the train on to the switch, and thus leave a free track for the Boston passenger train. Scarcely had this been done, when the ten freight cars passed the Spencer station at most frightful speed; indeed so rapidly did they go by that no one supposed there were more than three cars passing. Mr. Parker fearing some accident had occurred, concluded to move on slowly, and come up to the scene of the disaster. Here a meeting of the Springfield train, most of whom were delegates to the late Baptist State Convention at Springfield, was organized and while a committee was absent in one of the cars drawing up resolutions expressive of their thanks to Mr. Parker, the conductor of their train, it was suggested that a most fitting occasion presented itself to return thanks to God for their signal deliverance from danger. In the center of the track the passengers of both trains united in an earnest prayer, offered by one of the many ministers in attendance—a sight which our informant says, would not be met with elsewhere than in New England. The resolutions expressive of their thanks to Mr. Parker for his judicious decision were then passed, and the Boston Courier says a purse was made up to purchase and present to him a silver cup or pitcher.

The cause of the collision was solely owing to the workers of the freight train; it was running out of time; the driver's watch was out of order, and the driver himself was a green hand. And it appears to us there was most culpable negligence in not providing more brakemen to the freight train, especially to the last car.

The runaway freight cars were not arrested until they had passed the Spencer and East Brookfield stations, and had nearly reached that at South Brookfield, a distance of many miles. It is singular that they caused no accident in their progress.

The Boston Courier says the whole neighborhood where the collision took place is covered with flour, which gives the country the appearance of having been visited with a snow storm.

The loss is estimated at $18,000 to $20,000.

The City of Buffalo.—Had not enough already been said of the delightful and edifying anniversary there, I should not leave such a theme for the purpose of descanting on the astonishing growth of this young city, and its more astonishing prospects. When I passed through it, at the period before mentioned, there were but a few houses; Rathbun's Hotel was the most conspicuous. Now, this is an inferior building by the side of the splendid American House. And as I ascended seven flights of stairs in the latter hotel, and from its balcony surveyed the whole of the extended and rapidly extending city, I could hardly believe it the same place. One who had never seen it before might indeed find nothing more to wonder at than in many of our Eastern cities,—except, perhaps, its still muddy streets in some parts, and its hogs that are suffered to wallow in them. But its progress, and then again its prospects—these were the engrossing theme to my mind.—And what, thought I, will this city be a thousand years hence—this mart and thoroughfare of the West?

And when I descended, and visited the wharf where the thickly crowded steamers and other vessels are packed together—and when I was told of the project now in contemplation of building a sea wall, or rather a lake wall, from the present harbor to Black Rock, a distance of four miles along Niagara river, for the purpose of sheltering the boats and shipping between it and the shore—and when I was told of the commerce now carried on, and the rapidity of its increase, I could be at no loss for the cause of the present and prospective growth of this city. So busy a scene as that limited wharf exhibited I have beheld nowhere else. And if four miles more shall be added within the projected basin, and shall be alike occupied, as it may one day be, with lake craft, what limits shall we assign to this emporium?" —*New England Puritan.*

Increased Speed on Railways.—The latest English papers give some account of an engine which has recently been invented for the maintenance of high speed upon railways of narrow guage. It has been put in operation with the fullest success. The peculiarities of the engine consist chiefly in the disposition of the wheels, which permits them to support the wear and weight of locomotive apparatus of far greater power than any previously used, while at the same time the weight of it is so distributed that the centre of gravity is placed much lower than usual. To these advantages are added the corresponding power of using driving wheels of any diameter, together with the great advantage of bringing the largest portion of the entire weight of the engines to bear upon the extreme wheels. The engine has run thirty miles in thirty-three minutes, including the time lost "in getting up speed," and in slowly coming to rest. Many of these miles were gone over at the rate of sixty-five miles per hour. A mail train of sixteen carriages, weighing together about eighty tons, was taken from Camden Town to Tring, up hill nearly the whole way, a distance of thirty miles, in forty minutes, including the stoppages, or at an average speed of forty miles per hour, which is equal to about fifty-three miles per hour average speed on a level.—*N. Y. Post.*

The Close of the Mineral Season for 1847.

From the Lake Superior News.

By this heading we do not mean to be understood that mineral operations close with navigation, for the winter is considered the best season for mining. It is the navigation which is closing up and will in a few days put an end to ingress and egress to and from the works of the several companies on the southern shore of Lake Superior, until probably the middle of May next.—Col. D. R. McNair, the U. S. Mineral Agent, has made up his Report, as we understand, to the 30th Sept. which exhibits returns of ores and metal raised, and shipments out of the District for smelting, from the commencement of operations, as follows:

	Ores and Metal raised.	*Am't ship'd.*
By Lake Superior Company,	1,111,841 lbs.	34,441 lbs.
Eagle Harbor Company,	321,000	81,164
Copper Falls Company,	317,050	15,263
Pittsburg & Boston Copper Harbor Co.,	7,283,340	1,497,491
North West Company,	190,000	7,2[illegible]4
Lac La Belle Company,	200,000	1,329
Suffolk Company,	300,000	383
Algonquin Company,	120,000	11,135
Mendenhall Company,	80,000	4,049
All others making rep'ts,	1,327,989	40,296
Total,	10,244,260	1,693,865

Leaving the balance of 8,550,395 lbs. of mineral to be smelted in the mining district.

The receipts since the transfer of the charge of these lands from the War Department to the Treasury Department, exceed by a very considerable amount every expense attendant upon their management and the collection of rents, and it is computed that with what will be raised by the 30th Sept. 1848, at the rates of this year, the rents will amount to some $25,000 over and above expenses.

There are many companies who have commenced mining, with good shows of mineral and prospects of success, who are not as yet sufficiently advanced to make returns; and a great many who were doing well have turned their forces to building, opening of roads, clearing the land, and raising potatoes, until they could erect smelting works—four of which are going up and will be in operation the ensuing summer—one on the Ontonagon, one at Eagle River, one at Dead River and one at Isle Royal. It should be also mentioned that explorations have been carried on extensively with the anticipation of taking up these lands when they come into market, and that the discoveries surpass all previous anticipations.

Gen. E. J. Roberts, Assistant Agent U. S. Mineral Lands, will, we understand, make his head-quarters for the winter at Eagle River, the Ontonagon, or Fort Wilkins, where the business of the Agency will be transacted until the re-opening of navigation.

The affairs of the Diocese of New York as affected by the General Convention.—The precise position of this much vexed question seems not to be very generally or clearly understood. We give our understanding of the matter as follows. The warmest friends of the suspended Bishop wished his immediate and unconditional restoration, or that the sentence should be declared a nullity. Those most opposed to him wished to have the Diocese declared vacant, and a new bishop elected by the diocesan convention. The General Convention have done neither.—They have, by their action decided, directly or indirectly, that the sentence is valid, that the Diocese is not vacant, and that neither a new Bishop nor an assistant Bishop can be elected. They have authorized the Convention of the Diocese to elect the Bishop of some other diocese to the office of *provisional* Bishop, who shall have as full authority in the diocese as if he were the regular diocesan. In this respect, and in this only is the condition of the Diocese improved by the action of the General Convention. During the last three years it has only had occasional services from Bishops who came merely at the invitation of the standing committee, and who had no express canonical authority to act. The condition of the Bishop himself is not practically altered. His memorial to the Convention, pleading to be relieved from the sentence because of its illegality was referred to the joint Committee, who treated it with perfect silence. A canon has been passed, however, which gives the House of Bishops power to remit or modify his sentence, in any way or at any time they may see fit, provided only that they may not aggravate the penalty which has been inflicted. This power is not probable the House of Bishops will use. It is expected that, under the decisions of the General Convention, a provisional bishop will soon be appointed, and the feelings so long excited by this vexed question will, ere long, subside into comparative repose.—*N. Y. Express.*

Somnambulism.—A friend of ours, a lawyer, and an old bachelor, kept missing his shirts. His washerwoman was accused of retaining them. In the course of two weeks, a clear dozen of whole shirts were gone, and no person could give the least account of them. This was curious! His wardrobe was supplied with another dozen of bran new shirts, and, most astonishing to tell, in one week half of them mysteriously disappeared! His shirts were in his trunk, it locked, and the key in his pocket, yet one by one, they were going! He mentioned the circumstance to a friend, who promised to room with him a few nights, to see if they could solve the mystery.—That night, about midnight, the shirt-losing bachelor arose in his sleep, threw his cloak over his shoulders, and walked out, bitter cold as it was, with nothing on but his shirt and cloak.

His friend followed him to the mill pond, a couple of hundred yards off. Approaching to the pond, the bachelor looked all around to see if any body was looking at him, then took off his cloak and laid it on a rock. Looking all around again, he *pulled off his shirt*, walked fifteen or twenty steps to the bluff, and *hid his shirt in the crevice of the rocks!* He took up a pole, threshed the ice until a place was broken large enough to bathe in, and then walked gently down, and took a good bathing! He then came out, put on his cloak, and cooly returned without his shirt! He returned to his office, raised the window, (for he had crawled out at the window when he left,) and crawled in; hung up his cloak; took the key out of his pantaloons pocket, unlocked his trunk, took out and put on another shirt, relocked his trunk, put the key in his pocket, and went to bed! all the while profoundly asleep

Next morning, behold another shirt was gone! Being told of the whole affair, by his friend, they went to the bluff to hunt for his shirt, and on examination, found, in the same hole, in the rock, *nineteen shirts* safely snugged away, all right!

Had his Throat Cut with a Telegraph Wire!—A young gentleman named Sawyer, of high respectability, was riding at a very fast rate to see a female acquaintance in Dearborn Co., Indiana, a few days since, when he came up against the telegraph wires, which cut his throat, producing almost instant death. The wires had been lowered for the purpose of making certain repairs on the line. He was a resident of Whitewater township, Hamilton Co., Ohio.—*Rochester Daily Advertiser.*

SONG FOR THE SEASON.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Look out, look out, there are shadows about;
The forest is donning its doublet of brown,
The willow tree sways with a gloomier flout,
Like a beautiful face with a gathering frown!
'Tis true we all know that summer must go,
That the swallow will never stay long in our eaves;
Yet we'd rather be watching the wild rose blow,
Than be counting the colors of Autumn leaves!

Look low, look low, the night-gusts blow,
And the restless forms in hectic red,
Come whirling and sporting wherever we go,
Lighter in dancing, as near the dead!
Oh! who has not seen rare hearts, that have been
Painted and panting, in garb that deceives,
Dashing gaily along in their fluttering sheen
With Despair at the core, like the Autumn leaves!

Look on, look on, morn breaketh upon
The hedge-row boughs, in their withering hue;
The distant orchard is sallow and wan,
But the beautiful apples gleam richly through.
Oh! well it will be if our life, like the tree,
Shall be found, when old Time of green beauty bereaves,
With the fruit of good works for the Planter to see
Shining out in Truth's harvest, through Autumn leaves!

Not in hour are leaf and flower
Stricken in freshness, and swift to decay;
By gentle approaches, the frost and the shower,
Make ready the sap veins for falling away!
And so is Man made to as peacefully fade,
By the tear that he sheds, and the sigh that he heaves,
For he's loosened from earth by each trial-cloud's shade,
'Till he's willing to go, as the Autumn leaves!

Look back, look back, and you'll find the track
Of human hearts strown thickly o'er
With Joy's dead leaves, all dry and black,
And every year still flinging more.
But the soil is fed, when the branches are shed,
For the furrow to bring forth fuller sheaves,
And so is our trust in the Future spread
In the gloom of Mortality's Autumn leaves!

THE DELAY.—Having put up a new steam engine and a new press this week, an unavoidable delay occurs in the appearance of this number of the Messenger.

Price Current—November 3, 1847.

Flour, bbl.	$5 56@5 62½	Turkeys	38
Pork, bbl.	11 50	Chickens	12½
Do slaugh. cwt.	4 00	Geese, each	—
Beef, cwt.	4@5 00	Clover seed, bu.	4 00@4 50
Butter, lb.	12½@14	Timothy	1 75
Lard	9½@10	Flax	1 18½
Cheese	6	Grass	—
Hams	9	Whitefish, bbl.	6 50
Shoulders	7	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt.	1 50	Potatoes, bush.	50@62½
Wheat, bu.	1 00@1 18	Salt, bbl.	1 87½
Corn	55½@56	Apples, bbl.	1 50@2 00
Oats	33	Do dried, bu.	62½
Slaughter hides, lb.	4@4½	Onions	50
Dry do.	9½@10	Eggs, doz	16
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb.	5
Sheep, slaughtered.	1 12½	Soap	4@5
Lamb do.	18¾@25	Whiskey, gall.	24
Dry	12½@50	Highwines	26
Hard wood, cord.	3 00	Lead, hund.	4 00
Hemlock	2 00	Beans, bu.	87½
Bit. (O) coal, ton		Wool, lb.	20@30
Blossburg		Hay	7 00

QUOTATION OF UNCURRENT FUNDS.

Canada, (Toronto and Hamilton...	⅜ ct. dis.	Baltimore...	⅜ ct. dis. 1
L. Canada and Kingston	2	Philadelphia	1
Ohio	¼ to 1	New Orleans	3
Indiana	¼ to 1	Missouri	2
Kentucky	¼ to 1	Virginia	2
Pennsylvania	¼ to 1	Mich. State Bank	⅜
Relief notes	2	F. & M. Bk, Detroit	⅜
Pittsburgh Scrip	20	Mich. Ins. Company	⅜
Alleghany Scrip	20	Wis. F. & M. Ins. Co.	⅜
		East. Exch...	⅜ ct. prem.

MARRIED.

On the 27th instant, by Rev. J. C. Lord, R. W. BURGESS, Esq., of Washington City, D. C., and Miss CYNTHIA S., daughter of J. J. Baldwin, Esq., of this city.

At Bath, Steuben Co., on the 21st inst., by the Rev. S. W. Alden, Hon. CARLOS EMMONS, of the Senate, and Mrs. CAROLINE POWERS, widow of the late Rev. P. Powers, of the Genesee Conference.

DIED.

In Perry on the 13th ult., of hæmorrhage from the lungs EDMUND H., eldest son of John and Sarah Tompkins. Aged twenty-six years

Deceased died in the full enjoyment of religion.

Mrs. Steele's Female Seminary.

THE Regular Fall and Winter Session of this Institution will commence on WEDNESDAY, the 3d day of November, and continue twenty-two weeks. All the Studies usually pursued in the best Schools are thoroughly taught in this Seminary, including the Languages, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Drawing and Painting.—One competent Assistant Teacher is provided for every ten Pupils

This Institution is under the supervision and control of a responsible Board of Trustees. The Seminary buildings are pleasantly located on the banks of the Niagara River, Black Rock, within one mile of the city of Buffalo, and are sufficiently commodious to afford a comfortable home for a large number of pupils.

TERMS—The price of board, washing, lights, fuel and Tuition in all the English Studies, is $112 per annum.—The extra charges are, for Music on the Piano $10 per quarter; German or French Language $7 50; Drawing and Painting $5.

☞ Pamphlets, explanatory of the plan of the School, may be obtained at the principal Bookstores in this city.

Buffalo, Oct. 14, 1847. oct14d&ctf

NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE AND WHOLESALE BOOKSTORE.

The subscribers beg to inform Booksellers, buyers and dealers in Books and all interested in education and literary advancement, that they have recently opened an extensive Book and Stationery Establishment. Their assortment of Books in the various departments of literature is complete and well selected: comprising a full assortment of School and Classical Books in general use, Law, Medical and Theological Books, in great varieties. Their facilities as Publishers enable them to offer Books on as favorable terms as most of the Eastern Houses Orders from the country solicited and promptly answered.

Citizens and the public generally are invited to call and examine Books and Prices, where will be found the one progressive principle "Small Profits on numerous Transactions."

DERBY & HEWSON,
n7 No. 164 Main Street, Buffalo.

BUFFALO MUSICAL INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

At the residence of Prof. W. R. Coppock—Composer and Teacher of the Piano Forte, Organ, Singing and Composition.

An institute devoted exclusively to Musical Education is not yet common in this country; but in Europe the test of experience fully shows its great advantages over the too general superficial manner in which this important part of polite education is acquired. The advantages this institution offers to those desirous of completing their studies as Organists—or practical players of the Piano Forte, together with a thorough system of imparting the same to others is fully established by the many precedents of the past 15 years. The pupils are constantly guarded in their practice, against all bad habits, and from the various stages of progress they may be in, are continually stimulated to effort and industry, by association with each other. The family too, are all players, and the theory is amusingly discussed, impressing its rules in a more pleasing manner, and more lasting upon the understanding, than by the mere dry study of an elaborate book. Music is composed and arranged from time to time, showing the various styles and harmonies analytically, and adapted for performance on several Pianos at the same time. This teaches a thorough knowledge of counting, and dividing passages into their given time. Vocal music is particularly attended to, and when the pupil has a moderate share of talent, we hesitate not to say, a correct and pleasing singer can be made. The Piano Fortes used are all new, and of the finest quality, and every inducement will be given to render the true spirit with us profitable. The building is commodious, and has a fine garden attached, with Green houses, Bathing rooms, &c., and is pleasantly situated in Seventh street, between Niagara Street, and the Falls rail road, and about midway to Prospect hill

Terms made known upon application at the Institute, or by mail, post paid, directed Prof. Coppock, Buffalo.

Prof Coppock, keeps constantly a choice selection of Piano Fortes for sale,

Buffalo, August 3, 1847.

CHEAP CASH BOOK STORE.

The subscriber, dealer in Books and Stationery, at 183 Main Street, 4 doors above Seneca, keeps constantly on hand, an extensive stock, embracing the most valuable selections from Ancient and Modern Literature—and a general variety of Theological, Classical, Gift and School Books, &c., &c. The Amateurs of Knowledge and all interested in the purchase of Books or Stationery are respectfully solicited to call. Print and Cap Paper at wholesale.

Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

JEWETT, THOMAS & CO.

PUBLISHERS,

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TERMS.—To mail subscribers, $1,50 per annum in advance, four copies for $5,00, ten copies for $10,00. To city subscribers who receive their papers from the carrier, $2,00. Mail subscribers will also be charged $2,00 if payment is not made in advance.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publishers.

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WESTERN
LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1847. NUMBER XV.

For the Western Literary Messenger

The Swallows.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

Captive on the Moorish coast,
Thus the fettered warrior sighs;
Birds that shun the realm of frost,
Once again ye greet my eyes.
Swallows, that in hope's gay dance,
Seek afar this burning strand,
Sure ye leave my native France:
Tell me of that much lov'd land.

I for three long years implore,
Sweet memorials of that home,
Where my cradled life of yore
Dream'd of happy days to come,
When beneath the lilacs green
Babbling waters tell their tale,
You my childhood's cot have seen;
Tell me of that lowly vale.

One beneath that roof was born
Which o'er my young childhood smiled;
Oft you've heard my mother mourn
O'er her lov'd and long-lost child,
Dying, she in fancy hears
Footsteps which of old she knew;
Then afresh she pours her tears;—
Tell me of her love so true.

Is my sister wedded yet?
Have you seen our village throng
At her happy bridal met,
Mingling festal dance and song?
And those friends who braved of old,
By my side the hostile spear,
Do they all their homes behold?—
Tell me of those friends so dear.

Ah, the stranger's foot abhorr'd
Treads perchance their dust above;
'Neath my roof he rules as lord;
Rudely claims my sister's love.
Me no mother's prayers await;
Chains henceforth are mine below;
Swallows, speak my country's fate;
Tell me, tell me of her woe.

A. C. KENDRICK.

Madison University, Hamilton, N. Y.

From Fraser's Magazine.

The Memoirs of a Lady.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I am now sixty years of age, and having all my life been forced to disguise my feelings and act a part, will at last fling the mask aside and speak the truth. But to whom shall I address myself? for, unless it be to laugh at her, an old lady will hardly find a friend willing to listen to the histoty of her life. Well, I shall address this confession to myself, and speak freely and frankly. It will be some relief to me. I shall be writing a kind of moral testiment; and when the pen has once done its duty, the past will no longer be my own. The past! Good Heaven! how far does it now lie behind me, and yet how near does it still appear!

I shall sleep to-night in yon chamber, which I have not entered for forty years. Everything here seems so much like what it was when I last occupied these apartments; I saw so true a representation of former times in their appearance, that I actually recoiled with affraight on beholding the reflection of my own wrinkled face in a mirror: I had almost fancied that I was still to find myself young and unchanged. Alas! from today every remnant of youthful feeling has vanished from my breast.

I lost my mother in infancy, and was only ten years of age when my father died. An elder sister became my guardian; but as she had just made a brilliant marriage, and was entering the gay world at the most promising period of her career, in flower of youth and beauty's pride, she was glad to be relieved from taking charge of me. I was, therefore, placed for my education in a convent which was then in considerable vogue, and in which were many young ladies of rank and fortune. It was usual for the pupils to remain in this establishment till they had attained their sixteenth or seventeenth year, then to marry, or to join their friends in the great world. This was also my sister's intention with regard to myself, as she very frankly told me when she bade me adieu, and left me at the convent under the charge of a governess.

Among the pupils was a Lady Emily O——, to whom I soon became greatly attached. She was several years older than myself, full of talents, spirit, and romance. She lived in the clouds, so to express it, and Platonic love was her ideal of all that was great and beautiful. As I also possessed an easily excited fancy, Lady Emily's conversation fell upon a fruitful soil; though she was candid enough to tell me that the real world offered little foundation on which to raise such brilliant structures of ideal beauty and perfection as she was fond of building.

"Men are not what I take pleasure in representing them," she often said; "it is only my fancy that loves to paint them in such bright colors. But you will know them in time, and you will be easily understood."

As I grew up I gradually adopted the notions of my friend, and lived with her in an ideal sphere, of which we were, in truth, the only inhabitants. I forsook the playmates of my own age, and passed whole days in hearing this modern Heloisa read *Werther*, and tales of the same class which she had herself composed in a still more exaggerated strain. Beyond hearing me repeat my lessons, my governess took little trouble about me; and as the lady-superior was satisfied with her reports, no one paid the least attention to my general way of going on.

When I was fifteen years of age, Lady Emily died and left me all her papers and manuscripts. These I took with me when soon afterwards I quitted the convent, and made them my constant, almost my only study. How impatient I was to see the world I had pictured to myself so beautiful; but which, when beheld, I hardly recognized. Instead of allowing me to form a romantic attachment, to select (as the patron of my life) the object of my affection, my family presented Baron Nierking to me, and told me to look upon him as

my future husband; that he was a man of wealth, rank, and station—although unexceptionable, in fact; and that our marriage was a settled affair. When I attempted to remonstrate I was laughed at, called a little fool, and was greatly surprised to find myself married before I had time to object, and almost before I knew how it happened.

My husband was about fifty, had once been handsome—knew it, and still thought himself so. He was a man of limited and little cultivated understanding, and of cold disposition. He had never loved me; but the world called me happy, for I had wealth at command, and was allowed perfect and uncontrolled freedom. What could I desire more?

"Happy" indeed! and what is this happiness of which all are speaking? I picture it to myself as a spirit, or essence, inhabiting a golden temple with numerous gates, each surmounted by emblematical figures—toys of all sorts; here flowers, and there laurels; and every individual on approaching hurries towards the gate which seems the most attractive. But how to open it when attained? One aspirant sometimes spends a whole life in knocking at all; another, in constantly tarrying at the same. Here a gate yields to our efforts, we think the goal is gained; when, lo! a laughing demon points to the divinity we wish to approach, then thrusts us out, and we find ourselves as far from the mark as ever. This was my fate. Love constituted my ideal of happiness; I could comprehend no other, and this one source of happiness was to be denied me.

Notwithstanding my foolish and extravagant fancies, I yet retained, during the early period of my married life, the strictest sentiments of duty. I suffered in my solitary position, and pride made me reject all the attention paid me; but I confess that even this feeling of duty ultimately gave way, and consigned me to grief and sorrow. I sighed and sought for a heart to love me. At last I pictured to myself an ideal, and of course, incomparable lover, having all the features and perfections of the favored heroes of my romances. I looked round the brilliant circles of society, and smiled when I compared the most distinguished cavaliers with his fancied perfections. By degrees all my thoughts were fixed on this ideal lover, to whom I became at last fondly and affectionately attached. I spoke to him, wrote to him, sometimes represented him as ill, sometimes as jealous; he joined the army, got into danger, and I sacrificed myself to insure his safety. At last we met again, and then followed a period of undisturbed happiness. He understood me perfectly, accompanied me through life, joined me in society, and became a perfect guardian angel; for I watched carefully every step of my conduct in order to give him no cause of complaint. On his account I rejoiced in the attention paid me, and in the admiration my general behavior excited; nor was any pleasure or gratification which I was not ready to relinquish merely to oblige him: I was playing a real comedy of love in secret. This comedy lasted for three years, and the consequences impressed themselves strongly on my character; many of my friends hardly knew me again; some were alarmed by the change; but I took no notice of their conjectures, and allowed them to think whatever they pleased. What was the world's opinion to me?

I was twenty-three years of age when I passed four weeks on a visit at the castle of one of my cousins—even here, where I now write these lines. My ideal lover was not with me; his absence caused me, of course, much grief, and I was sighing for the hour of our next meeting. The period of my visit was at an end and my departure fixed for next morning, when my coachman reported that the carriage had received an injury which could not be repaired in less than a day. The delay vexed me a good deal, but my cousin consoled me, as she expected a very pleasant addition to her party in the morning.

"My uncle," she said, "is coming: and who do you think, Bertha, accompanies him? Why, your favorite poet, the poetical hero, the adored of all the women, whom you have so long been anxious to meet—Count Arthur G——."

These tidings easily reconciled me to the accident which had befallen my carriage; though I reproached myself, in some measure, for this feeling. Did not all my thoughts belong to him whom I had left at a distance? But my curiosity was excited, and the day passed in speculating on the appearance of this lauded irresistible. We were four young ladies at the castle, and every one of us had formed a different opinion on the subject. When assembled for breakfast next morning, it was immediately observed that all the toilets were more carefully selected than usual; the spirit of coquetry seemed to pervade the whole party, and it might have been thought that we were all in love with Count Arthur, so frequently and impatiently did our eyes glance from the clock to the castle gate. At last a carriage drove up, and the whole party instantly hurried to the window; I did not follow the example, but hastened to my own room, hardly able to explain to myself the nature of my emotions. It actually required time and some effort before I could recover sufficient composure to return to the drawing room. With downcast eyes, and strangely agitated, I opened the door, but heard only one voice, that of my uncle, who accosted me in his usual friendly manner; I could hardly answer, till, looking about, I found that we were alone.

"Where are the ladies?" I then inquired.

"In the garden with Count Arthur, my fair baroness."

Without further remark the old gentleman immediately went up to a glass-case that contained some valuable antiquities, which, as a keen antiquarian, he always contemplated with renewed pleasure. I followed mechanically, and was listening, without attention, to a learned treatise on an ancient tiara, when steps approached, and a young man of grave and calm aspect joined us. It was the count himself.

"Count Arthur, my niece, Baroness Nierking," said my uncle.

A few commonplaces followed on this introduction; and though he must, of course, have seen me, I waited till he had addressed me before I ventured to raise my eyes in order to look at him. He joined in the conversation, and, though very celebrated at the time, was totally unassuming. His observations all showed the man of taste and information, and I found them so striking, that I could almost have fancied them my own.

The party now assembled and proceeded to visit the castle, and especially a turret of some historical note, which my uncle never failed to inspect. To reach it we had to pass through a room which had been assigned as a study to the count, and where we found that some of his papers had been thrown carelessly on the table, as if preparatively to their being put in order. This led to a request that he would favor us by reading some of his compositions; he consented at last, and I took my seat on a sofa exactly opposite to him. His reading was impressive, and he seemed to address every striking line of poetry so especially to me, that the other ladies actually appeared jealous, so that I was forced to rise merely to escape their inquisitorial glances. The count followed my example and joined me; my heart beat as if my very breast were about to burst asunder.

I found myself drawn towards him by an irresistible power, which he probably observed.

"And your ladyship has actually resolved to leave us to-morrow?" he said.

"Yes, my lord," I replied, looking round the room rather than at the speaker.

"But wherefore so soon?" he continued.

"I leave with regret, but I am expected at home;" and these words having gradually restored my composure I left him, and the party returned to the drawing room. A lady took her place at the piano and sung, another followed her example, and my uncle pressed me to do the same. My heart was full, and I consented; and feel convinced that the tones of my voice had never been so touching. The count stood by my side; he did not speak, but seemed fully to share my emotions. I dwell so long on the history of this day, because it was the first, the events of which impressed themselves on my heart for life; the first day till to day—which is the last.

After dinner followed a walk in the garden. Count Arthur gave me his arm; at first we spoke in the common-place manner of the common-place things, that so often lead to the most interesting conversations. At last we came to the theme of endless novelty and variety—the theme which has some time or other spoken home to the hearts of all who can feel, and of which all have either heard or thought—I mean love.

Count Arthur inquired what was my idea of love? I had none.

"Do you think with me, my lady," he continued, "that men in general too readily give way to this dangerous passion? I mean, of course, those who are capable of feeling it, for the others are not worth taking into account. Only look around you, and I am sure your ladyship will see nothing but lovers."

"Lovers! no, pardon me, my lord; only men of gallantry."

"You are unjust, my lady; you, of all others, ought to know what real love is; for what other but a real attachment could you inspire?"

In saying which his eyes rested on me in the softest and most expressive manner.

"Do not, on that account," he continued, "take me for an absolute Amadis; I am far from speaking by experience, for I have never yet been in love—really and truly in love. I have often admired a lady, taken pleasure in her conversation and society, felt even a passing *passion*, but no deeper sensation. And yet I look with the most fervent anxiety to the moment when I am to meet the angel that is to brighten my existence. My heart is hoarding the most enthusiastic gratitude wherewith to repay her generosity; for a poet without an adored is like a sky without stars.

This conversation was, I felt, very dangerous for me, but I could not tear myself away from him, and it was only when the party returned to the castle that we were separated. His eyes followed me during the whole of the evening, and most of his speeches were addressed to me, or filled with allusions applicable to our relative situations. I was completely dazzled.

Arrived in my chamber I threw myself into an arm-chair, covered my face, and remained for two hours, I believe, unmoved in that position, passing all the events of the day before me. The most minute trifles had impressed themselves indelibly on my memory; every word he had uttered stood in flaming latters before me, and, as may well be supposed, completely deprived me of sleep during the night. The chamber-maid, who came to call me in the morning, found me already up and dressed for the journey. O, how full my heart was! I had hardly entered my carriage when a servant brought me a letter; but the agitation that seized me told me from whom it came. I opened it with a trembling hand, impatient to be alone, that I might, with my whole heart, enjoy the pleasure of reading it. The contents were in verse—verses full of sorrow and tenderness. I concealed them in my bosom, resolved that no mortal eyes but my own should ever gaze upon them. During the last stage of the journey, my ideal lover again came to my recollection; but alas, how changed! for when I looked for his image in my heart, I only found the portraiture of Count Arthur! Fancy's dream had become reality, and airy nothing had now assumed "a local habitation and a name."

From this moment I only lived for him. Surrounded by his writings, I read them over and over again, and entered into all his feelings. If a new work of his appeared, I was the first to secure it and devour its contents, which always, I thought, contained allusions to our mutual sentiments and unfortunate attachment. I fancied myself depicted in all his heroines, and believed that he was addressing me in the speeches of all his lovers. If he spoke of the pang of separation, of the afflictions of hopeless love, he was only, as I deemed, speaking of me. I had only changed the object of my folly, and now loved so ardently that I could not even hear his name mentioned without changing color. Nothing was more ludicrous than the absolute contempt with which I treated all other gentlemen who endeavored at times to pay me attention; a pitying smile was their only reward. I measured them by the fancied greatness of my new idol, and, alas, how little did they then appear! Without ever sending one of them, I wrote, I suppose, no fewer than five hundred letters to this lover of a single day. I told him everything, my joys and sorrows; spoke above all, of my love. My imagination grew more and more extravagant respecting him till I actually rhapsodized.

Thus passed my youth; and it was worth being young for the possession of such feelings. Then came the period of the desolating French wars; our home was rendered insecure; and I removed with my husband to one of the capitals of northern Germany. It happened to be the usual residence of Count Arthur; but he was then absent on some diplomatic mission. His sister, with whom I became acquainted, was a very common-place, prosaic person, but appeared an absolute *Corinna* in my eyes, merely because he was attached to her. I fancied, of course, that he must have spoken to her about me, and questioned her at least a thousand times on the subject; and she thought, at last, that she recollected his having returned from the south of Germany some years before, with an unfortunate attachment in his heart. This was enough for me; all doubts were now removed, and I should hardly have been more delighted had a declaration of love come even from his own lips.

But the wide-spreading ravages of war again forced us to change our quarters, and we removed to Prague. I was no longer young, and my fancy gradually began to cool; but I still thought of Count Arthur with the most affectionate tenderness, and, though I wrote no more letters, still occupied myself a great deal with him. I often read the verses he had sent me, and always with *secret* delight, for no one had yet been allowed to see them; they constituted the only link between us, and formed, I may say, the principal joy of my existence. These continued dreams ended, at last, by making me believe in the full truth of the romance which imagination had conceived. If his name were mentioned I often repeated, almost involuntarily, "Oh, I am very well acquainted with Count Arthur!" and these words

were generally accompanied by a pensive and self-satisfied smile, which must often have made the hearers believe that I knew him but too well.

The restoration of peace enabled me, after an absence of many years, again to return to my home. My husband had died during our exile; I was now a widow, without children, in possession of considerable property, and a good deal courted, therefore, by my relations. The cousin whom I formerly mentioned did not forget me; but her kind heart was above being influenced by selfish motives. She resided for a time with me, on one of my estates, for her family had been obliged to part with the castle where we had met Count Arthur—a loss which she deeply lamented. But chance again brought the property into the market; a moderate price only was demanded, and as she was enabled to raise the money she instantly repurchased the place, and returned with delight to the scenes in which she had passed her youth. I promised her an early visit; but illness, business, various occupations, delayed me, and years passed away before I could carry my resolution into effect. At last, about eight days ago, I received the following letter:—

"My dear Bertha—I can no longer let you off; and your presence at my castle, on or before the 18th of July, is now indispensably necessary. I shall accept no apology; a heartfelt pleasure awaits you, and I should never console myself were you to decline my invitation."

How could I resist such entreaties? Though sixty years of age, I was still a woman, with all a woman's curiosity. On the 18th of July, therefore, I arrived at the castle, and no sooner entered the drawing-room than my cousin, rushing into my arms, exclaimed, with her usual spirit and vivacity,—

"Now, tell me quickly, which of all your former acquaintances are you most anxious to meet again? Speak frankly and sincerely."

I named a few at random.

"Not so, not so," she replied; "a still older acquaintance, one first met here in this very castle, and whom your heart continues to acknowledge."

I was so weak as still to blush.

"That's it," said my cousin; "now you are right. It is Count Arthur; I expect him here every minute. The charming Arthur! I wonder what has become of his elegant figure and brown curling locks!"

"Even, I suppose, what has become of our beauty, which has turned to wrinkles and ugliness."

I said this on purpose to prevent her from saying so, but did not wish to believe my own words. My heart could not harbor the possibility of finding Count Arthur changed from what I had seen him some forty years before.

We spoke of past times, of the very day on which we had formerly expected him, even as we did now. But what a difference! Then in youth, now in age! At this moment the sound of wheels was heard, and the count's chariot drew up. I hastened into the embrasure of a window to see him alight; the carriage-door opened, and I actually shrunk back in terror when I beheld him. Was this Count Arthur?—a decrepid old man, whose tall figure was almost bent together, whose face was full of wrinkles, and wanted every particle of that dignity which often accompanies age! This, with a few gray hairs scattered round an almost bald head, was all that now remained of the once gay and gallant count!

My cousin received him in the most friendly manner,—

"Welcome, my dear count!" she said; "here is a lady who will be delighted to see you again."

After I had recovered myself a little, I approached.

"Do you not know her? It is my cousin, the Baroness Nierking, whom, on your former visit, you found so amiable and interesting."

"Oh, yes, certainly, certainly!" was his embarrassed reply, as he bowed to me.

I perceived at once that he had entirely forgotten me. It was a pang that struck my heart keenly, and as my cousin probably perceived it, she drew him aside, and mentioned our former meeting to him. He listened attentively, and seemed to call his best powers of memory into exertion.

"I cannot recollect," he said. "I know that you had a party of ladies here—some very charming ones, no doubt; but, except yourself, I remember no one in particular."

Two large tear-drops fell from my eyes. It was the whole of my past life that I mourned, for with a single word this cruel man had now robbed me of the whole of my previous existence.—What now remained to me, and where was my compensation to be found for the past? In a few years of suffering, and then in death!

The count took a seat near me, and I collected myself so far as to address some words of courtesy to him. He hardly answered till I turned the conversation exclusively on himself; then only he seemed to revive, and was evidently pleased when a circle formed round him. But a young lady having been led to the piano, he again grew moody; for he was no longer the sole object of attention, and this he evidently looked upon as a sort of insult.

I remained near him, and as he found me a good listener he endeavored to resume the thread of the conversation, in which, as it was my wish also, he easily succeeded. I spoke of the journey which led to his former visit at the castle, and he assured me that it had afforded him great pleasure.

"And yet you no longer recollect our walk in the garden, nor my singing?" I had almost added—"Your love," when reflection saved me from the folly.

"Oh, perfectly, my lady!" was his reply; but I easily perceived that it was a mere piece of commonplace gallantry.

"But permit me, my lady," he continued; "did I not give you some verses on that occasion—some pretty, soft, sighing, lyrical effusion? I am sure I must have done so, for, during my tour in this part of the country, I hardly met with a pretty woman to whom I did not show such a mark of attention. Ladies like these things, and if you sing to them, you sing yourself into their hearts; they love to become immortal with poets. If you have any such verses, pray give them to me, for I retain no copy, though I know that I wrote some very good things at that time. I am printing a new edition of my works; will you not accept a place in it?"

I was no longer able to retain my calmness; my recollection turned to bitterness, and I could not resist the satisfaction of vexing an old fop, for whom I had shed so many tears, and who now told me that I had shared the little attention he paid me with every pretty woman in the country! I had inspired him with nothing more than the slight transient satisfaction he experienced in the company of thousands of others! And now he wished to have my secret treasure restored, to expose that to the gaze of the public which I had concealed even from the eyes of friendship—I who had so wished that only his eyes had rested on those glowing lines! No, never!

"I am truly grieved, my lord count," I replied "that I no longer posess your valuable autograph. If I rightly recollect, it was a long poem which

you did me the honor to dedicate to me—an elegy, I believe, or something of that kind. But when I ceased to be young, all such matters found their way into the fire; and I fear that your homage must have fed the flames along with the rest."

This told, and my vengeance was complete.—His vanity was so deeply hurt that he sprang quickly from his seat, and haughtily uttering the werds, "Great pity!" left me to enjoy the satisfaction of having so skilfully winged the dart.

What futher passed I shall not relate. Why, indeed, should I? Here I am now sitting in the very same place where I first thought of him, and I may say loved him. My childish letters, his verses, his portrait, I have consigned to the flames. I am now nothing more than an old woman, whose reason was never before sufficiently on its guard, but who has now received a shock which has brought her to herself, and who can, fortunately, still look back upon the past without shame thought not without regret for her folly. However severe has been the blow which has cured me of my errors, I am yet bound to bear it with gratitude; for it has enabled me, after hours of reflection, to tear off the veil that for years had covered my eyes. But on what am I now to rest them?

I had often resolved never to join what is termed the saintly sisterhood, and did not know that a call to that effect might yet be awakened in my solitary and forsaken heart. May Heaven forgive me! I now know and feel that there is nothing true but God, and to him my last days shall be dedicated. Oh, that I had sooner thought so! How much error and repentance should I have spared myself, and how much of hope should I have gained!

The Holy Land.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

BETHANY AND PLAIN OF JERICHO.

We made an excursion from Jerusalem to the Jordan and the Dead Sea; going by way of Bethany and Jericho, and returning by the Convent of St. Saba. There is at this day so much danger of falling among thieves in going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, that travelers join parties when they can, and unite their guards into a corps of armed men. Our own party of four joined the ten with whom we had traveled in the desert: and four strangers, European gentlemen, requested permission to ride with us. Thus we were eighteen: and the dragomen, cooks, housekeepers, and mule-drivers, who took charge of our tents and baggage, and ten armed guards, swelled our number to that of a caravan which no robbers were likely to attack. Indeed, we scarcely saw anybody the whole way. The dangerous part of the road appeared deserted, and the plain of Jericho, once studded with towns, and filled with fertility, lay before us almost as lifeless as the basin of the Dead Sea.

We left Jerusalem by St. Stephen's gate—my three friends, myself, and our servants and baggage, and met the rest of the traveling party at the bridge in the Valley of Jehoshuphat, at 9 A. M. We proceeded by the camel road to Bethany, which winds up the side of Olivet, and crossed its ridge to the east. As soon as we had passed the ridge, Bethany came to view, lying on the eastern slope of the mount of Olives, and, as we all know, "fifteen furlongs" distance from Jerusalem. It is now a village inhabited by about twenty families: a very poor place; but looking less squalid than might be expected, from its houses being built, as everywhere in that country, of stone,—square, substantial, and large, compared with cottages in England. Its position on the side of the hill is very fine, seen from below.

Before descending the hill, however, we alighted from our horses to visit an old tomb which is called the tomb of Lazarus. No enlightened traveller believes this to be really the place where Lazarus was buried; but to see any ancient tomb on that spot was an opportunity not to be missed; and we gladly went down the dark hewn-steps to the little chamber where some corpse had once been laid. I had often wished that the old painters had enjoyed such opportunities: and then we should have had representations of Lazarus coming forth from chambers in the rock, and not rising from such a grave as is dug in European church-yards. The limestone rocks of Judea are full of holes and caverns: and we know from the Scriptures how abundantly these were used by the old inhabitants as dwellings for themselves and their cattle, as a shelter to the wayfarer, a refuge to the fugitive, a hiding-place for robbers, and a place of deposite for the dead. Where a cavern was found with holes or recesses in its sides, a little labor would make it an extensive place of burial. By squaring the entrance, and giving some regularity to the arch of the roof, a handsome vestibule was obtained: and then the recesses were hewn into form for the reception of bodies. Sometimes these recesses had pits; sometimes niches in their walls, so that each recess could contain several bodies: and sometimes they were small, so as to contain only one each. Sometimee the vestibule opened out into passages, which had recesses on each hand; so that a large company of the dead might be hidden in the heart of the mountain. The whole was secured from wild beasts and other intrusion by a stone door fitted to the entrance, or a large block rolled up against it. Those who have seen these eastern tombs can never again be puzzled, as I was in my childhood, when reading of "the chambers of the grave," and of the dead calling to one another in the house of death, and of the stone being rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre. Many a child wonders, as I did how the way was made clear for Lazarus to come forth merely by the removal of a stone; but, once having stood looking in at the door of a sepulchre, how vivid becomes the picture of Jesus standing there, and calling to Lazarus "with a loud voice," to come forth! How one hears that voice echoing through the chambers of the tomb, and sees the dead man in his ceremente appearing from the steps of the vault, or the shadow of the recess!

In the tomb which we explored at Bethany, the vaults went down a considerable way into the rock. One flight of deep, narrow steps led us into a small vaulted chamber; and two or three more steps, narrower still, into the lowest tomb, which had litte more than room for one body.—The monks, when taken as guides, show in the village what they call the house of Martha and Mary and that of Simon the Leper; but we did not inquire for these, having no wish to mix up anything fabulous with our observations of a place so interesting as Bethany.

We looked back upon the village again and again as we descended into the valley; and it was painful to lose sight of the place where Jesus was wont to go to solace himself with the friendship of Lazarus and his sisters, and rest from the conflicts which beset him in the great city over yonder ridge. But we were now on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, and about to pass among the fastnesses of the thieves who seem to have infested this region in all times. After riding along the valley, sometimes on the one hill and sometimes on the other, for three or four miles,

we left behind us the scanty village spread along the bottom of the valley, and began to ascend to the hollow way which is considered the most dangerous spot of all. Here Sir Frederick Henniker was stripped and left for dead by robbers in 1820. His servants fled and hid themselves on the first alarm. When they returned, he was lying naked and bleeding in the sultry road. They put him on a horse, and carried him to Jericho, where he found succor. Perhaps he was thinking of the parable of the Samaritan when this accident befel him. I was thinking of it almost every step of the way.

Another story was presently after full in my mind:—A beautiful Catholic legend which was told me by a German friend in America, when I little dreamed of ever traveling over this spot.—Our road now gradually ascended the high ridge from which we were soon to overlook the plain of Jericho. The track was so stony and difficult as to make our progress very slow; and the white rocks under the mid-day sun gave out such heat and glare as made me enter more thoroughly into the story of Peter and the cherries than my readers can perhaps do. And yet the many to whom I have told this legend in conversation have all felt its beauty. It is this:

Jesus and two or three of his disciples went down one summer day, from Jerusalem to Jericho. Peter—the ardent and eager Peter—was, as usual, by the Teacher's side. On the road on Olivet lay a horse-shoe, which the Teacher desired Peter to pick up: but which Peter let lie, as he did not think it worth the trouble of stooping for. The Teacher stooped for it, and exchanged it in the village for a measure of cherries. These cherries he carried (as eastern men now carry such things,) in the bosom-folds of his dress. When they had to ascend the ridge, and the road lay between heated rocks, and over rugged stones, and among glaring white dust, Peter became tormented with heat and thirst, and fell behind. Then the Teacher dropped a ripe cherry at every few steps: and Peter eagerly stooped for them. When they were all done, Jesus turned to him, and said with a smile, "He who is above stooping to a small thing, will have to bend his back to many lesser things."

From the ridge we had a splendid view of the plain of Jordan—apparently as flat as a table to the very foot of the Moab Mountains, while the Dead Sea lay, a blue and motionless expanse, to the right—the south,—and barren mountains enclosed the whole. The nearer mountains were rocky, brown, and desolate, and here and there the remains of an aqueduct, or other ancient buildings, marking the sites of settlements which have passed away. The distant mountains were clothed in soft and lovely hues which can be seen only through a southern atmosphere. The plain was as delicious a region as ever man lived in. Josephus called it a "divine region;" and tells of its miles of gardens and palm-groves; and here grew the balsam which was worth more than its weight in silver, and was a treasure for which the Kings of the east made war. Jericho is called in the Scripture the City of Palm-trees; and Jericho was but one of a hundred towns which peopled the plain. Now, all near was barren; and equally bare was the distant tract at the foot of the mountains; but in the midst was a strip of verdure, broad, sinuous, and thickly wooded, where we knew the Jordan flowed. The palms are gone; and the Sycamores, and the honey which the wild bees made in the hollows of their stems. The balsam which Queen Cleopatra so coveted as to send messengers from Egypt for plants to grow at Heliopolis has disappeared from the face of the earth; and, instead of these and the fruit and sugar canes which were renowned in far countries, we find now little but tall reeds, thorny acacias, and trees barren of blossom or fruit. The verdant strip, however, looks beautiful from afar, and shows that the fertility of the plain has not departed. There is enough for the support and luxury of man, were man but there to wish for and enjoy them.

We descended by a road like an irregular staircase, the steepest hill I ever rode down. The gentlemen dismounted: but the heat was so excessive that I ventured to keep my seat. When I glanced up from the bottom and saw the last of the party beginning the descent, it looked so fearful that I was glad to turn away. We were now at the foot of the mountain called Quarantania, supposed by the monks to be the scene of the temptation. A few pilgrims come from afar, every year, to spend forty days on this mountain, barely supporting life during the time by the herbs they find there. I need hardly say that there can be no good reason for fixing on this mountain as the place, and that the choice of it is probably owing to its commanding the plain of the Jordan and its cities—once no unfair specimen of the "Kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them." The caverns in the face of this mountain, once used as dwellings or tombs, are now the abodes of robbers. When some of our party showed a desire to reach the lower ones, the Arab Sheikh who was responsible for the safety of the party, drew his sword across his throat, to show the danger and barred the way.

It may be remembered that the men of Jericho complained to Elisha the prophet that the water of their spring was not good, either to drink or to water their land for tillage, (2 Kings, ii. 19) and that though their city was pleasant they could not enjoy it for this reason; and that Elisha purified the spring, 'so that the waters are healed unto this day.' Beside this spring, now called Ain Sultan, we encamped in the afternoon, and found its waters truly delicious. Nothing could be prettier than this encampment, in a spot so forest-like as to contrast strongly with any thing we had seen for many weeks past. Our tent was close upon the brink of the clear rushing brook: but the heat was so excessive that we could not endure the tent, and had our dinner table placed under a tree, whose roots were washed by the stream. Broad lights gleamed upon the rippling waters, and deep green shadows lay upon its pools. Our horses were feeding in the thicket beyond; and the Arabs sat in groups near the tents. Other parties of our company were dining or lying on the brink of the stream. Every encampment of travellers in those places are beautiful: but I never but once saw one so beautiful as this.

After a walk to the remains of an aqueduct, and other traces (mere traces) of former habitations in the days when Jericho was a great city, I went, with one companion, to see the spring, which was but a short distance from our tents.—The water bubbled up from under some bushes, and spread itself clear and shallow, among some squared stones, which seemed to show that the source had once been closed. By this time it was dusk; the evening star hung over the nearest hill. All was silent above us, except the rustle and dip of the boughs which hung above the water. My companion and I found the temptation to bathe quite irresistible. Under the shadow of a large overhanging tree there was a pool deep enough for the purpose, and there we bathed, rejoicing with the people of Jericho in the sweetness of the water.

The Eastern traveler feels a strong inclination to bathe in every sacred sea, river and spring.—

How great the interest is, and how much like that of a new baptism, those at home may not be able to imagine; and such may despise the superstition which leads hundreds of pilgrims every year to rush into the Jordan. But among all the travelers who visit the Jordan, is there one, however far removed from superstition, who is willing to turn away without having bowed his head to its sacred waters?

There was no moon to-night; but the stars were glorious when we came out of our tent to take one more look before retiring to rest. Here and there the watch-fires cast yellow gleams on the trees and waters; but there were reaches of the brook, still and cool, where the stars glittered like fragments of moonlight. This day stands in my journal as one of the most delicious of our travels.

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*"Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom."—*Luke vi.* 38.

The New York correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* describes in the following a plan, which, we learn from other sources, is seriously entertained. The fact that it is so, and that this or some other plan is deemed necessary to relieve the crowd in Broadway, will give country readers some idea of the tide of life that rushes through that main artery of the great city:

ELEVATED RAILWAY IN BROADWAY.—*A new Broadway over Broadway.*—The crowded state of the great central thoroughfare in this metropolis has for some years been a subject of much complaint, and the difficulty is increasing from year to year. The omnibuses and other vehicles are now so numerous as to render it difficult, troublesome, and often hazardous to life for foot people to cross the street. The conviction has long prevailed that *something* must be done ere long to relieve Broadway from this pressure. But how the thing should be accomplished has been a difficult problem to solve. Laying rail-tracks in Broadway, opening new parallel thoroughfares by widening other streets or opening new ones, and other projects, have been much discussed for two or three years past, but public opinion has yet settled down upon none of them. Some new and magnificent plans are now under consideration. One of the principal of these I have been examining a little while this morning.

This plan is an invention by John Randal, jr., a civil engineer. He has been two years engaged in perfecting his model, and at an expense of about four thousand dollars. He is now exhibiting to the citizens a complete model, thirty or forty feet in length and ten or twelve in breadth, showing the whole plan of the road and the movements of the cars. The rail-tracks are elevated fourteen feet above the curbstones of the sidewalks, to be supported by iron pillars along the curbstones, and iron cross-pieces running across the street, the whole frame-work to be iron. On this frame-work are to be laid four railroad tracks from Bowling Green to Union Place, about three miles, and running *round* the Bowling Green and the Park at Union Place, thus forming an endless road. The two inner tracks are for the main cars, and the two outer tracks for what are called *tenders*. The cars are to be attached to and moved by an endless rope; the motive power to be one or more steam engines at some central point on the road. The main cars are to be in constant motion without any stoppages during the running hours of the day and evening, at a speed of perhaps six miles an hour.

At the corner of every cross street, or every second cross street, will be stations where passengers ascend by stair-ways and steps into one of the tenders, which for the time are stationary. But immediately one of the main cars comes up, and when abreast of the tender fastens to it by the operation of the machinery, and takes it along to the next corner or station and there drops it, and fastens to another tender, which it takes along to the next station, and so on. As soon as a tender is attached to a main car, so as to become as it were a main part of it, a door is opened by the conductor, and the passengers step from the tender into the main car, and those in the main car who wish to stop step out into the tender.—The door is then closed to prevent accidents, and the main car leaves its tender at the next corner.

It is calculated to have sixty or seventy of the main cars, so there may not be more than two or three minutes between them, and as many tenders as there are corners or stations. It is calculated also to have promenades by the side of these tracks, either half the width or the whole width of the sidewalk below, and, in order not to obstruct too much the light below, they will be covered by a semi-transparent glass. Various other appendages are suggested to give more or less the conveniences of a *street* in this upper story of Broadway, but it is not necessary to describe these at present.

The expense of erecting this railway and putting it in full operation, is estimated by the inventor, after careful calculation, at a million and a half or two millions of dollars. If the City Council shall sanction the plan, then application will be made to the State Legislature to charter a company for its construction. The perfect operation of the model is a pretty strong argument in favor of the plan. It has been already visited by many of our citizens, and, I believe, has generally made a favorable impression.

WAR HAS REPOSE, WORK NEVER HAS.—It is a benevolent arrangement of Providence by which man is under the necessity of laboring to live, but that is a malevolent arrangement of men by which man is doomed to live merely to labor. Life was intended to be a blessing to every creature on whom it was bestowed, but under the present order of things, it may perhaps be questioned if it be not to many as much of a curse as a blessing. Nor is this a peculiarity of this particular age or country alone; I believe it may with truth be affirmed that the same state of things has existed in all ages and countries, as well as under all systems of government. In the language of one who himself fell a victim to excessive toil—

> "We are lowly, we are lowly,
> Our misfortune is our crime;
> We have been trodden under foot
> From all recorded time."

Yes, the many have ever been, more or less, subject to tyrannised over, by the few. The people have ever been the tools, the playthings of the privileged orders!—and the two principal means used in their subjugation have ever been, and still are, war and work. And it is questionable whether the one system or the other has been more destructive of human life. We hear more of the victims of the war system; the death it inflicts is more summary, and in general more appalling, and so attracts greater attention. But over-labor, though less ostentatious, is equally sure and fatal in its results—and, after all, is perhaps the greater destroyer of the two. War has its seasons of repose, work never has.—*W. Fergusson's Lecture on Protracted Labor.*

For the Western Literary Messenger

Night in Autumn.

I may not sleep! weird voices now are calling,
And visions rise 'twere vain to bid be fled—
Too much wild music on my ear is falling—
Too much of loveliness o'er earth is shed.

I hear from far a low-toned, fitful wailing
Through the huge boughs of ancient forests lone,
While rifled clouds, slowly and darkly sailing,
Are wreathed with brightness by the half-hid moon.

Such is the hour when fancy, winged and fearless,
Pausing 'midst ruins of the storied past,
Might trace dim forms of earth's long-lost and peerless,
Or catch dread murmurs on the rustling blast.

But thou, my soul, to thy own chambers turning,
Fain would I hold still converse now with thee—
This tear which swiftly down my cheek is burning,
Whence gushed it thus, so suddenly and free?

No vain regret from memory's wand upstarting,
Bends with stern brow my shrinking heart above,
Nor rules young hope, its rainbow radiance darting,
Nor the warm, joyless fever-dream of love:

And the lost friend, whose noble worth, attesting,
Does every power its undimmed record keep,
On whose tired form the peaceful turf is resting,
Is much too blest for even grief to weep.

Life—human life, thou vision vainly pondered!
Poor human breasts, ye heave with conflicts strange:
Sad, weary exiles from a bright bourne wandered,
What haunted thoughts o'er earth unresting range!

List! the lone forest wind, now widely rushing,
With strength'ning, deep'ning tone, arrests my ear,
As if, the mind's chaotic tumults hushing,
It spake unearthly things we pined to hear.

And does it not? As the low hymn of sadness
Mourns the wild wrecks along life's stormy coast,
So in swift notes as of o'ermastering gladness,
The listening spirit learns—all is not lost.

Yea, is not now yon reverent whisper telling
Of Him from whose bared brow the heavens shall flee,
Yet who with us mysteriously is dwelling,
Centre of bliss and hope—the Deity!

Even o'er me the awful joy is stealing:—
With thrilling sense of audience high I bend,
And all mind's quenchless thirst—heart's restless feeling,
God, God, to thee, chastened and changed, ascend.

Mayville, N. Y. The Recluse.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Coleridge.

Reminiscences of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey. By Joseph Cottle. New-York: Wiley and Putnam. 1847.

This is a work of deep interest. The author, in early life, was the friend and associate of many whose names afterwards became distinguished and identified with the literature and philosophy of the age in which we live. The "myriad minded" Coleridge, the elegant and profound Southey, Wordsworth the priest of "nature's inner shrine," the enthusiastic Robert Hall, the stern and contemplative John Foster, the great Sir Humphrey Davy and others of less fame make their appearance in this book and give us an opportunity of learning, to some extent, their early aspirations, hopes and fears. But among them all Coleridge is far the most conspicuous, both on account of his frailties and intellectual powers. It is to be regretted that some of the developments made by the author in regard to the habits of this wonderful man have been permitted to see the light. The readers of Coleridge much prefer considering him as the eloquent, imaginative, profound and glorious being that he appeared to be when, though unacquainted with his life, his genius first flashed upon their minds through his writings. It is, indeed, questionable whether much good has been gained by displaying to the world the vices of the great and distinguished man, prone as he is to sin, is more inclined to shelter his evil habits beneath the authority of some great name, than to be deterred from them by witnessing the fearful and destructive consequences to which they may lead. The remark made by Dr. Johnson on first hearing of the death of Goldsmith, "let his frailties be forever forgotten," was founded in wisdom as well as in pure friendship. Mr. Cottle, together with those who sympathize with him in shedding crocodile tears over Coleridge's errors are not to be envied. Let them enjoy in peace the exercise of their natural disposition; but we prefer contemplating the bright side of Coleridge's character, and fathoming if possible the depths of his mind.

Coleridge, when at Cambridge, paid his addresses to a Mary Evans, who rejecting his offer, he took it so much in dudgeon that he withdrew from the University to London, and enlisted in the 15th Elliot Light Dragoons under the outlandish name of Silas Tomken Cumberbasch.

"He had been placed as a sentinel, at the door of a ball-room, or some public place of resort, when two of his officers, passing in, stopped for a moment, near Mr. C., talking about Euripides two lines from whom, one of them repeated. At the sound of Greek, the sentinel instinctively turned his ear, when he said, with all deference, touching his lofty cap, "I hope your honor will excuse me, but the lines you have repeated are not quite accurately cited. These are the lines," when he gave them in more correct form. "Besides," said Mr. C., "instead of being in Euripides, the lines will be found in the second antistrophe of the 'Œdipus of Sophocles.'" "Why, man, who are you?" said the officer, "old Faustus ground young again?" "I am your honor's humble sentinel," said Mr. C., again touching his cap."

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The officers now kindly took pity on the 'poor scholar,' and had Mr. C., removed to the medical department, where he was appointed assistant in the regimental hospital. This change was a vast improvement in Mr. C.'s condition; and happy was the day, also, on which it took place, for the sake of the sick patients; for Silas Tomken Cumberbatch's amusing stories, they said, did them more good than all the doctor's physic! Many ludicrous dialogues sometimes occurred between Mr. C. and his new disciples; particularly with one who was "the geographer." The following are some of these dialogues.

If he began talking to one or two of his comrades; for they were all on a perfect equality, except that those who went through their exercise the best, stretched their necks a little above the "awkward squad," in which ignoble class Mr. C. was placed, as the pre-eminent member, almost by acclamation; if he began to speak, not-

withstanding, to one or two, others drew near, increasing momently, till by-and-bye the sick-beds were deserted, and Mr C. formed the centre of a large circle.

On one occasion he told them of the Peloponnesian war, which lasted twenty-seven years. "There must have been famous promotion there," said one poor fellow, haggard as a death's head. Another, tottering with disease, ejaculated, "Can you tell, Silas, how many rose from the ranks?" "

"The inspecting officer of his regiment, on one occesion, was examining the guns of the men, and coming to one piece which was rusty, he called out in an authoritative tone; "Whose rusty gun is this?" when Mr. Coleridge said, "Is it *very* rusty, Sir?" "Yes Cumberbatch, it is," said the officer, sternly. "Then, Sir," replied Mr. C. "it must be mine!" The oddity of the reply disarmed the officer, and the poor scholar escaped without punishment."

What can better illustrate the fascination of Coleridge's conversation, than the influence it appears to have exercised over his comrades during this period of his life. The poor ignorant soldier forgot his pains and misery when listening to the words of the man of genius, though apparently in circumstances as humble as himself.—And well he might for it was a brother that spoke to him from the depths of our common natures, from that boundless source of truth which exists in all.

The following graphic description of Coleridge's college life will be read with interest:

"When he quitted college, which he did before he had taken a degree, in a moment of mad caprice—it was indeed an inauspicious hour! 'In an inauspicious hour I left the friendly cloisters, and the happy grove of quiet, ever honored Jesus College, Cambridge.' Short, but deep and heart felt reminiscence! In a literary Life of himself this short memorial is all that Coleridge gives of his happy days at college. Say not, that he did not obtain, and did not wish to obtain, classical honors! He did obtain them, and was eagerly ambitious of them; but he did not bend to that discipline which was to qualify him for the whole course. He was very studious, but his reading was desultory and capricious. He took little exercise merely for the sake of exercise but he was ready at any time to unbend his mind in conversation, and for the sake of this, his room (the ground-floor room on the right hand of the staircase facing the great gate) was a constant rendezvous of conversation loving friends, I will not call them lounggers, for they did not call to kill time, but to enjoy it. What evenings have I spent in those rooms! What little suppers, or *sizings*, as they were called, have I enjoyed; when Æschylus, and Plato, and Thucydides were pushed aside, with a pile of lexicons, &c., to discuss the pamphlets of the day. Ever and anon a pamphlet issued from the pen of Burke. There was no need of having the book before us. Coleridge had read it in the morning; and in the evening he would repeat whole pages verbatim. Frend's trial was then in progress. Pamphlets swarmed from the press. Coleridge had read them all; and in the evening, with our negus, we had then *viva voce* gloriously. O Colerige! it was indeed an inauspicious hour when we quitted the friendly cloisters of Jesus. The epithet 'friendly' implied what you were thinking of, when you thought of college. To you, Coleridge, your contemporaries were indeed friendly, and I believe, that in your literary life you have passed over your college life so briefly, because you wished to banish from your view the 'visions of long-departed joys.' To enter into a description of your college days would have called up too sadly to your memory 'the hopes which once shone bright,' and would have made your heart sink.

Coleridge was a sincere believer and the ever ready and powerful defender of christianity.

"Mr. C. now changed the subject, and spoke of Holcroft; who he said was a man of but small powers, with superficial, rather than solid talents, and possessing principles of the most horrible description; a man who at the very moment he denied the existence of a Deity, in his heart believed and trembled. He said that Holcroft, and other atheists, reasoned with so much fierceness and vehemence against a God, that it plainly showed they were inwardly conscious there *was* a God to reason against; for, a nonentity would never excite passion."

The letters and conversations of Coleridge, contained in this work have a deep and permanent interest. One of the great characteristics of his mind consisted in possessing, in an eminent degree, the power of clearly perceiving and developing in a luminous manner the great principles of intellectual and moral philosophy and religion. It is now universally admitted that he ranks among the first of poets, but we believe that his fame as a philosopher and theologian rests on a still more permanent basis, and that his position will become fixed among the great creative minds that have exercised a powerful influence in advancing man towards ideal perfection.

H. C.

Foreign Items.

France.—The Duke de Guise, son of the Duke d'Aumale, died on the 10th inst., after an illness of three days. The Duke was born on the 11th September last.

The government having given permission for Prince Jerome Bonaparte, with his family, to reside in France, he has arrived in Paris, after an exile of 32 years.

Spain.—A telegraphic message has reached Paris to the effect that a complete reconciliation has taken place between the Queen and the King of Spain. The King goes to live in the palace with the Queen.

Switzerland.—The accounts from Switzerland are daily contradictory. On one day it is said that actual war is about to break out, whilst the next the indications are more pacific. According to the calculations of the Radicals, the Sonderbund has only 31,823 men and 119 guns to oppose 96,993 men and 278 guns.

Italy.—The Austrians gave up Ferrara on the 3d inst., to the Pontifical troops. His Holiness tried, without effect, mild and conciliating remonstrances, to induce the Austrian cabinet to withdraw the troops. He then, it it said, informed Count Lutzow, that if human means failed to enable him to preserve the trust which has been confided to him, he would have resource to divine means. He would first address himself to the whole Christian world, and if after that Austria should persist in keeping her troops in the city of Ferrara, he would be compelled to resort to excommunication. Before this threat Austria recoiled.

The wife of the celebrated Vidocq has committed suicide in Paris.

The Archibishop of Paris has just been named by the Pope Count of the Holy Roman Empire.

M. de Humboldt has recovered from his late illness, and would spend the ensuing winter in Paris.

A serious fire had occurred at Rouen, France.

Rome continues prefectly quiet.

The last accounts from Italy announce the abdication of the Duke of Lucca in favor of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

A gang of forgers of Russia bank notes have been apprehended in London.

The Bavarian Government is taking measures to contract a loan of 49,687,000 florins for railroads.

Parliament has been further prorogued till the 11th November.

A M. Ledet, a Frenchman, ascended in a balloon on the 12th ult., in St. Petersburgh, and has not since been heard of. The balloon has been found on the Lake Ladoga.

It is rumored that Lieut. Munro's sentence will be farther commuted to six months, and that he will again have a commission in the army. He was convicted of killing Col. Fawcet in a duel.

By a French steamer arrived from St. Thomas, accounts are received of the capture of four slave vessels.

The trial of the Poles and other persons implicated in last year's conspiracy, has been resumed. Two have suffered death, twenty have been condemned to hard labor in the fortresses, while forty have been pardoned and set at liberty. Amongst the latter is the youthful Count Ney.

Another atrocious murder has been committed in France. The Count de Gomez, on perceiving a little boy on one of his trees, breaking off the dead branches, deliberately shot the child dead, as if he were shooting at a head of game.—Proceedings have been directed against the Count.

Private letters state that distress was making further progress among the trades of Paris. After nearly two years of uninterrupted drain of the savings banks, averaging at least £10,000 per week, the withdrawals from the Paris savings banks exceeded the lodgments on Monday last by nearly 150,000f.—£6000.

The Emperor of Russia has issued a decree ordering all the Jews in the empire either to become members of one of the guilds of commerce, or burgesses of towns, or to become cultivators of the soil. Those who refuse to comply with this order are to be subjected to all the measures of oppression which the Governor may think proper to adopt.

The rich and valuable Library of the Royal Society of Icelandic Literature, in Copenhagen, was destroped by fire on the morning of the 26th September. The loss is distressing, as the library contained more than 2000 unpublished manuscripts, and a numerous collection of single copies of ancient Icelandic literature.

A violent snow storm commenced at St. Petersburgh on the 2d, and continued with little interruption till the 5th. The mass of snow which fell was immense.

A deputation of the Society of Friends is now in Dublin, negotiating for the purchase of waste land to the amount of £40,000, on the coast of Donegal, for the purpose of promoting an extensive lobster fishery.

Mr. Charles Humble, a sharebroker at Sunderland, has committed forgeries to the extent of ten thousand pounds, and is supposed to have decamped to Monte Video.

The *Belfast Vindicator* announces the death of Henry Scullam, of Antrim county, Ireland, who lived to the mature age of 112 years, and a few days previous to his death, was capable of shearing his ridge with any laborer in the country.—His eldest child is now 94 years of age, and his youngest 17.

The distresses of Ireland have returned with greater severity than ever, and the prospects for the coming winter are gloomy, dark, and terrifying. Starvation, fever, murders, robberies and revolutions, are looked for as matters of course. They are the fruits of a high tarif and a church established by law. A magistrate of Tipperary had been murdered in broad day by one of his evicted tenants. In a Dublin paper no less than five proclamations were advertised for the arrest of murderers.

ANOTHER PRASLIN AFFAIR.—An extraordinary sensation has been created at Darmstadt, by the mysterious death of the Countess de Goerlitz, who was found sitting in her room dead, dreadfully burnt, supposed to have been murdered by her husband.

Since the act was passed in England which allows letters of any weight to go by post, a leg of mutton and a basket of grapes have gone through one of the offices.

SUBSTITUTE FOR POTATOES.—A large importation of West India yams has lately taken place in consequence of the anticipated scarcity of potatoes, which has given a stimulus to the cultivation of this tropical substitute for that root. Some tons have been sold for the purpose of cattle feeding and a quantity has also been sent gratuitously to Ireland, to test their applicability to the feeding of pigs.

WONDERFUL TELEGRAPH IMPROVEMENT.—The London Magazine of Science for last month says that a machine has been invented which will communicate intelligence simultaneously to some forty or fifty British cities—among them Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Bristol, Leeds, Sheffield, Nottingham, Hull, York. It can transmit at once to all these places from one thousand to two thousand letters per minute.

Steam in the Desert.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

"God made all nations of one blood,"
And bade the nation-wedding flood
Bear good for good to man:
Lo, interchange is happiness!—
The mindless are the riverless!
The shipless have no pen!

What deed sublime by them is wrought!
What type have they of speech or thought?
What soul-ennobled page?
No record tells their tale of pain!
Th' unwritten History of Cain
Is theirs from age to age!

Steam!—if the nations grow not old
That see broad ocean's "back of gold,"
Or hear him in the wind—
Why dost not thou thy banner shake
O'er sealess, streamless lands, and make
One nation of mankind.

If rivers are but seeking rest,
E'en when they climb from ocean's breast
To plant on earth the rose—
If good for good is doubly blest—
O, bid the severed east and west
In action find repose!

Yes, let the wilderness rejoice,
The voiceless campaign hear the voice
Of millions long estranged:
That waste, and want, and war may cease
And all men know that Love and Peace
Are—good for good exchanged.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

A Ride down the St. Joseph River.

PART SECOND.

The second morning, at eight o'clock, we passed Elkhart, Ia., a place of some consideration, and hurried on to Mishawaka, eighteen miles below. On the way we saw hundreds of wild ducks in the river, and it was with apparent regret that they were disturbed in their morning recreations. They left the water with the most extreme reluctance, and usually dropped into it again after a short flight down the stream. Some, evidently tamer than others, if overtaken where the channel was wide, would swim to the shore and half conceal themselves beneath the overhanging willows, till the boat had passed—a very tempting mark for the fowler—who happened to be absent. But the *most* tempting mark was a small flock of wild geese which rose out of a little nook a few rods in front of us and steering their course up the stream, passed almost directly over our head.—One could not help thinking of "villainous gunpowder," nor fail of being friendly, for the moment at least, to a "war of extirmination." How aggravating it was to be unequipped on such an occasion, and to hear meanwhile the gentleman "before the mast" tell how plentiful wild turkeys were on the uplands, "and we far away on the"—St. Joseph. Having never seen one of these latter birds on the wing, they would have very much obliged us by showing themselves while we were "out," just to gratify the curiosity of a poor editor in "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." But did'nt we think more than once, and dont we still think, how that one *tasted* at Jackson, Mich., the Sabbath before? Ah, Judge T., it's a pity and we are sorry for it, but, according to the laws of mental philosophy, you will be cooped up with wild turkies henceforth in all our associations of your name with the glorious past. Who cares if we did'nt see a live turkey, when dead ones, well cooked, are so much better! Pshaw! they must be black ugly things with their feathers on, and not worth seeing—as the fox would say which hated sour grapes. Grapes! —don't we feel thankful at this moment to friend B. of Schoolcraft for those luscious clusters of Catawbas? Its just like Big Prairie Ronde to produce such rich fruit, and we could'nt expect any thing better of B. than to be burdened with them. But leaving wild turkeys and grapes, we return to our mutton.

The village of Mishawaka contains 1200 inhabitants. Possessing good hydraulic privileges, it will be likely to become a large village. As yet there is but one flouring mill erected. The place is principally noted for its two blasting furnaces and its forge. Ore is abundant in the vicinity and is there being rapidly manufacture into bar iron. The engine of the Michigan was made there.

Six miles below Mishawaka is the village of South Bend (Ia.), the seat of justice of St. Joseph Co. Its population is 16,00. It has a pleasant and business-like appearance. At this point the river bends towards the north.

A few miles below South Bend we overtook a keel boat, heavily laden, and nicely at rest on a sand bar in the middle of the river. Her commander asking for assistance in his dilemma, the little Michigan politely turned about and drew the keel boat up the stream till she was once more handsomely afloat. This however she did not do without some difficulty nor without a second trial, the line fastened to the two boats giving way on the first trial. During the second "pull," which was somewhat prolonged, and which was accompanied with a good deal of prying and pushing on the part of the hands on board the obstinate keel boat, one of said hands, evidently a green one, not understanding natural philosophy, began to push the wrong way, and hearing others laughing at him and being told his mistake, turned round somewhat abashed, and in his hurry and flurry made a bad poise of the pole which he held in his hand, lost his balance and turning a beautiful half-somerset went, down to examine the silica on which the boat reated.—After making brief observation, he made his appearance again (*looking* "none the wiser") amidst a perfect hurrican of applause.

Twenty-five miles by land from the mouth of the St. Joseph, we came to Niles, where we left the steamer. This is the largest and most thriving village on the river. It is delightfully situated on high and healthy lands and the country on every side is under excellent improvement. One could hardly desire a lovelier country seat than may be had there. Niles is so central a point for trade, that it will be likely to increase in size constantly for years. Its business already requires six ware houses, each of them, according to a late report, on the commercial advantage of the place, "capable of storing 20,000 bushels of wheat and 2000 barrels of flour and other manufactured articles. People from northern Indiana go there to trade, the distance of sixty miles. The Central Railroad will be extended to that place by another fall, when its business will very much increase.

Niles was laid out in 1829, but did not grow much till '35 or '36, when, like a thousand other places, it took a mushroom start, and for a short time had a rapid yet sickly growth. Some of its enterprising merchants suffered a terrible shock in the galvanic report that followed the electrical charge of speculation in those "times that tried men's"—pockets. Most of them, however, survived and are up again. The place now numbers at least 1600 inhabitants; and has twenty-three trading shops, of which sixteen are large variety stores. The amount of goods sold annually is

$200,000 worth. In addition to four primary schools now in operation, a classical institution is under immediate contemplation. The churches already erected are two Baptist (a Calvanist and a Freewill) two Presbyterian, one Episcopal and one Methodist: one or two more, if we mistake not, are soon to be commenced.

The valley of the St. Joseph was once the favorite abode of the Indians, and many of their relics are almost daily found in the neighborhood of Niles. At a future period we may refer to this subject again. The French once inhabited the country, and some of their relics are still visible. Among them are several apple trees three-fourths of a mile south of the village of Niles, one of which we measured two feet above the ground and found it to be eight feet and three inches in circumference. It is probably "the oldest inhabitant." It is but a few rods from an old fortification, the accounts of which are so conflicting that we will not venture at present to touch upon its history.—Thus endeth our ride down the St. Joseph.

MODERN PAINTERS, by a Graduate of Oxford.—New-York: Wiley and Putnam. 1847.

We have not looked into a book for a long time which strikes us more favorably than this. Its freshness, its originality, the depth of its thoughts, and its close investigation into the principles of art, win the admiration of the reader, together with his high esteem for the "Graduate of Oxford" whose elegance of taste and profundity of artistical knowledge, are here most happily, yet modestly displayed. None but a thorough student could have produced such a work. No artist can do without it, and all amateurs will be anxious to peruse and re-peruse it.—For sale by Messrs. Peck.

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FOURTH, KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE. By G. P. R. JAMES. New-York: Harper and Brothers. 1847.

Part *three* of this pleasing historical work has been received by Hawks. One more part completes it. The editor of the Literary World thus speaks of Mr. James in connection with this life: "To write the life of Henry the Fourth, he doubtless possessed many essential qualities. Among them may be mentioned his familiarity with the events of that reign—his long study of the scenes and habits that characterized it, his graphic ability, and the spirit with which he narrates both warfare and intrigue. All these merits appear in the volume before us, but there is a lack of transparent method, a somewhat confused arrangement, perhaps impossible to avoid entirely, and yet highly desirable."

THE ELECTION IN MICHIGAN has resulted, as usual, in the success of the Democratic ticket. Gen. E. RAMSON, of Kalamazoo, is chosen Governor, by about eight thousand majority.

COLERIDGE.—The article on Mr, Cottle's Reminiscences of Coleridge and Southey, a work for sale by Hawks and Peck, will be read with interest. It was prepared by a gentleman of excellent literary taste, who has lately opened a Law office in this city, and whose pen will, from time to time, be devoted to the interest of these columns. He *appreciates* the genius of Coleridge—more than every man of literary pretensions can do.

En passant, does the reader recollect the following epitaph for Coleridge, written by himself?

"Stop, christian passer-by: stop, child of God,
And read, with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he—
O, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death;
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame
He asked, and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same."

CAMPAIGN SKETCHES OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO. By Captain W. S. HENRY, U. S. Army. Complete in two parts; with engravings. New-York; Harper and Brothers. 1847.

These sketches are written in a plain unvarnished style, and judging by part one, they contain merely a brief recital of the causes of this war, and a simple narrative of its bloody campaigns. Indeed, the author "issues them as a *diary* of events now blended with the history of his country." They are no doubt authentic; and take the volumes all in all, with their interesting anecdotes, which give zest to the narrative, they form a very readable work. The engravings and the charts of battle grounds add to its value. For sale by Hawks.

NEW JERSEY ELECTION.—The Democrats have elected their candidate for Governor, though the Legislature is strong Whig.

HON. ALEXANDER H. EVERETT, our Minister to China, is dead. We shall have more to say of him at another time.

☞ AURORA AND BUFFALO PLANK ROAD.—It will be seen by the advertisement that the books for taking stock in this road will be opened on Friday next. We have heretofore alluded to it, and have sometimes felt astonished that whilst in other parts of this State and in Canada, longer roads have been built and found to be profitable, where the traffic is less than now travels over this road—bad as it is—the chief road leading to Buffalo should remain in such a condition. It is probably owing to the fact that the land through which it passes has until so recently been held by the Indians. The road never was in a worse condition than at the present time and all those who have any interest in the business of the city would be greatly benefited by the Plank Road—apart from the direct profit on the stock subscribed.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.—A first-class omnibus, a tip-top, out-and-out Broadway affair, has been introduced at Matamoros. The Mexicans look at it with amazement, and wonder what will come next.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

Examination of Prisoners—The Duke of Praslin.

We refer to this well known trial—not for the purpose of dilating upon the greatness of the crime, or of insinuating that the deeds of one criminal condemn the national character of any country—but because the method of subjecting a prisoner to the most severe examination for the purpose of eliciting evidence of his guilt is seldom brought to our notice in so striking a manner.—This is a relic of the civil law and prevails in France, as also, we believe, in most other countries on the European Continent. It is completely opposed to the ideal principles which we are taught by our laws to admire and revere. By our laws the prisoner, confined and trembling, is regarded as an object for mercy and forbearance. He is warned not to commit himself by any unguarded expression. The Judge by whom he is tried not unfrequently urges him to plead "not guilty"—that he may have the benefit of a trial. Sometimes the prisoner, sincerely penitent for his offence, has formed a secret resolution of amendment. He is desirous of telling the truth and deems the avowal of his guilt to be the first and only proper step in the course of change and virtue upon which he has already entered. But the Judge warns him not to commit himself, and the high moral tone and character by which that office should always be distinguished is perverted to recommend the commission of a falsehood.

It is true that the prisoner should be an object of compassion and mercy. The old sentiment that he "who pities, next embraces vice," is no less false in fact, than opposed in feeling to humanity and to the principles which though it may sometimes appear irreverent to mention on ordinary occasions, should pervade every act and every law of each Christian country. But it is the object of law to preserve the welfare of society, and hence to detect and punish crime. Our duty to our fellow men should not be forgotten, guilty though they may be; but there is also a duty to society to be observed—mercy to those who are innocent and who have suffered, or may hereafter suffer if we do not detect and punish crime.

At that period of history when the infamous practice of torturing prisoners for the purpose of procuring confessions of guilt was first abolished, the practice of cautioning a prisoner against self-accusation had a reasonable though only temporary justification. But if to discover truth is the object of judicial proceedings, that exigency no longer exists.

In selecting this trial for the purpose of illustrating our remarks, we have given an instance which in some respects is calculated to prejudice our arguments. The fact that at the time when complicated and leading questions were put to the prisoner, he was laboring under the effects of fatal poison adds much to the compassion with which, criminal as he was, it is natural to regard a fellow man under circumstances so wretched.

The "*Patrie*" states that when the countenance of the Duke was, from the effects of the poison, cadaverous and yellow, the—

Disorder in the organization augmented visibly when the Procureur du Roi told the Duke what overwhelming charges there were against him. 'Confess that you are guilty,' said the Procureur du Roi; 'confess that you have assassinated your wife.' The Duke looked at the magistrate, and concealed his face with his hands. 'Do not assome the attitude of a *forcat*, of the assassin by profession. For yourself, if not for society, you are bound to speak the truth; the honor of your family makes this a duty.' The Duke cast his eyes on the magistrate, and appeared as if he was going to confess his crime: but suddenly he turned round and said, 'Decidedly I cannot say that I have assassinated her, I did not do it.' The Procureur-General persisted, but the Duke would not reply a single word.

In consequence, it is said, of an over-dose, the poison did not produce immediately mortal consequences. He was attended by the best physicians, but after a few days the fatal symptoms returned—

And he was in such a state that he could with great difficulty utter a few words in reply to the Chancellor. 'Did you murder your wife?' said the Chancellor. 'In order to reply, I need time and strength, and both are wanting.' But there is not much time or much strength required,' replied the Chancellor; 'it is yes or no.' 'I have no strength to reply.' The two interrogatories which took place in the prison of the Luxembourg may be summed up in these few words. He made no avowal, he replied nothing decidedly; it was only in the afternoon of the 23d that the symptoms of poison again appeared with fresh intensity. The same night the evil gained ground: dreadful sufferings tortured the prisoner, convulsions came on, and the next day it was evident that his death was approaching. The Grand Referendary went to him, it is said, and called on him to declare at what moment he took the poison, and who prepared it for him.

He was required to make a declaration of the facts relative to the murder of the Duchess, for the insertion of which we cannot afford sufficient space. In the course of it he was frequently interrupted by the closest cross examinations. The manner in which such things are conducted is sufficiently indicated by this examination before the Chancellor of France, the President of the Court of Peers, in the presence of the members of the commission.

You are aware of the frightful crime that is imputed to you. You know all the circumstances which have come under our own eyes, and which do not allow of a shadow of doubt. I recommend you to shorten the fatigue which seems to oppress you by making a confession, for it is impossible for you to deny; you cannot dare to deny?—The question is very definite, but I have not sufficient strength to answer. It would require long explanation.—You say it would require long explanation; but, on the contrary, a 'yes' or a 'no' is sufficient.—It requires great strength of mind to reply that 'yes' or 'no. It requires immense strength, which I do not possess.—There is no necessity for entering into long explanations to reply to the question which I have just put to you?—I repeat that it requires great strength of mind, which I do not possess.—At what hour did you part with your children on the evening the crime was committed?—It might be half

past ten or a quarter to eleven.—What did you do when you left them?—I went down to my chamber, and went to bed immediately.—Did you sleep?—Yes (sighing).—To what hour?—I don't recollect.—Was your resolution formed when you went to bed?—No; but I don't know if it can be called a resolution.—What was your first thought upon waking?—I think I was awoke by cries in the house. I immediately hastened to the chamber of Madame de Praslin? (The accused here added, sighing, I beg of you to spare my life, and to stop this interrogation.) When you entered the chamber of Madame de Praslin, you could not be ignorant that all the entrances about you were closed, and that you alone could enter?—I was ignorant of that.—You have frequently, in the course of this morning, gone into the chamber of Madame de Praslin. Was she in bed the first time you intered?—No; she was unfortunately stretched upon the floor.—Was she not stretched upon the spot where you had struck her for the last time?—Why do you put such a question to me?—Because you have not answered me all. Whence came these scratches which I see upon your hands?—They happened yesterday evening when about to leave Praslin, when making up some parcels with Madame de Praslin.—And that bite upon your thumb, how did that happen?—It is not a bite.—The doctors who have visited you declare that it is?—Spare me, I am exceedingly weak.—You must have experienced a most distressing moment, when you saw, on entering your chamber, that you were covered with the blood which you had just shed, and which you were obliged to wash off?—Those marks of blood have been altogether misinterpreted. I did not wish to appear before my children with the blood of their mother upon me.—You are very wretched to have committed this crime? (The accused makes no answer, but appears absorbed.) Have you not received bad advice, which impelled you to this crime?—I have received no advice. People don't give advice on such a subject.—Are you not devoured with remorse, and would it not be a sort of solace to you to have told the truth?—Strength completely fails me to-day.—You are constantly talking of your weakness. I have just now asked you to answer me simply 'yes' or 'no'.—If anybody would feel my pulse, he might judge of my weakness.—Yet you have had just now sufficient strength to answer a great many questions in detail. You have not wanted strength for that?—[The accused makes no reply.] Your silence answers for you that you are guilty?—You have come here with a conviction that I am guilty, and I cannot change it.—You can change it if you give us any reason to believe the contrary; if you will give any explanation of appearances that are inexplicable upon any other supposition than that of your guilt.—I do not believe I can change that conviction of your mind.—Why do you believe that you cannot change that conviction?—[The accused, after a short silence, said that he had not strength to continue.] When you committed this frightful crime did you think of your children?—As to the crime, I have not committed it; as to my children they are the subject of my constant thoughts. Do you venture to affirm that you have not committed this crime? The accused, putting his head between his hands, remained silent for some moments and then said—I cannot answer such a question.

As a specimen of a French report, made by the Chancellor before the Peers, who sat judicially for that purpose, the following will be of interest to members of the legal profession; and the great beauty of its style and thoughts, in addition to the nature of the subject, render it no less interesting to those who view it altogether apart from its peculiarities as a legal document:

"The Duchess de Praslin was murdered by her husband, to whom she had given ten children, of whom nine are still living—to whom she had brought, with all the gifts of nature, those of the most cultivated mind, elevated soul, and affectionate heart. Her illustrious origin was equal to that of her husband. I do not speak of the magnificent fortune which she had added to his, and of which she was worthy in every way, by the use which she knew how to make of it when she had the means, and by the acts of charity inspired by the principles of the holy religion with which she was penetrated. This angel of goodness has fallen. Words would be wanting if I were to attempt to describe to the court the feelings inspired by the discoveries which I made during the afflicting researches which it had ordered me to make. It appeared to me, and my colleagues shared my opinion, that the best mode of conveying to you the ideas which I have been able only very feebly to express in this short statement, would be to place under your eyes at least a portion of the letters written by Madame de Praslin to the very person who was so unworthy to receive them, and some of the reflections and meditations, the expression of which is contained in a small number of writings, the precious remains of the emanations of one of the purest minds ever created by God for the honor of all times and all ages! If this collection is to remain as an eternal monument to the perversity of one of the greatest criminals that ever lived, there will arise from it, at the same time, the consolatory reflection that by the side of the most furious passions of the most perverse men, Providence has frequently placed, in all ranks and all classes, the most angelic virtues, wishing thus to grant to humanity a sort of right sometimes to turn away the eye from the perversities which afflict it, and perhaps also to solicit for them a little mercy. Who, in fact, can doubt, after having read the letters and writings of the Duchess de Praslin, that her soul is at this very time entirely engaged in appeasing, if it be possible, the anger of Heaven against the man who was her assessin, but who had also been the father of her children?" The Chancellor proceeded to show that the murderer's suicide was in no respect connived at, and entered into elaborate explanations on this part of the subject.

It is a singular circumstance in relation to this sad tragedy that the marriage was what is called a "love match," and that it was opposed by the family of the Duchess. The Duke was interred in the cemetery of Mont-Parnasse, and, with a singular and touching propriety, the place where his remains rest is marked by a plain tablet of marble, on which no word is inscribed, but the emblem of the cross is sculptured.

Dwellers on the Sea.—The Sailor's Magazine estimates the number of men "whose home is on the deep," at between two and three millions. In the vessels of the United States there are supposed to be about 275,000 sailors. In consequence of the peculiar exposure to which this class of men are subjected, it is found that the length of a generation is but about fifteen years, and that some six thousand, on the average, every year perish by shipwreck.

"Is not one man as good as another?" asked a Chartist of a Repealer. "Sure he is," replied Mr. O'Brien, "and a great deal better."

Arrival of the Caledonia.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5—5 P. M.

LIVERPOOL Oct. 19th, M.—Best western canal flour 25 to 27s. Richmond and Alexandria 25 to 29s. Philadelphia and Baltimore 25 to 29s. New Orleans and Ohio 22 a 24s. United States and Canada 20a21s.

Wheat, U. S. white and mixed per 80 pounds 7 to 8s, red 7s 6d. Oats per 45 pounds 2s 3d to 2s 8s. Oat meal per 240 lbs. 23 to 24s. Indian corn per 480 lbs 30a32s. Indian meal per bbl 14 to 15s. Barley per 60 lbs 3 to 5s.

The corn market is of course sensibly influenced by the unparalleled stringency of the money market. All shows a general decline, particularly in quotations for inferior parcels.

Indian Corn has depreciated from 2 to 3d per quarter, and Meal has also receded in value and is in very limited demand.

The above quotations represent the maximum price, but occasional forced sales have been made at considerable under those figures.

In London, yesterday, there was an extensive supply of foreign wheat, but trade was dull and American receded from 2 to 3s per quarter—without progress being made in the sales.

7 o'clock P. M.

The cotton market is much depressed, New Orleans ordinary to middling 4½a5½ pence. Mobile ordinary to middling 4½a5⅛, fair to good fair 5⅛a6d. Georgia, ordinary to middling 4½a5½d.

In the manufacturing districts business wears the gloomiest possible aspect. Every week adding to the number of mills working short time or closing constantly.

Provision market, Beef prime mess per tierce 86s to 92s 6d. Ordinary 75 to 83s. Mess per bbl 46 to 52s 6d, ordinary 40 to 45s. Prime 32 to 36s. Pork, prime mess, new, per. bbl 60 to 67s, old 40 to 50s. Mess 65 to 70s. Prime 45 50s. Bacon, long middles free from bone in salt, per cwt 42 to 56s. Tongues, ox, in pickle per dozen 12 to 18s. Pig's per cwt 20 to 30s. Hams, smoked ordinary, in canvass, duty paid, per cwt 20 to 30s, in casks salted 25 to 40s.

Cheese, fine, duty paid, per cwt 52 to 58, middling 42 to 49s, ordinary 20 to 40s.

Lard, fine leaf in kegs per cwt 58 to 60s, do. in bbls 55 to 58s, ordinary to middling 50 to 53s, inferior and grease 29 to 33s.

Rice, Carolina, dressed first quality from 18 to 21s 2d.

The disastrous monetary pressure recorded in our last advices, has during the last fortnight continued to rage with unabated severity; involving several additional failures, and diffusing a deep impenetrable gloom throughout the whole commercial community of Great Britain. To such a point of intensity has the inaccessibility of money now arrived that there is scarcely one house which can be looked upon without suspicion, no matter how exalted its position, while a feeling of unmitigated anxiety is every where perceptible.—Among the more recent failures we have to announce that of E. T. Thomas, Son and Lefure, an old Brazil house.

G. De Jersey & Co., of Manchester, Barclay Brothers, of London, whose liabilities are put down at £450,000.

Little & Co., also of London, J. Z. W. Morley, of Manchester, L. Phillips, Louis & Co. London, Molatta & Son of Liverpool, Southam of Ashton-under-lyne, E. G. J. Andrews of Manchester, White & Co. of Waterford, &c

We may avoid farther examination by stating that altogether 55 houses have broken down or suspended payment since the departure of the last steamer.

Yesterday it was announced that the Royal Bank of Liverpool had been compelled to suspend payment, which proved too correct. At present it is impossible to give any thing in a reliable statement of the position of the establishment; it is understood to possess assets sufficient to meet all of its liabilities.

In the present universal confusion and alarm, it can well be conceived how deeply manufacturing operations have been affected, and business appears to be quite at a stand still, without the slightest prospect of a reaction. Although good orders are stated to be held by many firms, yet in the present prostration of monetary affairs, they abstain from executing them, indeed, the pressure for money has been so great that sales have been forced for cash at prices considerable below (lowest) ordinary quotations.

The money market continues most stringent, but the London papers of last night indulge hopes of a partial restoration of ease—owing to the circumstances of a heavy payment on the Consol settlement—the 10,000,000 loan and the advances from the Bank having been completed last week.

The public securities are very unsteady again. The stock exchange opened with some degree of firmness yesterday, but suddenly declined in the absence of any particular ascertained circumstance. Consols commenced at 81¼a81 to 81⅛, but fell to 80⅞.

Parliament has been prorogued until the 17th of Nov., when it will be farther adjourned until January for the despatch of business.

The Mayor of Liverpool attended by one of the representatives and five of the leading merchants of the place proceeded to London last evening, for the purpose of presenting to the Government the deplorable condition of mercantile affairs.

In Italy Ferrara is about to be completely evacuated by the Austrian troops and the Pope will be preserved undisturbed in his career of civil administration reform.

The civil war in Switzerland is still impending and serious disturbances have taken place in the two Sicilies.

In Spain, Espartara has been suddenly displaced from the head of the new ministry. Narvaez installed in his place.

French influence again has been unsuccessful in that country.

The prospects for Ireland during the approaching winter are gloomy enough, famine in an aggravated form has already appeared, and also the Queen's letter commanding general collections to be made in the church establishment.

2 P. M.

P. S.—The markets up to this moment have been losing ground. Flour cannot be quoted beyond 26s per bbl., and Indian Corn shows no tendency to rise above 30s.

The stoppage of the Liverpool Banking Co., is just announced, but the liabilities are not heavy.

A WILD MAN.—FIRST STEP TOWARDS CIVILIZATION.—Considerable interest has been created by the arrival in this city of a wild man who had been discovered in the woods at Cape Breton, in a state of nudity. For the short time this strange individual has been in the Poor's Asylum he has received numerous visits, and, although in a condition of complete barbarism, begins to afford encouragement that attempts to civilize him may not be altogether hopeless. He is both deaf and dumb, and his appearance is extremely haggard. He remains generally, whether awake or asleep, in a sitting position. His skin is considerably shrivelled, from constant exposure to the weather, and his whole deportment resembles more of an inferior animal than a human being. When food

is offered he seizes, and pressing it into his mouth with both hands, devours it ravenously. He is remarkably fond of salt, which he eats in large quantities The first steps towards civilization have been partially successful; he having learned the use of a spoon.—*Halifax (Nova Scotia) Herald.*

NEW YORK, Nov. 5—7 P. M.

The steamer Alabama arrived at New Orleans from Vera Cruz with dates to the 20th, and City of Mexico to the 7th ult.

The decree appointing Pena as President revoked. Santa Anna again President.

At Queretaro Paredes was trying to establish a Monarchy.

Feelings of the people were generally opposed to any compromise.

Congress assembled at Queretaro the 5th. No quorum.

Valencia was at his country seat doing nothing.

Gen. Bravo was at the capital on parole.

Other leading Generals gone to Cuernavaca, 17 leagues south of Mexico.

Lane reached Huamatla half way between Peorte and Puebla on the 11th.

He met Santa Anna, who evacuated immediately, leaving two pieces of artillery, two prisoners, Cols. Vega and Iturbide.

Rogers took possession after Lane's departure and followed up in the rear, losing seven men, principally American stragglers.

Rogers sallied out of Puebla at the head of a considerable force, awaiting the approach of Lane whose flank and rear were constantly harrassed by Mexicans.

Texas rangers returned safe.

The yellow fever is still raging at Vera Cruz and Matamoros. Capt. Churchill and Lieut. Jenkins died of it.

It was reported at Matamoros that the army mail was captured, also that a Mexican force assembled at Mier.

☞ To prevent flies from injuring picture frames, boil three or four onions in a pint of water, then with a gilding-brush do over your glasses and frames, and the flies will not light on the articles so [illegible] This may be used without apprehension, as it will not do the least injury to the frames.

Price Current—November 10, 1847.

Flour, bbl	$5 25	Turkeys	38
Pork, bbl	14 50	Chickens	12½
Do slaugh. cwt	4 00	Geese, each	—
Beef, cwt	4@5 00	Clover seed, bu.	4 38@4 50
Butter, lb	12@14	Timothy	1 50
Lard	9½@10	Flax	1 12½
Cheese	6	Grass	—
Hams	9	Whitefish, bbl	6 50
Shoulders	7	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt	1 50	Potatoes, bush	75@87½
Wheat, bu	90@1 06	Salt, bbl	1 87½
Corn	54@55	Apples, bbl	1 50@2 00
Oats	33@34	Do dried, bu	62½
Slaughter hides, lb	4@4½	Onions	50
Dry do	8½@9½	Eggs, doz	16
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb	5
Sheep, slaughtered	1 12½	Soap	4@5
Lamb do	18½@25	Whiskey, gall	24
Dry	12½@50	Highwines	26
Hard wood, cord	3 00	Lead, hund	4 00
Hemlock	2 00	Beans, bu	87½
Bit. (O) coal, ton		Wool, lb	20@30
Blossburg		Hay	—

QUOTATION OF UNCURRENT FUNDS.

Canada, (Toronto and Hamilton	℔ ct. dis. 2	Baltimore	℔ ct. dis. 1
L. Canada and Kingston	2	Philadelphia	1
Ohio	½ to 1	New Orleans	3
Indiana	½ to 1	Missouri	2
Kentucky	½ to 1	Virginia	2
Pennsylvania	½ to 1	Mich. State Bank	½
Relief notes	2	F. & M. Bk, Detroit	½
Pittsburgh Scrip	20	Mich. Ins. Company	½
Alleghany Scrip	20	Wis. F. & M. Ins. Co.	½
		East. Exch.	℔ ct. prem. ½

MARRIED.

At Williamsville, on the 3d inst., by the Rev. D. B. Lawton, Mr. MADISON BAGLEY of Clarence, and Miss THIZA ANN GOODYEAR, of the former place.

On the 2d instant, by Rev. A. T. Hopkins, D. D., Mr. GEORGE WEIR, Jr., and Miss MARY ELIZABETH ADAMS, all of this city.

On the 3d inst., by the Rev. Chas. Rich, Mr. EUGENE MULLIGAN, and HARRIETT, daughter of Mr. Gaius B. Rich, all of this city.

At Williamsville, on the 3d instant, by the Rev. D. B. Lawton, Mr. MADISON BAGLEY, of Clarence, and Miss THIRZA ANN GOODYEAR, of the former place.

DIED.

This morning, 3d instant, SARAH, daughter of widow Gunn, of this city, aged 7 years and 3 months.

At Colden, on the 2d inst., LOIS wife of Asa Gould, and mother of S. O. Gould of this city, aged 77 years, 7 months and 2 days. ☞ Vermont papers please copy.

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An institute devoted exclusively to Musical Education is not yet common in this country; but in Europe the test of experience fully shows its great advantages over the too general superficial manner in which this important part of polite education is acquired. The advantages this institution offers to those desirous of completing their studies as Organists—or practical players of the Piano Forte, together with a thorough system of imparting the same to others is fully established by the many precedents of the past 15 years. The pupils are constantly guarded in their practice, against all bad habits, and from the various stages of progress they may be in, are continually stimulated to effort and industry, by association with each other. The family too, are all players, and the theory is amusingly discussed, impressing its rules in a more pleasing manner, and more lasting upon the understanding, than by the mere dry study of an elaborate book. Music is composed and arranged from time to time, showing the various styles and harmonies analytically, and adapted for performance on several Pianos at the same time. This teaches a thorough knowledge of counting, and dividing passages into their given time. Vocal music is particularly attended to, and when the pupil has a moderate share of talent, we hesitate not to say, a correct and pleasing singer can be made. The Piano Fortes used are all new, and of the finest quality, and every inducement will be given to render the true spirit with us profitable. The building is commodious, and has a fine garden attached, with Green houses, Bathing rooms, &c., and is pleasantly situatuated in Seventh street, between Niagara Street, and the Falls rail road, and about midway to Prospect hill

Terms made known uppon application at the Institute, or by mail, post paid, directed Prof. Coppock, Buffalo.

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Buffalo, August 3, 1847.

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Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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WESTERN
LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1847. NUMBER XVI.

For the Western Literary Messenger

"The Autumn Wind."

WRITTEN ON READING MRS. NORTON'S POEM.

How could the heart, whose untold wrongs had power
To call strange whisperings from the calmer mind,
List the wild autumn wind in musing hour,
And sadly feel its "grieving voice" "*unkind?*"

Oh there is sympathy in the low moan,
Passing ere droops the summer's beauteous pride.
Or seems it like the soul's rich undertone
Heard where life's ruder breathings all have died.

There is a time for spring's awakening mirth—
There is an hour of reckless passions' play—
Deep, solemn winds sweep o'er the fading earth,
And chastened hearts bow to a holier sway.

What though a "dreary sound" the forests fill
And withered leaves bestrew our lonely path?
What though dark memories rise and coldly thrill
With pain which scorns the tempest's howling wrath?

What though pale seamen sleep on many a strand,
And the tossed waves no human skill can bind?—
'Midst wreck, and fear, and pain, moves the strong Hand,
Whose sternly wounding stroke may still be kind.

MAYVILLE, Nov. 4, 1847. THE RECLUSE.

The Brothers.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF TIECK.

In the vicinity of Bagdad lived Omar and Mahmoud, sons of a poor family. When the father died, they inherited but a slender patrimony, and each determined to try, how high he might advance his fortune. Omar travelled to find a place where he might settle advantageously. Mahmoud established himself near Bagdad, where he commenced a little traffic, which in a short time considerably increased his patrimony. He lived quite retired and very frugally, and carefully added every sequin to his capital, therewith to commence some new enterprise. In this manner he obtained the favor of several wealthier merchants, who sometimes relinquished to him a part of their freight, and, in company with him, attempted various speculations. By continued good fortune Mahmoud grew bolder, he staked larger sums, and each time they obtained him richer gains. As he became better known, his business increased; he had large sums outstanding with many people, as he likewise had in his hands the possession of many others, and fortune seemed to smile upon him continually. Omar on the contrary had been unfortunate, none of his enterprizes had succeeded; he returned now very poor, almost without clothing, to Bagdad, heard of his brother, and went to him to beseech his assistance. Mahmoud was delighted again to behold his brother, but lamented his poverty. Since he was very weak and good natured, he immediately gave him a sum of money to commence business, and likewise fitted him up a shop. Omar began to deal in silks and garments for ladies, and fate seemed favorable to him in Bagdad; his brother had given him the sum of money, and therefore it was not necessary to trouble himself about the reimbursement. He was in all enterprizes bolder than his brother, and even more fortunate; he soon became acquainted with many merchants, who until then had transacted their business with Mahmoud, and succeeded in making them his friends; hence his brother lost many lucrative bargains which now fell to him. Mahmoud had just married a wife, for whom he needed many luxuries to which he had before been a stranger; he was obliged to borrow money of his acquaintances to pay his debts. Other *sums* which he had expected, he could not collect; his credit sank, and he was near despair, when he received intelligence that one of his ships had been lost with her whole cargo; a creditor now presented himself clamorously urging the payment of his debt. Mahmoud saw that on this payment hung his whole remaining fortune, and determined in this utmost necessity to have recourse to his brother. He hastened to him, and found him very peevish, because he had just suffered a slight loss. Brother, began Mahmoud, I come in extreme embarrassement with a request to you.

Omar. "What has befallen *you?*"

Mahmoud. "My ship is lost, all my creditors are pressing upon me and will hear of no delay; my whole fortune hangs on this day, loan me for a short time 10,000 sequins."

Omar. "So for the 500 sequins which you gave me, you demand now 10,000? I will give you back the 500 sequins. Do you expect no letter from Persia?

Mahmoud. "I expect nothing more."

Omar. "Certainly, Brother, you ought to have been somewhat more prudent; you should not [illegible]arried, as I have never yet done; but you [illegible]om your childhood rather thoughtless. [illegible] a lesson to you."

Mahmoud. "You had a right to refuse me the desired assistance, but not therewith to make such bitter reproaches."

Mahmoud left his ungrateful brother, with a heart bitterly stirred. So it is true, cried he, that the soul of man is only avarice. Self only is his earliest and latest thought—for gold he will barter truth and love—fling off his better nature for the worthless metal, which, with disgraceful fetters, binds us to this sordid earth! Selfishness is the rock on which every friendship strikes—men are a reprobate race! I have known no friends, no brother, I have associated only with merchants. Fool, that I spoke to them of love and friendship! only a piece of gold should man offer to them!

He took a circuitous route home, to allow his trouble to abate. He wept, when he saw the noisy bustle of the market, how every one, like the ant, was toiling to carry the grain to his own heap, how no one cared for his neighbor, or only when it consorted with his own interest, all hurrying on together, feelingless. He went home comfortless. Here his sorrow was increased.—He found the 500 sequins, which, with the kindliest feelings, he had formerly given his brother; they were a prey to the stormy creditors. All which he possessed was publicly sold; one of his vessels lay in the harbor, but the cargo only served

to discharge all his debts. Poor as a beggar he left the city without passing the house of his hard-hearted brother.

His wife, who accompanied him in his misery, consoled him and endeavored to dispel his grief; he succeeded but in part, for the memory of his misfortune was yet too fresh in the heart of Mahmoud; he still saw ever before him the towers of the city in which his brother dwelt, who had remained cold and immoveable to his distress.

Omar asked no one after his brother, for he durst not pity him, and flattered himself that perhaps all might go well. Nevertheless, his credit suffered through his brother; men grew distrustful towards him, and merchants would not trust him with money so readily as before. Besides, Omar was very avaricious, and proud of his acquired affluence, so that he made many enemies, who rejoiced when he lost. It appeared as if fate wished to punish his ingratitude to his brother, for one loss succeeded another. Omar, who was impatient to retrieve his losses, hazarded larger sums and lost these also. He delayed paying the money which he was owing, distrust was universal, all his creditors demanded payment at the same time. Omar knew no one to whom he could apply for assistance; he saw no resource, but to leave the city, secretly, by night, and try if fortune would be more favorable to him in another country. The small sum which he could take with him was soon exhausted. His trouble augmented, as his money diminished; he saw before him the most frightful poverty—and yet no way of escape.

Amid complaints and melancholy reflections he had wandered to the boundaries of Persia.—He had now spent all his money, but three small pieces, which would barely suffice to pay for a supper at a caravansery; he felt hungry, and as the sun was beginning to sink, he hastened to find some habitation, where he might this night, perhaps for the last time, find a shelter.

"How unfortunate am I?" said he to himself; "how destiny pursues me, and decrees my wretchedness; what a fearful prospect opens before me! I shall be compelled to live on the charity of compassionate souls; must endure it, if [illegible] contemptuously refuse me, must not murmur [illegible] the spendthrift, gaily passing by, deigns me no glance, and flings away a hundred gold pieces for a miserable game, O Poverty! how canst thou humble man! how unequally, how unjustly does fortune mete out her gifts! She lavishes all her riches on the vicious, and leaves the virtuous to die with hunger.

The rocks, which Omar had climbed, made him weary, and on a turf-covered mound by the way-side, he sat down to rest. A poor beggar dragged himself along on crutches, and murmured an unintelligible petition; he was tattered and meagre, his burning eyes stood deep in his head, and his pallid face smote the heart, and wrung from it compassion. The attention of Omar was against his will, directed to this miserable object, who, murmuring, outstretched to him his shrivelled hand. He asked the name of the beggar, and perceived now that this unfortunate was deaf and dumb also.

"O, how unspeakable happy am I," cried he, "and yet I complain! Why can I not work; why not by the labor of my hands supply my wants? How gladly would this wretch exchange with me and think himself happy! I am ungrateful to Heaven."

Moved by a sudden feeling of compassion, he drew the last piece of silver from his pocket, and gave it to the beggar, who with silent thanks pursued his way.

Omar felt strangely sanguine and happy; the Deity had, as it were, shown him a picture to teach him how wretched man could be. He now felt strong to struggle against poverty, and by his exertions to rise above it. He laid plans for a subsistence, and now only longed for an opportunity to show his industry. He had, after his generous compassion to the beggar, after the liberality with which he had given away the last remnant of his fortune, a feeling, such as he had never known before.

A steep rock stood beside him, and Omar ascended it with a light heart, to survey the surrounding, which shone in the light of the setting sun. He saw at his feet the fair earth lie, with its green plains and majestic mountains, with its dark forests and red-shining streams, and bending over all, the golden evening sky; and he felt as if he were a prince, who ruled this fair domain, and whom mountains, streams and woods obeyed. He sat on the pinnacle of the rock, lost in the contemplation of the scene. He resolved here to await the rising of the moon, and then pursue his journey.

The crimson light of evening faded; twilight from the clouds sank down; the dusky night soon followed. The stars gleamed in the dark blue heavens, and the earth slept, hushed in a solemn stillness. Omar with steadfast eyes gazed far into the night, till his sight grew giddy, in the endless number of the stars; then he prayed to the great God, and felt a holy awe steal through his soul.

Then, as it were, a beam of light in the far horizen rose, blue shining mounted upwards, and like a glowing flame approached the height of heaven. The pallid stars drew back, and, like the light of morning, through the whole heaven it shone, and rained down in tender twilight-blushing beams. Omar was astonished at this singular apparition, and rejoiced in the fair and wondrous light; the hills and forests gleamed around, the distant clouds floated in purple light, and like a golden tent its lustre bent over Omar.

"All hail, thou noble, generous one, called a sweet voice from above, thou hast compassion on the wretched; and, well pleased, the Lord looks down on thee."

Like the tones of the breathing flute whispered the winds of night to Omar, his heart heaved, oppressed with gladness, his eye was intoxicated with light, his ear with heavenly harmony. And from the splendor stepped forth a form of light, and stood before the enraptured one: it was Asrael, the glorious angel of God. "Ascend with me on this rosy beam to the dwelling of the blessed, murmured the sweet voice, since by thy magnanimity, thou hast merited to behold Paradise with its blessedness."

"Lord," spoke Omar, trembling, "how shall a mortal follow thee." Mine earthly body is not yet taken from me.' "Give me thine hand," said the form of light. Omar reached out his hand with trembling joy, and through the clouds and between the stars, they wandered on the crimson beam, the sweet tones went behind them, the rosy morning lay down in their path, and the breathing of flowers made sweet the air.

Suddenly it was night. Omar shrieked aloud, and lay in thick darkness at the foot of the steep rock, with a shattered arm. The moon, even then dark-red, rose up behind a hill, and shed o'er the rocky valley a dim uncertain light,

"Oh, thrice unhappy!" cried he, when his recollection returned to him. 'Was I not wretched enough, that Heaven, in a flattering dream, should fling me from the summit of the rock, and break my limb, that I may become a prey to hunger? Does it thus reward the compassion which I had

for the poor? Who was ever so unfortunate as I?"

He sighed deeply, his arm pained him as if a glowing fire burned in the bones and every breath was agony. He considered his fate silently, and now first thought of his brother.

"O! where art thou, thou generous heart?" cried he; "perhaps the sword of the death angle has already pierced thee; misery has consumed thee in crushing poverty, and thou, at the hour of death hast fled thy miserable brother. Ah! I have deserved this, I suffer now the penalty of my ingratitude, of my hard-heartedness; Heaven is just. And yet I could stand up so proudly, and call God to witness of my virtue! O Heaven! forgive the sinner who submits without a murmur to thy chastisement."

Omar lost himself in troubled thought; he remembered with what brotherly love Mahmoud had received him, when he first became poor, he reproached himself that he had neglected to relieve his brother, and thus return thanks unto him; he longed for death to put an end to his misery. The moon shone clearly, and a small caravan of camels passed slowly through the valley. The love of life awakened anew in the breast of Omar; with a weak voice, he called for aid to the passers by. They placed him carefully on a camel, and bound up his wounds at the nearest city which the caravan reached at the dawn of day. The merchant himself took care of the unfortunate, and Omar recognized in him his brother. His shame was without bounds, so was the compassion of Mahmoud. One brother asked for pardon, and the other had already forgiven him. Tears flowed from the eyes of both, and the most perfect reconciliations was formed between them.

Mahmoud, after his impoverishment, had wandered to Ispahan, and there become acquainted with a rich old merchant whose affection he soon gained, and who intrusted him with his property. Fortune was favorable to the exile, and in a short time he recovered his lost wealth; his aged benefactor died, and left him his heir.

When Omar recovered, he remained with his brother at Ispahan, where he enriched himself in traffic. Omar married, and never forgot how much gratitude he owed his brother, Both lived from this time in the greatest harmony, and were to the whole city a pattern of brotherly love.—*Boston Traveller.*

SINGULAR TRIAL AND MORE SINGULAR VERDICT.—Mr. James Searing, of Hempstead, L. I., died in August, 1846, leaving property valued at $12,000. His two brothers took possession of his estate, as his heirs, assigning as a reason, that Mr. Searing had never been married to the woman who lived with him as his wife, and who was pregnant at the time of his death. The action was brought by Mrs. Searing to eject them from the premises. No marriage ceremony was proved but Mrs. Searing's mother testified that she once heard Mr. S. say to her daughter: "*Mary, I will take you to my home, and what is mine is yours, and if you'll agree to that, we're as married as any two can be or ever was.*" She told him that "she'd agree to it," and expressed the opinion that such a form of marriage was as proper as any other. She lived with him until his death, and it was proved that Mr. S. had introduced her and spoken of her as his wife. Evidence was brought forward by the defence to prove that she was a woman of bad character previous to her acquaintance with Mr. Searing, but notwithstanding the fact, the jury brought in a verdict in favor of the plaintif, *thereby declaring the marriage to be valid*, and giving the lady quiet possession of the estate.—*Hampden Post.*

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Dignity and Responsibility of the Teacher's Calling.

BY L. PACKARD.

Extract from an address read before the Teachers' Institute of Erie County, Oct. 1st, 1847.

Our vocation, fellow Teachers, is no sinecure, as all who have shared in its exhausting labors can well attest; and though a degree of insignificance may heretofore have attached to the Common School Teacher, there is no more honorable or responsible position in society; and the neglect which has heretofore been, in a degree, inseparable from our business, as its importance is more clearly seen, and more fully acknowledged by the public, is giving way to that respectful attention, which, as public servants and benefactors, we have a right to expect and demand. Perhaps there is no one of the other professions, though all may be useful, and inthe present condition of society necessary, which is of paramount importance to ours. It is for the gospel minister, in the discharge of his holy duties, to hold out to the world the inducements to piety and virtue, with which the sacred page is everywhere eloquent; and to present, with holy zeal and in the fear of God, its sanctions and rewards. But it is ours to render his labors the less arduous, by stamping upon the young heart, while its leaves are most susceptible of the impression, the ennobling precepts of the Christian religion. It is for the enlightened legislator, in the exercise of his high prerogative, to frame wise and impartial laws for the government of the bad, the guidance of the good, and the protection of all. But it is ours to secure respect for those laws, and to guard them against violation, by implanting in the hearts of the young an abiding love of justice, and a sacred regard for the rights of others, ere passion has grown strong, or interest urges on to crime. It is for the physician, in the discharge of his truly philanthropic mission, to administer the healing draught, to alleviate physical suffering, and restore the shattered health. But it is ours, by a knowledge and an application of the *laws* of health, to diminish the liability to disease, and to secure to the young, of whom we have the charge, and for whose *physical* condition we are in a measure responsible, a healthful development and vigorous manifestation of the bodily powers, It is for the lawyer to explain and apply the laws; but especially, and at all hazards to defend the interests of his client. Ours is the farnobler work of preventing the growth of those evils which it is his interest to foster, by teaching the young that we should live, not for ourselves, but for those around us; that principles of the strictest integrity should govern all; that an honest and scrupulous discharge of all the various duties of life, is the only condition of permanent happiness; thus destroying the causes of contention which imbitter life, and laying, broad and deep in society, the foundations of future peace and harmony. It is for the

agriculturist, whose diploma dates from Eden, and bears the seal and signature of God, to cultivate the soil for the food necessary to the maintenance of animal life. But it is ours to break up the subtile soil of *mind*—to plant there seeds, that are to spring up and yield fruits for the garner of another world. How high then, in point of importance, as of honor and responsibility, does ours rank among the great vocations of life!

Ours is the guardianship of life in its budding spring; and ours the charge of expanding its tender buds into flowers of fair development; of watching the mind's unfolding with anxious and ceaseless care; of engrafting upon its growing stalk, the scions of virtue and knowledge, that its ultimate fruits may be joy and peace. This is emphatically an age of mental progression. Mind is eminently and unprecedently active. In every department of nature this restless inquisitor is instituting continual researches, and bringing to light new truths and principles, and applying them to the great practical purposes of life. If the present age has any prominent distinctive feature, peculiarly its own, it is this enlightened curiosity to pry into and search out, the hidden and unknown. And who can foreknow the manifold blessings to which this spirit of inquiry, aided as it is, by the powerful auxiliaries of science and art, may ultimately lead? Who can estimate the multiplied means of happiness and prosperity, which it may develop and mature? Who, even in the ardor and extravagance of enthusiastic prediction, can foretell, in their amplitude, all its glorious results? Already has it penetrated into the heart of the globe, and discovered the constituent elements of which its mass is composed, and the definite proportions of each. It has torn away the vail that shrouded the material heavens, and revealed to the wondering ken of man, glittering worlds, which had long wheeled in unseen glory round their central suns. It has covered our inland seas, our mighty rivers, and the great thoroughfare of nations with noble steamers, carrying within their mammoth bosoms the commerce of the world, and urged onward in their paths of foam, against the adverse power of wind and tide, by the resistless impulse of the invisible agent within. It has sent the "Iron Steed" panting and careering on his track, shaking the firm ground beneath the swift clatter of his well-shod hoofs, and startling the stillness of the forest solitudes by his shrill and lonely neighings. It has made the subtile lightning subservient to the will and the interests of man; constituting it the messenger of thought—the news-herald of the world; bringing into the closest proximity places before separated by a long and weary distance; thus multiplying the elements of individual happiness and public prosperity, and binding the globe together with an intermittent chain of electric fire. Earth, air, and ocean have been laid under contribution, and been compelled to surrender at discretion their sublimest mysteries. Such are some of the achievements of modern mind:—achievements which will secure to their authors an enviable and a merited remembrance; achievements which, in their wonderful reality, have far surpassed the wildest fantasies of enthusiasts in science, and would once have been considered as possible only to superhuman power. The ability of the mind thus to range through the great laboratory of nature and science, and to search out and apply truths and principles so long buried in the gloom of the past, clearly proves its capacity for, and its susceptibility of, endless progress in knowledge, and stamps upon it the seal of its immortality.

But if the mind exhibits such transcendent energies through the medium of material and decaying organs, what must be the measure of its power, when these clay walls, which circumscribe its vision, and clog the spirituality of its manifestations, shall have moldered and fallen, and it shall finally rejoice in the full liberty, and wear the bright garniture of Heaven! when the great panorama of the universe shall open to its unvailed view, all its mysteries solved, all its laws comprehended, all its grandeur revealed! when, with its capacities for rational enjoyment infinitely enlarged, it shall range from orb to orb, from glory to glory of that bright sphere, receiving new delight, drinking in new beauties, and acquiring new energy from every successive object! Truly is the mind a fearful thing. It is ours, fellow Teachers, to deal with an agent of such limitless energies. Let us aim so to develop, direct, and control its powers, as to make the instruction we communicate here, preparatory to a higher and better course hereafter.

There is no position in life more sublime than the position of him who labors for the good of others; who, divesting himself of personal considerations, ever seeks his own in the happiness of those around him. Such is the position of the teacher from principle, who voluntarily assumes the burdens and the wasting cares of the profession; who, sacrificing his ease and interests to the public good, expends the energies of too short a life, in guiding the young to future usefulness and honorable distinction; in fitting them for an intelligent exercise of their rights, and a scrupulous discharge of their duties. We give its character to the nation. It is for us to preserve the pure principles of republican equality which lie at the foundation of our government, by infusing into the minds of the rising generation the progressive spirit of our institutions, and imbuing them with that virtue and intelligence which are their strongest supports. It is for us, in a great measure, to say whether the fair fabric of our freedom, upreared by the fathers of the Revolution, is still to stand, towering in its lone splendor, or whether, sapped by ignorance and concomitant vice, it is to fall, burying in its ruins those whom it was designed to protect;—whether our political sky is still to glow with its fair sisterhood

of republican stars, or whether it is to be overcast ultimately by the consolidated gloom-cloud of monarchy. Let us settle these questions in view of our strict amenability to the millions that are to follow us; striving to bequeath to them, as we have received, the noble heritage of liberty. In this view of the subject, what teacher can fail to see the responsibility of his position, and the vastness of his influence, in its prospective bearing on society? And what teacher, in view of this responsibility and influence, will not aim, by a more thorough preparation, and a higher integrity in the discharge of his duties, to impart greater strength and efficiency to our system of public instruction? Our burden is the world; but who, who of us is Atlas? Let us not trust in ourselves; for human strength, unstaid by the divine arm, is impotent for the accomplishment of so great a work as ours.

EDUCATION.—"Education," says a truthful writer in Frazer's Magazine, "does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's nod of approbation, or sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hands—or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handfuls of flowers in green daisy meadows—with bird's nests admired, but not touched—with creeping ants and almost imperceptible emmets—with humming bees and glass bee-hives—with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good, to God himself."

On seeing an Infant Sleeping on its Mother's Bosom.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

It lay upon its mother's breast, a thing
Bright as a dew-drop when it first descends,
Or as the plumage of an angel's wing
Where every tint of rainbow-beauty blends.
It had soft violet eyes, that, 'neath each lid
Half closed upon them, like bright waters shone,
Where its small dimpled hands were slily hid
In the warm bosom that it nestled on.

There was a beam in that young mother's eye,
Lit by the feelings that she could not speak,
As from her lips a plaintive lullaby
Stirred the bright tresses on her infant's cheek,
While now and then with melting heart she prest
Soft kisses o'er its red and swelling lips—
Lips, sweet as rose-buds in fresh beauty dress'd
Ere the young murmuring bee their honey sips.

It was a fragrant eve; the sky was full
Of burning stars, that tremulously clear
Shone on those lovely ones, while the low lull
Of falling waters fell upon the ear;
And the new moon, like a pure shell of pearl
Encircled by the blue waves of the deep,
Lay mid the fleecy clouds that love to curl
Around the stars when they their vigils keep.

My heart grew softer as I gazed upon
That youthful mother, as she soothed to rest
With a low song her loved and cherished one—
The bud of promise on her gentle breast;
For 'tis a sight that angel ones above
May stoop to gaze on from their bower of bliss,
When Innocence upon the breast of Love
Is cradled, in a sinful world like this.

Metternich—Young Napoleon.

We take the following sketch from "Perley's Peregrinations," published in the *Boston Atlas:*

Prince Metternich is the most powerful individual in Europe who does not wear a crown.—His house is near the Palace—a slight iron foot-bridge connecting his study window with one of its terraces, so that he has his imperial puppet directly under his thumb. I was fortunate enough to see him yesterday afternoon, as he was leaving the council room. About five feet in height, slightly formed, meagre, and walks with a feeble step; his head is large, the eyes grey, the mouth small and compressed, while the broad forehead is strongly marked with wrinkles of cunning or furrows of thought—perhaps both. A winning smile played upon his cheek as he acknowledged my lifted hat by a polite bow, and I could hardly realize that so plainly-dressed, gentlemanly a man could be the ruler of fifty millions of people—the antagonist of European freedom—the outwitter of Napoleon—the murderer of his son.

As a diplomatist, he is unrivalled: possessing in a high degree the power of concealing his feelings under an icy cold mask, while he carries out his political tactics, which consist, to use his own words, "in the art of telling lies with a good grace!" To aid him in his mind depressing task he has organized a secret police which is unrivalled, successfully repressing every expression of thought, by forcing on all the deadening conviction that the eyes and ears of spies are every where. Those who have good opportunity for knowing, assert that there is not a private circle in Vienna destitute of paid informers, whose denunciations are sufficient to banish or imprison any one, native or foreigner.

From the palace of the executioner, we went to the tomb of his victim, in the vault of the Capuchin Convent. A pale, penance-macerated looking young monk, with a flowing beard and brown cowl, lit a candle, and preceded me down a flight of stone steps, leading to the last resting place of the Imperial House of Hapsburg. Here are upwards of seventy coffins on the pavement, of silver, bronze or copper, some covered with bas-reliefs, others entirely plain; but only one interested me—that which contains the remains of Napoleon's son.

Not many years ago (it was the 20th of March, 1811,) a death like silence reigned over Paris, though it was mid-day. Carriages were stopped, the artizan's hammer, thousands of Frenchmen held their breath, and counted the cannon notes that were pealing from the battery before the Invalides; it had been announced that twenty-one guns would be fired on the birth of a Princess, while an Imperial hundred guns salute would welcome a male heir. "Eighteen, nineteen, twenty,"—hearts beat quick—"twenty-one"—a second of mighty doubt—and then another report was heard; but the remainder were drowned by a unanimous shout of joy. Napoleon had an heir. He was repaid for the sacrifice he had made, in casting aside his loved Josephine for his adored France. The vast French Empire rejoiced, and even in our then infant republic, Jas. Monroe wrote a letter to the Emperor, signed by President Madison, offering "congratulations on the fortunate birth of a Prince, bearing, from the dignity of his extraction, the title of KING OF ROME."

The life of this unfortunate young man is too long to give here—a catalogue of oppression and attempts to subdue an eagle mind; but POISON at last carried off to a quiet grave a noble form, that military hardships could not break down, or Fanny Elssler corrupt. The "King of Rome" rests in a copper coffin, on whose sides eight lion's

heads hold large bronze rings, while smaller lion's heads ornament the ends. In each corner of the top is a small bas-relief representation of an overturned helmet on a lance and sword, surrounded by a wreath of laurel.

San Antonio in Texas.—Traveling up the Mississippi in company with a young friend, who has been, and intends to be, a resident of San Antonio, Texas, I had to become quite inquisitive.

"How do the men dress? the Mexican language chiefly spoken, hey? Well, do they vote at elections?"

"Entirely Catholics!"

"Are there any Methodist Churches in that region?"

"Oh, they are all Catholics," replied he. "They call us Jews, for they never had any idea of any other religion than their own; and as they never saw our marriages celebrated, suppose we live in concubinage, or have been married according to the Jewish rites. A Methodist preacher came there once since I have been there. He preached in the Plaza, (which is a large public square,) on a Sunday afternoon, and all the Mexicans had come out to enjoy the holiday. They stood around listening and wondering; after the hymn and prayer had been given out, we sang, and the sermon commenced. I noticed they all gathered together, whispering and wondering, and they appeared, too, a little alarmed. And that was it. As Gen. Taylor had just removed his position from Corpus Christi, this speech seemed to be a sort of political jubilatory harangue, and to show that they were good citizens, well and heartily disposed towards the Government, as soon as the sermon was concluded they all threw up their hats and began shouting 'Viva Texas! Viva Mexicano!' with all their might."

"Well," said I, laughing, "what effect did that have on the preacher?"

"Oh, by zounds! he was more frightened than they, for he immediately left his stand, and I have never seen him since."

"I suppose he dreaded a Bartholomew Massacre *of one?*" said I.

"Precisely," said he. "However, I am sorry for the mishap, for I should have liked to have heard a sermon in English now and then. And now we are on the subject, I may say that the Methodist ministry deserve the greatest credit for the zeal they manifest in the Western wilds."

"Certainly," said I in reply. "They are most indefatigable, and I experience no greater pleasure than in listening to sermons which are such pleasing remembrances of happier days gone by, at home."—*Spirit of the Times.*

Black Mail.—The whole colored population of Washington city, was brought up a few days ago to the Mayor's officrs to pay a corporation tax of two dollars each; have their names registered; and besides that give a bond, with five freeholders as sureties, for their good behavior, in a penalty of one thousand dollars. It is said that more than five thousand colored people must either pay up and give security or leave the Federal city. The reason of this law is, that the States of Maryland and Virginia have adopted a course of policy in regard to their colored people, which drives some portion of the worst of them into the district and city. The respectful and useful portion of the free blacks there, so far from objecting to the law, were influential in procuring its passage. They were in part, perhaps, actuated by some jealousy of the competition of the free blacks from other States.—*Norfolk Her.*

Condition of England.—The actual condition of England is thus stated in the London *Times*, of the 20th ult., without any disguise or circumlocution, or indisposition to look the facts in the face:

"Sorry are we to say it, but the truth must be spoken,—*the country is poor.* To say that it wants money or credit will not convey a very overwhelming idea of the helplessness to some of our readers. So we will repeat that England is actually poor in the grossest and most tangible sense. The country has till just now been miserably destitute of food. That deficiency is hardly supplied, and in supplying it so far we have both to part with our gold, and put ourselves in debt to the world. This is being poor in a very plain sense. Again, we are unusually short in the materials of manufacture, and consequently in those manufactured commodities wherewith we have hitherto purchased what we wanted from our neighbors. Now, there is no theorizing, no currency-spinning, in these simple facts, they are perfectly intelligible in the case of one person, and are equally so in the case of the nation.—There are people, indeed, who appear to imagine that while poverty in the case of an individual is a very solid affair, national poverty is a sentimental abstraction which an argument or a word can demolish. There is, however, no difference between them, except that the aggregate poverty is the worst and most incurable of the two.

The defects of the death have been seriously aggravated by the humanity of the nation. Besides the natural rise in the prices of food, a fact alone sufficient to run us into debt, we felt it our duty to feed for many months several millions in Ireland. This cost us £10,000,000, of which £8,000,000 were to be borrowed. Here is the case of a man, who being poor already, and stinted in his household, is further impoverished by his poor relations. It is the act of one who divides his last loaf with the beggar.

The conclusion drawn by the *Times* from this state of things in reference to applications by particular classes or interests from governmental relief, that such relief, if bestowed, cannot possibly be an addition to the capital of the country. It can only be a re-arrangement,—a violent disturbance of the natural order, for the sake of a few favored persons or classes.

The weaker, says the *Times*, must be left to that fate from which it is, unfortunately, impossible to save them without throwing their burthen on some other, perhaps equally unable to bear it. The aid given to one class starves another.

A Perfect Politician.—He was a perfect politician, and used (lapwing-like) to flutter most on that place which was farthest from his eggs: exact at the concealing of his intentions, with that simulation, which some make to lie in the marches of things lawful and unlawful. He had perfect command of his passion; with the Caspian Sea never ebbing nor flowing: and would not alter his composed pace for all the whipping which satirical wits bestowed upon him.—*Fuller's Worthies.*

Education.—The splendid mansion and grounds of J. W. Gill, Esq. have been purchased by Bishop Whelan, in behalf of the Roman Catholics, for about $10,000. This will be converted into a seminary of the first class. We perceive also that the Protestants are making an effort to procure grounds and establish a school on an extensive scale.—*Wheeling Times.*

THE REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA now takes its place among the independent nations of the earth. The constitution has been received at Washington, as adopted by its Convention and fills over seven columns of a printed sheet. It opens with a rapid historical sketch of the establishment and the prosperity of the colony, which concludes with the following appeal:

Therefore, in the name of humanity, and virtue and religion—in the name of the Great God, our common Creator, and our common judge, we appeal to the nations of Christendom, and earnestly and respectfully ask of them that they will regard us with the sympathy and friendly consideration to which the peculiarities of our condition entitle us, and to extend to us that comity which marks the friendly intercourse of civilized and independent communities.

Next follows the *declarations of rights*—many of them being copied from the State constitutions of the United States. The spirit of the whole may be inferred from an extract:

All power is inherent in the people: all free governments are instituted by their authority, and for their benefit, and they have a right to alter and reform the same when their safety and happiness require it.

All men have a natural and inalienable right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, without obstruction or molestation from others; all persons demeaning themselves peaceably, and not obstructing others in their religious worship, are entitled to the protection of law in the free exercise of their own religion, and no sect of Christians shall have exclusive privileges or preference over any other sect, but shall be alike tolerated; and no religious test whatever shall be required as a qualification for civil office, or the exercise of any civil right.

The powers of this government shall be divided into three distinct departments, the legislative, executive, and judicial; and no person belonging to one of these departments shall exercise any of the powers belonging to either of the others. This section is not to be construed to include justices of the peace.

The liberty of the press is essential to the security of freedom in a State; it ought not, therefore, to be restrained in this republic. The printing press shall be free to every person who undertakes to examine the proceedings of the legislature or any branch of government; and no law shall ever be made to restrain the rights thereof. The free communication of thoughts and opinions is one of the invaluable rights of man; and every citizen may freely speak, write, and print on any subject, being responsible for the abuse of that liberty.

The Legislative and Executive branches of the Government are made conformable to our own; except that the President and Vice President are to be elected every two years. The constitution concludes thus:

Done in Convention at Monrovia, in the county of Monsterrado, by the unanimous consent of the people of the Commonwealth of Liberia, this 26th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1847, and of the republic the first. In witness whereof we have hereto set our names.

SHOCKING RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT ROME.—We are indebted to Mr. Grove of the Democrat for the particulars of a shocking accident, that occurred on the Syracuse and Utica Railroad near Rome, Friday morning. A freight train, loaded with iron, was approaching that village, when the shaft of the forward car broke and the engine was suddenly stopped, which caused a violent concussion between it and the rear cars.—Several persons on the train were caught between the cars and jammed in the most horrid manner. Three men and a boy, employed on the track, are badly injured, having had several limbs broken. One is so badly bruised in the back that little hopes are entertained of his recovery. We have not been able to learn the names of any of the injured persons.

Since writing the above, we learn that one of the persons injured was John Spring, a German, whose family resides in this city. All the sufferers were doing well at 4 P. M. yesterday. —*Oneida Her.*

"WHAT'S TO BE DONE FOR IRELAND?"—The press is discussing in several cities the propriety of similar contributions to those made last year, and speculating more freely as to the political results which will attend upon the famine which seems again to be approaching. The only permanent remedy which appears to be practicable is such a change as will be equivalent to a literal revolution—or turning over—of the system of Irish landlordism. It is in reality the relic of the system of confiscation which has been pursued towards Ireland. But no single political or social change can alone elevate a nation. Such a work requires ages for its accomplishment. The European correspondent of the *Courier & Enquirer* says:

If the Government *can't* do what these gentry want—give relief out of an exhausted and deficient treasury—give it, out of the taxes of an impoverished, and in many cases a starving population—then these gentry *must* get it from the measures which Parliament can give—and would have given, but for their insane and feudal opposition. The land must be sold—the Proprietary must be multiplied and solvent—the wastes must be made productive—to the landlord, the people, the Government. An heiress was married the other day—the daughter of the celebrated "Dick Martin, of Galway"—with an estate of twenty-five miles in length, two-thirds of which is desert. And the chairman of the Monaminey Electoral Division of Mallow, County Cork, says: "The non-resident proprietors possess the most valuable interest in nearly nine-tenths of the soil of our district. Their estates are capable of great improvement; and for the most part, indeed, four-fifths of them are wilderness, waste and unproductive; but which, if drained, reclaimed, and improved, would give ample employment and subsistence to the whole surplus population, and change the district from a region of distress and calamity, into one of comparative wealth and prosperity." Instead, then, of a lordly, pauperized, feudal, bankrupt Proprietary, the whole aspect of landlordism must be changed; the first step to an industrious, peaceful, and comfortable population.

A TREACHEROUS CLERK.—A queer developement took place the other day among certain dealers in tropical and other fruits who have their local habitation in a busy part of this Commercial Emporium. A young gentleman in the confidential employment of a pretty large establishment, was discovered to be in the habit of furnishing—for a consideration, of course—a rival house in the same business with copies of his employer's private papers, by which their whole affairs, orders, profits, schemes and everything, were laid open to the shrewd eyes of their not too scrupulous competitors. The operation had been kept up for a long time, till on one occasion a paper was not laid away with the usual care; one of the young men in the counting room found it, and with it found out the whole secret. Thinking it rather too bad to keep silent about, he went to the injured house and informed them of it; they at once discharged their faithless clerk; the employers of the informer took their revenge by turning him out also, but as we understand, he had the prudence to keep in his possession the paper which proved the fact of this new trick in trade. And not only was he discharged, but on the same day a police officer arrested him on a criminal charge brought by his late employers, the result of which has not yet been ascertained. The whole matter has caused a great deal of talk in the circles where it is known.—*N. Y. Paper.*

FRUITS.—Compare the quantity and quality of the vegetables now offered in our markets, with those exhibited thirty years ago, and the improvement is astonishing. From the growth of the cucumber to the production of the most delicious of our fruits, the influence of science is felt, and the encouragement for further effort, and the certainty of an ample reward, is every where visible.

NIAGARA BLOCK.

Above we present our readers with a beautiful and accurate view of the new buildings recently erected on Main-Street, and which have been named by the proprietors, "Niagara Block."—The buildings constitute Nos. 155, 157, 159, and 161 Main-Street, and are erected on a part of the Lecoutenlx property, near the corner of Main-Street and Exchange. The whole buildings were designed and executed under the superintendence of Mr. H. G. Harrison, Architect, an artist of much skill and taste, and are occupied as follows:

A. Reynolds, No. 155, as a General Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Paints, Oils, Glass, Drugs and Medicines, Manufacturers, Articles, Groceries, &c.

Eugene Mulligan, No. 157, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Crockery, Glass, and Earthen Ware, &c.

Wells & Co., (late Livingston and Wells,) No. 159, as a General Express Office. In the same building are also the offices of Livingston & Fargo's Western Express, and C. Snead's Canada Express. The basement is occupied by Messrs. C H. Blosier & Co., General Dealers in Oysters and other shell-fish, Foreign Fruits, Preserves, &c.

The interior arrangement of the Express Office is conceded to be one of the most convenient and elegant in the United States.

The second story of the building forming the centre of the block is fitted up for offices, and the third story is finished in beautiful style for a Concert Hall. The room is 40 feet wide by 80 deep, and 20 feet high, and forms the most complete room for public purposes ever erected in this city. Over the Concert Hall is another large and commodious Hall of the same dimensions, to be finished for the use of several of the Odd Fellows Lodges.

No 161 is occupied on the first story as a Counting Room for the Commercial Advertiser, in connection with a Book-store kept by Messrs. W. B. & C. E. Peck. The second story, front part, by Jones, merchant tailor: the back part is occupied as a paper ware-room for the printing establishment. The third story is the Book Bindery and Blank Book Manufactory, carried on by Mr. G. H. Read. The fourth story is occupied as a Stereotype Foundry with all the modern facilities for stereotyping Books, Pamphlets, Jobs, &c.—This is a new business recently introduced here, and will form an important adjunct in promoting the publishing of Books at this point.

The rear building is 25 feet wide and 40 deep, four stories high, devoted entirely to the various departments of Book, Job and Newspaper work.

The first story is occupied exclusively as a Press-room.—In this room are one of *Hoe's Napier Presses*, of the largest size, combining all the latest improvements; capable of throwing off at the rate of 2,000 sheets per hour; and also one of ADAMS'S IMPROVED POWER PRESSES, so celebrated for the execution of fine Book work.—These are driven by an Engine of three horse power from the establishment of WM. KIDD, of Rochester, which is pronounced by competent judges to be one of the most perfect machines ever set up in this city. Its compactness, finish and ease of work does infinite credit to Mr. PERRY the foreman of Mr. K's establisment, under whose superintendance it was built. In the same room are also various hand-Presses, which, together, form facilities for throwing off at the rate of 25 to 30,000 impressions per day. The steam engine is supplied with water from a cement cistern built inside the building, capable of holding 75 to 80 hogsheads.

The second story is occupied for the JOB DEPARTMENT; nearly all the modern improvements, including the patent card-cutter, paper-press and cutter, the celebrated RUGGLES' JOB ENGINE, driven by steam, and other Presses, are here to be found. Fonts of all the most fashionable and useful job types, and everything necessary for the prompt and elegant execution of Commercial printing, for steamboats, railroads, &c., and for perfecting the various kinds of fine job work are here brought into requisition.

The third story is occupied for the composition room of the BOOK AND PAMPHLET DEPARTMENT, where a number of hands are constantly employed on the numerous works issued from the Press of Messrs. JEWETT, THOMAS & Co. And here it may be well enough in order to show, that in publishing, the city of Buffalo has made some progress, to state, that within the past year, Messrs. J. T. & Co. have printed editions of "ALLEN'S Herd Book," a beautiful work of about 300 pp. 8vo.; "Cousin George's Sketches of Niagara Falls," a neat octodecimo of 150 pp.; "ALLEN'S American Agriculture," 425 pp. 12mo.; "Angel Voices," a beautiful 18mo. of 150 pp., together with three editions of the "Book of Common Prayer," 420 pp. 12mo., and a host of smaller works. Probably no establishment west of Albany has as extensive facilities for the speedy execution of large orders as this.

The fourth story is occupied as the composing room for the COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER. This room is beautifully adapted for its purpose, having in addition to ten large windows, two large sky-lights directly over the imposing stones—a desideratum which practical printers can rightly estimate. A sliding closet traverses from the fourth down to the first story or press room, for the purpose of carrying forms from the several stories to and fro—and, by the aid of speaking pipes and other appliances, communication can be had between the occupants of the several stories without the trouble of going out of their respective rooms.

The whole number of hands employed in the various departments connected with this establishment, averages between thirty and forty; and the weekly consumption of paper of all sorts, is between fifty and sixty reams.

There are now publishing at this establishment the following Newspapers and Periodicals:

Daily Commercial Advertiser,
Tri-Weekly Commercial Advertiser,
Patriot and Journal—Weekly,
Western Literary Messenger—Weekly,
Buffalo Medical Journal and Monthly Review—Monthly,

In conclusion, we take the liberty of saying that we shall be pleased to receive the orders of those having occasion for any description of book or job printing, promising prompt execution and satisfactory terms. Particular attention is given to work required by those engaged in the commerce of the lakes and canals. Having superior facilities for procuring the best of stock of all kinds from first hands, we are confident our articles in this line cannot be excelled.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CONTRACT.—The Scientific American states that the Royal Library of Paris have a written contract, drawn up in 1297, between two persons of noble birth in Armagnac. The document bound the husband and wife to faithful wedlock for *seven years*. It stipulated that the parties should have the right to renew the tie at the end of that time if they mutually agreed; but if not, the children were to be equally divided, and if the number should chance to be unequal, they were to draw lots for the odd one.

Gentle Words.

A young rose in summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious are the many stars
That glimmer on the sea;
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the finest flowers,
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the dripping flower,
And eyes grow bright, and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour.
But words that breathe of tenderness
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And lighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But, oh, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

RUMORS OF INDIAN DISTURBANCES.—Within a short time we have seen many rumors and speculations in the papers of probable outbreaks on the part of some of the Indian tribes along our extensive western frontier, and gloomy anticipations of bloodshed and murder, coupled, of course with charges of inefficiency on the part of the authorities of the Government, by papers hostile to the administration. We have taken some pains to enquire into the subject, and it gives us pleasure to state that there is no reasonable ground whatever for the representations that have been made.

Reports have recently been received from commanding military officers, and most of the Indian agents and sub-agents, on the frontier, from which it would appear that there has probably never been a time when the tribes with which we have treaty-stipulations and intercourse were more peaceable or friendly-disposed, both towards each other and our own citizens. But one case is known of an attack by any one of the tribes within reach of the agents provided for by law, upon our citizens; and this was one committed by some Pawnees living on the Platte river, in the for north-west, upon a party of emigrants to Oregon last spring. Some mischief was done, but no lives reported to have been lost. The attack upon our trains have been by the wild and wandering tribes of the far west prairies; and probably some from Mexico, instigated by renegade Mexcans, for the purpose of plunder, who can be reached only with difficulty, and by a mounted military force.

There have been some intestine difficulties among some of the tribes high up on the Missouri river, caused by the restless and daring disposition of the Sioux, who are among the most mischievous of the Indian tribes. Proper measures have been taken for their punishment, and to prevent, as far as posible, a repetition of such occurrences in future. This, however, is, and has been from the commencement of the government, very difficult, if not impossible. Wild and untutored Indians will, occasionally, reckless of all consequences, seek to indulge their natural love of war and plunder, but which, however, no efforts have been or will be spared on the part of those charged with the management of our indi an relations, to prevent or repress.—*Washington Union.*

NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—The contract to build this magnificent bridge was taken yesterday by Mr. Ellet, of Philadelphia, at $180,000. It is to be about 750 feet in length, and to sustain a weight over and above its own of 450 tons. A train of cars 100 feet in length with their usual load will weigh about 140 tons—so that the bridge will sustain over 300 tons more than a loaded train. The work is to be completed by the 4th of July, 1849. Plans were submitted by Mr. Ellet, of Philadelphia, Mr. Roebling, of Pittsburgh, Mr. Thomas, of Toronto, C. W., Mr. Keefer, of Thorold, C. W., and a Scotch gentleman, whose name we did not learn. There is now no doubt of the speedy completion of the Canadian Railroad, and the Rochester and Niagara Falls Road. The latter, we understand, is to be put under contract today.—*Rochester Amer.*

THE SALT-WATER WORM.—We have seen in the Quartermaster's Department, a specimen of the voracity of the salt-water worm. It is a piece of wood eaten so as to resemble a honeycomb, or rather it looked like a piece of a hornet's nest. It was sent to Washington from the Brazos; and so piercing is the hard mouth of this little insect, and so active when it penetrates the fibre, that the wood was reduced to its present appearance in the course of thirty days. It was not the part of a vessel, but a piece of the ways laid to bring articles to the shore. It is scarcely possible for a vessel to lie in those waters, if it be unsheathed with copper, without serious damage.—One or two steamboats which were without copper bottoms, have sunk in those waters,—and all others have been sheathed. The insect is said to be at first laid upon the timber, in the form of a nit; and when it is hatched, it pierces the wood, making a very small hole; but as the worm increases in size, in passing through it, it eats a larger aperture into it. When it has gone through a piece of timber, instead of penetrating the opposite surface, it turns round and eats its way back.—*Union.*

The Spirit of Poetry.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Men build to thee no shrine,
Yet every holy place is filled with thee;
Dim groves and mountain-tops alike are thine,
Spirit of Poetry!
Island and ocean-peak;
Seas where the keel of ships shall never go;
Cots, palaces, and graves; whate'er can speak
Of human love or wo;
All are the shrines where thou
Broodest with power, not visible, yet strong;
Like odor, from the rose, we know not how
Borne to the sense along.
Oh! spirit which art pure,
Mighty and holy, and of God art sprung;
Which teachest to aspire and to endure,
As ne'er taught human tongue;
What art thou? A glad spirit,
Sent down, like Hope, when Eden was no more,
From the high heavenly place thou didst inherit,
An Eden to restore;
Sent down to teach, as never
Taught worldly wisdom; to make known the right;
And the strong armor of sublime endeavor
To gird on for the fight.
I see whom thou hast called;
The mighty men, the chosen of the earth,
Strong minds invincible and disenthralled,
Made freemen at their birth.
I see, on spirit-wings,
How thou hast set them high, each like a star,
More royal than the loftiest names of kings.
Mightier than conquerors are.
Though weak
And poor my spirit, thou dost condescend
Thy beauty to unveil, and with me speak
As gentle friend with friend.
With thee I walk the ways
Of daily life, and, human tears and sighs
Interpreting, so learn to love my race,
And with them sympathise.
Hence is it that all tears
Which human sorrow sheds are dear to me;
That the soul struggling with its mortal fears
Moveth me mightily.
Hence is it that the hearts
Of little children and unpractised youth
So gladden me with their unworldly arts,
Their kindness and their truth.
Hence is it that the eye
And sunken cheek of poverty so move—
Seen only by a glimpse in passing by—
My soul to human love.
Spirit, I will not say
Thou dost not visit me; nor yet repine,
Less mighty though I be, less great than they
Whom thou hast made divine.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

THE HOUR FOR CLOSING STORES.—The merchants' clerks of this city have lately made an attempt to secure the suspension of business at seven o'clock at night during the winter season; and our heart is with them in this movement. We are happy to say that several of the merchants have pledged themselves to comply with this request. Why any refuse to do it seems strange. Winter is the season for public lectures, and when in fact most of the opportunities for mental improvement are presented to the laboring clases, and it seems wrong to debar clerks from these privileges. There is no justice in requiring them to labor two or three hours a day more than mechanics. Their bodily health would seem to demand releasement by seven; and why may not the cry of the soul be heard, and this request be granted?

We suspend any farther remarks of our own on this subject, and cheerfully give place to the following extract from a poem lately dropped in our pigeon-hole, called

LAMENT OF A MELANCHOLY CLERK.

For us na momentary gleams,
O' comfort o'er the hearthstane streams,
Nae social joys like golden dreams,
Bring heartfelt pleasure:
E'en Sunday our auld bossie deems,
Maist too much leisure.

Tho' still confined, he needs maun watch us,
An' gif at mischief he sud catch us,
Some midnight Churlie soon wud snatch us,
An' tak us aff,
An' then for Auburn they'd dispatch us,
Fu' quick enough.

Heigh-ho! tis hard to be confined,
Yet, harder to be forced to mind,
Some *crabbit species* o' mankind,
That think they're born
To rule o'er all they chance to find,
Puir an' forlorn.

The Lord be thankit I'm not vicious,
Else I wi' fate might be malicious,
Nae proud, nor any wise ambitious,
Else I might hope,
Same day wi' Fortune sae capricious,
Wi' zeal to cope.

Nor will I be sae "desperate"
As "join myself against my fate,"
The fick'le dame *may* come, tho' late,
In gaudy colors,
An' me amang the highest rate
Wi' bags o' dollars.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The remainder of the Address to Teachers, will be used in subsequent numbers of the Messenger, appearing under the several heads of the subjects discussed. We commend the extract published this week to the consideration of all who are interested in the subject of education.

"THE PRESENT AGE," contains one or two fair verses, but as a whole is unworthy of publication.

MADISON UNIVERSITY.—The subject of the removal of this noted institution from Hamilton to some place on the great central railroad, has been agitated of late, and the thing seems likely to be accomplished. In order to secure its removal it is necessary that $100,000 be raised as an endowment, and subscriptions to this end have already been started for its establishment in Rochester, in Syracuse, and also, we believe, in Utica.—The strife, however, appears to be between the first two places. The people in and near Rochester have entered on the work with the greatest zeal, and have already obtained pledges to nearly half the desired amount; and it is most likely that, if removed at all, it will be established in that city. The press in Buffalo has spoken at large on the importance of its removal, and there is but one opinion here in regard to the place of its future location. After speaking of the fact that the University, "in addition to being a public institution of general literary and scientific learning, is more immediately under the patronage of the Baptist denomination, by whom it was established and has been sustained," and also of the earnest of this denomination "for its removal to some more favorable location," the Courier of this city adds:—

"For several reasons we prefer that it shall be removed to Rochester. The principal of these are that there is no institution of the kind in Western New-York. It is farther from other Colleges, and will there occupy a vacant field—one in which it is highly desirable that such an institution should be located. It is upon the great thoroughfares of the State, and thus the University would be brought out into the world. The citizens of Rochester are enlightened and liberal in other educational views, and the institu would there find spirits congenial to its high ends and purposes, and energy and enterprise to sustain it and enlarge and extend its usefulness. It is in the midst of one of the most substantial agricultural regions of the country, which would furnish to it a large number of students. The principal reason, however, for preferring Rochester to Utica or Syracuse, is the first. There is a population of some 600,000 in Western New-York, and no institution of learning of the character of the Madison University. The only one claiming the name is Geneva College. It is true we have a Medical University in this city—an institution which promises to be one of the first in the country. But this does not interfere with the Madison University, as it is separate and distinct in its functions—occupying another field of science.

CAMPAIGN SKETCHES OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO. By Capt. W. S. Henry, U. S. Army. With engravings. New-York: Harper and Brothers. 1847. Part 2.

This work is completed, and the second part is for sale by Hawks, and booksellers generally. It is a work that will be read by "the million."

ALAMANCE; or, *The Great and Final Experiment.* New-York: Harper and Brothers.

This is a pamphlet of 150 pages, forms No. 104 of the Library of Select Novels. For sale by Hawks.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW.—Through the energetic exertions of the agent for this periodical, Mr. Cutting, we understand its subscription list in this city has lately been much enlarged. This is as it should be: the Review is deserving of the most liberal support. Of the number for this month we have not yet found time to read but two articles (aside from the poetry), viz., "Howett's 'Homes and Haunts of the British Poets,'" and "Some New Poets." The reviewer of Howett's work finds but little to commend, and gives the "Humanitarian Quaker book wright," a severe flogging for his rusticity, vanity, self-conceit and other short comings. What Mr. Colton means by classing Mr. Hosmer among "Some New Poets," we do not understand. In publishing the Months, Mr. H. does not make his *debut* as an author. Yonnondio, acknowledged by the ablest critics to be the best Indian poem yet written, was published three years ago: and such writers as Greeley, Lewis Gaylard Clark, Judge Conrad and Griswold, discovered "long, long ago," that he was a poet.—We shall give this issue a thorough perusal and shall be likely to find something appropriate with which to enrich our columns. We ought to mention that it is embellished with a likeness of Pope Pius IX, engraved by Doney.

WILSON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—The Catalogue of this institution for the current year exhibits the following summary of students:

Number of Males,	146
Number of Females,	101
Total number of Students,	247

The Institute, though young, is, we are happy to learn in a very flourishing condition; and being favorably located and having an excellent board of teachers, it will be likely to be not only a permanent but remain a popular, institution. Prof. WILCOX, the Principal, has probably no superior as an instructor in Niagara County. Let the friends of education in that section give the Wilson Collegiate Institute a liberal support.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW is improving. The only fault that can be found with it is that it is slightly sectarian and not, in this respect, strictly orthodox. It will injure itself by meddling with theological questions. The November number presents the following attractive table of contents: "Occupation of Mexico;" "Lay of a Solitary One;" "Our New Houses;" 'Obituary of Hon. A. H. Everett;" "Condition of China," by the deceased Minister to the same; "Work On," by J. S. Rice; "Death of Ringgold;" "Progress of Civil Liberty;" "John Keats;" "The Two Beggars;" "Cooper's Last Novel;" "National Prosperity;" "Sketch of Nathaniel Greene;" Reviews, Gossips, etc.

THE ELECTION IN MASSACHUSETTS has resulted in the re-election of Gov. Briggs, though by a diminished majority.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—Number thirty-two of this serial work can be had at Hawks' Literary Depot. It treats mainly of Civil and Military Transactions in the Seventeenth Century, and is richly embellished.

RECORDER'S FINE BLACK INK.—This is the name of the sable fluid in which our "grey goose quil" has been baptised for a few weeks past, and we pronounce it the best we have ever used. Unlike a politician's life, it grows brighter with age. It is manufactured by J. JOHNSON, of Erie, Pa., and is for sale, we believe, by DERBY & HEWSON, of this city.

CHEAP POSTAGE—IMPORTANT INFORMATION.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* gives some interesting information relative to the mission of Major Mobbie, just returned from Europe, and to working of the cheap postage system in the UnitedStates. The deficit in revenue under the new law from $800,000 the first year, is reduced to $40,000, and the Postmaster General, JOHNSON, is so gratified with the result that he will probably propose in his report the introduction of a *uniform system of cheap postage*, similar to the penny postage in England. This, says the *Ledger*, is gratifying intelligence, not only to the friends of that measure, who so earnestly advocated it in the face of strenuous opposition, but to the whole country, and fully justifies the predictions of the result made by the friends of the law.—*Com.*

☞ BACHELORS.—Down with them, they have no friends. Such seems to be the spirit of a bill actually introduced into our Legislature for the purpose of taxing bachelors seven dollars a year—the proceeds to be employed in the support of orphans. Its definition of an old bachelor is

"§ 3. Every unmarried white male, unconvicted of crime, of good health and fair physical proportions, and who is between the ages of 28 and 56 years, shall be deemed an old bachelor."

A widower, if childless we suppose, will pay the same sum if he does not marry again within two years after the death of his latest wife—whether she is his first or his twentieth.

THANKSGIVING IN YANKEE LAND.—The editor of the Northampton *Courier* thus soliloquises upon the approaching Thanksgiving in Massachusetts:

Thanksgiving is signalized in all its past history for its indiscriminate warfare upon the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. The slaughter on the hen roost, and in the poultry yard, and pig pen, is tremendous. Already our ears ache with the feeble wailings of the 'stuck pig,' and the inarticulate cackle of the hen with her head wrung off. Many a young porker will 'sigh, yet feel no pain,' as he looks for the last time upon his favorite swill trough, when some inglorious hog killer draws him forth from his sequestered bed of straw, to terminate his life of vicissitude and gnawing hunger with a bare 'bodkin.'

TO BE HUNG FOR STEALING A SLAVE.—At the recent sitting of the Court of General Sessions for Darlington District, S.C., the honorable Judge WARDLOW presiding, James Carlisle was brought to the bar charged with selling a negro slave, the property of Mr. P. W. PLEDGER, of Marlboro District, to which charge he pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to be hung on Friday, the 25th day of February next.

Extensive Conflagration.

From the Rochester Advertiser Extra.

About 2 o'clock Sunday morning, a fire broke out in the large building occupied by James W. Kerr as a carriage manufactory, in the rear of his extensive sales-room on State street. The building was of wood, and very old and dry, and was soon completely enveloped in flames. How the fire originated is not known.

Before sufficient water could be procured to stay the progress of the fiery element, the flames communicated to the finishing shop and sales-room, a large three story brick building, fronting on State street, and in a short space of time, the inner portion was soon destroyed. A large number of carriages, wagons, sleighs, &c., were in the building, only a portion of which were saved.—The loss of Mr. Kerr is pretty heavy.

The fire then communicated to the rear part of the extensive Livery Stable of D. T. Walbridge, a three story brick building, and there being a quantity of hay and other combustible material in it, the flames made rapid progress. About 20 horses were in the barn, but we are glad to learn that all of them, together with the carriages and wagons, were removed in time. Mr. W. had but just moved in, and had gone to considerable expense in fitting up, and had not as yet secured an insurance.

The building next south of the carriage factory, a three story brick, which was nearly new, was partially destroyed. The lower part was occupied by Edwin Brown, City Sexton, as a chair and coffin factory, and by E. S. Watson as a window shade factory. The stock and furniture of both were removed without much injury.

The second and third stories of this building were occupied by Mr. D. T. Walbridge, as a dwelling. A part of his furniture was removed, the flames and smoke preventing the getting out of all. Furniture more or less damaged. This building and the one adjoining, on the north, together with the rear one, in which the fire originated, were owned by John Cleveland, of New York.

A two story wooden building adjoining the livery stable, on the north, was completely demolished by the falling of the wall of the brick building.

In the rear of Brown's chair factory was a wooden building occupied by him as a work shop, which was entirely destroyed. Another building on Pindle Alley, a small brick, was partly destroyed. The fire from the large building was so hot, that the inmates of the small brick one were obliged to make their escape through a back window in the upper story.

The wooden building occupied by John Gardiner, the tobacconist, on the north, as a dwelling, narrowly escaped destruction. Damage principally by removal of furniture.

As yet it is impossible to get at the loss with accuracy. John Cleveland's will not be far from $10,000; insurance not known. The livery stable building, and the two story wood dwelling on the north, were owned by Mr. Jacob Schermerhorn. Loss about $4,000; insurance $2,800. Mr. Kerr's loss is perhaps $5,000; insurance $2,000. Mr. Walbridge had no insurance on furniture or stock; his loss will probably be several hundred dollars.

When the wall of the livery stable fell, several firemen very narrowly escaped being buried in the ruins. They had just left the wooden building as the mass of brick crushed it. As it was, two of them, Stephen Hanford and —— Brown were somewhat injured. One was struck in the face with a brick, cutting him badly, and the other had his wrist and arm severely bruised.

The building in which the fire originated is associated and identified with the earliest history of our city. It was one of the oldest buildings, having been erected between thirty and forty years since, by the First Presbyterian Society of Rochester, and occupied by them for a number of years as a church. It afterwards passed into the hands of the First Baptist Society, who worshipped in it until some ten years since.

Later from Mexico.

We have farther particulars received by the steamer New Orleans at New Orleans, that the Pennsylvania volunteers were garrisoned at Perote.

The North American published at the Capital says, that prominent members of the Mexican Congress now sitting will obstinately maintain the present obstinate position of the country.

The publishers of the Republican were summoned to appear before Governor Quitman, to prove an alleged outrage by the Americans in the Capital.

Joseph D. Bacon, died on the 12th.

It was rumored at the Capital that a severe fight had taken place at Ventara.

The supreme Government ordered Parades to remain at Teloloapan.

Cols. Williams and Roberts of the Pennsylvania Regiments died at the Capital on the 2d of Oct. of typhus fever.

Gen. Quitman had returned to join General Taylor.

Bustamente was expected to be appointed Commander-in-Chief.

Maj. Gaines, Capt. Cassius M. Clay, Capt. Heady, Maj. Borland, Capt. Donly, Midshipman Rodgers and Mr. Kendall, are coming home again. Mr. Bankhead, the British Minister, arrived at Vera Cruz on the 30th ult., and was received with military honors. Mr. Marshall is ill at Vera Cruz.

Gen. Lane entered Puebla on the 13th ult., with 3,000 men and 6 pieces of artillery—so says a dispatch of Santa Anna. The latter could effect nothing against him on the Pinal.

The principal part of the force recently under Santa Anna is understood to have marched for Puebla. Being entirely unprovided for, they subsist by rapine, and plunder.

Lieut. E. B. Daniels of the 2d Artillery, has died of his wounds.

It is said, that Capt. Walker of the rifles, killed in the affair at Huamantla, received a lance wound entirely through the body, and also lost a leg by a cannon shot. His personal antagonist in the charge, and who lanced him, was a celebrated guerilla chief: it is said that he had sworn vengeance against Capt. W. But, he too, fell in the conflict, and by Walker's hands, receiving two balls from his revolver.

Capt. Layall and eighteen men of his company of mounted Georgians, and from six to ten of the rifles, are also known to have been killed in the charge of Capt. Walker. A man named Raborg, of Baltimore, interpreter to Capt. W. lost a leg from a discharge of artillery. Col. Wynkoop writes that the Mexicans were slaughtered after this like sheep.

Torres, the Editor of the *Monitor Republicano*, was cowhided for aspersing the character of a lady.

A duel was fought near Vera Cruz, outside the Gate of Mercy, on the 1st inst., between Capts. Warrington and White, with muskets, at sixty paces. At the first fire Capt. Warrington received a ball through the fleshy part of both legs, below the knee.

The Steamer Ann Chase and two three-masted schooners have gone ashore in the harbor of Vera Cruz. All, it is supposed, will be totally lost.

A duel was fought about the 24th ult. between Capt. Porter, of the rifles, and Capt. Archer, of the Voltigeurs. At the second fire Capt. Archer was shot in the abdomen—a severe but not a dangerous wound.

Gen. Mora y Villamil has been appointed Mexican Secretary of War.

Lieut. Shackleford, of the 2d artillery, has died of his wounds.

As far back as the 14th ult., Gens. Pillow and Shields were able to be about.

The political intelligence by this arrival is vague and unsatisfactory, though as yet we have not had time to read a tithe of our letters or papers.

The steam frigate Mississippi arrived at Vera Cruz on the 22nd ult.

Assistant Surgeon Tredwell died at Vera Cruz on the 24th ult. of vomito.

A Court Martial was in session at Vera Cruz on the 28th for the trial of Capt. John H. King, Military Store-keeper.

The steamer A. R. Hetzel, Capt. Baker, arrived at Vera Cruz from Mobile on the 30th.—He had to throw overboard all his horses, having encountered awful weather.

The steamer Florida was in the same gale and had to throw overboard all her mules.

Lieut. Steen, of the South Carolina regiment, and Capt. Huddleson of the 14th infantry, are dead; the former of his wounds, the latter of a bowel complaint.

A new paper has been established in the Capital entitled *La Razon*. It is published entirely in Spanish, is a democratic paper and advocates the re-establishment of the Constitution of '24.

The newspaper El Mexicano, of the 14th ult., says it has received letters from Queretaro, in which it is stated that Gen. Almonte has been received there with marked courtesy by the persons who "appeared to be most in power," and it was feared that they were concocting a pronunciamento against the lawful Government.

The North American, a new paper established in the Capital, and published in both Spanish and English, says, on the 15th ult.: "It appears that a large number of deputies of the Congress, forming a junta, have got up a protest against Pena y Pena holding the Presidential power."

Dr. Wm. Roberts, of the medical staff, and attached to the 5th Infantry as Surgeon, died on the 12th ult. of a wound received at the King's Mills.

Capt. Pierson of the New York regiment of volunteers died on the 10th ult. of wounds received in storming Chapultepec.

Senor Rosa, the Mexican Secretary of State, has, under the instructions of Pena y Pena, addressed Santa Anna a note from Toluca, ordering him to give up the command of the army to Gen. Rincon, until his conduct in the late battles shall have been investigated by a military council or court martial.

The officers of the Mexican army who had gone to Queretaro and Toluca, were hooted, it is said, by the population, both men and women, and scarcely dared to appear in the streets for fear of being shot.

The guerrillas are on the road between Queretaro and the Capital, and are plundering every traveler they meet.

A letter dated the 12th ult. received at the Capital from Queretaro, says Pena y Pena had just arrived, in company with a few deputies, making the total number in the Capital about fifty. It was thought, says the Star, endeavors would be made at once to organize a Government, which would settle the question of peace or war. If a quorum of Congress could be assembled, the first question which would be bro't up would be the Presidency. Almonte was spoken of as the candidate of the Puros and some of the Moderados, and Olaguibel Governor of the State of Mexico, as the candidate of the opposing parties. Nearly all the officers of the dispersed army were at Queretaro, and it is said found it hard to obtain subsistence.

The military force at Queretaro consisted of about 1,000 cavalry and infantry, with six pieces of artillery from Guadalajara, under the command of Heredia.

The Star is assured by a Mexican that the Cathedral of Guadalajara had been attacked by the party opposing the Church. The Star thinks there is something important and "deep-rooted" in this.

The Star of the 16th says the assassination of American soldiers by the Mexicans had again commenced. Sergeant Sutliffe of the rifles was killed the night before.—A private of one of the infantry regiments was also killed the same night, and it was reported that two others were killed.

Earthquakes, says the North American of the 29th ult., are at the present time of very frequent occurrence in this beautiful country. A few days ago the village of Ocotla was totally destroyed. The Canton de la Barea has also suffered a severe shake, throwing down houses and the tower of the principal Church. We have had four of these unpleasant visiters in this city since our occupation of it.

The Mexican Eagle is the title of a new Mexican journal just commenced at the Capital. The editor does not believe in opposing an amicable adjustment of the differences, and says that Providence has decreed the destiny of the nation. The following is the substance of a motto at the head of the Eagle:—"An honorable peace ennobles nations, and the magnanimity of the North will not let them offer us terms other than honorable."

From the Vera Cruz Genius we gather the following items:

Through the instrumentality of a kind friend we are enabled to lay before our readers the following particulars, gleaned from the American Star, published in the city of Mexico.

Capt. Philip Kearney, of the 1st dragoons, is about returning to the United States. In the upon the Garita, he lost an arm.

The house of Gonzales, a Mexican officer, was entered by order of Capt. McKinstry, of the Q. M. Department, and in it was found a quantity of clothes, ammunition, pistols, swords, drums, &c., belonging to the United States, which were taken away.

From the Durango Journal of the 14th ult., is derived the information that the American frigate Portsmouth arrived at Mazatlan on the 22d ult., from Monterey, in California. The American squadron, consisting of the Congress, Dale, Cyane, and a transport, left Monterey on the 1st September, for Mazatlan and San Blas, and for these of Guaymas and Acapulco.

Operations Below.—There seems to be but little doubt that a force of Americans have entered and taken possession of Orizaba, and it is also probable that the force did not exceed 400 men. Orizaba contains a population of something near 16,000 inhabitants, yet they had the good sense to surrender their city, notwithstanding that the force was so meagre that demanded it. Accompanying this expedition we are told were many American merchants, whose goods for a long

time had been lying on their hands in Vera Cruz, for lack of a market, and who readily availed themselves of the opportunity to take them into the interior for trade with the natives. This, of course, is a benefit to our government and the Mexicans too, for while the first receives a moderate revenue from importation, and that revenue from the country with which we are at war, the people who pay the duty, do so at a rate of 75 per cent. below what they paid during the administration of their own customs.

Arrival of the Steamer New York.

The French steamer *New York* arrived at Newport Friday, out of coal, from Havre, whence she sailed on the 24th ult. She brings two days later intelligence from France, and the Continent. The firms of Verien & Geills at Courtray, have suspended for two millions of francs.

France was tranquil at Paris. French threes opened at 75,60 and closed at 75,50.

A change of Ministry was expected at Vienna, the Augsburg Gazette states that the Pope, in addressing himself direct to the Emperor of Austria, has rather retarded than advanced the negotiation respecting the occupation of Ferrara, that no hope is entertained of an arrangement without the mediation of some third power.

The Pope has just published a decree consisting of 7 chapters and 56 articles, by which he constitutes a Council of State. He declares such a Council to have been in former times the glory of the States of the Holy See.

He declares his conviction that when the pontifical Govearnment is enriched by such an institution, and has the aid of those honored with the suffrages of the provinces, the public administration will be more vigorously executed and give to the government the practical character which his Holiness desires it should have.

He farther trusts to the moderation of the people to appreciate this political benefit, and asks that they will express their gratitude by the preservation of order.

M. Dragonatti had been exiled from Rome, and the "*Pallade*" had been suppressed. These two events were by some connected with Cardinal Ferretti's absence from the city.

Four suspension bridges were about to be erected in Rome by a French company, and other works of public utility were likely to be carried forward by foreign capitalists. Hitherto the law, or at least unbroken custom, did not admit of such privileges being granted to foreigners.

The Duke de Broschi is nominally at the head of the French company referred to, but it is supposed only for the sake of not too abruptly doing away with a long established custom.

In Tuscany the punishment of death has been abolished, by proclamation of the Grand Duke. The excited populace thereupon broke open the prison where the guillotine was kept, and having carried that instrument to the public square, set fire to it, while the bells of the town rang a merry peal.

The Grand Duke and Duchess made their entry into Lucca on the 14th, signalizing the event by munificent charities.

The Courier d'Alsace of the 19th, contains a report founded on a letter from Colmar de Locle, a town of the canton of Neufchatel, that fighting had commenced on the banks of the Lake, but no details; and it is impossible to judge of the degree of credit to which the news is entitled.

Some sensation had been created at Madrid, by the intelligence that 400 armed men entered the government of Leo De Ugal, under the conduct of French guides at Moreny. A band of 130 insurgents, after a contest, was dispersed by the Queen's troops on the 9th.

The government had seized the National newspapers at Paris, on what ground is not apparent.

The stock of the Bank of France has risen—its intention to take five million of the new government loans having been interpreted favorably and an augmentation of its Capital is agitated.

Mile de Luzy is likely to be set at liberty.—There is nothing in her correspondence with the Duke de Praslin which tends to criminate her.

In Spain the reconciliation of the young Queen with her husband would seem to be complete, and the Narvarez ministry firmly in favor, that is, for a Spanish Cabinet.

Some sensation has been excited by reports of new troubles in Catalonia.

Switzerland.—The Swiss Diet met at Berne on the 18th of Oct., to discuss the means of carrying into execution the vote of the Diet on the 20th of July. The deputy for Zurich opened the debate by proposing means of pacification; a proclamation addressed to the people of the seven cantons, the sending of two federal commissioners into each of the seven cantons, and that the committee should as soon as possible make propositions to this effect.

The member from Lucerne offered a resolution that these propositions which had been read should be printed, for the use of the members.—This was agreed to.

On a proposition of the deputies from the town of Bale, a joint committee of the majority and minority was appointed, who are to draft a letter of instrustions for the representatives, and a proclamation for the seven cantons. A conciliatory spirit was shown by all parties.

Another account of the 20th, says that supplies of cannon, muskets and powder, from the French government are smuggling into the Jesuit cantones.

The rumor of hostilities having already commenced on the banks of lake Neufchatel was current, but not believed.

The beautiful little steamboat so well known to American travelers has now become a ship of war.

Sweden.—Apprehensions of the cholera were entertained and it was said, on the authority of a letter from Stockholm that two schooners and four barques, with medical men on board, had been sent out to superintend the quarantine on the frontier on accout of its appearance.

Russia.—Negotiations for a concordat between Russia and the Holy See had been broken off. The Pope demanded that converts from the Greek to the Russian-Greek Chuoch should be allowed to return to their former religious worship.

This was refused, on the ground that their conversion was voluntary. To which it was replied that if voluntary, there was nothing to apprehend on the part of Russia from the concession; if otherwise, no concordat could be entered into without this concession.

Southern Telegraph.—We understand that the posts for the southern line of telegrph are up all (or nearly all) the way to New Orleans, and that the wiring is in pregress from New Orleans and from Charleston, S. C. It is expected that the line will be in operation to the latter point, if not farther south, by the 1st of December: and it is hoped that New Orleans will be able to communicate with Quebec some time in January next. Some delay has occurred from the sickness of those engaged in building the line, and the same causes may somewhat, though not seriously, retard its completion.—*Union.*

Legislative.

THURSDAY, Nov. 11.

SENATE.—Bill to amend the charter of the city of Buffalo ordered to a third reading.

Resolutions to adjourn laid over to the 23d inst.

Bill passed to abolish the office of County Superintendent of Common Schools. To establish Teachers' Institutes. To aid Clinton Prison. Relating to fees of County Clerks.

HOUSE.—Bill to reduce fare on Railroads from Albany to Buffalo—reported against.

Petition for bridging over Genesee Valley Canal in Rochester.

Bill reported authorising Buffalo Orphan Asylum to sell lands.

Bill reported to Charter Buffalo City Hospital. Appropriation of $5,000 struck out.

Bill relative to publication of Session Laws passed to a third reading. It gives publishers this year $100—next year the publication in newspapers to be stopped, and a volume of Session Laws to be placed in each School District Library.

Bill to release prior lien on Berkshire Railroad, and to relay track with heavy rail. Passed.

A few more election returns have been received from Louisiana, but nothing definite. As far as heard from 10 Whigs and 14 Democrats have been chosen to the Legislature. Nothing has been heard from the 3d and 4th Congressional Districts.

SINGULAR CEREMONY.—*Stockholm, Sept.* 27. The day before yesterday the obsequies of the late Count Rosenblad, lord of the kingdom, and formerly Minister of Justice, took place. The funeral procession was composed of eight hundred persons, among them the King, the Prince Royal and others of the nobility who went to the Church where they were present at the funeral services. After the officiating priest had thrown three shovels full of earth on the coffin, Count Beskow, Grand Marshal of the Count, mounted on a staging and announced in a loud voice, that since the deceased had left no direct or collateral descendant for his successor, and consequently his family and name were extinct, he would proceed to the breaking his armorial bearings. Immediately a small table of marble was placed before the Grand Marshal, on which was placed an escutcheon in crystal, on which was painted the arms of the Rosenblad family. A herald brought and handed a hammer to the Grand Marshal, and M. de Beskow struck a blow with it on the escutcheon, which was immediately broken and fell in pieces to the earth. This act finished the ceremony, and the numerous assembly retired.

Price Current—November 17, 1847.

Flour, bbl	$4 75@4 87½	Turkeys, lb	6@7
Pork, bbl	14 50	Chickens	6@7
Do slaugh. cwt	4 00	Geese, each	18
Beef, cwt	4@5 00	Clover seed, bu.	4 38@4 50
Butter, lb	12@15	Timothy	1 50
Lard	9½@10	Flax	1 12½
Cheese	6	Grass	—
Hams	9	Whitefish, bbl	6 50
Shoulders	7	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt	1 50	Potatoes, bush	50@62½
Wheat, bu	80@1 01	Salt, bbl	1 87½
Corn	47@48	Apples, bbl	1 50@2 00
Oats	31@32	Do dried, bu	62½
Slaughter hides, lb	4@4½	Onions	50
Dry do	8½@9½	Eggs, doz	15
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb	5
Sheep, slaughtered	1 12½	Soap	4@5
Lamb do	18½@25	Whiskey, gall	22
Dry	12½@50	Highwines	21
Hard wood, cord	3 00	Lead, hund	4 00
Hemlock	2 00	Beans, bu	87½
Bit. (O) coal, ton		Wool, lb	20@30
Blossburg		Hay	10 00

MARRIED.

On the 6th inst. by Selah Barnard, Esq. Mr. DEXTER COBB, of Tonawanda, and Miss CELIA DEMING, of Utica.

By the same, Mr. CHARLES S. CASTLE and Miss LYDIA DOWNS, both of Oneida co.

By the same, Mr. SAMUEL VINE, of Buffalo, and Miss MARY JANE WEBSTER, of Alden.

In Rochester, on the 10th instant, by Rev. S. B. Shaw, Mr. DANIEL BALDWIN, of this city, and Miss ANN M. PALMER, of the former place.

DIED.

This morning, 13th inst., EMILY JANE, eldest daughter of John and Jane Sage, aged 5 years and 9 months.

On the 15th inst., HARRISON TEFT, son of Charles and Olive Teft, aged one year and eight months.

This morning, 16th instant, ELIZABETH, daughter of William and Jane Kennedy, aged 5 years.

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An institute devoted exclusively to Musical Education is not yet common in this country; but in Europe the test of experience fully shows its great advantages over the too general superficial manner in which this important part of polite education is acquired. The advantages this institution offers to those desirous of completing their studies as Organists or practical players of the Piano Forte, together with a thorough system of imparting the same to others is fully established by the many precedents of the past 10 years. The pupils are constantly guarded in their practice, against all bad habits, and from the various stages of progress they may be in, are continually stimulated to effort and industry, by association with each other. The family too, are all players, and the theory is amusingly discussed, impressing its rules in a more pleasing manner, and more lasting upon the understanding, than by the mere dry study of an elaborate book. Music is composed and arranged from time to time, showing the various styles and harmonies analytically, and adapted for performance on several Pianos at the same time. This teaches a thorough knowledge of counting, and dividing passages into their given time. Vocal music is particularly attended to, and when the pupil has a moderate share of talent, we hesitate not to say, a correct and pleasing singer can be made. The Piano Fortes used are all new, and of the finest quality, and every endeavor will be given to render the true spirit with us profitable. The building is commodious, and has a fine garden attached, with Green houses, Bathing rooms, &c., and is pleasantly situatuated in Seventh street, between Niagara Street, and the Falls rail road, and about midway to Prospect Hill.

Terms made known upon application at the Institute, or by mail, post paid, directed Prof. Coppock, Buffalo.

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Buffalo, August 3, 1847.

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Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1847. NUMBER XVII.

For the Western Literary Messenger

The Messenger Dove.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

The wine sparkled bright, and the maid I adored
Sang the Gods who of old had in Hellas their seat:
And we told how old Greece in our France was restored,
When all sudden descended a dove at our feet.
My Nœris a billet descried 'neath his wing;
To some hearth-stone beloved were its tidings address;
Drink, faithful bird, from the cup which I bring,
And slumber in peace on my Nœris's breast.

Too long was his flight, and exhausted he lies;
Haste quickly his freedom and strength let him prove;
Say, if on some message of commerce he flies?
Or waft to young beauty the warm vow of love?
Perchance to the nest which allures his fond wing
He bears the last prayer of some exile unblest:
Drink, faithful bird, from the cup which I bring,
And slumber in peace on my Nœris's breast.

From some words of the billet full well do I deem
That 'tis destined for Greeks who sojourn 'neath our sky;
A letter from Athens! and glory its theme!
Quick, read it: 'tis ours by our blood's sacred tie.
Athens is free! how the tidings shall ring!
How her laurels again in fresh beauty be drest:
Drink, faithful bird, from the cup which I bring,
And slumber in peace on my Nœris's breast.

Athens is free! fill the goblet again!
New heroes, the God-like, appear in her clime:
All trembling with age, did old Europe in vain
Disinherit those sons of her glorious prime.
Greece triumphs; all bright from the dust see her spring;
In the shade of past glories no more shall she rest:
Drink, faithful bird, from the cup which I bring,
And slumber in peace on my Nœris's breast.

Athens is free! Muse of Pindar, again
Take the sceptre and harp which of old were thy right:
Athens has burst the barbarian's chain:
Athens is free in our sovereign's despite.
By the nations, that drink from her wisdom's pure spring,
Be the glory of Athens in Paris confest:
Drink, faithful bird, from the cup which I bring,
And slumber in peace on my Nœris's breast.

Bright wanderer from Hellas's beautiful shore,
Here rest thee awhile, and then fly to thy love;
And soon wafted back to thine Athens once more,
Let her tyrants and vultures be braved by the Dove.
To the tottering throne of each bigoted king,
Bear the shouts of a people whom freedom hath blest:
Drink, faithful bird, from the cup which I bring,
And slumber in peace on my Nœris's breast.

HAMILTON, N. Y. A. C. KENDRICK.

WAR.—It would have proved a striking part of a vision presented to Adam, the day after the death of Abel, to have brought before his eyes half a million of men crowded together in the space of a square mile. When the first father had exhausted his wonder on the multitude of his offspring, he would then naturally inquire of his angelic instructor, for what purposes so vast a multitude had assembled? what is the common end? alas! to murder each other—all Cains and yet no Abels!

Alexander H. Everett.

The last steamer from Europe brought intelligence of the death of the Hon, Alexander H. Everett, American Minister to China. The event took place at Canton, on the 29th of June last. Funeral honors accordant with the official position of the deceased, were paid to his memory by the foreign residents. The English burial service was read by the resident clergyman of the established church, and the cannon of a French vessel of war boomed over the waters, as his body was conveyed to the island cemetry; the flags of all the ships in the harbor were displayed at half-mast, a long procession of boats with muffled oars moved slowly towards the shore, and volleys of musketry were discharged above the grave. As the representative of a distant nation, the memory of the departed received these appropriate honors. It was fit they should be paid; and the unanimity and respect manifested by the foreign authorities and residents of Canton, on the occasion, is worthy of grateful recognition. There is, however, another and not less deserved tribute due to the character and abilities of Mr. Everett, and one that should be the more readily accorded from the very fact that in this country we are so apt to estimate our prominent citizens merely by their official career or external success. The claims of Mr. Everett to the affectionate remembrance of his friends are of a more intrinsic kind, and we cannot but record, however imperfectly, our humble testimony to his liberal sympathy, intelligent companionship, and uniform kindness.

A brief sketch of his life, however, is essential to a just appreciation of his character. Alexander Hamilton Everett was born in Boston, on the 10th of March, 1790. He graduated at Harvard, with the highest honors, in 1806. The year following he taught at Exeter Academy, and then became a student of law in the office of J. Q. Adams. It was at this time that, as a member of the Anthology Club, his first literary efforts appeared. In 1809 he accompanied Mr. Adams in his mission to Russia, and passed two years—chiefly devoted to the modern languages and politics, at St. Petersburg. On his return to the U. States, he was appointed Secretary of Legation to the Netherlands, and in 1818 succeeded Mr. Eustis as Charge d'affairs at that post; and in 1825 he was appointed Minister to Spain. In 1829, on his return from this mission, he became editor of the N. A Review. From 1830 to 1835 he was Senator or Representative in the legislature of Massachusetts; in 1831 a delegate from that State in the Convention at Baltimore, which nominated Mr. Clay for the presidency; in 1833 a leading member of the Tariff Convention in the city of New-York, and prepared the memorial which it addressed to Congress in reply to one written by Mr. Gallatin for the Free Trade Convention. For several years past he acted with the Democratic party. In the winter of 1836 he visited Cuba as confidential agent of the Government and was afterwards elected President of Jefferson College in Louisiana, an office which ill-health soon obliged him to relinquish. He was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to China, and sailed in a national ship on the fourth of July,

1845. On his arrival at Rio Janeiro, he was so ill, that despairing of recovery, he returned to the United States, but in the course of the ensuing year his health was so far restored, as to enable him to resume the voyage—alas, only to breathe his last just as he had established himself at Canton.

The diplomatic services and political course of Mr. Everett, we think, were the result more of necessity than inclination. By nature he was eminently fitted to seek his enjoyment in literature and society. Indeed, his taste for general knowledge and speculative philosophy rendered professional life ungenial, and he undoubtedly prized his foreign missions chiefly on account of the opportunities they afforded him for literary culture. This is evident from the assidnity with which he pursued a course of reading on Chinese history and civilization during the interval between his first and second voyage. But a more striking and pleasing indication of his love of literature for its own sake, or rather for the good of which it is the agent is manifested by the cordial support he rendered all who struggled worthily for its honors, and the evident satisfaction it afforded him to impart the result of his own studies and thoughts to others. He extended the hand of encouragement to the young and difficult aspirant for mental triumphs; he gracefully unfolded his stores of wisdom to intellectual women, and spared no pains to aid the researches and promote the views of his countrymen who toiled in the fields of scholarship and poetry. While minister in Spain he invited Mr. Irving to Madrid, and obtained for him access to the public archives, whence he derived materials for his Life of Columbus and other works. He also essentially aided Prescott and Longfellow in the same way. It was, indeed, a habit with him to take a ready and effective interest in all those devoted to literature and art, or intent upon self cultivation, especially if they labored under discouragements. His eloquent defence of Greenough's Statue of Washington against the indiscriminate abuse it at first suffered, and his sketches of the life of Harro Harring, undertaken in order to call attention to his claims, are among recent instancee of the kind But many of the most valuable are enshrined in the grateful recollection of individuals, whose intellectual bias his personal intercourse confirmed or whose noble but insolated pursuits he sustained by his pen and his counsels. Mr. Everett has been a prolific, although desultory writer. His first work, entitled "Europe, or a General Survey of the Political Situation of the Principal Powers, with Conjectures on their Future Prospects," was published at London and Boston, in 1821. It was translated into German, French, and Spanish, and the German Version was edited by Professor Jacobi, of the University of Halle. His interest was excited by the theories of Malthus, and he has written extensively and ably on the subject of Population. He also put forth a volume on America, upon the same plan as that on Europe. But perhaps the most satisfactory reflection of Mr. Everett's personal tastes and intellectual power, is to be found in his miscellaneous writings. These have the advantage of having been written at periods when business and political anxieties were laid aside. The subjects of them were voluntarily chosen. They embody the fruits of his reading and observation; and suggest the natural play of his sympathies. Many of them are marked by great soundness of thought and others have a genial tone and speculative interest. Several of his public addresses are equally felicitous. We recall especially, one on German literature, giving a very lucid exposition of its rise and characteristics, and another on the Age, in which some beautiful allusions to Burke and Byron occur. Most of Mr. Everett's Essays appeared in the North American, Quarterly and Democratic Review. They exhibit remarkable versatility and extensive information. His papers on French literature—especially on the Female writers, are very agreeable. He excelled in giving a complete and harmonious impression of an historical epoch or a personal biography. Some of his translations are very effective. Two volumes of these miscellanies have appeared within two or three years past; and there are abundant materials for several more. If many of the articles thus collected had been first published in the Edinburgh or Foreign Quarterly—they would have doubtless been gathered into volumes long since, and become as popular reading as the miscellanies of English Reviewers, which are so eagerly sought. Perhaps now that death has removed their author from the influence of political prejudices, and that familiar and native contact which seems to dampen the zeal of American appreciation, a more general attention will be given to the literary remains of Alexander H. Everett. For ourselves, it is with melancholy pleasure that we revert to the urbane and intelligent spirit of his intercourse. Ambition had not sealed up his acquirements and thoughts for the exclusive furtherance of personal aggrandizement. His was emphatically a liberal mind—expansive and rich through varied studies and travel, and attractive from its self-possessed, yet courteous expression. Though "by strangers mourned," his services have endeared him to his country, and by numerous friends his memory will be cherished with lasting and affectionate respect.—*Literary World.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Capricious Visitations of Fortune.

In a very amusing collection of French anecdotes, there is a good story told of a capricious visitation of Fortune, which came—where Fortune does not often play her more amiable tricks—to a miserable poet, releasing him at once from poverty and his jaded music. We regret to be obliged to tell the story from memory. We ought to have preserved the book, if only out of gratitude—for it was the most pleasant travelling companion, the best fellowship for a diligence or steamboat, we remember to have encountered. But the market-price of the small paper-bound volume (such was the shape in which it came to us) was so little—it being one of those editions which the journalists on the continent often print to distribute gratis to the subscribers to their journal—that no pains were taken to preserve it.—Very absurd! We print books so cheap, that the book loses half its value: it is bought and not read; or read once, thrown aside, or destroyed.

Poor Dubois was one of that unhappy class, which we are given to understand is dying out of Europe, (we hope for the sake of suffering humanity that this is true;) of that class which we in England used to call Grub-street poets. He *flourished* at the time of the empire, and had been flourishing during the whole of the eventful period that preceded the elevation of Napoleon. Poor Dubois had alternately applauded and satirized all parties, and written songs for all sentiments; but had extracted very little either of praise or pocket-money from any of the reigning powers, whether republican or imperial. He was quite in despair. Still young in years, but with worn-out rhymes, he was lamenting one day to his sister his melancholy and hopeless fate. This damsel was in the service of Pauline, the sister of Napoleon. "Write me a sonnet,"

said she, "about Pauline, and about beauty, and let me try what I can do." A beautiful sonnet, and a sonnet about beauty, are two very different things. Dubois made nothing of his task, but did it out of hand: his sister took the sonnet with her.

It was not long before she had an opportunity in her capacity of *femme de cabinet*, of speaking to Pauline about her brother the poet. She produced her sonnet about beauty. Pauline did not exactly read it; no one but the writer, and a few afflicted friends, and those heroic souls who do things to say they have done them, ever do read sonnets; but she glanced her eyes down the rhymes, and saw her own name in harmonious epithets. Therefore she asked what she could do for the poet—what it was he wanted? Alas! everything! was the prompt and candid reply—some little post, some modest appointment.

Now it happened that Fouche at that time was doing his best to conciliate the fair Pauline, who, with or without reason, had shown a little humor against the minister of police. He had frequently entreated her to make use of his power in favor of any of her friends. "Well," said the good-natured Pauline, "this Fouche is always plaguing me to ask for something; give me my desk."

A lady's pen upon the smoothe vellum—you know how fleetly it runs and what pretty exaggeration of phrase must necessarily flow from it. The style, the very elegance of the note, demands it. Dubois was in an instant, and most charmingly converted into a man of neglected genius and unmerited distress. What was the happy turn of expression is lost to us forever; but as Fouche read the note, he understood that there was a man of talent to be assisted, and, what was still more to the purpose, an opportunity of showing his gallantry to Pauline.

The next day the minister rode forth in state accompanied by four mounted *gens-d'armes*.—Following the address which had been given him, he found himself in one of the least inviting parts of Paris, far better known to his own myrmidons of police than to himself. But, arrived before the enormous pile of building, which was said to enclose our poet amidst its swarm of tenants, he made vain inquiries for Monsieur Dubois. At last an old crone came to his assistance: she remembered him; she had washed for him, and had never been paid. If you do not wish to be forgotten by all the world, take care there is some one living to whom you are in debt.

Meanwhile Dubois, from his aerial habitation, had heard his own name pronounced, and looking out at window caught sight of the *gens-d'armes*. For which of his satires or libels he was to undergo the honor of prosecution, he could not divine; but that his poetical effusions were at last to bring him into hapless notoriety, was the only conclusion he could arrive at. That he was still perfectly safe, inasmuch as write what he would nobody read, was the last idea likely to suggest itself to the poet. He would have rushed down stairs, but steps were heard ascending. So much furniture as a cupboard may stand for, the bare walls of his solitary room did not display. There was nothing for it but to leap into what he called his bed, and hide beneath his blankets, always presuming they were long enough to cover both extremities at once. The minister undeterred by the difficulties of the ascent, and animated by his gallantry towards Pauline, continued to mount, and at length entered the poet's retreat. Great are the eccentricities of genius, and lamentable the resources of pride and poverty, thought Fouche, as he gently drew the blankets down, and discovered the dismayed Dubois. Some conciliatory words soon relieved him of his terror. The awful visit of the minister of police had terminated—could it be credited!—in an invitation to breakfast with him next morning.

Judge if he failed in his appointment; judge if he was not surprised beyond all measure of astonishment, when the minister politely asked him whether he would accept so trifling a post as that of commissaire-general of police of the Isle of Elba, we know not how many hundreds of francs per annum, with half a year's salary in advance, and all travelling expenses paid. The little condition was added that he must quit Paris directly, for the post had been too long vacant, and there were reasons which demanded his immediate presence at Elba. How he contrived to accept with any gravity, without a broad grin upon his face, can never be known. He would certainly have bounded to the ceiling; but by good fortune, or happy instinct, he had convulsively clasped his hair with both hands, and so anchored himself to the ground.

Off he started the very next day, happier than Sancho Panza, to the government of his island; for his post virtually constituted him the governor of Elba. Nor was the stream of his good fortune half exhausted. For immediately on his arrival he was appealed to for a decision, between two rich and rival capitalists, both desirous of undertaking to work certain mines lately discovered in the island. One offered him a large share in the future profits; the other a large sum of ready money. Our governor decided for the ready money.

When a gallant man renders a service, he does not run and proclaim it immediately. Fouche allowed a few days to transpire before he waited on Pauline. He then alluded to the appointment he had made; he hoped she was content with the manner in which he had provided for her client, Dubois.

"Dubois! Dubois!" said the lady, "I know of no Dubois."

The whole affair had entirely escaped her memory. Fouche assisted in recalling it.

"Oh, true!" she said, "the brother of my chambermaid; well, did you give him any little employment? What did you make of him?"

Fouche saw his error, bit his lips, and let the subject pass.

That very evening a messenger was despatched to recall Dubois—and home he came; but "with money in both pockets"—a little capital of solid francs. Poet as he was, the man had sense; he did not spend, but invested it, and the revenue enabled him to assume the life and bearing of a gentleman. We leave him prospering, and to prosper.

It is said that Fouche did all he could to keep this story secret. But Pauline discovered the truth, and was malicious enough to disclose it to Napoleon, who more than once jested his minister on his governor of Elba.

Dogmatism.—Maintain a constant watch at all times against a dogmatic spirit: fix not your assent to any proposition in a firm and unalterable manner, till you have some firm and unalterable ground for it, and till you have arrived at some clear and sure evidence—till you have turned the proposition on all sides, and searched the matter through and through, so that you cannot be mistaken. And even where you think you have full grounds for assurance, be not too early or too frequent in expressing this assurance in too peremptory and positive a manner, remembering that human nature is always liable to mistake in this corrupt and feeble state.—*Watts.*

Solution of a Great Geographical Problem.

The Montreal *Herald* of Saturday last contains an article that will be read with the liveliest interst, by the friends of Geographical Discoveries in this country and Europe, on account of its setting at rest the great geographical question of the existence of a Northwestern passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. For the first time sine the discovery of America, its northern shores have been surveyed, and the precise limits of this continent fully and finally estab ished. This work has been performed under the auspices and instructions of the Hudson's Bay Company. The *Herald* in giving the evidence of this, prefaces it with an interesting sketch of the long agitated question, now happily solved, and a short abstract of the several steps in the exploration of the coast, as follows:

The cause which, at first, led to the attempts to discover a northwestern passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was the hope that, through it, would be found a short and convenient route from Europe to India—the jealousy of the Spaniards and Portuguese, having blocked up, as it were, from the English and Dutch, their great rivals in commerce, the routes by the Cape of Good Hope and the Southern Pacific. The discoveries, however, of Frobisher and Davis in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and of their successors, while they failed in ascertaining the existence of the wished-for passage, abundantly satisfied the world, that, even it ultimately discovered, it would be found, from its vicinity to the north pole, and its being continually encumbered with ice—utterly useless for the purpeses of navigation. The settlement of the great geographical question continued, notwithstanding, to interest the world of science, and its determination has, within late years, called forth the utmost efforts of the British Government. In 1818, an expedition was sent out to Baffin's Bay, under the command of Capt. Ross, which resulted in his disbelief of the existence of any passage. His second in command, Lieutenant Parry, had, however, come to a different conclusion: and on returning with a new expedition, succeeded in penetrating into the Polar sea, through Lancaster sound. He there found a chain of large islands lying parallel to the American coast; and among them continued his navigation, until stopped by the accumulation of ice in the straits and channels through which he had to pass. This circumstance induced him to make his next attempt by Sir Thomas Rae's Welcome, a channel running from Hudson's Bay. He here also found a narrow strait communicating with the Polar Sea, but so encumbered with ice as to preclude the hope of its ever affording an open passage. He renewed his efforts, but without success, by Lancaster Sound. The obstacles which he had formerly been unable to overcome, still continued, and prevented him from making any material addition to his former discoveries. While these, so far successful, voyages were in progress, Capt. Franklin was sent out at the head of two successive expeditions by land, and, by actual survey, ascertained three-fourths of the Northern boundary coast of America; his operations terminating at a point beyond the 149th degree of West longitude. On the other hand, an expedition under Capt. Beechy, sent to meet Capt. Franklin on his second toilsome journey, passed the Icy Cape of Cook, and penetrated nearly as far as the 156th degree of West longitude, leaving nearly seven degrees, or 160 miles, between the farthest point thus reached from the West, and the utmost limit reached by Capt. Franklin, from the East. In the summer of 1837, Messers. Simpson and Dease, officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, surveyed the coasts between the points reached by Captains Franklin and Beechy, and, in the following summer, 1838 and 1839, having reached the Polar Sea, from the interior, by the Copper Mine River, continued their survey of the coast up to the 86th degree of west longitude, a point previously visited by Capt. Back. From thence they were forced, by the advanced season, to return to their winter quarters on the Great Bear Lake. The only portion of coast then remaining unsurveyed, was that between Simpson and Dease's extreme East point, and Parry's Straits of the Fury and Hecla; and, but for Mr. Simpson's disastrous death in 1840; he would have been entrusted with the command of the expedition, the successful result of which, is stated in Mr. Rae's letter.

The results of all these explorations and surveys, would appear to prove that—with the exception of Captain Ross's peninsula of Boothia Felix, with stretches as far North as seventy-four degrees of latitude—the Northern coast of America extends, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in a line not varying much from the parallel of the seventieth degree of latitude; and that, the existence of a naval passage, in the line of Captain Parry's first voyage, is all but demonstrated.

We need scarcely add, that whatever benefits may accrue to science and navigation from these important discoveries, will be, in a great measure, due to the enlightened liberality of the Hudson's Bay Company,—at whose expense these latter expeditions have been carried on,—and to the intrepidity, perseverance and self-devotion of their officers.

Following this is a letter from Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, dated Red River Settlement, June 15,1846, and addressed to John Rae, Esq., informing him that the grand object of the expedition placed under his direction, is to complete the Geography of the Northern Shore of America, by surveying the only section of the same that has not yet been traced, namely, the deep bay, as it is supposed to be, stretching from the western extremity of the Straits of the Fury and Hecla, to the eastern limit of the discoveries of Messrs. Dease & Simpson.

The rest of the letter is devoted to instructions as to the manner of proceeding, objects to which attention should be turned, police regulations of the expedition &c. The following extract will show the purposes designed to be subserved beside the solution of the geographical problem sought:

You will do your utmost, consistently with the success of your main oject, to attend to botany and geology, to zoology in all its departments, to the temperature both of the air and of the water, to the condition of the atmosphere and the state of the ice, to winds and currents, to the soundings as well with respect to the bottom as with respect to depth, to the magnetic dip and the variation of the compass, to the aurora borealis and the refraction of light. You will also, to the best of your opportunities, observe the ethnographical peculiarities of the Esquimaux of the country; and in the event of your wintering within the

arctic circle, you will be careful to notice any characteristic features or influences of the long night of the high latitudes in question

The following is the brief report made by Mr. Rae on his return after successfully accomplishing the objects of the expedition. The publication of his full report with his journal embracing the daily observations he was directed to make, will be awaited with much interest:

York Factory, }
Hudson's Bay, Sept 10, 1847. }

Sir George Simpson:—

Sir,—I have now the honor to acquaint you that the expedition which left Churchill under my command, on the 5th July, 1846, for the purpose of completing the survey of the northern shores of America, reached this place in safety, on the 6th instant.

Having already written you by way of Red River, and enclosed an outline of my discoveries, I shall merely mention here that, I reached Repulse Bay on the 25th July, last year, and immediately had a boat taken across land, and through Lakes, to the sea, west of Melville Peninsula. The ice here was too closely packed for us to make any progress, so that I determined on returning to Repulse Bay, and making preparations for wintering. A stone house was built, measuring 20 feet by 14, and covered with oil cloths as a roof: there being no wood, some moss and a sort of heather we collected for fuel; and 162 deer were shot before November was ended, when all these animals had passed southwards.—Our house was frequently cold enough, the thermometer being sometimes 10 deg. or 20 deg. below zero.

On the 5th of April I started with a party, and traced the coast up to Lord Mayor's Bay of Sir John Ross, thus proving that veteran discoverer to be correct in his statements. Boothia Felix is part of the American Continent. This journey occupied us until the 5th May, and we had traveled about 560 geographical miles. I again set out with four chosen men, on the 13th of the month, (May) and, after undergoing much fatigue and suffering, and some privations, we traced the west shore of Melville Peninsula to within 6 or 8 miles of the Fury and Hecla Strait. We arrived at winter quarters on the 5th June, all in good health and spirits, but much reduced in flesh. From this time until the 11th August, when the ice broke up, we were all busily occupied in procuring the means of existence, and in making preparations for our homeward voyage. We took leave of our dreary home, and of our Esquimaux acquaintances, on the 12th August.—Our progress southward was much impeded by contrary winds, so that we did not enter Churchill River until the 31st. We had still 8 bags of Pemican, and 4 cwt. of flour on hand. Being detained here two days, we did not arrive at York Factory until late in the evening of the 6th Sept., where my sudden appearance somewhat surprised my friends, who had not expected to see me so soon.

As I intend going to England by the ship, I shall do myself the honor of addressing you more fully from London.

With the utmost respect,
I remain, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
(Signed, JOHN RAE.

Russia and Austria.—The Emperors of these two countries have forbidden all persons to erect Magnetic Telegraphs, unless by their special permission.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Western States.

We seldom see any thing in the North American Review more lively in description or more truthful and encouraging in sentiment, than the following from a review of Burnett's Notes on the Northwest:

Upon the surface of the earth there is no land which ought to be more interesting to us than the vast and wealthy realm which lies upon the Mississippi and its tributaries. The dead or dying hero is no more worthy of our regard than the new born infant. Beyond the Alleghanies is to be tried the great question of our age and race—that of self government as we call it, or more properly, the question whether we can and will submit ourselves to the government of God.—There is a Pagan Democracy, which looks to real self-control, or, in other words, no control at all, which demands its own rights, and aims at nothing higher than happiness; but there is also a Christian Democracy, which bows to the Controller of all, looks to the right of others and its own duties, and aims at justice, truth, and God's kingdom among men. Upon those Western prairies, among those Western "knobs," along those winding rivers, and by the side of the countless little water courses and "dry runs" of that vast valley are the rival spirits of Heathen and Christian Democracy to contend for supremacy; already the battle is begun.

And what a battle-field! From the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, from the frozen lakes of the North to the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico! Every soil, every climate, every variety of surface. Of all the great products of the world, coffee is the only one which does not, or may not, grow there. Take the people of Britain, Ireland, France, Holland, Germany, Italy and Spain, and place the whole in the valley beyond the Appalachians, and it would continue to ask for "more." Ohio alone, without sinking a pit below the level of her valleys, could supply coal equal to the amount dug from the mines of England and Wales for twenty-five hundred years: and Ohio is but a pigmy, in the way of bitumen, compared with Western Pennsylvania and Virginia. Iron abounds from Tennessee to Lake Erie, and forms the very mountains of Missouri and Arkansas. Salt wells up from secret storehouses in every Northwestern State. Lead enough to shoot the human race extinct with is raised from the great metalic dikes of Illinois and Wisconsin. Copper and silver beacon all trusting capitalists to the shores of Lake Superior. And mark the water-courses, the chain of lakes, the immense plains graded for railroads by Nature's own hand, the reservoirs of water waiting for canals to use them.—Already the farmer far in the interior woods of Ohio or Indiana may ship his produce at his own door to reach Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or New Orleans, and every mile of its transit shall be by canal, steamboat, errail-car.

What a land is this for Democracy to try her hand in! How different from the hard, rough Attica, where the olive tree, the peasant's cow and pig combined in one, clung to the fissured rock century after century, yielding its butter and lard: where the humming swarms of Hymettus were instead of the sugar cane, and pastures and fields, and ease and plenty were not tempting men to sloth and neglect. Is not the very wealth of the West to be its ruin? Can virtue and self-control exist without hard labor and struggles?—And can labor be the characteristic of a land so reeking with abundance?

Let us enter that land, and choose its most typical State, Kentucky; let us look at its towns, its people, its inner history, and see what light we can gather to aid us in a Yankee guess at the time to come. We leave the Ohio valley: we ascend the hills, if those deserve the name which are only "elevations of depression," the ridges left where the water has gullied the plain;—how rounded, how feminine the landscape! Over the gentle undulations, symmetrical as the bust of Venus, the ripening wheat, the rising corn fields, spread to the shadow of the emerald maple boughs or the feathery beeches. The blue sky softens in the distance into a hazy, sleepy white; the tulip tree, left alone in the pasture, lifts its branchless trunk seventy or eighty feet heavenward, and the broad, glossy leaves twinkle and wink in the sunbeams; the cattle lie dozing, only their molar teeth wakeful; the pigs are deep in the mire by the brook-side; a gaunt horse, dragging after him at the plough-tail an unwilling negro, walks between the corn-rows, trampling, not eradicating, the weeds; through the open door of the farm-house, as you pass, you may see the mistress *lazing* in her easy chair: when you reach the town before us, you may find her helpmate talking politics at the tavern door.

And now we come upon the town, the county seat. How old it looks! Nature so young and vigorous, and this poor place so decrepit and halt! The stone house at the corner has not a whole window in it, and the chimneys look more ancient than the Pyramids; the hewn log dwelling to the left totters and reels as if the steaming bar room next door kept it perpetually half drunk; the hotel itself, red, and brick, and brazen, is the symbol of impudence and brutality,—of that Heathen Democracy whose life-blood is whiskey, and whose breath is oaths.

Let us join the group round the old gentleman, who, with his chair in the street, his feet on the window-sill, his left hand in his ruffled shirt-bosom, and his cud in his cheek, is laying down the law, pointed off with spurts of tobacco juice. These men, common as they look, are not common men; lazy as they appear, leaning against the shoulder polished door posts, they are full of energy and ability. Such men as these won the battle of Buena Vista, and will rule the world if they choose to. Here is one, hard featured and stern, with full veins and a complexion like half tanned ox hide, who would, like Harry Daniel of Mount Sterling,* murder the brother of his wife and see her go crazy, and yet walk his way with an easy conscience, or at any rate the pretence of one. Next to him sits a man who could wage war with the human race for a lifetime and enjoy it; a man of the Middle Ages, with all the vices of feudalism and all those of our money seeking age combined. He has made his fortune by hunting up invalid titles, purchasing and prosecuting the legal claim, and turning the innocent holder to the dogs. And yet at home no one is kinder, more thoughtful, almost self-sacrificing. Send him to Mexico and humanity is capable of no crime from which he would turn, or at which he would shudder. Take him to Boston and his manner will be as pleasing as his conversation will be original. Search his pockets and you will find a plan for defrauding a neighbor of his farm, a most affectionate letter to an absent daughter, a bowie knife, and Paradise Lost.

Beyond him notice that face. How clear the eye, how confident the mouth, how strong and firm the chin! If he speaks you will hear a voice like the Eolian harp, pouring forth words of such sweetness that the bees might cling upon his lips. If he moves it is the Indian's motion, quiet and strong as sunlight. In his mind the Higher Democracy is forming itself a home: and amid the low contests of politics, he will be, unconsciously, acting as the messenger of the great Friend of man. Another comes by with a quick, springy step, as if with ankle joints of India rubber: he stops, joins in the discussion: words pour from his tongue more rapidly than the ear can drink them: he looks round, his eye all seriousness, and his mouth all smiles; men catch his idea, though they cannot his syllables, and their nods show that he has hit some nail on the head. That man, slight as a girl, might be safely trusted to lead any corps in any battle: and yet in his life he never struck a blow. Go for ten miles round, inquire in any household, and you will hear of him as the kind adviser, the steadfast friend, the unostentatious helper; many a son has he saved from the gambling table, the race course, or the deadly duel, begun with rifles and finished with knives; and he, too, is a child of the soil.

Now consider, that, while the murderer and the victim of assassination become known to you through the press, the virtues of the patriotic politician or the village philanthropist make no noise in the world. Believe us, also, that, while the towns and taverns of these Western States, reeking with tobacco and whiskey, are symbols of the evil Democracy of our land, and the bullies and cut-throats, the knaves and robbers, are its true children; and though you might, on first looking at such a society as you may see in almost any Western town, think anarchy was close at hand, yet are the villages ever improving, the taverns themselves growing more decent, and anarchy is going farther and farther away. Remember that this Kentucky was settled by men perfectly their own masters; no government, no religion, no police, no restraining power of any kind, save the voice of God in their own breasts. Remember that among them were the most reckless, unprincipled, and bloodthirsty of human beings. Remember that for twenty years this population, thus gathered in anarchy, was demoralized by a border warfare, full of atrocities on both sides. Call to mind, that, without attachment to the Union, the people of Kentucky were courted by Spain, France and England, and were more than once nigh severing themselves from the Atlantic States, And when you have recalled these things, observe how out of anarchy† has come a regular and untroubled governmen ; out of indifference or antagonism to the Union, a true dvotion to it; and ont of a population scarce cognizant of law, a society which, even in its excesses and violation of statute, aims, however blindly, to obey the law of justice and public good. To understand the West, you must remember that it is socially a youth, in a state of transition, to be compared rather with England under the Plantagenets than with England now. You find, consequently, strange mixtures of statute law and lynch law, of heathen brutality and the most Christian excellence, of disregard for human life and self-forgetting philanthropy. But amid all the confusion, you may find evidence, we believe, that the Higher Democracy, the rule of God, is advancing.

* Henry, commonly called Harry Daniel, of Mount Sterling, Montgomery country, Kentucky, shot his brother-in-law in open court, March 5th, 1845. Both were, in wealth and standing, among the first men of the neighborhood. Daniel was acquitted, and is now again a leader in his district.

† This is not too strong a term: in 1776, George Rogers Clark called the people together to take measures to procure a recognition of their existence by Virginia, or to set up for themselves; there was then absolutely no government. [See Butler, Marshall, Morehead, or Clark's own Journal, in Dillon's *Indiana*, i, 125, &c.]

TAKING THE VEIL.—Early on Sunday morning last, the chapel of the Sacred Heart, at Baltimore, within the walls of the institution, was crowded to overflow, principally by females, all anxious to witness the ceremonies of taking the veil. At about nine, Miss Mary Josephine Smith, of that city, with Miss Annie Lawrence, of Frederick, the two candidates entered the church, accompanied by Miss Margaret Ellen Holbrook, in the capacity of bridesmaid. They were all dressed in pure white, with jewels, and a veil falling over the head and shoulders, similarly to the usual array of a bride for the altar.—Indeed, seldom were viewed more youthful and happy countenances under the bridal veil than those about to enter the cloister. They took seats among the audience, and, at about 10 o'clock, high mass was sung, and the sacrament of the communion was administered to the noviciates.

Rev. Mr. Donelan delivered the sermon, taking for his text the 28th, 29th and 30th verses of the 11th chapter of Matthew:—"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," &c.

* * * * *

After sermon, the curtains hanging on the right of the altar were drawn aside, and the private sanctuary of the institution was visible in its whole extent through the gratings of the cloister. In a few minutes a procession of nuns, some with black, and others with white veils, each bearing a lighted taper were observed approaching along the balcony outside of the interior of chapel, headed by the Abbess. They approached the door leading to the altar, which was thrown open, when the two noviciates arose, and entering the altar, accompanied by the bridesmaid, were received by Archbishop Eccleston and led by him to the door, where the nuns were in waiting to receive them. They there kneeled down, and were received and raised by the lady Abbess, when the door closed. They then approached the grating on the interior side and kneeled, when the Archbishop questioned them as to their names, and whether they had presented themselves after due consideration, and of their own free will and accord as candidates for holy orders. They replied, in clear and distinct voices, that they had duly considered the step they were about to take, and had approached the altar of their own free will and accord, with a firm intention to live up to the vows and duties of their holy calling.

They then retired into an ante-chamber, and in a few minutes returned, arrayed in the garments of the sisterhood, apparently shorn of their hair and all outward ornaments, with their heads bound in the bands of the order, but with no veils on. Each of them bore in her hands a lighted taper on a staff, and approaching the grating, again kneeled. The Archbishop, accompanied by the Rev. Messrs. Donelan and Carberry, again approached, and after going through the service ordained for the occasion, christened Miss Smith as Sister Alberti, and Miss Lawrence as Sister Rose of Lima, by which names they will hereafter be known among the sisterhood. They were then invested in the mantle of the order, and a white veil thrown over each of their heads After kneeling at the interior altar on either side of the Lady Abbess, they passed around and saluted each of the numerous sisters arranged along each side of the interior chapel, all closely veiled, and each carrying a lighted taper in her hand. The two noviciates then approached the railing, and by a nod of the head bid a general adieu to the hosts of friends who had assembled to witness the ceremony, when they all retired to the interior of the convent, with the same solemn tread and manner with which they had previously entered.—*Baltimore Sun.*

☞ As it is confidently stated that Father MATTHEW intends to visit this country next spring, the following account of him when at home may be read with some interest. It is taken from "Travels in Ireland by an American Lady":

His house is quite plain; the hall-door is fastened open from six in the morning, till the same time in the evening, saying to the citizen and stranger, "ye are welcome." The carpet of the hall is loose straw, and a woman sits at the entrance to receive and point the visitor to the room on the right, where the "rich and poor meet together," to take the pledge, or spend a leisure half hour, to watch the movements, and listen to the salutary cautions and words of kindness from the lips of this devoted man. My letter of introduction had been given him some months before in a crowd, when he had only opportunity to say, "I will see you in Cork."

"Why did you not come to me when you first came to the country; you knew I would have taken care of you?" was the greeting he gave, when I entered.

The room is entirely devoid of ornaments, except the papers pasted upon the wall, as cautions to the intemperate. Benches are arranged about the room for those in waiting, on one of which, in an obscure corner, I took my seat, and saw the lame and deformed, the clean and the filthy, the well-clad and the tattered, kneel and take the pledge, and enter their names in a book, which the clerk who registers them said counted five millions and four thousand. To the meanest beggar he speaks as kindly as to the titled gentleman, and to the suffering I often saw him slip a little change, bidding them depart, and not disgrace him by breaking the pledge.

He invited me to dinner at five o'clock, and his dining-room wore the same unassuming appearance, as does everything about him—no carpet, no sofa, and not an appendage but what was absolutely necessary. His table is arranged in the most finished order, and the cooking, which is done by a man, is of the best kind. He seldom dines alone.

SPIRIT OF PUBLIC IMPROVEMENT.—On the occasion of lighting St. Louis with gas, that improvement was made a text by the papers of that city to lecture their readers on the subject of their want of public spirit in reference to works tending to benefit their city. St. Louis appears to have prospered from the natural advantages of her position, unassisted by the combined efforts and enterprise of her citizens. The following remarks by the *Republican* of that city have a local reference, but they indicate also the general course to be pursued in every city aspiring to greatness:

While, all around us, other cities, towns and districts, are marching forward, and availing themselves of the improvements of the age—securing to themselves the mastery and control of the trade and commerce of the surrounding country—opening up new avenues to enterprise and individual and collective wealth—we are standing still—not moving even in the rear of the great moral, political and social advancement of the age. We have neither turnpikes, railroads or telegraphs, and if we had not the Mississippi river, we should have nothing. That we have the wealth, none can deny—that we want the spirit of the age, and that this is in a great measure engendered by the stinted and narrow policy of our State, few will question, who look soberly and candidly at the subject. But as a city and a community, we should rise above the narrow policy which has, for years past, controlled the State Legislature, and seek to infuse a different and more liberal spirit. Let us push into the interior, in every direction, works of internal improvement, thus drawing to ourselves additional wealth and benefits, and thereupon the cloud will be dispersed from other sections. Those who are now blind will begin to see, that their policy is adverse to their own welfare—a more liberal spirit will be engendered, and the whose country benefitted.

NAVIGATION CLOSING.—The packet boat companies have withdrawn their night lines on the whole length of the canal.—*Utica Gazette.*

For the Western Literary Messenger.

To Nelly Grey.

BY THEODORE C. WHEELER.

The merry little warbler to which the following song was reciprocated, is a small grey bird that built a snug little cottage in the green branches of a gooseberry bush near the door of my humble dwelling, and became, shortly after depositing within her nest five exquisitely spotted snow drops, the gay, and perfectly happy mother of five children. This bird is almost the only one that comes familiarly to our door steps in this country in search of crumbs. Not knowing the correct name of the bird, I have taken the liberty to term it Nelly Grey. We have Robin Redbreasts, and Jenny Wrens, and may have Nelly Greys.

O more than I can tell,
Do I love thee Little Nell!
In search of seed or crumb,
Morn and evening thou dost come,
With timid wing and fleet,
Even to my very feet;
Lifting up thy bright black eye,
With a glance half bold, half shy,
Ever ready, Nelly Grey,
With thy prize do dart away.
With a look grotesquely bold,
How fiercely thou dost scold,
When thy frown thou aimest at
Thine enemy the cat!
In the "merry month of May,"
Thou art gayest of the gay;
But most in sunny June,
I do love to hear thy tune.
From every tuft of grass,
I start thee as I pass.
Every bough of maple tree
Is vocal with thy glee!
And I trace thy tuneful speech
To the branches of the beech,
That leans above the brook,
In an old romantic nook,
Half sunshine and half shade,
By sylvan fairies made!
The birds are poets, Nell,
Of forest, field, and dell.
Then listen, warbler gay,
To a brother minstrel's lay.
Thou happy sinless thing,
All day upon the wing,
In search of dainty food,
To sustain thy helpless brood,
If I were to injure thee,
A curse would wither me.
Dear Nell, what bliss is thine—
Emotions how divine!
Five little helpless things
Repose beneath thy wings.
O joy all joy above,
To watch o'er those we love,
And danger from them keep,
When their eye-lids close in sleep!
Thou,dost lull them into rest,
With the heavings of thy breast.
No peril do they fear,
When thy well known voice they hear,
Warbled from the green old thorn,
Where thou sittest all the morn.
The song that to them floats,
Hath meaning in its notes;
And unto them doth say,
As plain as language may—
"Be hushed—my pretty dears,
Dismiss your silly fears—
For she who loves you most,
Is ever at her post.
And O, her heart will break,
If evil overtake
The little happy nest,
Where her helpless darlings rest!"

Cobourg, Canada West.

Rural Department.

HORTICULTURE.—We cannot but consider the attention recently awakened to this branch of the fine arts, as marking an era in the civilization of our city. We have been behind half the Union in this respect until now; and there seemed but little hope that, in the rage for business, and the wild race for gay and expensive pleasure, a taste so natural, simple and true, should have its gentle claim acknowledged. The results of the recent proceedings of the Horticultural Society, show that there are at least a few cultivated people among us, to whom Nature's lead seems worth following. Under such auspices, we may expect soon to see an elegant emulation in floriculture, taking the place of less refined and refining pursuits. Especially is it pleasant to observe that the gentlemen to whose taste and enterprise we owe the new movement, have invited ladies to share with them the pleasant duty of awarding certain of the premiums. This is drawing the right sort of influence about the undertaking. The title of "Japonica-dom," will be peculiarly appropriate when every lady raises her own Japonicas, and when the emulation is, who shall produce the most exquisite varieties.—*Mrs. Kirkland.*

FOOD FOR MILCH COWS.—At a large milk establishment near Newcastle, England, the cows are fed in the following manner. "Ninety-one pounds of clover hay, (cut or chopped,) one hundred and sixty-eight pounds of brewer's grains, twelve pounds of ground flaxseed, two pounds of salt, are mixed together, and equally divided, as the daily food for twelve cows. The hay, after having been cut, is put into the mash tub, and scaled with boiling water. The other articles are then mixed with it. It is stated that a good cow, thus fed, will yield an average of fourteen quarts of milk per day, eight months in succession.—The owner of the establishment, Mr. Arundale, stated that he had a calf for two years and a half, that was giving an average of eight quarts per day. A great point observed is, that the cows never fall off in condition.

TO KEEP APPLES FOR WINTER.—Put them in casks or bins, in layers well covered with *dry* sand; each layer being covered. This preserves them from the air, from moisture, and from frost; it prevents their perishing by their own perspiration their moisture being absorbed by the sand; at the same time it preserves the flavor of the apples, and prevents their wilting.

A MATTER OF INTEREST TO FARMERS.—A case was recently decided in Vermont, which goes to establish this position: The purchaser of a farm has a claim on the manure made on the farm, and remaining in or about the barn at the time of the sale. The case decided was that of a purchaser of a farm in Vermont against a tenant, who piled up the manure made during the winter, in the barn, and moved it before his tenancy expired.—The county court gave judgment for the defendant; but the higher court reversed the judgment on the ground that manure made from the produce of a farm was appurtenant to the freehold, and must pass with it; and that the fact the manure was piled in the barn with the intention of removing it, would not effect the plaintiff's right to the manure, unless the defendant's intention was manifested by some act calculated to put the plaintiff on inquiry.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Importance of the Development of Man's Three-fold Nature.

The education of the young has been, and is now, too exclusively intellectual. Mind has been treated as if its manifestations were entirely independent of the conditions of this brittle clay in which it tabernacles; as if indeed it were the all of man. The great laws of physical being have been unknown or disregarded. The *body*, on whose condition the *mind* is, in a great measure, dependent for its own, has been left to neglect and premature decay:—the *casket* has been destroyed in an exclusive endeavor to polish the *gem* it enclosed. The development of the tender bud has thus been urged beyond the measure of physical endurance, and early death, the legitimate result, has crowned the parents' hopes.—This, and this alone, is the mysterious fatality, which, in the opinions of the superstitious, cuts down the gifted child. The affections, the holiest part of our nature—the moral sentiments, upon whose proper development and activity depends the true dignity of human character, have been left to dwindle and die, in the fatal and paramount importance which has been given to intellect.—And the result has been what all should have foreseen:—a fearful prevalence of moral disease—many Napoleons, but few Howards! many Byrons, but few Cowpers:—monsters of mind, who, like ill-omened stars, have shot athwart the sky, dispensing *light*, and *misery:* to each of whom the self-drawn portrait of the bard may well apply:—

> "A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
> A pathless comet and a curse,
> The menace of the universe,
> Still rolling on with innate force.
> Without a sphere, without a course,
> A bright deformity on high,
> The monster of the upper sky!"

Such has been the effects of this system of partial training:—mighty but unbalanced intellect, whose light has too often been obscured by vice and crime. Such have been many of the world's great; great, not in the elements of good, but of mischief to their race; not in the benefits they have conferred, but in the miseries they have inflicted. It is for the teachers, to discard this partial system, which has produced so many moral and physical dwarfs, and by the application of one more general, to bring out and perfect the whole man—to unfold simultaneously, and in equal degree, his three-fold nature—to lop off its present redundancies, to supply its deficiencies, and to build up a model of faultless proportions, which shall be the standard stature of the race.

His is the great business of moulding the manners of the young. And the first great requisite in this, as in all else that pertains to his vocation, is, that he know and practice himself what he volunteers to impart to others; for without a practical indorsement of our precepts, they will avail but little more than those of the fabulous crab, who rebuked her offspring for its backward movements. Let us heed the moral. There is no more successful method of teaching the young than by example. I allude not now to the conventional rules of modern society, many of which have little claim to the deference or respect of its members; originating in weakness or design, and adopted by those, who, to use a homely phrase, are far more nice than wise. Modern politeness has indeed but little adaptation to our nature. It consists in an iceberg formalism, which checks the hearts best impulses, and chills the blood of youth in its warm and sympathetic flow; in stereotyped phrase, the cold coinage of the brain, mortised and framed together with all the speciousness of art; in automaton movements; bows, that test the elasticity of whale, and the strength of starch; in smiles, whose lunar light plays around the lips alone. Such is not the model which teachers themselves should copy, or after which they should mould the manners of their pupils. It is but a system of popular hypocrisy, sanctioned, it is true, by the obsequiousness of public sentiment, but not, on that account, the more authoritative, or the less objectionable. There is a nobler model; set up, not by modern folly, not by our own erring wisdom, but based upon that God-originated rule: "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."—A rule which should be applied not the *business* merely, but to *all the intercourse* of life. Let us demonstrate its practicability by making it the great standard not only of honesty, but of etiquette. Let us aim to inscribe it on the hearts of the young intrusted to our care. Let us teach them that genuine politeness has its seat in the *heart*, and manifests itself, not in studied forms of action or of speech, not in cold and unmeaning courtesies, but in the display of habitual kindness toward all; and that he only is master of true etiquette, who has a word of assurance for those that fear, and of comfort for those that mourn; a hand to relieve the poor; and a heart, which, in its warm out-goings, takes in the universality of his race. L. P.

Female Society.—Without female society, it has been justly said, that the beginning of man's lives would be helpless, the middle without pleasure, and the end without comfort. The celebrated D'Alembert makes a reflection that does honor to the female sex and to his own feeling:—

"We are, in a peculiar manner," says he, "in want of the society of a gentle and amiable woman when our passions have subsided, to participate in our cares, calm and alleviate our sufferings, and enable us to support our infirmities.—Happy is the man possessed of such a friend! and more happy still if he preserve her, and escape the misfortune of a survival."—*My Daughter's Book.*

Volcanic Eruption in the Alleghanian Chain.—The Mountain (Ga.) Eagle asserts that, from one of the high peaks of Look-out Mountain, on the 19th ultimo, a terrible volcano burst forth with a violent shock.

Condition of Ireland.

Sending the Irish Nation a begging over the globe for meat and drink, is, to our minds, the most cruel and ineffective way of relieving their wants. The source of their evils lies lower than the potato rot, and to pass round the hat over half of the Western Continent for the relief of a British province, which is suffering from political mismanagement, is to tamper and quack with a disease that cries out to be cured. Our duty, it seems to us, is to help make the soil of Ireland support the children of Ireland. Let the Irish have a chance at their own fruit-bearing earth. Let us give them something beside the dangerous right to appeal to charity—a right full of peril to the pride, the self-reliance, and the industry of any people, but specially dangerous to a people to whom long familiar want and wrong have made mendicancy easy. Let us give the Irish the privilege of maintaining themselves by their own labor, striving to secure to them access to the waste and uncultivated lands of their beautiful Island.

The following extract is from the Dublin *Nation*, one of the ablest and most influential papers published in Ireland:

We spit upon the English Charity.—Cordially, eagerly, thankfully, we agree with the *English Times* in this one respect—there ought to be no alms for Ireland. It is an impudent proposal, and ought to be rejected with scorn and contumely. We are sick of this eternal begging. If but one voice in Ireland should be raised against it, that voice shall be ours. Tomorrow, over broad England, Scotland, and Wales, the people who devour our substance from year to year, are to offer up their canting thanksgivings for our "abundant harvest," and to fling us certain crumbs and crusts of it for charity. Now, if any church-going Englishman will hearken to us; if we may be supposed, in any degree, to speak for our countrymen, we put up our petition thus: Keep your alms, ye canting robbers—button your pockets upon the Irish plunder that is in them—and let the begging box pass on. Neither as loans nor as alms will we take that which is our own.—We spit upon the benevolence that robs us of a pound and flings back a penny in charity. Contribute now if you will—these will be your thanks.

Educate for Happiness.—It is a curious phenomenon in human affairs, that some of those matters in which education is most potent, should have been almost the least thought of as branches of it. What you teach a boy of Latin and Greek may be good; but these things are with him but a little time of each day in his after life. What you teach him of direct moral precepts may be very good seed; it may grow up, especially if it have sufficient moisture from experience: but then again, a man is, happily, not doing obvious right or wrong all day long. What you teach him of any bread-getting art, may be of some use to him as to the quantity and quality of bread he will get; but he is not always with his art. With himself he is always. How important, then, it is, whether you have given him a happy or a morbid turn of mind; whether the current of his life is a clear wholesome stream, or bitter as Marah. The education to happiness is a possible thing—not to a happiness supposed to rest upon enjoyments of any kind, but to one built upon content and resignation. This is the best part of philosophy. This enters into the wisdom spoken of in the Scriptures. Now it can be taught. The converse is taught every day and all day long. —*Friends in Council.*

American Tract Society.—This noble institution is in the full tide of prosperity, so far as its efforts and energies are concerned. At a meeting of its Society's Committee on Friday, two Colporteurs were commissioned for New York city, one for the Ferries and Steamboats, and one for Virginia; two for Alabama; one for the German population of New Orleans; two for Texas, and two for Tennessee. They are members of six different Christian denominations. It appeared, at the meeting, that the Society is greatly in need of funds to carry forward its noble work and steadily increasing enterprises. Between 200 and 300 Colporteurs now depend upon it for their support; and the gratuitous publications issued to poor families amount to about $2,000 a month. The Colporteurs on board the Ferry Boats and Steamers is a new experiment, and is designed to meet, and so far as possible, counteract the pestilential publications which are constantly thrust into the face of the travelling public. It is to be hoped that the wants of this noble philanthropic institution will not be disregarded, but out of the abundance of the prevailing prosperity it may receive its merited share of aid.—*Cor. Jour. Com.*

Our Bessie.

[The death of a child is a trite subject; but the following lines will not fail to commend themselves to the hearts of all bereaved ones, as both beautiful and true. They are from the pen of W. H. Burleigh—a true poet.]

Our Bessie was as sweet a girl
As ever happy mother kissed,
And when our Father called her home,
How sadly was she missed.
For, grave or gay, or well or ill,
She had her thousand winning ways,
And mingled youthful innocence
With all her tasks and plays.

How softly beamed her happy smile,
Which played around the sweetest mouth
That ever fashioned infant words;
The sunshine of the south,
Mellowed and soft, was in her eye,
And brightened through her golden hair;
And all that lived and loved, I ween,
Did her affection share.

With reverent voice she breathed her prayer,
With gentlest tones she sung her hymn;
And when she talked of heaven, our eyes
With tears of joy were dim.
Yet in our selfish grief we wept,
When last her lips upon us smiled;
O! could we, when our Father called,
Detain the happy child?

Our home is poor, and cold our clime,
And misery mingles with our mirth;
'Twas meet our Bessie should depart
From such a weary earth.
O! she is safe—no cloud can dim
The brightness of her ransomed soul;
Nor trials vex nor tempter lure
Her spirit from its goal.

We wrapt her in her snow-white shroud,
And crossed, with sadly tender care,
Her little hands upon her breast,
And smoothed her sunny hair.
We kissed her cheek, and kissed her brow,
And if aright we read the smile
That lingered on the dear one's lips,
It told of heaven the while!

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

YOUNG AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE.—The fifth number (for November) of this two-monthly magazine, is the best issued. The first article, "The Romance of Rascality," is a discriminating dissection of the criminal-calender literature of the day, and is worth half the price of the number.—Scarcely less valuable is the article on "Head-Work and Hand-Work," which we commend to the consideration of the reader. Indeed, there is not an article in the number which is not worthy of a re-perusal. J. R. Lowell and D. H. Howard contribute each a poem, and here is one by the editor, Mr. Light:

GO AHEAD.

When your plans of life are clear.
Go ahead,
But no faster than your brains:
Haste is always in the rear;
If dame Prudence has the rein
Go ahead.

Do not ask too broad a test:
Go ahead;
Lagging never clears the sight;
When you do your duty best,
You will best know what is right.
Go ahead.

Never doubt a righteous cause:
Go ahead;
Throw yourself completely in:
Conscience shaping all your laws,
Manfully, through thick and thin,
Go ahead.

Do not ask who'll go with you;
Go ahead:
Numbers! spurn the coward's plea!
If there be but one or two,
Single handed though it be,
Go ahead!

Though before you mountains rise,
Go ahead:
Scale them? certainly you can:
Let them proudly don the skies:
What are mountains to a Man!
Go ahead.

Though fierce waters round you dash,
Go ahead;
Let no hardships baffle you:
Though the heavens roar and flash,
Still, undaunted, firm and true,
Go ahead.

Heed not Mammon's golden bell:
Go ahead;
Make no compromise with sin:
Tell the serpent he looks well,
But you cannot let him in,
Go ahead.

Better days are drawing nigh;
Go ahead:
Making duty all your pride,
You must prosper, live or die,
For all heaven's on your side,
Go ahead.

"THAT OLD ARM CHAIR.—Being at Chicago a few weeks since, at the time when the mechanics of that noble young city were holding their first annual Fair, we availed ourself of the opportunity, to examine some of their workmanship. The number of articles exhibited was not large, but they showed that the West was not destitute of skilful artizans; and the Fair, being the first of the kind in that part of the country, was very commendable. Among the articles, we noticed, as an oddity, a chair, neatly covered by Miss—somebody, and having attached to it a label signifying that it was more than two hundred years old. It looked like an ancient settler, or rather an aged stranger in a new country and a great way from home. It is in a robust condition, "well to do," not needing—*arms*. It must be "*that* old arm chair."

THE EDUCATOR is the name of a well-looking monthly periodical, published at Chicago, Ill., by J. L. ENOS, and devoted mainly to education. Such a work ought to be circulated extensively in the West.

THE NOM DE PLUME is all the rage since "Fanny Forester's" wonderful and partially puff-begotten popularity. Almost all our exchanges contain original poetry by some sweet Laura Linton, Mary Myrtle, Cara Clayton, Belle Beaufort, Grace Gooseberrybush, and so on to the end of the nomeclature of poetical names. It was flat enough in Miss Clarke to butterfly herself in "Grace Greenwood"; and when a legion of rhyming larva undertake to fly off to literary glory in this way, it is—why, it is sickening; and that is all we have to say about it.

DR. GRISWOLD'S WRITINGS.—Says the Literary World: We understand that Bartlett and Welford, of this city, have received an order from the Emperor of Russia for ten copies of Dr. Griswold's two octavos upon the Prose and Poetry of America, to be placed in the public libraries of St. Petersburg and Moscow.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—We clip the following scrap from the last number of the Lockport Democrat, It is found in a basket full of "Odds and Ends" by our Royalton correspondent, "J. H. B."

"Chilling is the impression of the first Autumn snow storm on the sensitive heart, which sympathizes with the flowers, into whose bosoms the snowy flakes fall so *light—yet so cold*. Yet, again and again are they warmed into dew drops of refreshing fragrance, and thus ever seems the mission of the flower, a ministry of love. It teaches the trusting heart that thus the trials of life become blessings, purifying and ennobling it;—and when chilled into seeming death, there is the promise of the resurrection morning folded in each sleeping bud, and a prophecy of spring-time hidden in the root, which clings to life, and waits the genial season.

Miss Pardoe in her *Louis the Fourteenth and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century*, a work which we have frequently noticed, speaks of a peculiarity in the picture-galleries of that country, which is that of introducing sable faces into the most elaborate portraits, and accounts for it in this way. The African king of Arda sent as a royal present to Louis, a tiger, a panther, and two lions; and to the queen, a golden pheasant, which possessed the wonderful faculty of laughing like a human being, and a Moorish dwarf above ten years of age, whose height was not over twenty-seven inches. Of this dwarf Miss Pardoe observes:

"The queen, delighted at the new plaything with which the African envoys had provided her, caused the dwarf to be richly habited in the costume of his country, and covered him with jewels; after which she employed him to bear her train as she passed from one apartment to another, and derived great amusement from the liveliness of her pigmy attendant, who frequently diverted himself by suddenly stopping, and thus impeding her own progress, in burying his head and face in the folds of the train to excite the mirth of the courtiers. All these antics, which differed so widely from the habitual monotony and ceremonial of her existence, were a source of continual delight to Maria Theresa, who retained the Moor constantly about her; and he was perpetually to be seen in her apartment, either gambolling upon the rich carpet, or perched upon the bureau, or seated on the sofa, or even upon the very lap of his royal mistress.

"Instantly it became the fashion among the great ladies of the court to have Moorish dwarfs to carry their trains: and from this caprice short as was its vogue, arises the fact that Mignard, Le Bourdon, and other high-cast painters of the time, have introduced negro boys into their pictures."

☞ The Mt. Savage Iron Works embracing the land and machinery of the company, together with all the personal property, and the railroad, were sold by the sheriff, a few days ago, under executions issued upon judgments, against the company.

These Works constituted one of the most extensive establishments of the kind in the United States. The original proprietors were, we believe, Englishmen, who owning a large tract of land in Cumberland county, Maryland, abounding in Coal and Iron, thought to turn their property to the best account by entering largely into the iron business. All their appointments were on a grand scale, their salaries were of the most liberal character, and for a while every thing went on swimmingly. But expenses soon began to eat up profits, the Company got into difficulties and the sale by the sheriff is the result. The Cumberland *Civilian* says:

The purchasers of the property are gentlemen of capital and wealth, and practically acquainted with, and some of them heretofore, and at present, largely engaged in, the manufacture of iron in its various branches.

The whole amount of the purchase exceeds $200,000. The purchasers were Messrs. Corning & Winslow of Albany, New York, and Mr. J. M. Forbes, of Boston, Mass. We feel authorised to congratulate the entire community upon the fortunate change thus made in the prospects of the works.

We understand that with the change of proprietorship of the Mount Savage Iron Works, there will also be a change of name. The company will hereafter be called the "Lulworth Iron Company," under an act of incorporation passed by the last legislature.

Rev. Mr. McCarty, one of the chaplains of our army, delivered a thanksgiving sermon in the Capital of Mexico on the 30th of October, in response to the general order of the Commander-in-Chief. He reminded his hearers that the responsibility of the war rested not with the country but with the constituted authorities of the country, and spoke of the uniform success which has attended our arms as a ground of especial thanksgiving.

He instances also as peculiar grounds of gratitude, the character of their commander, who has felt and avowed his responsibility to God,—the preservation of the army from sickness, the results of the battles, &c. &c., and concludes thus:

"Then let us conclude by praying God that as soon as we shall have finished our tour of duty in this land, and a just, and, as we may hope, a lasting peace shall have been made between our United States and those of Mexico, we may leave it and its influences so unfavorable to our piety and virtue; but leave it in good will towards its people, wishing them toleration, a purer form of religion, better and more stable Government."

Slavery in California.—The *Californian* of the 26th June, contains a strong article against the introduction of slavery into that territory. The editor says that the population are one hundred to one against it, and that the warmest advocates, after a residence of one year, become the strongest opponents to slave labor. He counsels the emigrants against bringing their slaves, and states that several who have done so have been glad to get clear of them on any terms. The strongest reason he urges against the introduction of blacks is the following:

In California we have an immense population of Indians, who were born on the soil, and have neither the disposition or the means of living anywhere else, and they are willing and capable of being good servants and laborers—they can work much *cheaper* than an American colored man, and can live at *one-fourth* of the expanse.

The editor is equally as strong an opponent of the free blacks, and he urges the necessity of laws preventing their emigration to the country. After stating a number of reasons against their settling in the territory, he says:

We have ten other good reasons, which we shall give hereafter, but we shall certainly use all the influence we may have to procure the passage of such laws as will effectually prevent them from settling among us, whenever there is a law-making power in California.

New Paving.—A new mode of paving has been substituted for the old mode. The stones are now placed two or thee inches asunder, and the intervals are choked with small gravel, thro' which asphalte is poured so as to render the whole impermeable to wet from above, and afrd a firm footing for horses.

Arrival of the Arcadia.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 4.

Best western canal flour 29a29s 6d; Richmond and Alexandria 28a29s; Philadelphia and Baltimore 28a29s; N. O. and Ohio 26a27; U. S. and Canadian, sour, 21a23s.

U. S. wheat—white and mixed 7s 6da8s per 70 lbs; red 6s 6da7s 6d. Indian corn 30a35s per qr. Indian meal 14a15s 6d per bbl. Oats 2s 4da2s 10d per 45 lbs. Barley per 60 lbs, 3sa4s.

The arrivals of the English were in London last week; were a fair average scale, but the show of samples was small yesterday. Selected qualities of both red and white were in good request, but in all other kinds business trifling.

Before the day of departure of last Steamer, and for two days subsequently, Liverpool market was unusually dull and declining, owing to the pressure of heavy home arrivals with a limited demand, but a slight improvement in the money market on the 26th, imparted a better feeling, which was greatly stimulated by the advices received per Hibernia. Since then, prices steadily advanced to our present quotations, at which they continue firm. The demand for Indian Corn and Meal, for Ireland, have been remarkably brisk.

Cotton market had still a downward tendency, and was dull, consequence favorable advice of crop and reduced consumption caused by additional shutting up mills, and short working fair upland 5 1-8; Orleans 5 1-2.—*Courier.*

The dismal state of trade and money in this country, described in our advices per Caledonia, continued to exist, with unmitigated severity up to the 26th ult. When the Government yielded at last to the popular cry for succor, authorized the Bank of England, to depart from the Bank act of 1844—and to make advances on good security on sums of not less than £2000—at interest after the rate per cent.

A striking reaction at once took place in the funds Public confidence appeared to have acquired a fresh impulse.

Produce became in better demand, and the entire fabric of trade indicated returning strength and vigor. The accommodation, however, was found to be miserably disproportioned to the necessities of the public, and the result has been, within the last few days, that trade has almost wholly relapsed into the same state of torpor and alarm.

FROM THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS, particularly, the advices are of a most unsatisfactory nature: Many mills have ceased to work, and numerous others were working on short time—merely open from motives of humanity to the workmen, and to preserve the appearance of occupation.

It is therefore perfectly clear that the present cannot be ameliorated, if the Bank does not extend its accommodations. Meanwhile it is impossible to form any adequate idea of the fearful ruin which must overwhelm every department of trade.

Day after day, instead of dispelling, has but deepened the shadow of approaching calamity, which, though perfectly foreseen, cannot be averted, save by the interposition of the Government and the Bank.

Fresh failures, to an enormous extent, have taken place within the last fortnight, some of them the oldest establishments in the land, and all affecting, in a greater or lesser degree, various houses who have still continued to maintain their credit.

The funds which for some days following, the departure of the Caledonia had fallen to a point of depression beyond the recollection of any living man, have considerably revived, though suffering excessive fluctuations.

Monday is reported as having been a comparatively quiet day; the funds rising considerably. On Tuesday the fluctuations were very rapid: Consols opened at an advance of ¼ per cent,—the quotations for money being 81⅞ to 82⅛, from which point they slowly rose to 82⅜.

Some speculative sales immediately took place, when prices declined considerably. Yesterday the feeling was easier in the money market, and less unsteadiness was preceptible. Consols for money were quoted at 81½ to 89½, and 81⅛ to 82⅝ for account. Bank stock is worth 185½. Foreign stocks are merely nominal. Mexican Bonds have fallen to 15¼ a 16¼.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.—The English Parliament will assemble on the 18th inst., for the depatch of business. The Pope's rescript has been received, condemning the proposed Roman Catholic Provincial Colleges for Ireland.—A feeling of universal sorrow and disappointment has been caused by it.

The Catholic Bishops of Ireland, have addressed the Lord Lieutenant, on the certain recurrence of the famine in the approaching winter.—He promises that Government will interfere for the preservation of human life.

SWITZERLAND.—The affairs of Switzerland are fast approaching a crisis. The belligerent forces are in view of each other and hostilities appear to be inevitable.

SPAIN.—A reconciliation has taken place between the Queen of Spain and her husband.—The late Minister of Finance, Senor Salamanca, is charged with a fraudulent issue of bonds to the extent of 160,000,000 reals.

ITALY.—The affairs of Italy are not yet satisfactorily adjusted. The emperor of Austria continues obstinate but does not seem disposed to take any aggressive steps.

The Hibernia arrived on the morning of the 28th after a run of 11½ days from Boston.

The Sarah Sands will not sail till January.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18th.

There is some reason to believe, according to what I hear to-day, that a treaty is about to be made, or has been made, with somebody in Mexico, which our commissioner, Mr. Trist, recognizes as a government, or rather, I should say that the administration cherish the belief, that they will receive a treaty of peace with Mexico, before or soon after the commencement of the session.

The treaty now talked of will probably embrace the States of New Leon, Coahuila, and a part of Chihuahua, in our limits, and the pecuniary compensation to Mexico will be increased.

Perhaps the administration, on this occasion, as well as heretofore, reckon without their host. But it is very likely that, Santa Anna having been deposed and denounced, the present provisional government might be induced again to negotiate, and perhaps to enter into a treaty.

Whether it will be in actual or mere paper peace, it remains to be seen.

In a letter written the next day the correspondabove quoted says:

In addition to what I yesterday stated, in regard to the prospects of a peace, I may now add

that, it is deemed probable that the government at Queretaro will send to the United States Commissioners to treat for peace.

The Commissioners will come to this city. with Mr. Trist, who has been recalled; but only remains for the purpose of executing some later orders, in relation to the proposed renewal of negotions.

I do not state the above as ascertained facts, but as the belief of some persons, who are likely to know what is going on.

The administration certainly expects a treaty, and very soon. Perhaps the treaty will be made here and its ratification required here, before it shall be sent to the Mexican Congress for ratification.

We give the above because the writer is a gentleman generally pretty well-informed, and not apt to give currency to rumors resting on mere gossip; but we shall put no faith in the reports of this character, until the fact that a treaty has been actually made is officially announced.

An Interesting Letter.

Notwithstanding, the mass of documents relating to the late battles in Mexico, recently published, we think our readers will be interrested in the perusal of the following graphic account of the battle of El Molino del Rey, one of the most brilliant of the many illustrious achievements of American arms. The letter below, written by Capt. H. W. Merrill of the 2d Dragoons, was addressed to his brother J. D. Merrill Esq., of Batavia, by whom it was furnished to the papers of that place, for publication. Few letters from the army have been written in better style:

TACUBAYA, MEXICO, }
Wednesday, 4 P. M., Sept. 8, 1847. }

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I have just returned from the battle-field, and as usual, am tired, hungry, etc; still, I will find time to drop you a line. The day has been a hard and bloody one, though another most glorious victory has crowned our arms. This morning, a few minutes after midnight, and after having had a short sleep, we were aroused from our slumbers to prepare for the events of the day. At 2 A. M. we were in our saddles and ready for the field. From this till 4 P. M. we were in waiting for the other columns to form, and when so formed all marched under cover of night and the stillness of the waking morn on to the battle field. Not a voice was heard nor a sound fell upon the ear as silently our little column marched on to the attack.—At five minutes to 5, and as the enemy's position was revealed to us by the first dawn of day, a heavy report from one of our batteries on the right told us that the action had commenced.—Casting my eyes in that direction I was struck with the grandeur and sublimity of the scene.—I shall long remember it. The occasion, the stillness, the calmness of the hour, the vivid flash, the thundering roar, the joyful echo, all gave it deep and additional interest. But *silently and slowly we continued our march*, still hearing no voice or sound from the unseen enemy. Soon this silence was broken, his batteries now opening upon our advancing columns His true position at once became known: only 300 yards separated us. To storm and carry his outworks was the first object, and accordingly the "*charge!*" sounded along our ranks. *Amid a thousand cheers which seemed not only to animate every heart with joy but to bespeak the glorious triumph of the day*, on dashed the storming column of 500 men, when, amid a shower of canister and grape and a torrent of musketry, they drove the enemy from their guns, captured all their pieces, and for a short time were masters of this position (the enemy's right.) But soon, from severe loss, they were near being overwhelmed by the successive hordes of the enemy pouring in upon this point, when the timely advance of our supporting columns, flanked by our cavalry and a battery of artillery, again turned the tide in our favor; from this position, also, while the infantry remained not only in possession of all they had acquired, but continued to drive, inch by inch, the enemy from his position among his works, the cavalry, assisted by two pieces of artillery, were actively engaged holding in check the large force of the enemy's cavalry with which our left was now threatened, and which seemed critically exposed to the charging column of at least 3000 lancers.

In this condition of affairs, and amid a deafening roll of musketry the action continued to rage, without cessation, for two hours and thirty-five minutes, when, at thirty minutes past seven, A. M., the enemy being driven from his houses and and from behind his breast-works, and exposed to our fire, commenced a retreat in the greatest confusion, to the neighboring corn-fields, mountains, woods, and to the city. *The battle was won! Three cheers now rent the air again; then three times three!* A portion of our troops gave pursuit, killing and wounding many. Their cavalry, seeing all lost, retired to the base of the mountain; and at 8, A. M., having no enemy to confront, we took possession of the battle-field and remained until 4, P. M., to give time to collect the dead and wounded. During this interval two of our heavy pieces and a few light troops were constantly engaged exchanging shots and ceremonies with the garrison of Chapultepec; the latter occasionally throwing a random shot among our ranks, which passed unheeded as the wind that whistled above our heads.

Thus has terminated the action of to-day—in future to be known as the battle of Molino del Rey. By the report enclosed you will perceive our regiment suffered largely, having lost in killed and wounded about 40 men and over 100 horses; and this from a command of about 270 men. My own horse was shot under me.

The battle has unquestionably been the hardest of the war. Our entire force in the field did not exceed 2500 men, of whom not over 2200 or 2300 were engaged. The enemy's force, with the strong reinforcements he received from the city during the night, amounted to from 12 to 15,000. But, to say the least, an army of 12,000 has been routed and driven from the field and from behind his entrenchments by less than 2500 men. On examining the ground one would almost pronounce it a miracle, and I am at loss to account for the truth except by believing, as I firmly do, that God has been with us from the beginning, and that we have the best troops in the world.

I cannot forbear noticing two touching incidents that fell under my observation:—Among the brave and good who have this day fallen was my friend Burwell, of the 5th Infantry. He fell early in the action from a wound in the leg. On the slight repulse of our troops he was inhumanly murdered by the enemy's lancers. His *faithful dog*, a beautiful pointer, had accompanied him there: he also was wounded During the action he became separated from his master. After it had subsided the noble form of Burwell, manly as in life, was discovered, and beside him and even licking his face and wounds was his poor

dog, who, regardless of his own pain, had sought his generous master in the hour of danger, and there, upon the same field, to die. This affectionate scene touched the hearts of many.

Again, after the fury of the battle was over, I saw a camp woman, of the infantry, who came upon the field to look for her husband. Almost frantic with despair she ran from one to another to enquire after him, but getting no information she immediately went to search for him among the slain. Passing from body to body she at length found him—dead. Kneeling over his corpse she endeavored to raise it, but finding life extinct she gave utterance to shrieks and lamentations truly touching to hear. Her all had fallen. She continued to remain on the field, (under fire of the enemy,) until his lifeless body was carried off, which she followed in the deepest grief.—Such is affectionate woman!

Rendering all thanks to the God of battles for his goodness to us, and praying for the welfare and happiness of relatives and friends at home, I remain, ever, Your affectionate Brother,

H. W. MERRILL.

Destruction of a Bridge on the Central Railroad, by Fire.—The extensive bridge over the Huron river, near the village of Scio, was on Tuesday afternoon, nearly destroyed by fire.—The fire was supposed to have been communicated by the falling coals dropping from some of the locomotives, that passed over it during the afternoon. The trains that left here in the morning, going west, all passed over it but the passengers on the train from the west, coming in, arrived there in time to witness the conflagration, and were detained about eight hours, arriving here yesterday morning, about 3 o'clock. The passengers were obliged to leave the train on the west side of the bridge—the locomotive and train on this side turning round and bringing them into this city.

The bridge was of the substantial lattice work, erected by the State, at an expense of $5000. It was about 300 feet in length, and, we understand, about 200 feet of it is entirely destroyed.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wabash and Erie Canal.—We are gratified in stating that navigation on the Wabash and Erie Canal has been opened as far south as Lodi—the mouth of Coal creek, on this great State work. The canal boat Planet reached Lodi from Toledo on the 27th ult, and marks another era in the history of the progress of this canal. This lower division of the Canal, from Covington to Coal creek, making fourteen miles, has been finished and brought into use since the Canal passed into the hands and under the charge of the Board of Trustees, and brings Canal navigation to a point only thirty-six miles north of this place, and from that point to Terre-Haute, the *whole line* is under contract and the work in progress. In this connection we may state, that a large number of additional laborers could find work on this line during the ensuing winter, at fair wages and prompt *cash* payment.

Jesse L. Williams, Esq., authorises us to state, for the information of Produce Shippers, that they may safely rely upon having four feet water throughout the Canal from Lodi to the lakes, on the opening of navigation next spring.

We learn from the Perrysville, Eagle, that the arrival of the Planet at Lodi, was made the occasion of general rejoicing along the lower part of the line. Citizens from Perrysville, Eugene, &c., were on board—a handsome dinner was prepared, which was partaken of by ladies and gentlemen, and the day passed away in genera festivity. We hope the same spirit will be kept up as every section of the Canal is brought into use, until one grand army may meet to celebrate the union of the waters of the lake with those of the Ohio.

The winter stocks of merchandise intended for this place, which have been bought in New York, are all arriving by the Canal route, which must considerably increase its tolls, and as every mile is finished, more business will be added to the Canal; and when shipments from this part of the country are made *both* ways, the State will then feel the immense value of this great western work, and producers will realize a profit from their toils, to which they are now strangers.—*Terre-Haute Express.*

New York, Nov. 18—7 P. M.

A letter from Buena Vista of Oct 10th, says that a portion of Capt. Taylor's command had arrived, having in charge seven or eight prisoners, captured at the Hacienda of Yerba Buena, near Laventura, where the Mexican trader was robbed, and his goods found in possession of the two alcades of the place. During the night of the capture of the prisoners, an attempt was made by them to escape, and four were shot down.—Capt. Taylor also seized about 100 heads of cattle, horses and mules. One of their prisoners, a proprietor or lessee of Yerba Buena, is said to have been most active in furthering the plan of the guerillas, giving them assistance and disposing of their plunder, or receiving it from them. The people of Monclova had assumed a very hostile attitude, and the news of the capture of the Mexican capital had rather increased than allayed their hostility. The chief officer of the place refused to surrender on the order of Gen. Wool, the mules and horses taken from Mexican deserters, and said he should only obey the orders of his Government.

In Parras, a band of some 500 strong, are said to be advancing on the latter place, from the direction of Zacatecas, Seven Penons, belonging to Don Manual Abuaro, were recently killed, while they were at work in the corn field.

Accounts from Campeachy to the 21st ult. state that as usual that country is in a state of anarchy, one faction with Barbachano at its head, is in possession of the capital, and another at Campeachy, headed by Mendez.

The Mexican Spy Company that brought the dispatches from Gen. Scott, number 100, and are under command of Col. Bomanguest. They left Puebla on the evening of the 14th ult. and were attacked during that day by Torrijon, with a large force—and shortly after by Col. Vames. Their loss in the two engagements was but 15 men, whilst they killed upwards of 16 of the 150 attacking force.

Gen. Scott is said to have at least 450 of those Mexican Spies under his command.

Paredes says that Santa Anna issued orders for his (Paredes) arrest, imprisonment or expulsion from the country, but that the officer entrusted with the order was too sensible to execute it.

How to Learn the Value of a Dollar.—Reader, says a democratic paper, if you would learn the value of a dollar, go and labor two days in a burning sun as a hod carrier. This is an excellent idea, and if many of our young gentlemen had to earn all their dollars in that way, how much less dissipation and folly and crime would we witness every day. So of our fashionable young ladies; if they, like some of the poor seamstresses of our large cities had to earn their dol-

jars by making shirts at ten cents a-piece, how much less foolish finery would we see about them, and how much more truthful notions would they have of their duties of life, and their obligations to the rest of the world.—*Port Washington Democrat.*

BEAUTIFUL FENCES.—The following is a beautiful mode of making fences, practised in some parts of Scotland. A fertile and well cultivated country abounding in such fences, must present a picturesque appearance:

"It is a natural living fence, and consists simply of growing and planting for the purpose trees or shoots of the same species or of the same genus, and causing them to unite by means of the process of grafting by approach or inarching. A fence formed on this principle possesses many advantages over fence-work ordinarily employed, never requiring to be repaired on account of living wood resisting the action of weather, &c."

THE LABORER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE.—Man does not deal with his *brother* as God deals with *him*. HE causes the sun to shine and his showers to descend with equal profusion upon all. But in adjusting the rewards of labor, WE adopt no such equitable rule. We pay largely for the labor of the head; and little for the labor of the hands. We graduate the scale of the prices, not according to the utility or the actual severity of the labor; but the demand and the supply.—Hence, that class of mankind, laborers, being the most numerous class, are the worst paid people in society. We cannot control the laws of nature. Yet, this we may do, pay as liberally as we can afford for labor—common labor—the labor of the poor.—*Anon.*

☞ Gerrit Smith Esq., says the Madison co. Whig, has directed a letter to the Supervisors and Justices of the several towns of that county, requesting them to select seven unmarried, poor landless women, [a part or all of them may be widows,] to each of whom he proposes to give fifty dollars for the purpose of aiding them to purchase a home for themselves.

Price Current--November 24, 1847.

Flour, bbl	$4 62½	Turkeys, lb	6@7
Pork, bbl	13 50@14 00	Chickens	6@7
Do slaugh. cwt	4 00	Geese, each	18
Beef, cwt	4@5 00	Clover seed, bu.	4 38@4 50
Butter, lb	13@17	Timothy	1 50
Lard	9½@10	Flax	1 12½
Cheese	6	Grass	—
Hams	9	Whitefish, bbl	6 50
Shoulders	7	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt	1 50	Potatoes, bush	50@62½
Wheat, bu	80@1 01	Salt, bbl	1 87½
Corn	47@48	Apples, bbl	1 50@2 00
Oats	31@32	Do dried, bu	62½
Slaughter hides, lb	4@4½	Onions	50
Dry do	8½@9½	Eggs, doz	15
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb	—
Sheep, slaughtered	1 12½	Soap	4@5
Lamb do	18½@25	Whiskey, gall	22
Dry	12½@30	Highwines	21
Hard wood, cord	3 00	Lead, hund	4 00
Hemlock	2 00	Beans, bu	87½
Bit. (O) coal, ton		Wool, lb	20@30
Blossburg		Hay	10 00

QUOTATION OF UNCURRENT FUNDS.

Canada, (Toronto and Hamilton	℘ ct. dis. 2	Baltimore	℘ ct. dis. 1
L. Canada and Kingston	2	Philadelphia	1
Ohio	¼ to 1	New Orleans	3
Indiana	¼ to 1	Missouri	2
Kentucky	¼ to 1	Virginia	2
Pennsylvania	¼ to 1	Mich. State Bank	¼
Relief notes	2	F. & M. Bk, Detroit	¾
Pittsburgh Scrip	20	Mich. Ins. Company	¼
Alleghany Scrip	20	Wis. F. & M. Ins. Co.	¼
		East. Exch.	℘ ct. prem. ¼

MARRIED.

In Croton, Tomp. Co., N. Y., Sept. 29th, by Rev. Wm. B. Downer, Doct. HIRAM NOE, of East Lansing, to Miss MARY ANN PECK, of the former place.

At the same place, Oct, 10th, by the same, MYRON GARDNER, of Skaneateles, to CATHARINE A. YOUNG of Moravia.

Also, Oct. 28th, by the same, RICHMOND DAVIS, to MINERVA C. HOWELL, both of Genoa.

On the 20th inst., by J. G. Dickie, Esq., Mr. BENJAMIN HIGGINS, and Miss MARY ANN MACKABOY, both of Troy.

DIED.

This morning, 23d inst., Col. N. VOSBURGH, in the 53th year of his age.

On the 22d inst., Mrs. LYDIA KENNEY, wife of Elijah Kenney, aged 56 years.

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At the residence of Prof. W. R. Coppock—Composer and Teacher of the Piano Forte, Organ, Singing and Composition.

An institute devoted exclusively to Musical Education is not yet common in this country; but in Europe the test of experience fully shows its great advantages over the too general superficial manner in which this important part of polite education is acquired. The advantages this institution offers to those desirous of completing their studies as Organists or practical players of the Piano Forte, together with a thorough system of imparting the same to others is fully established by the many precedents of the past 15 years. The pupils are constantly guarded in their practice, against all bad habits, and from the various stages of progress they may be in, are continually stimulated to effort and industry, by association with each other. The family too, are all players, and the theory is amusingly discussed, impressing its rules in a more pleasing manner, and more lasting upon the understanding, than by the mere dry study of an ordinary book. Music is composed and arranged from time to time, showing the various styles and harmonies analytically, and adapted for performance on several Pianos at the same time. This teaches a thorough knowledge of counting, and dividing passages into their given time. Vocal music is particularly attended to, and when the pupil has a moderate share of talent, we hesitate not to say, a correct and pleasing singer can be made. The Piano Fortes used are all new, and of the finest quality, and every endeavor will be given to render the true spirit with us profitable. The building is commodious, and has a fine garden attached, with Green houses, Bathing rooms, &c., and is pleasantly situatuated in Seventh street, between Niagara Street, and the Falls rail road, and about midway to Prospect hill.

Terms made known upon application at the Institute, or by mail, post paid, directed Prof. Coppock, Buffalo.

Prof. Coppock, keeps constantly a choice selection of Piano Fortes for sale.

Buffalo, August 3, 1847.

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Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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WESTERN
LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1847. NUMBER XVIII.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Translation from Horace.

EPODE 13.

Thick darkling clouds involve the heavens in gloom,
And as the tempest fierce impends
In rain and snow the god descends,
And now the forests quake, and now the billows boom.

Seize we, my friends, while seize we may, the time;—
And while we flourish strong of limb
Repel old age with visage grim,
Nor let his wrinkled brow o'ertake us in our prime.

Take of the vintage of my natal year,
And as the luscious wine we sip,—
Old as Torquatus' consulship,—
Speak not a word of grief, or aught to mar our cheer.

Our ills some god, perchance, will yet repair;—
Now Achaemenian nard require,
And joyful with Cytlenean lyre
Drive from our burdened breasts grief and vexatious care.

His noble charge old Chiron counseled thus:—
"Goddess-born, great Thetis' son!
Thou invulnerable one!
Where cool Scamander flows, land of Assaracus.

That land awaits thee, from whose fatal shore
The azure goddess of the foam
Shall not prevail to bring thee home,—
The out-run web of fate grant thy return no more!

There every evil that that thy life may know,
There every gnawing sorrow's rage
With generous wine and song assuage;
Those consolations sweet in grief and hideous woe."

E. L. BROWN.

SCHOOLCRAFT, Mich. Nov. 10, 1847.

The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK, THE CLOCKMAKER."

A LONG NIGHT AND A LONG STORY.

On the evening after our arrival, the storm still raged with unabated fury, and the prospect of its continuance for another day quite exhausted the patience of Mister Richardson. He stretched out both his legs and arms, and expanded his jaws to their fullest extent, and proclaimed the day to have been the most tiresome he ever spent in his life.

"I never saw one that was too long to home," he said, "for I can always find enough to do.—Fine days, rainy days, and stormy days, are all alike to me. Out-doors, or in-doors a body need not be idle; but away from home, with your head like horned cattle, fastened in the stanchels, a-chewing of the cud, or sitting before the fire, a-working as hard as you can, turning one thumb over the other, is dull music. It makes a slow day of it, and this has been about the longest I ever passed; though, after all, it ain't to be named with an endless night I once spent. It was longer than you, Broadcloth, who are only five feet nothin', and sometimes beyond me, who am six feet and a considerable piece to spare; and, before we part, I will tell you how and when it was.

In the fall of 1820, I think it was, when I lived to the head of Bear River, I took a notion into my head one day to go out a moose-calling; so I trapped on my powder-horn and shot-bag, and put some balls into my pocket, and took a trifle to eat with me, and set off alone into the woods. Well, first I visited one moose-ground, and then another, and I never see them so scarce in all my life; and, at last, by the end of the third day, I got off ever so far from home away to the southward, and my provisions got out, and I couldn't see bird nor beast, nor any thing to feed on, and I was almost starved, that's fact. Says I to myself, says I, "Shall I go back while I'm able, or shall I hold on and trust luck?" and seein' that I never failed yet, I thought I wouldn't give in, but persevere; so I drew my belt tighter round my stomach, which was pretty empty, I do assure you, and pushed on to a place where I thought I couldn't fail to find a moose; and all I had to feed upon after the second morning was the inside bark and juice and scrapings of wild poplars. In the spring, a body might live on it for a week, I do suppose; but in the fall, it's kind of dry and stringy, and hard fare, you may depend. At last night came, and I began to call the moose again.

"This is the way, stranger," he said, addressing me, "you fold up a piece of birch bark like a short speaking-trumpet, as I fold this paper, and then go like the voice of the cow-moose—this fashion;" and he uttered some extraordinary lowings, which Miss Lucy pronounced very horrid and disagreeable, but which Barclay and others eulogised as capital imitations; "and then," he said, "if there is a herd in the neighborhood, one or more of leaders are sure to answer it, and come to the spot where the sound rises. Well, I had been at this spot so long, and been out of food such a length of time, I was quite weak and hardly able to call; but, howsomever, call I did; and byme-by, I heard a great whapping feller come thrashing and crashing, and rearing and tearing along through the trees, as easy as if he was moving through the tall grass, and I was getting ready to have a shot at him, as soon as he stood still to blow, and snort, and listen again, or as he passed on, when the first thing I knew was he went right slap over me, and trod me under foot, knocking the wind out of me, and nearly breaking every rib in my body.

Thinks I to myself, what under the sun shall I do now? I am e'n most starved to death: every created thing seems to keep out of my way but one, and that one wants to teach me to keep out of his; and if I ain't starved, I ain't quite sure I ain't bruised to death. Just then I heard an owl hoot, and although they ain't very good to eat at no time, they are better than nothin' to a starving man. So I lay down on my back, and began to inveigle him; for I have been so much in the woods, I can imitate every sound that's in 'em—when looking up, what should I see but a pair of bright eyes in the tree above me, and I let slip, and down came a porcupine. What a godsend that was! didn't he get out of his jacket and trousers in double quick time! There never was a gentleman got a good warm fire made up for himself at such short notice, I know; and didn't

raw fat meat taste, for the first time, better than that that's well done! Arter that, I lay down and took a nap, and gin up the moose hunt, and mended next day to start for a cross road that I expected to reach by night, where I knew a settler, one Increase Card, lived, and where I could put up and refresh a bit. Well, when morning came, I sot off, and is always the case in this world, when you don't care a morsel about things, you can have lots of them: and when you do, you can't get them for love or money. So, the next day, I shot partridges for my breakfast, and partridges for my dinner, and other fellers run, as sodger officers do desarters, without looking arhem; and, when I least expected I came all of a sudden on a moose, and shot him just as I reached the road.

About seven o'clock, not very long after sundown, I came to the house of Increase Card, legweary, foot-sore, and near about beat out.

"Crease," said I, "my boy, how are you? I never was so glad to see any body afore in all my life, for I'm all but used up. Have you got a drop of rum in the house?"

"Yes," says he, "I have," and pulling out a large stone bottle from his closet,—

"Here's a little,' said he; "wait till I get you some water."

"I guess I won't spoil two good things," said I, and I poured out half a tumbler of the naked truth, and drank it off like wink. "Now," says , 'one good turn deserves another. Ill take a glass of water, if you choose, for I always like to see the quality go first." Well, we sot by the fire and talked over farming and crops, and politics and old times, and what not, and cooked some moose steaks, and eat and cooked, and cooked and eat, as fast as contract-work, and then went to bed. But afore I left the room, Increase said,

"Steve," sais he, "Miss Card, my wife, and the little ones, are gone to Capersues to see her father, old Captain Salmon. I am going after them afore day to-morrow, to fetch them back in the wagon. Do you just help yourself in the morning to whatever you want, and rake up the fire carefully, and put the housekey under the step of the door."

"Why, Crease," said I, "was your wife a Salmon? I never knowed that afore."

"Yes," sais he, "one of the Salmons, of Tusket, old Captain Noah's daughter."

"You showed your sense," sais I; "they are the best fish going; and I see you know how to manage her, too. You have given her the line, let her run off the whole length of it, and now are a-reeling of her up, and a-going to slip a landing-net under her, bag her, and fetch her home. It's the only way with women and fish. If you snug 'em too short, they spring and flounce like the devil—tangle the line, or break it, and race right off. You warn't born yesterday, I see. How many young salmon-trout have you?"

"Two," says he.

"Ah!" said I, "your name is capital bait to a coasting hook."

"How?" sais he.

"Why, Increase," sais I; "it's a grand name that."

"What a droll fellow you be! said he, laughing; "you ain't a bit altered, for you always was a funny man ever since I knowed you;" and then, taking up a quart-bottle with a candle stuck in it—

"Follow me," he said, "and I'll show you where to sleep."

"Stop," says I, "Crease don't be in such a pucker of a hurry; have out that stone jug again, that's a good fellow, will you? that I may drink Miss Kitty, your wife's health, afore I go."

"Sartainly," said he, "and I axe your pardon for not offerin' it again to you; but, the fact is, I railly forgot; for, to tell you the truth, I never take any myself."

"Neither do I," sais I, "in a general way, when I am to home, for it's a bad habit and a bad example to the boys, unless I am shocking dry, as I am just now, but, somehow or another I consait me wife uses too much salt both in curing her hams and corning her beef; and I often tell her so, though she won't hear to it, for I am always awful dry after dinner. Well, I poured out a rail good nip, and then, holding it up, 'Crease Card,' sais I, "here's Miss Kitty, you wife's health, and the same to you, and wishing you may have a strong hand of cards, all trumps and all boners. Now, make haste, and I'll follow in your trail; for I feel as a bull mouse a'most."

Well, he took me into a room that had a carpenter's work-bench in it, and tools, and shavings, and boards; and what not; and then passed into a place that had been a porch, and then into a nice, snug tidy bedroom; and putting down his ready-made candlestick on a table, he bid me good night, and then went off to his own roost. Well, I takes two chairs, and puts them to the bottom of the stretcher, and haults out the bed two foot or more—for no bedstead in a general way is long enough for me, and it ain't plessant to have your legs a-dangling out of bed—and then I turned in, took a good stretch out, and was asleep in no time. Well, being in no hurry, and not intending to get up early, I took a good long sleep, and when I woke up, I shoved out, first one leg, and then the other, to prove all was right in those distant parts; and then I drew a long breath to try if the ribs were in the right place to home, after the trampling and kicking of that are confounded moose; and then I rubbed my eyes, and found that it was still dark, so I turned round again, and took another famous nap. "Now," says I to myself, "its time to be a-stirring;" and so I sot up in bed, and looked and looked, and all was as dark as ink.

"Steve," says I, you are getting old you may depend. Once on a time you used to do up your sleep into one long parcel, but now you are so tired you don't rest sound, and have to content yourself with a piece at a time;—it ain't day yet, try again." Well, I tossed and turned, and rolled about ever so long, and at last I sneezed away again, and when that was over, I up and out of bed, and felt for the window, and looked out, and it was as dark as Egypt; and then I put a hand to each cheek agin the glass, and nearly flattened my nose agin the pain, and stared and stared, but there warn't a star or the least streak of light to be seen; so back I went to bed agin, but I couldn't sleep—no how I could work it; I had had enough or else too tired; but I don't like to give in till I can't help myself; so I began to count one, two, three, four, up to a hundred, and then back agin, one, two, three, four, and so on—but it was no go. Then I fancied I was driving a flock of sheep over a notch in the fence, one by one; and when two got over the fence at once, I'd drive one of them back, and begin agin; but it didn't confuse me to sleep; and then I tried a rhyme:

"I wish I had a load of poles
To fence my garden round,
The pigs they do break in and root,
And all my sarce confound."

And then I chased a little black boar round and round the garden walks, till I grew dizzy, and slipt off into a good solid nap. Well, when this was over, I looked up, and still all was as dark as ever, and I got more tired of the bed than of the three days' moose-hunt; so, thinks I, I'll get up

and go to the keeping room, and light my pipe, and wait for daybreak;—but this is a most mortal long night, that's certain; or, perhaps, I've got cold, and, can't see out of my eyes. Well, that idea did startle me, you may depend; so I went to the window agin, and looked through as hard as I could, till I strained my peepers out a most, but no daybreak was there. "Perhaps it's a heavy land-fog," says I; so I lifted the sash, and just as I was a popping my head out, I got a crack over the pate that actilly made the fire fly from my eyes. "Hallo!" says I, "what in natur is all this?—let me think about it. Where am I?—Am I in Increase Card's house?—what ails me, that I can't sleep?—or am I buried alive by an earthquake?—or has the sun forgot to get up this morning?—or what in the world is to pay now—I'll try the door. Well, I opened the door, and felt along out to the porch, along the wall to the house door, when the light fell on me all of a sudden so dazzling bright, it nearly blinded me, and made me wink like an owl. It was two o'clock in the day, at the least, and the sun shining away as clear and has hot as iron melted to a white heat. The fact is, Increase had built an addition to his house, and had lathed and plastered outside of the windows, and hadn't yet cut out fresh places in the end of the room for them, and it was agin this new wall that I knocked my head. Well, I didn't know whether to be mad or to laugh; but I didn't see I had any one to be mad with but myself, and as I never laugh except at other folks, I didn't do neither one nor the other, but struck a light, went into the dark room, dressed myself, returned, and made a most royal dinner and breakfast all in one, shouldered a haunch of venison, and started for the settlements. That was a most—a particular long night, and was more than a match after all for this tremendous long day."

Whitefield.

The son of a Gloucester inn-keeper, and sent to Pembroke College, his mind became so burdened with the great realities, that he had little heart for study. God and eternity, holiness and sin, were thoughts which haunted every moment, and compelled him to live for the salvation of his soul; but, except his tutor Wesley and a few gownsmen, he met with none who shared his earnestness. And though earnest, they were all in error. Among the influential minds of the University there was no one to lead them into the knowledge of the gospel, and they had no religious guides except the genius of the place and books of their own choosing. The genius of the place was an ascetic quietism. Its libraries full of clasped schoolmen and tall fathers, its cloisters so solemn that a hearty laugh or hurried step seemed sinful, and its halls lit with medieval sunshine, perpetually invited their inmates to meditation and silent recollection; whilst the early tinkle of the chapel bell and the frosty routine of winter matins, the rubric and the founder's rules, proclaimed the religious benefits of bodily exercise. The Romish postern had not then been re-opened; but with no devotional models save the marble Bernards and de Wykhams, and no spiritual illumination except what came in by the north windows of the past, it is not surprising that ardent and reverential spirits should in such a place have unwittingly groped into a Romish pietism. With an awakened conscience and a resolute will, young Whitefield went through the sanatory specifics of A Kempis, Castanza, and William Law, and in his anxiety to exceed all that is required by the rubric, he would fast during Lent on black bread and sugarless tea, and stand in the cold till his nose was red and his fingers blue, whilst, in the hope of temptation and wild beasts, he would wander through Christ Church meadows after dark. It was whilst pursuing this course of self-righteous fanaticism that he was seized with alarming illness. It sent him to his Bible, and whilst praying and yearning over his Greek Testament, the "open secret" flashed upon his view. The discovery of a completed and gratuitous salvation filled with ecstasy a spirit prepared to appreciate it, and, from their great deep breaking, his affections thenceforward flowed, impetuous and uninterrupted, in the one channel of love to the Saviour. The Bishop of Gloucester ordained him, and on the day of his ordination he wrote to a friend, "Whether I myself shall ever have the honor of styling myself a 'prisoner of the Lord' I know not; but indeed, my dear friend, I can call heaven and earth to witness that when the bishop laid his hand upon me, I gave myself up to be a martyr for Him who hung upon the cross for me. Known unto Him are all future events and contingencies. I have thrown myself blindfold, and, I trust, without reserve, into his Almighty hands; only I would have you observe, that till you hear of my dying for or in my work, you will not be apprized of all the perferment that is expected by George Whitefield." In this rapture of self-devotion he traversed England, Scotland, and Ireland, for four-and-thirty years, and crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, proclaiming the love of God and His great gift to man. A bright and exulting view of the atonement's sufficiency was his theology; delight in God and rejoicing in Christ Jesus were his piety; and a compassionate solicitude for the souls of men, often rising to a fearful agony, was his ruling passion; and strong in the oneness of his aim and the intensity of his feelings, he soon burst the regular bounds, and began to preach on commons and village greens, and even to the rabble at London fairs. He was the prince of English preachers. Many have surpassed him as sermon-makers, but none have approached him as a pulpit orator. Many have outshone him in the clearnes of their logic, the grandeur of their conceptions, and the sparkling beauty of single sentences; but in the power of darting the gospel direct into the conscience he eclipsed them all. With a full and beaming countenance, and the frank and easy port which the English people love—for it is the symbol of honest purpose and friendly assurance—he combined a voice of rich compass, which could equally thrill over Moorfields in musical thunder, or whisper its terrible secret in every private ear; and to this gainly aspect and tuneful voice he added a most expressive and eloquent action. Improved by conscientious practice, and instinct with his earnest nature, this elocution was the acted sermon, and by its pantomimic portrait enabled the eye to anticipate each rapid utterance, and helped the memory to treasure up the palpable ideas. None ever used so boldly, nor with more success, the highest styles of impersonation. His "Hark! hark!" could conjure up Gethsemane with its faltering moon, and awake again the cry of horror-stricken Innocence; and an apostrophe to Peter on the holy mount, would light on another Tabor, and drown it in glory from the opening heaven. His thoughts were possessions, and his feelings were transformations; and if he spake because he felt, his hearers understood because they saw. They were not only enthusiastic amateurs, like Garrick, who ran to weep and tremble at his bursts of passion, but even the colder critics of the Walpole school were surprised into momentary sympathy and reluctant wonder. Lord Chesterfield was listening in La

dy Huntingdon's pew when Whitefield was comparing the benighted sinner to a blind beggar on a dangerous road. His little dog gets away from him when skirting the edge of a precipice, and he is left to explore the path with his iron-shod staff. On the very verge of the cliff this blind guide slips through his fingers, and skims away down the abyss. All unconscious, its owner stoops down to regain it, and stumbling forward —"Good God! he is gone!" shouted Chesterfield, who had been watching with breathless alarm the blind man's movements, and who jumped from his seat to save the catastrophe But the glory of Whitefield's preaching was its heart-kindled and heart-melting gospel. But for this all his bold strokes and brilliant surprises might have been no better than the rhetorical triumphs of Kirwan and other pulpit dramatists. He was an orator, but he only sought to be an evangelist. Like a volcano where gold and gems may be darted forth as well as common things, but where gold and molten granite flow all alike in fiery fusion, bright thoughts and splendid images might be projected from his flaming pulpit, but all were merged in the stream which bore along the gospel and himself in blended fervor. Indeed, so simple was his nature, that glory to God and good will to man having filled it, there was room for little more. Having no church to found, no family to enrich, and no memory to immortalize, he was the mere embassador of God; and inspired with its genial piteous spirit—so full of heaven reconciled and humanity restored—he soon himself became a living gospel. Radiant with its benignity, and trembling with its tenderness, by a sort of spiritual induction a vast audience would speedily be brought into a frame of mind—the transfusion of his own; and the white furrows on their sooty faces told that Kingswood colliers were weeping, or the quivering of an ostrich plume bespoke its elegant wearer's deep emotion. And coming to his work direct from communion with his Master, and in all the strength of accepted prayer, there was an elevation in his mien which often paralyzed hostility, and a self-possession which only made him, amid uproar and fury, the more sublime With an electric bolt he would bring the jester in his fool's cap from his perch on the tree, or galvanize the brick-bat from the skulking miscreant's grasp, or sweep down in crouching submission and shamefaced silence the whole of Bartholomew Fair, whilst a revealing flash of sententious doctrine or vivified Scripture, would disclose to awe-struck hundreds the forgotten verities of another world or the unsuspected arcana of their inner man. "I came to break your head, but, through you, God has broken my heart," was a sort of confession with which he was familiar; and to see the deaf old gentlewoman, who used to mutter imprecations at him as he passed along the street, clambering up the pulpit-stairs to catch his angelic words, was a sort of spectacle which the triumphant gospel often witnessed in his day. And when it is known that his voice could be heard by 20,000, and that ranging all the empire, as well as America, he would often preach thrice on a working-day, and that he has received in one week as many as a thousand letters, from persons awakened by his sermons; if no estimate can be formed of the results of his ministry: some idea may be suggested of its vast extent and singular effectiveness.—*North British Review.*

THREE WISHES.—Three joyous fellows were sitting at the table at the inn of the Lamb, at Kehl, eating and drinking: and, while draining a last bottle, they began indulging in wishes. It was determined that each should express a wish. He who should give utterance to the best would be held free of his share of the expense. The first, opening the debate, "I desire, then," said he, "that all the ditches of the fortifications of Strasbourg and Kehl be filled with fine needles, and that each of these needles be placed in the hands of a tailor; and that each of these tailors be occupied from morning till night during a whole year in making great bags, each of a size to contain a hectolitre, and if at the end of that time all these bags were filled with doubloons belonging to me, I should consider myself satisfied." The second said in his turn: "I, for my part, would desire that the cathedral of Strasbourg be wholly filled up to the topmost part of the steeple, without the slightest spare space, with bank notes payable to me, written on the finest paper, and that each of these bank notes be equal in amount to the contents of all the bags, and that the whole be mine." "And I," said the third, "I wish that you may obtain the accomplishment of your wishes; that the very next night the executioner may seek you out to hang you, and that I may be your legatee." The third was the man who left the inn without paying.

Barrow-Beggars.

Many of our readers may not be aware that, some forty years ago, it was common, and still may be in some districts of Scotland, for mendicant cripples to be carried about the country in a hand-barrow. It was incumbent on the individuals at whose door the cripple was set down, to bestow the customary alms of a handful of oatmeal, or whatever largesse their bounty might prompt, and forward him or her, as the case might be, on to the next farmhouse—sometimes a few yards' distance, sometimes a mile—or, if not so forwarded, the beggar behoved to be lodged and fed by the person at whose door he was placed. In villages or small towns such conveyance was easily accomplished; but in thinly-populated country districts it was not unfrequently a matter of much trouble and inconvenience, where the great distance between the dwellings rendered it a positive burden.

Occasionally, the house at whose door such lamiter was laid was tenanted only by females, sometimes by a solitary aged woman, or by an aged and decrepit woman and her equally aged and decrepit husband. In such cases the only alternative was to hire assistance, if it could be found; or if the party was too poor to pay, the individuals who brought them, would resume their burden, and tramp on to the next dwelling; and as these *barrow-beggars* were generally peremptory and irascible in their manners, to get rid of them was usually accounted a boon. Thus these lordy sorners performed a sort of almsgatering ovation through the length and breadth of the land. When I was a boy of ten years of age or thereabout, one of these pests was set down at the farmhouse where I was the herd. She—for it was one of the tender sex—was a large, sallow, broad shouldered Amazon, with a world of well-filled *meal-pokes* hanging round her burly person, over which depended a piece of greasy blanket, by way of mantle, and which was secured at the throat by a large brass bodle-pin.—She was dignified too, and evinced the bearing of a Somiramis—surly, imperious, and commanding as any beggar on horseback could be; and as the master and all the men and womenfolk were half a mile off, busy on the hairst rig, the goodwife—who, with myself and a half-witted son of the farmer, a lad of sixteen years of age, where the only inmates of the *town*—was sadly perplexed as to the disposal of the vagrant.

She had received a liberal *aumus* of two *goupens* of meal, bread and cheese, and a drink of milk, for which she evinced not a particle of gratitude, but sat on her well-stuffed cushion (I remember wondering if it could be meal) in sulky and offended dignity, till she should be conveyed to the next farm-steading, nearly a mile distant. After waiting nearly an hour, during which period this locomotive volcano manifested various symptoms of an eruption, by breaking out at frequent intervals in wrathful mutterings, at length a welcome relief appeared in the person of Randy Rob, a weaver lad from a neighboring village, who at this juncture came up the croft whistling 'Maggie Lauder.' Rob had been fishing in the Earn, which ran immediately in front of the house; and to him the goodwife applied, with the promise of a liberal hire, to carry the lame woman to Caulside, the next farm town. Rob readily undertook the job, provided Tam (the daft son) would carry one end of the barrow. Tam was delighted at the proposition; and after the two had whispered together for a moment, they were to be seen, with their portly burden, moving solemnly down the path that led by the side of the river, Rob in front, Tam behind. At first their pace was grave, then lively, then brisk, then zig-zag; anon, as if a new fancy inspired them, they danced and sung as they went, making the mendicant perform the most wonderful feats with her body and arms to preserve her equilibrium. At last, as if impelled by a new whim, they took to running; and as their path was close on the margin of the stream, and the jolting immense, the beggar woman was sadly put to her trumps to keep herself steady. The race was a short one; for as soon as Rob perceived that the footpath led them close to the river, where it was free of brushwood, he shouted, 'Noo, Tam!' and in an instant the beggar, bags, barrow, and all, were soused in the Earn.

In another instant she stood up to her middle in the stream, from which she was not long in extricating herself. To disencumber herself from the saturated meal-pokes, and rush after her now affrighted tormentors, was but the work of a moment; and the speed with which she gained on them was astonishing. The goodwife and myself had at the outset mounted the loupin'-on-stane to see the fun; and the worthy woman, with uplifted hands, uttered an ejaculatory 'Losh guide us!' as she beheld the beggar woman—she that had been born a cripple—overtake Randy Rob, and lend him a 'lunt i' the lug,' as she phrased it, 'that laid him on the craft as dead's a herring.' With Tam she was less successful, for Tam was lathy and light of foot, and mortal terror had lent wings to his heels. But the lame woman, after swearing like a trooper, and threatening 'to gi'e the hale toun a het waukening for't some misty morning,' took herself off, and was never again seen in that part of the country.

As for Randy Rob, he always maintained that 'be kent she could gang, but never jalonsed the jaud was sae souple o' fit, or he wad ha' ta'en sooner to his heels.' As it was, he said 'hig lugs rang wi' that uncanny thud for sax weeks after.'
—*Chamber's Edinburg Journalh*,

A secret is like silence; you cannot talk about it and keep it. It is like money; when once you know there is any concealed, it is half discovered. "My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?" "Is it betraying you call it? Sure, if I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"

From the National Era.

The Drovers.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

A freer, manlier life than ours,
No son of toil is living—
Through heat and cold, and sun and showers
Still onward cheerly driving.
But, see, the day is closing cool,
The woods are dim before us,
The white fog of the wayside pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
Our foot-sore beasts are weary,
And through yon elms the tavern sign
Invites us all to tarry.
The landlord beckons from his door,
His beechen fire is glowing;
These ample barns with feed in store
Are filled to overflowing.

From many a valley frowned across
By brows of rugged mountains;
From hill-sides where through spongy moss
Gush out the river fountains:
From quiet farm-fields, green and low,
And bright with blooming clover;
From vales of corn the wandering crow
No richer hovers over!

Day after day our way has been
O'er many a hill and hollow;
By lake and stream, by wood and glen,
Our stately drove we follow.
Through dust-clouds rising thick and dun,
As smoke of battle o'er us,
Their white horns glisten in the sun,
Like plumes and crests before us.

We see them slowly climb the hill,
As slow behind it sinking;
Or, thronging close, from roadside rill
Or sunny lakelet drinking.
Now, crowding in the narrow road,
In thick and struggling masses,
They glare upon the teamster's load
Or rattling coach which passes.

Anon, with tore of horn and tail,
And paw of hoof and bellow,
They leap some farmer's broken pale,
O'er meadow-close or fallow.
Forth comes the startled good man; forth
Wife, children, house-dog, sally,
Till once more on their dusty path
The baffled truants rally.

We drive no starvlings, scraggy grown,
Loose-legged, and ribb'd and bony,
Like those who grind their noses down
On pastures bare and stony—
Lean oxen, rough as Indian dogs,
And cows with dust-dry udders,
Disputing feebly with the frogs
The crop of saw-grass meadows!

In our good drove, so sleek and fair,
No bones of leanness rattle:
No tottering, hide-bound ghosts are there,
Of Pharaoh's evil cattle.
Each stately beeve bespeaks the hand
That fed him unrepining;
The fatness of a goodly land
In each dun hide is shining.

We've sought them where in warmest nooks
The sweetest feed is growing,
And priced them by the clearest brooks
Through honeysuckle flowing;

Wherever hillsides, sloping south,
Are bright with early grasses,
Or, tracking green the lowland's drouth,
The mountain streamlet passes.

But, now the day is closing cool,
The woods are dim before us,
The whitefog of the wayside pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us,
The cricket to the frog's bassoon
His shrillest time is keeping,
The sickle of yon setting moon
The meadow mist is reaping.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
Our foot-sore beasts are weary,
And through yon elms the tavern sign
Invites us all to tarry.
To-morrow, eastward, with our charge
We'll go to meet the dawning,
Ere yet the pines of Kearsarge
Have seen the sun of morning.

When snow-flakes o'er the frozen earth
Instead of birds are flitting;
When children throng the glowing hearth,
And quiet wives are knitting,
While in the fire-light strong and clear
oung eyes of pleasure glisten,
To tales of all we see and hear
The ears of home shall listen.

From many a Northern lake and hill,
To Ocean's far-off water,
Shall Fancy play the Drover still,
And make the long night shorter.
Then let us still through sun and showers
And heat and cold be driving;
A freer, manlier life than ours,
No son of toil is living!

Gold in Russia.

The following article in relation to the gold mines of Russia we extract from one of our exchange papers. It contains matter of general interest. The increasing demands of Commerce require a larger specie currency than we at present command, and all information promising a greater supply must be therefore peculiarly interesting.

We have been informed by a competent geologist that the formation of the hills of Lake Superior are of the same character with the Ural mountains in Russia. It may be that more diligent and earnest search in the little-known regions bordering upon our Great Lake will develope wealth as yet unsuspected:

The sum of thirty millions of rubles, (twenty-four millions of dollars) in precious metals, which the Emperor of Russia has this year placed at the disposition of Western Europe, has caused not a little surprise. The finances of the empire were not supposed to be in a condition to make such an advance convenient. Russia was reputed the poorest of the five Great Powers, and yet it is she who comes to the assistance of the commerce of the richest States. This unexpected incident may be attributed to several causes, but more than all to the development which has been recently given to the efforts for procuring gold in the Eastern provinces of the empire.

The working of the gold mines in Russia, hough it dates back only a few years, has acquired great importance. It has become an event which may have great influence, and which has already changed the relations of the two precious metals in the world to a degree as to cause a perturbation in their comparative value to be anticipated. We borrow, on this subject, some facts from a recent work of Michael Chevalier, on the gold and silver mines of the two hemispheres.—The gold mines are situated in the chain of the Ural mountains, and more to the East, in the heart of Siberia. These are immense alluvions stretched out at the foot of the Ural mountains, or in the valley of the more elevated chain of the Altai mountains. Gold is there in its native state, disseminated as usual in very small quantities in the midst of sand and gravel. The zone in which the auriferous deposits are distributed has a mean width of about nine hundred kilometres, (rather more than half a mile) and a length of several thousand kilometres. The presence of gold on so great an extent of soil is one of the most general of the mineralogical phenomena which can be pointed out on the face of the globe. It may be compared to the permanency of silver in the metalic veins, which in America cross the chain of the Andes, the length of which is 14,000 kilometres. Those mines which were worked by the ancients, and whence antiquity, according to the Father of History, drew the greater part of the gold in use, had been entirely lost sight of; and the recital Herodotus passed for a fable, when, toward the close of the last century, and the beginning of the present, chance discovered in the Ural chain that certain portions of the bed of sand and gravel, the soil of which is uniform in these vast regions, contained a little gold-dust. The working was not regularly carried on until 1823. Till then all the gold furnished by boreal Russia was reduced to six hundred and fifty kilograms weight. which was separated as an accessory production, from the silver, of which the country has some mines. Six hundred and fifty kilograms represent, according to the tarif of French money, which gives gold fifteen times and a half the value of silver, a sum of about 450,000 dollars. The working of the gold mines, carried on at the same time by the Crown, and by individuals, has been constantly increasing, but private industry produces much more than the workshops of the Crown. In 1845 the production, as officially stated, was 18,803 kilograms of fine gold. Allowing for what passes off clandestinely, in order to avoid the impost, the production may be placed at 22,564 kilograms, which represent 15,540,000 dollars. In 1840, the amount obtained was not two-fifths of this sum, but during these last years the increase has been very great. In 1846 there were obtained, in the whole nearly 30,000 kilograms of fine gold, worth nearly three millions of dollars.

To form an idea of the importance of this revenue, it must be compared with the quantity of gold thrown by other countries into the general market. It results from the most careful researches, that this product is only equal to about 30,000 kilograms. Thus Russia brings double the quantity of gold annually yielded to the commerce of the world. It surpasses America in the ratio of two to one, for America yields only 14,934 kilograms of fine gold.

A more exact idea of the importance of this product may be formed by comparing it with silver. Since the discovery of America the production of silver has greatly increased. At the beginning of the century, the New World yielded 796,000 kilograms of fine silver, valued at over thirty-five millions of dollars. The Spanish republics, almost all of them made desolate by anarchy, have seen this product fall to 614,641 kilograms of fine silver, worth somewhat more than 27,000,000 dollars. The general production of silver was,

at the beginning of the century, about 900,000 kilograms—about 40,000,000 dollars. America then furnished nine-tenths of this metal. There was then produced in the world 36 kilograms of silver to one kilogram of gold, or 2 francs 33 centimes in silver against one franc in gold. At present the total product of silver may be estimated at 875,000 kilograms worth nearly 39,000,000 of dollars, against more than 60,000 kilograms of gold worth more than 41,000,000 of dollars. This is more than 14 kilograms and a half of silver against one kilogram of gold and 49 centimes of silver against one franc of gold. The old proportion is thus overturned, and it must be attributed to Russia.

The rate which was presented at the beginning of the century was nearly the mean rate of the product of the two metals since the discovery of America. Till more recent times America had had almost the exclusive privilege of supplying the world with gold and silver. What that country had produced from its discovery to the first of January, 1846, may be computed to amount to 7 milliards 120,000,000 dollars of which 5 milliards were in silver, and 1 milliard 980,000,000 of gold. Or in weight, to 120,168,000 kilograms of fine silver, and 2,877,600 kilograms of gold, or again in volume, 11,477 cubic metres of silver, and 149 cubic metres of gold. It was in weight 42 kilograms of silver against 1 kilogram of gold, in value about 2 francs 33 centimes in silver for one franc in gold. It is in consequence of this great extraction of silver that the gold had acquired so much value in relation to that metal, and that 1 kilogram of gold, which in commerce was formerly exchanged for 10 kilograms of silver, had reached the value of 15½ to 15¾. In process of time, if, as there is reason to believe, the produce of gold continues to be in Russia what it is now, the comparative value of the two metals will not be slow in approaching more or less what it was three centuries ago. It is true that the explanation given by M. Michel Chevalier gives reason to think that the improvement in the art of mining in America, which will probably be the inevitable and speedy consequence of the dominion of the United States over the new continent, will tend to cause for silver the same changes which Russian industry has brought about in gold; the expenses of production will diminish still more than can be hoped in regard to gold; the quantity produced will increase; the value of the two metals compared with each other may remain the same or a little modified; but their value, in relation to commodities, will fall in a greater or less proportion. This will be a revolution.

We see by the preceding remarks how the Russian Government, to whom its subjects sell all they obtain of gold and silver, has found itself possessor of a great quantity of gold, and has been able to bring forth to the eyes of astonished Western Europe, more than thirty millions of rubles. The Imperial administration, like all Oriental Governments, when they can, follows the system of metallic reserves, which, under the inspiration of a more enlightened public economy, the Governments of Europe have with reason renounced, for reserves produce nothing. This treasure has now become considerable. The Emperor of Russia draws from it the amount of thirty millions of rubles, which he places in a very advantageous manner, since he buys French or English stocks at seven or eight per cent below the rate at which they will probably be in a year. It is not for Europe to blame him for having accumulated a metallic reserve when she is now profitting by it. We may remark, however, that by a singular contradiction, the Russian Government kept several millions in ingots in the cellars of one of the fortresses of St. Petersburg, while the representative sign of value in the empire was paper money, depreciated to such a point that the paper ruble circulated for a quarter only of its nominal value.

This operation, ordered by the Emperor, is nevertheless interesting, though the effect of it has been exaggerated. It is useful to Europe as well as to the Imperial treasury. Some persons remark that it is curious that the great production of gold should be in the hands of the Autocrat of the Russias, while that of silver is concentrated in that of the American Democracy. If we attributed to the precious metals the importance formerly given to them by public opinion, at that time less enlightened, this relation, which is only a game of chance, from which no political effect may be expected, would be interpreted as an extraordinary prognostic.

Unanimity of Juries.—The uncertainty of the law is proverbial with the public, and a frequent toast at the festivities of lawyers; but the uncertainty of juries is said by the profession to constitute no small part of the doubtfulness attending legal proceedings. The chief recommendation of juries is that they are less liable to corruption than individuals. It is on this account mainly that their institution has a beneficial tendency in civil cases. In criminal cases there is also some advantage in the fact that a prisoner, being for the most part tried by his equals, so far as justice will admit, receives more compassionate consideration than an officer of justice, rendered familiar with such cases, by his daily business, would be likely to experience. Hence we would by no means advocate the substitution of any other mode of trial, unless by consent of the litigating parties. But the question of unanimity is well discussed in the following words:

"Look round upon society, and you see it made up of jarring opinions and infinite varieties of sentiment. You can hardly find two men agreeing exactly on any subject. Nothing but identity of interest can produce identity of judgment. And yet, in a proceeding on which the proper administration of justice entirely depends, it is required that twelve men shall always agree. That they do not agree in a large majority of cases is a fact which no one pretends to dispute. One of two things generally happens—either the minority yield and give up their own convictions, and tell a falsehood on their oaths, or the majority succumbs to the superior obstinacy or the healthier organization of one man, who conquers his companions by a resolute resistance. In this manner justice is outraged, juries are demoralized, and the law is made to produce at once an inconvenience and an absurdity."

It may be said that if the opinion of the majority or of two-thirds of the jury were substituted for the opinion of the whole, as necessary to the rendition of a verdict, there would be more canvassing of juries. It appears to us that this danger would be rather diminished than increased by giving a decision to a two-thirds majority, instead of allowing one individual of interested motives or unusual obstinacy and power of endurance, to do much towards bending the others to his will. The question now sometimes is, not which opinion may be the best, but which is likely to be most obstinately maintained.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Last View of a Battle.

Let us visit the field where so lately the sound
Of War's booming guns shook the motionless ground,
And awakened old echo again:
Let us visit the field where the cannon bestowed
On the struggling combatants its death-dealing load,
And the ranks of the foe like the green grass were mowed,
And battallions were routed and slain.

But wait till the storm of the battle has passed,
Till the ear-piercing fife and the shrill trumpet blast
Cease to startle the still depths of air;
Till the slaughter is done and the stirring alarms
The waving of plumes and the clashing of arms,
And the pageant that gives unto glory its charms
Shall have passed and the picture laid bare.

The blue-curling smoke in the distance grows dim,
And Death on his Pale Horse looks blackened and grim;
The conflict and carnage are o'er:
And these piles of the dying and dead but proclaim
That the glory of Mars is humanity's shame,
And those red reeking fields but the tablets of fame
Whose records are written in gore.

See here where the sharp-speaking rifle has told,
And see where the charge like an avalanche rolled,
Leaving death and destruction behind!
So are hundreds whose bosoms were swelling with pride
That low now are lying by each others' side,
And their life blood is gushing from wounds deep and wide,
Like the torrent whose course is assigned.

And behold there the noble, the gifted and brave,
O'er whose heads the broad banners delighted to wave,
Now stiffened, in death lying low;
And around them are heaps that in numbers untold
Are blackning in sunlight and turning to mould,
And the hearths that they lighted are gloomy and cold,
As the heath o'er which winter winds blow.

They have passed like the meteor that flames in the sky;
Ere their brightness had ceased they were fated to die,
And their graves among strangers be made.
Far away from the land where their forefathers sleep,
From the homes where affection her vigils may keep,
Where no sigh shall be breathed save by wild winds that sweep
O'er the tomb where their bones have been laid.

BUFFALO, Nov. 16, 1847. D. W.

For the Western Literary Messenger

Influence of Teachers in the Formation of Character.

Influence is the great motive power of the world. It moves, directs, and controls all. However strongly our characters may be marked in childhood, by the presence of peculiar and striking qualities, subsequent influences are omnipotent to modify and destroy. At that period the opposite scales of virtue and vice hang in trembling equipoise, and a breath may determine which shall preponderate for life. As plants, which have sprung from a common stock, may, from the influences of climate and position, measurably lose their former characteristics, and acquire new properties aed appearances; so the properties of the mind may be materially changed, and its inherent impulses counteracted and destroyed, by the moral influences which are brought to bear upon it in the more susceptible stages of its growth. There is in the human mind a wonderful power of assimilation. We all unconsciously catch the moral and mental lineaments of those with whom we associate, be those lineaments beautiful or deformed; and it is possible that minds, between which there existed at first but few points of resemblance, by long and close intimacy, ere they have acquired the stern inflexibility of age, may become as copies of the same original.

Nothing is alone. There is a responsive and sympathetic spirit in all nature. Mind responds to mind and heart to heart. Every individual, however limited his capacity, however narrow the sphere of his action, is a responsible point in the universe, from which go out influences that roll endlessly on, and ripple the surface of eternity. A bell is struck; its tones tremble along the air, are borne onward by its communicating power, and mingle with the undying melodies of the universe. Thus is struck the magic chain of influence, and its strong vibrations run on and on for ever. Who of us has ever felt the force of the astounding truth, that the influences which we are daily and hourly breathing around us, are *endless* in their duration and effects? Who of us has ever reflected that his or her example may have stamped endless moral progress or retrogression on the tables of many a heart? Naught but the revelations of the future can determine the power we exert, in giving form and character to the crude mass of surrounding mind. Let us not make this power an engine of evil. Let us comport ourselves with that scrupulous circumspection, which so peculiarly becomes our position as teachers; never descending to present expediency, but ever consulting the right; acting as becomes living, responsible models of character for the young.

L. P.

MARY HOWITT.—Who has done more for the good of mankind than this Quaker lady? Once we thought that her writings would soon become dull and monotonous, and yet she writes more and more, and everything she writes is instructive and beautiful, making us think her pure mind is as fertile in producing noble thoughts as Nature is in bringing forth the leaves, flowers, and innumerable forms of loveliness. This story is given in the September number of Howitt's Journal. We find it in the Louisville *Examiner*. It is about "A poet and his little daughter."

There they are, of a June morning, where roses, and yellow jasmine covered the old wall, and the blackbird, aloft in the broad-leaved sycamore, was singing as if he was out of his senses for joy—and Nature and art conspired to make all glad. It was the poet's own garden.

Was he happy? Did content smile upon and bless him? Was his spirit in harmony with the place? It was clouded with sad and bitter thoughts; his heart was oppressed; he had been disappointed; where he had hoped for good, he found evil. And as his little daughter ran up to him to tell about the little charity children, full of sympathy herself, and sure of finding it in him, she heard him say to a neighbor:

"No, I have no hope of human nature now: it is a poor, miserable thing, that is not worth

working for. My best endeavors have been spent in its service; my youth and my manhood's strength—my very life—and this is my reward! I will no longer strive to do good. I will work for money's sake as others do—and not for the good of mankind!"

The poet's words were bitter, and tears came in the eyes of his best friend. Never had the child heard such words from her father before; he had been to her hitherto as a great and good angel.

"I will work," said he, "for money's sake, as others do, and not for the good of mankind!"

"My father, if you do," said the child, in a voice of mournful indignation, "I will trample all your writings under my feet!" Large tears rolled down her cheeks, and her eyes were fixed upon her father's face.

The poet took the child in his arms and kissed her: an angel had touched his heart, and he could forgive his bitter enemies.

"I will tell you something, my child," said he, in his usual mild voice. The child leaned her head against his breast, and listened. "Once upon a time a man lived in a great wide wilderness; he was a poor man, and worked very hard for his bread; he lived in a cave of a rock, and because the sun shone burning hot into the cave he twined roses, and jasmins, and honeysuckles all around it: and in front of it, and in the ledges of the rock, he planted flowers and sweet shrubs, and made it very pleasant. Water ran gurgling from a fissure in the rock into a little basin, whence it poured in gentle streams thro' his garden, in which grew all kinds of fruits. Birds sung in the tall trees which Nature herself had planted, and little squirrels, and lovely green lizards, with bright, intelligent eyes, lived in the branches and among the flowers. All would have gone well with the man, had not evil spirits taken possession of his cave; they troubled him night and day; they dropped canker blight upon his roses, nipped off his jasmine and honeysuckle flowers, and in the form of a caterpiller and blight, ate his beautiful fruits. It made the man angry and bitter: the flowers were no longer beautiful to him, and when he looked at them he thought only of the canker and the caterpiller, 'I can no longer take pleasure in them,' said he, 'I will leave the cave and go elsewhere.' He did so; and he traveled on and on; but it was a vast wilderness in which he was, and so it was many and many a day before he came to a place of rest, nor did he know that all this time the evil spirits who had plagued him so in his own cave, were still going with him; but they were; and they made every place where he came to seem worse than the last: their very breath cast a blight upon everything. He was foot-sore and weary, and very miserable. A feeling like despair was in his heart, and he said he might as well die as live; he lay down in the wilderness, and scarcely had he done that, when he heard behind him the pleasantest sound in the world; a little child singing like a bird because her heart was innocent and full of joy; the next moment she was at his side. The evil spirits that were about him, when they saw her coming, drew back a little, for she brought with her a beautiful company of angels and bright spirits, little cherubs, with round, rosy cheeks, golden hair and laughing eyes, stuck between two dove's wings as white as snow. The child had not the least idea that these beautiful spirits always were about her; all she knew was, that she was full of joy, and that she loved above all things to do good. When she saw the poor man lying there, she went up to him, and talked so pityingly and yet so cheerfully to him, that he felt as if her words would cure him. She told him that she lived just by, and that he should go with her and rest, and get well in her cave. He went with her, and it was just such a cave as his own, only much smaller. Roses and honeysuckles and jasmines grew all around it; and birds were singing, and gold and silver fish were sporting about in the water; and there were such beds of strawberries all red and luscious that filled the air with odour. It was a beautiful place: there seemed to be no canker or blight on anything; and yet the man saw how spiders had woven webs like the most beautiful lace from one one vine branch to another; and butterflies that had once been devouring caterpillers were flitting about: and just as in his own garden, fat yellow frogs were squatted under the cool strawberry leaves; but the child loved the frogs as well as the green lizards, and said that they did her no harm, and that there were plenty of strawberries both for them and for her.

"The evil spirits that had troubled the man, and followed him, could not get into the child's garden: it was impossible, because all these rosy-cheeked cherubs and white angels lived there; and that which is good, be it ever so small, is a great deal stronger than that which is evil, be it ever so large. So they sat outside and bit their nails for vexation: and as the man stayed a long time with the child they got so tired of waiting, that some of them flew away forever. At length the man kissed the child, and went back to his own place. When he got there he found that owing to the evil spirits having been so long away, the flowers and the fruits had in a great measure recovered themselves; there was hardly any canker or blight left, and as the child came now very often to see him, and brought with her all her bright company, the place was freed, at least while she stayed, from the evil ones.—That is a true story. There are many men, who, like him, live in a willderness, and it is happy for them when they have a child for their neighbor."

The poet was silent, the child kissed him, and then, without saying a word about the little charity children, ran off to sit down beside them, and perhaps to tell them the story which her father had just told her.

And, children, do you see *how* you may teach Fathers and Mothers, and your elders, when wrong, how to do right? A word kindly spoken, when they are angry—a sweet smile when they are unhappy, the right thing done in the right way, will chage away the evil spirits and make them good again.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

THE PRESENT MOVEMENT IN ITALY.—The changes introduced by Pope Pius the ninth have excited much of the attention of the press. Popular feeling, ever desirous to enlist itself on the side of human advancement and liberty, except in those cases where public judgment may be temporarily obscured by the crafty plans of designing statesmen, has in this country hailed with gladness the promised regeneration of Italy.—To some conscientious and prudent persons it appears that no good thing can proceed from Rome, and that whenever this Church may render its aid in behalf of a good cause, it is unreasonable to believe in its sincerity—that such aid, like the Greek horse that carried destruction into the Trojan city, is a gift whose object is in reality treacherous conquest. Such opinions are danger-

ous in themselves, for what is so apt to make men unworthy of any confidence, as to prove that their meritorious acts shall be deemed to proceed from vicious motives.

The friends and enemies of the Romish Church have alike adopted extreme views. According to bigots on one side, she has been a glorious and divine institution, protecting mankind from tyranny, iniquity, and all wrong in this world—and ensuring them the reward of virtue throughout eternity. On the other hand she has sometimes been regarded as the chief—almost the only—obstacle to the prevalence of intelligence, virtue, and happiness. Both these extremes are alike erroneous. She is worthy neither of unqualified blame, nor indiscriminate praise. She is neither infallible, nor incapable of advocating right opinions from worthy motives. Her members, like other men, are liable to be acted upon by the tendency of the age in which they live; and that tendency being towards liberty and popular advancement, it cannot escape the observation of wise statesmen or crafty diplomatists in this Church, that she can only prosper by conforming in a certain degree to the spirit of the times, and by aspiring to lead in the events of the day rather than by opposing that which she cannot prevent.

Possibly investigation may prove that few men or associations of men are quite so black as they are sometimes painted, amid the strife of opposing principles and parties.

The Marquis Massimo D'Azeglio, one of the most distinguished leaders in the present movement for reform in Italy, has lately issued a pamphlet stating plainly what are the questions at issue in this contest. He endeavors to show that the changes proposed are right and practicable, and that it is sought to advance them only by honest means—however much they may be opposed by the bayonets of Austria, or the craft of Louis Philippe. The name of the Marquis D'Azeglio adds weight to his statements. It is connected with the best literature of his country, in which he has sought to incorporate the spirit of Italian nationality and independence. A few months before the death of Pope Gregory he warned him that through the policy then prevailing the papal throne was tottering beneath his feet. He now assumes that no monarch is more secure than the present Pope.

He and his party advocate the substitution, in these contests, of appeals to reason for appeals to force. He traces the agencies of the French revolution, and, as its influences have diminished since the days of Napoleon, he states that the popular belief in the superior efficacy of moral agency has been strengthened. The belief of his party is that the first step to be taken is to guarantee the independence of the different Italian States. The "only wise and really important policy" on the part of the rulers is asserted to be that they should adopt such a course as will render the Italian part of Italy more happy and prosperous than the Austrian part. He wisely recommends the people to co-operate heartily in any such efforts on the part of their princes, and to seek by open and moderate means the necessary changes, without giving way to impatience if they should not immediately be obtained. He repeats that the only means available for the great ends desired are open and honest exertions—part of which are to be unceasing efforts to strengthen the moral sense of the people. He ably justifies by statements and reasoning, the policy of Pius the ninth, and speaks of the effect upon the population, as that of a "religious regeneration."

He says it is not just that other Governments should employ the wealth and power of their people to restore to Italy the independence of which she has suffered herself to be deprived. Of Austria he says, "that the interests of the Austrian and Italian Governments are diametrically opposed. The object of the former has ever been the extension of her dominion in Italy: and she is studiously seeking a fit moment to accomplish her purpose. The latter ought to hold opposite views, and make opposite efforts."

There is a manly eloquence in the concluding words of the pamphlet; and few who read a history of the struggle can suppress a hope that it may end successfully:

It is the object of our untiring endeavors to prepare for the recovery of our absolute and complete independence, whenever it is God's pleasure to grant an opportunity.

We do not on this account seek to excite national hatred against Austria. We wish to draw a distinction between the people and their Government, which are often unjustly confounded. The Austrians, as a people, have neither interest nor desire to injure us, and we hold in high esteem the noble rectitude and solid virtues of the German people.

Our actions are influenced by the highest of human affections—the love of our country; and we think that alone suffices to nerve us for every struggle, without any admixture of hatred or revenge against nations for the trespasses of their Governments, which they often detest and cannot prevent.

We have declared the path we shall pursue, the means we intend to adopt, and the object we seek to attain.

We ask not from Europe one drop of her blood, one atom of her treasure; but the support of her voice, and her sympathy in our cause, if she deems it just.

We know that when a nation is worthy of Independence, she will obtain it by her own exertions, and not by extraneous assistance.

We wait the event tranquilly, not idly. We occupy ourselves, not in disturbing the repose of others, but in ameliorating our condition in that part of Italy which they have left to us; in reforming ourselves so as to render ourselves worthy of Divine aid, and competent to profit by any occasion vouchsafed to us.

If it does not please God to grant this blessing before our generation shall have passed away, we resign ourselves to His will. We shall equally with patience and perseverance seek the regeneration of Italy; and we shall descend into the tomb blessing God, if we have in any degree contributed to the attainment of this object, and thus been able to leave the land where our ancestors repose, in a less deplorable condition than we received it at their hands.

CURRENTS IN THE ATLANTIC.—At a recent meeting of geologists and naturalists in Boston, U. S. Professor Rogers read a report from Lieut. Muray, on the currents of the North Atlantic, which may be of great importance to navigation. Between New York and Havre and New York and Liverpool there is only a difference of one day's sailing in *distance*, while in *time* there is an average difference of nearly a week. This may be obviated by a knowledge of the currents. In going from Havannah to New Orleans vessels stem a current of three miles an hour against them, when they might have a current in their favor of two miles an hour.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Reading.

Many young men have more time to devote to mental improvement in the winter than at any other season. The long evenings afford them a good opportunity for reading; and to such as consecrate the precious hours of relaxation from manual labor to this pleasant exercise, we wish to offer a friendly hint.

In order to render reading profitable, care must be taken in selecting books, and a proper method observed in perusing them.

A large share of the volumes in circulation, are not worthy of the least notice. It is worse than idleness to spend one's time on them, for not only *that* is lost, but we suffer actual and serious injury. Either our taste is corrupted or our moral principles weakened, or both.

Many books, *apparently* harmless in their tendency, prove deleterious from an awkward delineation of human passions, or from an infelicitous portrayal of real characters. It requires talent to paint vice in its hideous colors and make it truly hateful. This some modern writers of fiction do not possess. Others, possessing the talent, lack the disposition. Bulwer's villains are permitted to shake hands with virtue, and have the impudence to ask her sympathies.

The *constant* reading of works of the imagination—however elevated their tone—will, in the end, enervate the powers of reason and debilitate the entire mental constitution. In order to preserve a well balanced mind, our reading, as a general thing, should call into exercise the reasoning faculties. "Many books," says the author of Lacon, "require no thought from those who read them, and for a very simple reason;—they made no such demand upon those who wrote them. Those works, therefore, are the most valuable that set our thinking faculties in the fullest operation. For as the solar light calls forth all the latent powers and dormant principles of vegetation contained in the kernel, but which, without such a stimulus, would neither have struck root downwards, nor borne fruit upwards, so it is with the light that is intellectual; it calls forth and awakens into energy these latent principles of thought in the minds of others, which, without this stimulus, reflection would not have matured, nor examination improved, nor action embodied."

While some books are to be merely "tasted," others, Bacon happily observes, are to be "chewed and digested"; and the fault is with many of us, that we too seldom choose the latter class. Reading, as is too often the case, for mere amusement, we are apt to shun such books as require the constant exercise of thought. This is wrong, for such a practice unfits us for the manlier labors of the mind.

Let us see to it, then, that we read such books as *require* reflection, and that the habit itself is not abused by neglect. It is better to read little and think much, than to read much and not think at all.

Rev. Asa T. Hopkins, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, died on Saturday the 27th ult. He preached the Sabbath before, and was seized with a paralytic fit on Monday, which terminated in his sudden and afflictive death. He was a close student, a ripe scholar, an eloquent speaker and a profound theologian; and in his demise the church of which he was the pastor has lost a faithful guardian, and divine truth a powerful champion. His age was forty-two.

Revival at Evans.—The Baptist Church at Evans in this county, is enjoying a revival of Religion. Eight or ten individuals, mostly young persons, have obtained a hope and others are anxiously seeking the same.

To Correspondents.—Through the carelessness of somebody, the poem "*To an Absent Wife*," did not fall into our hands till a day or two since. It is among the accepted.

Two communications have been received from West Bloomfield and are filed for insertion.

"*The Last Leaf*," is worthy of a place in our columns, which it will have in a few weeks.

An Exploring Visit to each of the Consular Cities of China and to the Islands of Hong Kong and Chusan. By the Rev. George Smith, late Missionary to China. New-York: Harper and Brothers. 1847.

This is a valuable and an interesting work, adapted to please all classes of readers. Though a narrative of Missionary proceedings, yet from its exploratory character, it embodies, aside from an account of the moral condition of China, much information in regard to the social and political state of that peculiar nation, and touches a variety of other topics, "which" as the author says, "might appear less appropriate in a book professedly devoted to a strict narrative of missionary work." The map and the numerous engravings contained in this work, materially enhance its value; and the paper, type, etc., it is enough to say, are Harper's best. It is published in two parts, at fifty cents each, may be found at Hawks.

An Introduction to the Author's "Course of Reading," etc. By H. Mandeville, D. D. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

Dr. Mandeville's "Course of Reading" and his "Elements of Reading and Oratory" are popular text books; and this Introduction will be found a useful accompaniment. For sale at Pecks'.

The Convict, or, The Hypocrite Unmasked; a Tale. By G. P. R. James. New-York: Harper and Brothers. 1847.

This is number 107 of the "Library of Select Novels." Price twenty-five cents. For sale by Hawks.

Loss of the Propeller Phœnix.

The *Phœnix* was bound up, and on Sunday morning last, about 4 o'clock, when witin 17 miles of Sheboygan, she was discovered to be on fire. After finding it impossible to extinguish the fire, and that all who remained on board would perish in the flames, many jumped overboard and endeavored to save themselves as best they could.

About thirty got into the small boats and were picked up by the Delaware, which hove in sight after the Phœnix was in flames, but not in time to render assistance to those who remained on board, or who were unable to get into small boats.

Since the above was in type we have been favored by Capt. TUTTLE of the *Delaware* with the following memorandum, embracing some particulars not before given, and correcting others:

The *Phœnix* was first discovered on fire from the deck of the propeller *Delaware* at a quarter to 4 o'clock on the morning of the 21st, off about 18 miles, bearing about North by East.

The *Delaware* was at once got under weigh and headed for the burning propeller, and drove with all possible speed for two hours, when, arriving within fifty rods of the wreck, they heard a voice calling loudly for assistance.

One boat was immediately lowered down and sent in pursuit of the suffering man. It succeeded in picking him up directly and bringing him safe to the *Delaware*, when he was at once divested of his clothing and dry garments given him instead. After rubbing him severely he became quite comfortable. He proved to be the first engineer. While this man was being picked up the propeller proceeded to the wreck, where the other boat was lowered down, and the clerk was found, together with one passenger, clinging to the rudder. This boat picked them up and brought them on board, where, after the same means were used as before, they were both revived and made comfortable.

Both boats were then sent in pursuit of more bodies, while the *Delaware* was made fast to the wreck and succeeded in towing her to Sheboygan where she sunk in 8 feet water. Soon after the arrival of the wreck at Sheboygan, the boats came up, one with 5 dead bodies and the other with Baggage and Furniture.

At this time one of the *Phoenix's* boats came up from the shore where the two boats had gone from the burning vessel, taking with them 42 of the crew and passengers. The boat that now came up contained the Captain very ill, and the first mate, together with some of the crew—the passengers being left on the beach about 12 miles below. From the Clerk, Mr. Donohue, we learned that there were on board 175 Hollanders large and small, and about 100 other passengers and 25 of the crew, making in all 300 persons—45 in all saved, 255 lost.

The *Delaware* soon left on her downward passage, and in passing in the track where the burning vessel was found, fell in with many floating bodies, to the number of about 100. Some of them were standing upright in the water, some of the women were lying on their sides, some—the children generally—on their faces. Some of the passengers were in full dress, some in undress, and others entirely naked—all with their heads to the northward.

They were within four rmiles of the land, and the wind was fast drifting them ashore, so it was not deemed advisable to pick them up, as plenty of boats had been sent from Sheboygan for that purpose, and all not picked up by the boats would drift ashore by the following morning.

THE IRISH AND FAMINE.—The London Spectator, one of the ablest, and impartial papers in Europe, says that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland tells the Irish, in unmistakeable language, that they cannot avoid poverty except by order and industry; and from such a quarter they cannot avoid hearing those salutary truths.

Anticipating a scarcity of provisions, the Treasury have re-appointed 22 of the 120 naval and military officers who served under the relief commission in Ireland last year in superintending the distribution of provisions.

The government will have food depots in every quarter of the country, and as there is now a positive enactment against permitting people to die of hunger, we shall be spared the repetition of the revolting scenes of last winter.

STEAMBOAT DISASTERS—40 LIVES LOST.—The steamer *Caroline*, from Pittsburgh for Pearl River, burst her boiler on Friday morning last week, near Shawneetownr Mr. PEACOCK, passenger from Pittsburgh, was killed, and four deck hands badly scalded—one since dead. The boiler was defective.

The steamer *Tempest* bound down, and the *Talisman* from Clinton for St. Louis, came in collision on Thursday morning, 10 miles below Cape Girardeau, Upper Mississippi. The T. sunk immediately in deep water. The total loss is estimated at forty lives—some think more.—The ladies and passengers lost everything, escaping only in their night clothes, and in that condition were taken to Girardeau by the steamer *Tempest*.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.—The quiet of a highly respectable family of females in New Bedford was lately invaded by mysterious noises apparently produced without any natural agency. It appears that a certain malicious trial having resulted in the acquittal of a member of the family, the accusing party resolved to proceed with the manly operation of frightening the family in the house—consisting of women and children. He used to enter by the street door, cellar door, chamber window opening on the stoop, and the scuttle on the roof. Having been instructed by his employer he threw detonating chemical preparations at night into various parts of the house. The preparation used left no mark. A stranger was one evening entering stealthily, when he was met the lady of the house, and after saying that he mistook the house for a Hotel, he ran away. Since that time the ghost has ceased his visits.

More Utility in Monuments—than was Dreamt of in some Philosophy.—A few weeks ago we mentioned that Mehemet Ali had taken a whim in his head that would do credit to the wisest and most philanthropic of ancient or modern potentates, and that when his people talked of erecting a monument to perpetuate his memory, he expressed a hope that instead of erecting something that would look like a huge round chimney of a factory, or of a steamboat, the monument should consist of a building for a Library, Newsroom, and other most useful purposes. Whether Pope Pius has taken a hint from the suggestion of his heathen cotemporary it is impossible to say, but it appears that he has requested that the sums subscribed for the erection of monuments to him throughout his states, shall be applied to the more useful purpose of erecting an asylum for aged persons at Rome, each province having certain rights of presentation.

This was mentioned among other items of foreign news yesterday, but is worthy of separate notice.

Important Invention.—It is stated in one of our foreign papers that M. Coquelin, of Boulogne-Sur-Mer, has discovered the means of neutralizing the shock caused by the collision of trains on railways; he has also added to his invention a means of simultaneously preventing carriages from going off the rails. The Chamber of Commerce of Boulogne has, in consequence, made a report to the French Ministry in order to obtain from the Government an ordinance making it compulsory on all railway companies to employ this means of safety.

Earthquakes in Mexico.

The Telegraphic report yesterday contained an announcement of the occurrence of a severe and destructive earthquake, which laid in ruins the town of Atlisco and many of the surrounding villages and monasteries. Nearly the whole territory of Mexico is volcanic, and every where presents evidences of great convulsions of nature. Many of the volcanoes are apparently extinct, but some yet continue in a state of activity, and by what we know of such phenomena we are warned that the terrible forces slumbering in the deep bosom of the earth may burst forth when least expected with redoubled fury, as if their awful energies had accumulated during a lapse of ages. The high central table land of Mexico has beyond all question been upheaved by the agency of volcanic action, and the valley in which rests the city of Mexico shows unmistakeable signs of having been formed by the breaking down of a mountain, partially filling up with the fragments of its worn sides some vast crater. Fire yet smoulders beneath, and its occasional heaving shows the dread might of the power there imprisoned. Within the last year or two there have been repeated symptoms of renewed and increased activity on the part of these subterraneau forces. The earth has shown a distemperature analogous to the commotions which afflict the dwellers upon its surface. Indeed it would be a curious subject of investigation if we had time to trace out the analogy, and possible connection, between seasons of war and great civil commotions and the times of great marked natural convulsions.

The relations between mind and matter are known to be intimate, and telluric phenomena have long been observed to exert a direct and powerful influence not only upon the bodily health, but the temper, spirits and intellect of men; and hence the frequent coincidence of the occurrence of great natural convulsions and wars and revoutions, when men run riot in unbridled passions, have led many writers to indulge in speculations that these things were more than mere coincidences, that they were, in fact, cause and effect. In the Levant, for instance, it has long been noted that more murders and violent crimes were committed, more desperate resolves entered into, during the blowing of a particular wind, that gave an intolerable acrimony to the temper and fluids of the body, than at any other season.

But speculations of this character, in the lack of accurate observations with a view of educing the elements of general laws, must necessarily be fanciful, though the coincidence between the war raging in Mexico and the occurrence of earthquakes is calculated to excite such a train of thought, and, considering the fact that the volcanic forces of Mexico seem to be freshly aroused, it would not be at all wonderful if we should soon be called upon to chronicle some of Nature's doings as remarkable as the late feats of arms in that country. The partial destruction of the Valley of Mexico, some thousands of years ago, may yet be consummated in our time, and the ruin there be as complete as that which, three centuries since, overwhelmed the proud and stately city of old Guatemala. In connection with this subject the following extract from a letter of Mr. Kendall to the *Picayune* will be read with interest:

City of Mexico, Oct. 3, 1847.

An earthquake! we have had an earthquake! Between the hours of seven and eight yesterday morning, and when all nature was hushed in a stillness most profound, suddenly the earth began to rock with a strange and most fearful motion. I am living at the house of Pena y Pena, the headquarters of Gen. Worth, immediately in front of the beautiful alameda, and the first intimation we had of the dread convulsion was the violent slamming of the doors, accompanied by a furious jingling of the glass pendants attached to a chandelier hanging and swinging from the ceiling of the room. Soon our beds commenced rocking, something after the manner of a ship becalmed at the close of a storm, and then came the shrieks of innumerable women and children, driven, half dressed, affrighted into the streets. The dreaded *tremblor*, as the Mexicans call it, was upon us. Most strange and impressive was the scene disclosed from the front windows, as reeling and staggering we approached and opened them. To walk steady was impossible, so vio-

lent were the upheavings and oscillations of the mighty earth. The tops of the large trees in the alameda, were swaying, the water in the reservoirs was billowing to and fro, the walls around us were cracking and gaping asunder, the wide street in front was crowded with women and children as well as men, screaming and praying and crossing themselves in the extremity of their fright, while our own soldiers were reeling unsteadily in their midst, astonished and awe-stricken at the strange commotion. The sentinels halted upon their rounds, uncertain and not knowing what to do; the *callejons*, or narrow lanes, continued to pour forth their hundreds of affrighted inhabitants, all seeking the refuge of the wider streets and open squares, lest their own houses might totter and tumble upon their heads, while on bended knees they confessed their sins aloud, and earnestly petitioned forgiveness ere it was yet too late. A wounded officer in our house, bed-ridden, and apparently unable to move since the hard-fought battle of El Molino, came hobbling hurriedly from his room, driven thence by the cracking of the walls and the strange tumult from without. The stillness of the morning, so profound had been the repose of Nature, but added to the general feeling of wonder and of awe —of consternation, perhaps I should term it; a fear caught from the actions and countenances of those "native here and to the manor born," those cradled and rocked amid commotions of a kindred nature.

The domes and the steeples of the innumerable churches and convents reeled like drunken men; the lakes hard by rolled their sluggish waters as though moved by an elemental strife from above instead of the earth in which they are nestled in her sore travail. An officer in the street, about to mount his horse at the commencement of the commotion, suddenly found the animal receding from him. Astonished, he enquired of a soldier close by the cause; but the man was as ignorant as himself. The puddles in the streets —for there had been a severe shower the night before—spread themselves and disappeared upon the pavement, so great was the motion, while the trees in the alameda continued to lash their huge tops as if swayed by unseen yet all-powerful hands. The shock lasted over two minutes—perhaps I should say succession of shocks, for the oscillatory motion of the earth at short intervals became calm—while the whole scene impressed every one anew with the might, the majesty and the manifold power of the Most High.

But, if the streets and open ways presented a spectacle most impressive, doubly awful was the effect produced among the wounded men in the different hospitals, Unconscious of the cause of the strange commotion, filled with apprehensions which ever attack with ten-fold force the disabled and the infirm, and dreading results from a phenomenon they must have deemed akin to the supernatural, the poor fellows rose and hobbled from their cots—trembling and stricken by deep awe, yet not knowing whither to fly. The armless hurried hither and thither, the legless hobbled about in all directions, while the bed-ridden, the prostrate, and the utterly helpless, panic stricken and desponding, earnestly prayed and petitioned not to be left unprotected—not to be deserted in an extremity which their ignorance made painfully terrifying. But by and by the earth became relieved of her mighty throes, the staggering steeples resumed their quiet, the affrighted inhabitants rose thankful from their knees, the sentinels recommenced their rounds—the fury of the dreaded *temblor* was spent:

For one, I have always desired to see, or rather to *feel*, the effects of an earthquake. A single convulsion has sufficed to cure all curiosity—I never wish to be present at a repetition.

Geological Survey of Iowa, Wisconsin and Minesota.

We copied from a Western paper, a few days ago, a brief notice of this survey, by a party of geologists in the service of the United States. The St. Louis *Republican* of the 15th contains a more minute and detailed report, which, believing it will prove interesting to our readers, we have copied below. The survey is not yet completed, but the results already ascertained are highly important:

A *reconnoissance* has been made of the country on both sides of the Mississippi River, north of the Wisconsin and Turkey Rivers, and south of the St. Croix and St. Peter's Rivers, embracing the whole of the Chippewa land district situated in Iowa and Wisconsin. The Wisconsin, Prairie la Cross and Black Rivers—all the branches of the Chippewa, St. Croix, Bois Rule, and Montreal, or Mauvais Rivers, and the west fork of Bad River—have been explored from their mouths to their respective sources. The St. Peter's River was ascended a little beyond the Bois Franc; and all the streams south of the St. Peter's, and north of the United States' geological survey, made by Dr. Owen, in 1839, have been ascended as far as they were navigable in birch bark canoes.

The corps, during the first season, have crossed the country from the Mississippi to Lake Superior six times; and in the execution of their explorations, the corps conjointly have traveled over an extent of several thousand miles.

A detailed survey has been made in connection with the linear survey of the southern portion of the Chippewa land district, as well as the region on both sides of Lake St. Croix, and between that lake and the Mississippi. The whole extent of the country of which a *reconnoissance* has been made during the present season, is estimated to be equal, in area, to the State of New York.

The labors of the corps have not been restricted, exclusively, to the investigation of the geological and mineral character of this north-western section of country. Its agricultural resources have been particularly examined—statistics of its lumber trade collected—important additions made to its physical geography, hitherto but little known—and particular attention directed to the acquirement of every kind of knowledge calculated to afford valuable information in regard to the real value of the country, whether applicable to the requisitions of the miner, the manufacturer, the farmer, the trader, or the man of science. During the present winter, chemical analyses will be made of the ores and ore-bearing rocks, and the different soils which have been collected; upon the completion of which the first annual report will be drawn up, containing detailed estimates, accompanied by a geological chart, embracing the general results of the observations of all the members of the corps during the present year.

As respects the geology of the section of country surveyed, its rocks belong, in a great measure, to the primary and silurian, or protozoic formation. The lower magnesian limestone, the *lead-bearing rock of Southern Missouri*, is found on the west side of the Mississippi River, from Turkey River, which enters the Mississippi near Prairie du Chien, to the St. Peter's River, displaying, in various localities, indications of considerable lead ledes.

On the eastern side of the Mississippi river, primitive rocks are met with in places from forty

to sixty miles from the river. These granitic formations are important for architectural purposes, as they afford a great variety of the most durable, as well as ornamental building stones, which, at no very distant period, will be valuable as articles of commerce, as the great Valley of the Mississippi, to the south, is formed of secondary rocks, which are far inferior for the permanent construction of edifices.

Throughout this primitive region, the granitic rocks make their appearance in a succession of rounded knobs, elevated from ten to fifty feet above the waters of the surrounding country. Their general range is S. W. and N. E. These rocks present considerable variation in character and composition. Sometimes they are hornblendic, approaching to perfect syenite: at other times, feldsparthic. Some portions are massively stratified, the masses being nearly vertical. On the western limits of these primitive rocks, there are several large deposits of iron ore. The trap ranges, with the exception of those crossing the St. Croix River, are found on the water courses which empty into Lake Superior, and is the rock in which the Lake Superior copper is found, and no doubt valuable mines of this mineral will be, hereafter, discovered in these ranges, equal to any heretofore found farther east on Lake Superior, as they constitute a portion of the same ranges. In the vicinity of these trap ranges, the land is tilable, the soil good, and generally covered with a rich growth of the sugar maple.

At the Falls of St. Croix, fifty to sixty miles from the Mississippi, there is a grand outburst of of green stone, epidote and porphyritic trap, forming a series of dykes, 170 feet and more in elevation, above the streams, and traversed by veins of native copper, carbonate, and probably grey sulphuret.

At the Falls of St. Croix, immediately in juxtaposition with the trap, in some places entangled in the disrupted portion of these rocks, are beds highly charged with lingulas and orbiculars, some, if not all of them, probably, of undescribed species. These beds differ in lithological character, from any thing observed elsewhere, in the protozoic strata of the west and perhaps in any portion of the United States. These lingular and orbicular beds, though often crowded with remains of these genera of molusca, are found to be subordinate to a quartzose sandstone, also containing lingulas and orbiculars, probably of the same species as in equivalent beds of Potsdam sandstone of New York, making them of great geological interest, as they are undoubtedly the lowest fossiliferous beds ever noticed in the west, and as rich in remains of these forms of molusca as any of the most fossiliferous beds of the Ohio valley. Some distance above these lingular and orbicular beds, but yet considerably below the lower magnesian limestone of Wisconsin, we have a stratum of the lithological character of the hydraulic limestone. These strata are of great geological interest as they make us acquainted with some of the earliest forms of organic existence yet brought to light in this country, and furnish a new clue to the identification of strata. In the rents of the trap are found portions of the adjacent fossiliferous strata indurated, altered, and even cemented to portions of trappean rocks with their fossils unobliterated and even well formed.

The magnetic variations in these grani and traperian ranges, is often great, at times so much so, as to reverse completely the direction of the poles. A variation fluctuating from five to twenty degrees on either side of the true meridian, was not uncommon.

There are about thirty different species of animals in this region, many of them valuable for their furs.

The rivers and lakes contain a large variety of fish, in the greatest abundance, and of superior esculent qualities.

The attention of the corps has been particularly directed to botanical discoveries. There are found in this district, so far as ascertained, forty-five distinct species of forest trees, constituting twenty-five genera, and embracing twelve of the natural orders. Of these, the most valuable are the white and yellow pine, (pinus strobus and pinus resinosa) the hemlock, (abies canadensis, Lin) and the sugar maple, (acer saccharinum Lin.)

Of the resinous trees there are some eleven or twelve species, of which the most important are the white and yellow pine, on account of the immense amount of lumber which they furnish; and the hemlock, for the great quantity of tanner's bark it will afford. Some idea may be formed of the immense loss which the United States government sustains in the destruction of timber in the extensive pineries of this region, when we reflect that independently of the large quantity which is rafted off in logs, square timber, shingles and laths, there are in operation on the waters of the Wisconsin, forty-five saws; on the Black river, sixteen saws; on the Chippewa, seven saws; on the St. Croix, twelve saws—making in the whole, eighty saws. As each saw is capable of turning out generally half a million feet of sawed lumber, there are annually sawed forty millions of feet of lumber, worth in St. Louis nearly half a million of dollars.

On the head waters of the streams on the east side of the Mississippi, there are extensive forests of hemlock, capable of affording an ample supply of bark for all the tanneries which may hereafter be established in the West—a want of which material has been an impediment to the prosecution of the tanning business in the valley of the upper Mississippi, and which has forced us to export our raw hides to the East, and import their leather in return.

The sugar-maple tree grows so abundantly and yields so luxuriantly in the Minesota territory, that at some future period it will be second only to Louisiana in the production of sugar. An Indian squaw, performing all the labor herself, can obtain, during the sap season, 300 pounds of sugar with her imperfect Indian utensils.

The wild rice, (zizania aquatica,) infinitely superior in taste and far more nutritious than the rice of the Southern States, grows abundantly as an indigenous vegetable, and can be cultivated to almost any extent in the lakes which abound in this territory, and will, in all probability, at no very distant period, compete with the Southern production. After the tops of the rice plants have been tied up in small sheaves as it stands growing in the water, an Indian squaw with her canoe will gather from five to ten bushels of rice per day.

The cranberry (oxycoccos macrocarpa,) is an indigenous vegetable of this region, and grows very abundantly in its wild state, and will, in all probability, be extensively cultivated in the wet and swamp lands of this section, and which are almost useless for other agricultural purposes.—We look forward with great interest to the officiat report, which, we hope and expect, will contain a full and minute statement of all the discoveries and researches that have been made in relation to the animal, vegetable and mineral resources of this important section of the Great West.

Despise not the poor and needy.

DUELLING.—It is commonly remarked that a quarrel never comes to a duel if the seconds are men of sense, who know what they are about.—And this fact is really the strongest condemnation of duelling, the duel when it occurs being the result of misconduct on the part of the managers of the dispute. It may be safely asserted that if there were no blunderers and bunglers in the place of seconds, there would be no duels; so that the duel is not referable to the point of honor, but to some error or stupidity in the management of the affair.

If good sense in the seconds prevents recourse to the pistol, do not let us be told that honor can in any case require it; for it cannot be a requirement of honor, but of a misunderstanding and mismanagement of the requirements of honor!

And if, as generally admitted, the duels that take place are the consequence of mismanagement on the part of the friends, how indefensible is so serious an issue, proceeding from no real necessity, but altogether from error, in the managing parties!

What a scandal to an age of civilization, that A and B should shoot each other because C and D did not know what they were about, and had not the sense necessary to the adjustment of an affair of honor. As the good sense and tact for the right management of such matters cannot be secured, and the penalty in default is pistolling, the disuse of the custom is what reason and humanity require.—*London Examiner.*

The Mexican officers in their frequent intercourse with the American troops, must be greatly surprised, if not shocked, at what they see. An officer of the Pennsylvania regiment writing home, tells the following:

"We brought a coffin with us to put Walker's remains in, but found it too small. I went to work and made one myself, and you should have seen Col. La Vega and Major Iturbide look at me when they saw me shoving "John"—(the jack plane.)

THE CHOLERA.—The Liverpool Mail, received by the last steamer, announces the death of a soldier in the garrison at Dublin, from Asiatic cholera. If it has really got a foothold in Ireland, whose people, wasted as they are already by famine and fever, present so ready a prey to this terrible disease, its ravages must be most awful. And if it is certain that it has reached so western a point of Europe in its devastating march, there can be no doubt that it will soon cross the ocean.

Price Current—December 1, 1847.

Flour, bbl.	$4 75@5 00	Turkeys, lb.	6@7
Pork, bbl.	12 00@14 00	Chickens	6@7
Do slaugh. cwt.	4 00	Geese, each	25
Beef, cwt.	4@5 00	Clover seed, bu.	5 00
Butter, lb.	12@16	Timothy	1 75
Lard	9@10	Flax	1 06
Cheese	6	Grass	—
Hams	9	Whitefish, bbl.	6 50
Shoulders	7	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt.	1 50	Potatoes, bush.	50@00
Wheat, bu.	88@1 02	Salt, bbl.	1 62½
Corn	44@46	Apples, bbl.	1 50@2 00
Oats	31@ 32	Do dried, bu.	62½
Slaughter hides, lb.	4@4½	Onions	50
Dry do.	5½@9½	Eggs, doz.	15
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb.	—
Sheep, slaughtered.	1 12½	Soap	4@5
Lamb do.	18¾@25	Whiskey, gall.	22
Dry	12½@50	Highwines	21
Hard wood, cord.	3 00	Lead, bund.	4 00
Hemlock	2 00	Beans, bu.	87½
Bit. (O) coal, ton		Wool, lb.	20@30
Blossburg		Hay	11@12 00

MARRIED.

On the 17th inst., by J. G. Dickie, Esq., Mr. CHARLES CARRICH, and Miss JULIA CARLY, both of Black Rock.

On the 23d inst., by P. A. Child, Esq., Mr. PETER N. CLAPSADDLE, of Frankfort, Herkimer Co., and Miss ABIGAIL WHITE, of Buffalo.

On the 24th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Tucker, WILLIAM HODGE, Jr., of Black Rock, and ARRIETTA ADELIA HODGE, of this city.

On the 24th inst., by P. A. Child, Esq., Mr. ANDREW BEZZO, of Port Dover, and Miss NANCY TYGE, of this city.

At Monterey, Mexico, on the 3d ult., JOHN H. CHESTER, Printer, belonging to Company H., 1st Virginia regiment of volunteers, formerly of Philadelphia county, Pa., and MAGDALENA, only daughter of Don Miguel Rodriguez, of Villa Real, Mexico.

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WESTERN
LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1847. NUMBER XIX.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

"Given by his Mother at Parting."

BY MARIANNA HENDEE.

Thy *Mother's Gift!* The gift of her
Who pleadeth with her God for thee!—
Shepherd of Israel! may thy care
In danger's hour the answer be!

Her *Parting Gift!* Would thou could'st know
The truthfulness of that deep love
Which girds thee *thus* to meet each foe
That may thy Christian courage prove!

The *Gift of Life!* Here thou may'st glean
Fresh manna, daily, for thy food!
And bow to drink that living stream
Which floweth from the Word of God!

Oh! pale are India's flashing gems
Beside the "pearl of countless price"!
And vain were bartered diadems
To gain the gold of Paradise!

Then guard within thy faithful heart
This shield'ng talisman of love!
So shalt thou foil the tempter's dart,
And sing the triumph-song above!

WEST BLOOMFIELD, N. Y.

The Miller's Maid.—A Story of Female Heroism.

"Near the hamlet of Udorf, on the banks of the Rhine, not far from Boon, there yet stands the mill which was the scene of the following adventure:—

"One Sunday morning, the miller and his family set out as usual to attend divine service, at the nearest church in the village of Heasel, leaving the mill, to which the dwelling house was attached, in charge of his servant maid, Hanchen, a bold-hearted girl, who had been some time in his service. The youngest child, who was still too little to go to church, remained also under her care.

"As Hanchen was busily engaged in preparing dinner for the family, she was interrupted by a visit from her admirer, Henrich Botteler; he was an idle, graceless fellow, and her master, who knew his character well, had forbidden him the house; but Hanchen could not believe all the stories she heard against her lover, and was sincerely attached to him. On this occasion she greeted him kindly, and not only got him something to eat at once, but found time in the midst of her business to sit down and have a gossip with him, while he did justice to the fare set before him. As he was eating, he let fall his knife, which he asked her to pick up for him; she playfully remonstrated, telling him she feared, from all she heard, he did little enough work, and ought at least to wait on himself; in the end however, she stooped down to pick up the knife, when the treacherous villain drew a dagger from under his coat, and caught her by the nape of the neck, griping her throat firmly with his fingers to prevent her screaming; then, with an oath, he desired her to tell him where her master kept his money, threatening to kill her if she did not comply with his demand. The surprised and terrified girl in vain attempted to parley with him; he still held her tightly in his choking grasp, leaving her no other choice but to die or betray her master. She saw there was no hope of softening him or changing his purpose, and with the full conviction of his treachery, all her native courage awoke in her bosom. Affecting, however, to yield to what was inevitable, she answered him in a resigned tone, and what must be, must; only, if he carried off her master's gold, he must take her with him, too; for she could never stay to hear their suspicions and reproaches, entreating him, at the same time, to relax his grasp of her throat, for she could hardly speak, much less do what he bid her, while he held her so tight. At length he was induced to quit his hold, on her reminding him that he must lose no time, or the family would be returning from church. She then led the way to her master's bed-room, and showed him the coffer where he kept his money. 'Here,' she said, reaching to him an axe which lay in a corner of the room, 'you can open it with this, while I run up stairs to put all my things together, besides the money I have saved since I have been here.'

"Completely deceived by her apparent readiness to enter into his plans, he allowed her to leave the room, only exhorting her to be as quick as possible, and was immediately absorbed in his own operations; first opening the box, and then disposing of the money about his person. In the meanwhile, Hanchen, instead of going up stairs to her own room, crept softly along several passages till she again reached her master's chamber. It was the work of a moment to shut and bolt the door upon him; and this done, she rushed out to the outer door of the mill to give the alarm. The only being in sight was her master's little boy, a child of five years old; to him she called with all her might, 'run, run to meet your father as he comes from church; tell him we shall all be murdered if he does not come back.' The frightened child did as she bid him, and set off running on the road she pointed out.

"Somewhat relieved by seeing that the child understood her, and would make her case known she sank down for a moment on the stone seat before the door, and full of conflicting emotions of grief and thankfulness for her escape, she burst into tears. But at this moment a shrill whistle aroused her attention; it was from her prisoner, Heinrich, who opening the grated window above her head, shouted out to some accomplice without to catch the child that was running away so fast, and to kill the girl. Hanchen looked around in great alarm, but saw no one. The child still continued to run with all his might, and she hoped that it was but a false alarm to excite her fear and overcome her resolution; when just as the child reached a hollow in the next field, (the channel of a natural drain,) she saw a ruffian start up from the bed of the drain, and snatching up the child in his arms, hastened with him towards the mill, in accordance with the directions of his accomplice. In a moment she perceived the full extent of her danger, and formed a plan for escaping it.

"Retreating into the mill, she double-locked and bolted the door, the only apparent entrance

into the building, every other means of obvious access being prevented by strong iron gratings fixed up against all the windows, and then took her post at the upper casement, determined to await patiently her master's return, and her consequent delivery from that dangerous position, or her own death, if indeed inevitable: for she was fully resolved to enter into no terms, and that nothing should induce her to give up her master's property into the robber's hands. She had hardly had time to secure herself in her retreat, when the ruffian, holding the screaming child in his arms, and brandishing a knife in one hand, came up, and bid her open the door, or he would break it down, adding many awful oaths and threats; to which her only answer was, that she put her trust in God. Heinrich, who from his window was witness of this colloquy, now called out to cut the child's throat before her eyes if she still persisted in her refusal. Poor Hanchen's heart quailed at this horrible threat; for a moment her resolution failed, but only for a moment. The death of the child could be no gain to them, while her own death was certain if she admitted the assailant, and her master, too, would be robbed. She had no reason either to suppose that her compliance would save the life of the child. It was to risk all against nothing, and she resolved to hold out to the last, though the villain from without renewed his threats, saying that if she would not open the door to him he would kill the child, and then set fire to the mill over her head. 'I put my trust in God,' was still the poor girl's answer.

"In the meahwhile, the ruffian sat down the child for a moment to look about for some combustibles to carry out his threat. In this search, he discovered a mode of entering the mill unthought of by Hanchen. It was a large aperture in the wall, communicating with the great wheel and other machinery of the mill, and it was a point entirely unprotected, for it had never been contemplated that any one would seek to enter by so dangerous an inlet. Triumphant at this discovery, he returned to tie the hands and feet of the poor child, to prevent its escape, and then stole back to the aperture by which he intended to effect an entrance. The situation of the building prevented Hanchen seeing anything of this, but a thought had meanwhile struck her. It was sunday, when the mill was never at work; if therefore, the sails were set in motion, the whole neighborhood would know that something was the matter, and her master especially would hasten home, to know the meaning of any thing so strange.

"Being all her life accustomed to the machinery of the mill, it was the work of a moment, to set it all in motion—a brisk breeze, which sprang up at once, set the sails flying. The arms of the huge engine whirled round with fearful rapidity; the great wheel slowly revolved on its axle; the smaller gear turned, and creaked, and groaned, according as the machinery came into action; the mill was in full operation. It was at this moment that the ruffian intruder had succeeded in squeezing himself through the aperture in the wall, and getting himself safely lodged in the great drum wheel. His dismay, however, was indescribable, when he began to be whirled about with its rotation, and found that all his efforts to put a stop to the powerful machinery which set it in motion, or to extricate himself from his perilous situation, were fruitless. In his terror, he uttered shrieks and horrible imprecations. Astonished at the noise, Hanchen ran to the spot, and saw him caught like a rat, in his own trap, from which it was no part of her plan to liberate him. She knew that he would be more frightened than hurt, if he kept within his rotary prison, without any rash attempt to escape, and that even if he became insensible, he could not fall out.

"In the meantime the wheel went round and round with its steady unceasing motion; and round and round he went with it, while sense remained besieging Hanchen, with entreaties, promises, and wild impotent threats, which were all equally disregarded, till by degrees feeling and perception failed him, and he saw and heard no one. He fell senseless at the bottom of the engine, but even then his inanimate body continued to be whirled round as before; for Hanchen did not dare to trust to appearances in such a villain, and would not venture to suspend the working of the mill or stop the mill gear and tackle from running at their fullest speed.

"At length she heard a loud knocking at the door, and flew to open it. It was her master and his family, accompanied by several of his neighbors, all in the utmost excitement and wonder, at seeing the mill sails in full swing on Sunday, and still more so, when they found the poor child lying bound upon the grass, who, however, was too terrified to give them any account of what had happened. Hanchen, in a few words, told all; and then her spirit, which had sustained her through such scenes of terror, gave way under the sense of safety and relief, and she fell fainting in their arms, and was with much difficulty recovered. The machinery of the mill was at once stopped, and the inanimate ruffian dragged from his dreadful prison. Heinrich, too, was brought forth from the miller's chamber, and both were in a short time sent bound under a strong escort to Boon, where they soon after met the reward of their crimes."

The story of this extraordinary act of presence of mind concludes by telling us that Hanchen, thus effectually cured of her penchant for her unworthy suitor, became eventually the wife of the miller's eldest son, and thus lived all her life in the scene of her imminent danger and happy deliverance.

Moral Uses of Poetry.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD.

That poetry will have an influence, and that it may be made an efficient instrumentality in improving the intellect and the heart, will be evident to any one who will contemplate the elements of its power. It is more effective, more spirit-stirring, than music, statuary or painting. Let us quote two stanzas from Wordsworth, which illustrate the suggestive power of poetry. They are addressed to a butterfly:

"Stay near me; do not take thy flight!
A little longer stay in sight,
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy.
Float near me! Do not yet depart!
Dead times revive in thee:
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art,
A solemn image to my heart,
My father's family!

O, pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time when in our childish plays,
My sister Emeline and I
Together chased the butterfly.
A very hunter, did I rush
Upon the prey. With leaps and springs,
I followed on to brake to bush,
But she, God love her! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings."

Now in these few lines the poet calls up a train of treasured memories, utterly beyond the

reach of every *other* except the poetic art divine. The utmost skill of the painter could never, by a simple butterfly, a boy and his little sister, bring such a rush of old buried feeling over the heart. There is little indeed in the mere apostrophe of the poet to the butterfly. But the moment he calls it the 'historian of his infancy,' up leap the old familiar faces of other days; his father's family, his own boyish sports, his sister Emeline, with a thousand other thoughts associated with the dark and dream-like past. Then with a contrast the poet draws between himself and his sister! The one, in the rough, wild wantonness of boyhood, leaping and springing from brake to bush after the glossy winged wanderer, determined to catch it, though at the loss of one of its wings or feet; but she, with all the fawn-like movements of a gentle girl,

> ——"feared to brush
> The dust from off its wings."

Our moral sensibilities are so arranged and attuned, that true poetry will find its way to the heart, and leave its impress there. Hence its influence, during all time, over the moral feelings and habits of men. Some of the grandest revolutions and changes that have signalized the world's history have been affected through the instrumentality of poetry. It was the lyre of Orpheus that civilized Thrace. It was the sublime ode of Miriam and Moses that developed the patriot spirit of the Jews. It was the songs of the bards, those divinely inspired old men, that preserved the Welch unconquered and unconquerable in their mountain fastnesses. It was the Troubadours and minstrels of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries that laid the foundation of modern literature and civilization. They invested the whole circle of the virtues with an ideal beauty, which found its way to the better feelings of men, in those dark and barbarous ages and called up through the whole length and breadth of Europe the most romantic love of the brave the beautiful and the good.—*Knickerbocker.*

Crisis of the War.

The crisis is reached at last. An event that, to Rome under Cæsar, or to France under Napoleon would have put the top stone to a pyramid of glorious conquest, is ready for record in the history of the decendants of the passengers in the Mayflower. A vast country, teeming with a population impregnated with the spirit of chivalry and with the memories of military glory, has yielded to a comparative handful of a people supposed capable of trade and agriculture and little else; and, after battles of every kind, and at every unfavorable odds, seven thousand men have taken a capital of 150,000 population, and are the masters, now, of Mexico and the "Halls o fthe Montezumas." This is a striking passage of history —whatever may be the right or wrong—and will be named by orators and poets as long as the world lasts, whatever lesson they draw from it, or however it may brighten or blot the names of the men who are responsible for the impulse.

England would, for herself, justify—twenty times over—exactly the conquest we have made of this neighboring nation, on the same ground that the law takes possession of the property of an incompetent, and by assuming guardianship, put it out of his power longer to misuse and waste it. That Mexico will sooner, by Yankee foot-hold in its centre, arrive at desirable civilization and proper self-government, no one doubts. The question is as to our right to put on the strait jacket till a frantic brother country, incapable of self-government, and likely to injure others meanwhile, should come to its senses. But while we see a justification of the war in this light, it imposes, to our view, the obligation to treat the sufferer generously with the first moment of trustworthy recovery. We hope the result of the Mexican war—the management from this point of complete conquest—will justify to all nations soon, and to posterity hearafter, our invasion and temporary acquisition of Mexico. Our country's glory can now require no more. We have shown ourselves masters of the art of war and (as the Mexican account of the battle says) "impossible to defeat without annihilation." Mercy, conciliation, a policy cool but yielding, will now become us, and we think the descent of this war-star from its meridian, may yet be the mingled reliance of hour country as a precedent, and its pride as a memory.

We have enlarged heretofore on one strong feeling we have, with regard to these conquests, —the triumphant warning with which the flag on the "Halls of the Montezumas" flaps in the face of England. Were this haughty tyrant of Europe a half century nearer to the natural termination of bloated national career, we should regret the seed of warlike spirit sown in our country of more healthful constitution and energies. But with England to humble—which we know to be a task before us—we are not sorry to see, breathed and armed, the spirit which otherwise might first learn a lesson of war at some cost, but which now will come, in practice, to the arena, and win its honors gracefully and from the first. The more we admire England for its culture and refinement at home, the more we long to put a stop to its immeasurable haughtiness of dictation and policy of encroachment abroad.

The daily and other papers are so filled with the details of the war, that we think it needless re-production to give them in the Home Journal, and we, therefore, mark only the great events, and with simple mention or copy of the documents most important. We say nothing of the heroes who have accumulated glory for their country, and their children; but our eye is upon their deeds, and we shall pay our tribute hereafter.—*Home Journal.*

MRS. HEMANS AND THE POET SHELLEY.—In many points Mrs. Hemans reminds us of a poet just named, and whom she passionately admired, namely, Shelley. Like him, drooping, fragile, a reed shaken in the wind, a mighty wind, in sooth, too powerful for the tremulous reed on which it discoursed its music; like him, the victim of exquisite nervous organization; like him, verse flowed for and from her, and the sweet sound often overpowered the meaning, kissing it, as it were, to death; like him she was melancholy, but the sadness of both was musical, tearful, active, not stony, silent and motionless, still less misanthropical and disdainful; like him, she was gentle, playful, they could both run about their prison garden, and daily with the dark chains which, they knew, bound them till death. Mrs. Hemans, indeed, was not, like Shelley, a vates; she has never reached his heights, nor sounded his depths, yet they are, to our thought, so strikingly alike, as to seem brother and sister, in one beautiful, but delicate and dying family. Their very appearance must have been similar. How like must the girl, Felicia Dorothea Brown, with the mantling bloom of her cheeks, her hair of a rich golden brown, and the ever varying expression of her brilliant eyes, have been to the noble boy Percy Bysshee Shelley, when he, came first to Oxford, a fair-haired, bright-eyed enthusiast, on whose cheek and brow, and in whose eye was

already beginning to burn a fire, which ultimately enwrapped his whole being in flames!

In Mrs. Hemans's melancholy, one "simple" was wanting, which was largely mixed in Shelley's, that of faithless despondency. Her spirit was cheered by faith—by a soft and noble form—of the softest, noblest faith—a form, reminding us much, from its balance of human, poetical, and celestial elements, of that of Jeremy Taylor—the Shakspeare of divines. Although, as we have said, her poetry is not, of prepense and purpose, the express image of her religious thought, yet it is a rich illustration of the religious tendency of the female mind. Indeed, females may be called the natural guardians of morality and faith. These shall always be safe in the depths of the female intellect, and of the female heart—an intellect, the essence of which is worship—a heart, the element of which is love. Unhired, disinterested, spontaneous is the aid they give to the blessed cause—leaning, indeed, in their lovely weakness on the "worship of sorrow," they at the same time, prop it up through the wide and holy influences which they wield. Their piety, too, is no fierce and foul polemic flame—it is that of the feelings—the quick instinctive sense of duty—the wonder stricken soul and the loving heart—often it is not even a conscious emotion at all—but in Wordsworth's language—they lie in

"Abraham's bosom all the year,
And God is with them, when they know it not."

In Mrs. Hemans's writings you find this pious tendency of her sex unsoiled by an atom of cant or bigotry, or exclusiveness; and shaded only by such pensiveness as attests its divinity and its depth; for as man's misery is said to spring from his greatness, so the gloom which often overhangs the earnest spirit arises from its more immediate proximity to the Infinite and the Eternal. And who would not be ready to sacrifice all the cheap sunshine of earthly success and satisfaction, for even a touch of a shadow so sublime.

The Grave—Where Sleep both Sire and Son:—An o'er true Tale of the Yellow Fever.

How mysterious is that invisible chain, forged by nature, which, in the bonds of the purest and strongest affections, binds parent to child and child to parent. Distance cannot sever it: time cannot destroy its tension: with death only do its links dissolve their connection. Of all the streams through which the social affections flow, parental love is the one which more immediately gushes from the heart's centre: the conduit through which filial affection passes is free from all the impurities of selfishness. These, however, are but truisms, and without further indulgence in them we shall proceed to narrate a recent instance in which the force of parental love and filial affection has been sadly but strikingly illustrated.

When the last call for volunteers was made on Indiana, Edgar Derwin was the first to enrol his name among the active upholders of his country's standard. He was a daring, intrepid, athletic youth, knowing no fear; a patriot by intuition, endowed with all man's most ennobling feelings, though manhood's threshhold he had not yet crossed. His father, fast verging towards life's winter, heard his purpose with silent approval, for, in truth, he felt a secret, satisfactory pride at the patriotism so promptly evinced by his son. Not so his mother. She looked to him as the prop of her declining years, and a presentiment audibly whispered to her that he was about to leave her, never to return. She interposed no obstacle to his resolve, though the tears that coursed down her furrowed cheeks as she embraced and blessed him when leaving, too plainly told how acutely painful to her was the separation.

* * * * * * * *

Young Derwin had got no further than Matamoros with his regiment, when he was seized with a severe fit of sickness. Being unable to proceed he was placed in the hospital. His regiment marched on. The captain of the company to which young Derwin belonged lost no time in informing his father of his son's illness, telling him at the same time he need entertain no apprehensions for his life as his recovery might be pronounced certain. This assurance notwithstanding, that letter, when it reached the quiet western home of the sick young soldier, proved to his fond parents a missive surcharged with sorrow. The first burst of grief over, old Derwin, prompted by the quick instincts of parental affection, concluded that duty to his child, lying on a sick bed in a foreign country—perhaps in a grave made by strange hands, required more of him than unavailing tears. He brushed them away and ere the early rays of the next morning's sun gilded the roof of his humble log cabin, he departed, to seek in Mexico the son he so much loved—to succor him if alive, and if dead, to transport his corpse where it would mingle with its native clay—where he and his stricken wife might in death lay beside it.

He speeded on without impediment till he reached this city, and while here, waiting for a conveyance down to the Brazos, it pleased Providence to afflict him with the yellow fever. From the boarding house where he was staying, he was sent to the Charity Hospital, which he entered on the Wednesday of last week. His "case" was a severe one: it unsettled his reason. All the imaginings of his fevered brain had reference to his son. At one time he witnessed him in battle doing deeds of mighty daring, and he cheered him on. At another time, he saw him a manacled captive, in a prison-dungeon, and he would offer a large sum for his ransom. Again, he would call on the Mexicans not to desecrate his grave.

Skilful medical aid, and the watchful nursing of the Sisters of Charity, carried him through the most violent stage of the disease: if they did not snatch him *from* death's door, they at least prevented him from stepping over it. Thus, he was, his reason restored, himself lingering on the confines of eternity as it were, when, about noon on Monday, an emaciated youth was carried into the same ward and placed in the bed beside him. His glazed eye gazed on the young, emaciated patient with intense anxiety. He tremblingly looked and looked till it might be said that he had well nigh looked his life away. He sprang from his bed; with a convulsive grasp he clutched the small paper label which the porter had just placed at the bed's head of the recently arrived young patient, opening it in his tremulous hand he read—

"Edgar Derwin, Jr., Indiana."

"*My Son!*" he said, and no more did he say, for as he uttered the phrase he fell and expired. Young Derwin, who on account of his sickness had been discharged, was on his return home, when he, too, was taken by the epidemic, and hence the painfully singular coincidence of this meeting between father and son, and its tragic termination. He soon, though not immediately, recognized his father. The scene was too much for his already shattered constitution; before the bell of the cathedral tolled twelve that night he was a corpse. They now, though not at their homestead in Indiana, sleep where the mournful cypress and the death-burthened north wind chant the last requiem o'er the stranger's grave.—*N. O. Delta.*

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—The last number of *Hewitt's Journal* gives an account of a new fluid discovered by a French Chemist. Its character and uses are certified by many responsible men of science. It has also been tested by order of the English Government and proved to be a genuine discovery. We copy the following particulars from the Journal:

"A fluid which possesses the property of destroying noxious gases has been discovered by a French Chemist, and placed by him, through the instrumentality of an energetic and patriotic Englishman, at the disposal of the English Government. This "disinfecting fluid," as it has been named, inexpensive, simple of application, and without any odor of its own. It destroys the putrid smell of all substances, animal or vegetable, in any stage of decomposition. The "dead-rooms" of hospitals, all dissecting-rooms, the subjects of Coroners' inquests, or of any post-mortem examination, may, by its presence, be rendered perfectly inoffensive. Portions of human remains, portions of animal remains, of fish, of vegetable matter, so putrid as scarcely to retain their form sufficiently to be recognized, have, by it, been restored to their natural odor. Nightsoil, arrived at that most poisonous pitch of stench which it emits when accumulated for years in cess-pools, is, by it, nearly deprived of all smell: that which it retains being so trifling as only to be perceptible by very close observation.

"In sickness, also, the relief afforded will be extraordinary. A sick room may be, in the course of two or three minutes, perfectly purified by the use of a small quantity of this fluid, and all that was disagreeable to the senses before replaced by a sense of singular freshness. The crowded wards of hospitals have been not only purified, but the creation of any offensive smell at all has been prevented by it. In thinking of a number of sufferers whose proximity in their state of sickness and prostration necessarily renders each a cause of offance and additional suffering to all the blessings of this new power to prevent this portion of their calamity is very striking.

"But there is a more important consequence involved. The generator of all the classes of infectious disease, the poison which, arising from the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, becomes diffused in the atmosphere, and, being inhaled into the lungs, causes that dreadful scourge fever, is neutralized, is actually destroyed by the chemical action of this fluid. The danger to which nurses and medical attendants are perpetually exposed, and which, in the present bad form of fever prevailing to so great an extent, has been particularly fatal, will now be averted. And it appears, from the experience already acquired, that a most beneficial effect is produced on the patients themselves by this purification of the air around them. We should naturally have expected this, and it proved so. A fever patient becomes in himself a source of fever. All the exalations given off from him are dangerous to life; and while he inhales them he is continually taking fresh doses of the poison that has prostrated him. By annihilating the poison, a wonderful assistance is given to the physician in curing him. Hitherto this effect has been produced, as far as possible, by ventilation in all well-regulated sick rooms and hospitals, but the new fluid does it much more completely. Ventilation only dilutes, thus gets rid of the poison. In the most crowded and ill-ventilated wards, filled with cases of dysentery and fever in the dreadful form now prevailing in Ireland, it has been found sufficient to wave in the air, and to hang round the beds, pieces of linen saturated in the fluid, and the state of the atmosphere around has been changed in a few minutes from one so noxious as to be highly dangerous to all those whose duty called them into the dreadful service of breathing it, into one of perfect safety and purity; while the poor suffering patients declared themselves to be 'in Heaven.'"

IMPROVEMENT IN MILL SAWS.—We have received from the inventor, Mr. Moses B. Wright, of Leesville, Ct., a model of a mill saw, so constructed as to plane the boards both sides in its progress of sawing. We are aware that some thing of the kind has been attempted before, but none that could claim equal simplicity. A square hole is cut through the saw plate, near the centre, and a small section of the plate which constitutes the top of the aperture, is bent out in one direction, and that at the bottom, in the other direction; and these two bent edges, being properly tempered for that purpose, each cutter shaves off a small portion of the surface of its respective side surface, at each vibration of the saw. The cutters are about an inch wide—and if kept sufficiently *sharp* (that is the main point) they will answer a valuable purpose.—*Scientific American.*

FEMALE LOQUACITY.—A friar, when preaching in a nunnery, observed to his female auditors, "be not too proud that our blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished honor of appearing first to a female after the resurrection; *for it was done that the glad tidings might spread the sooner.*"

The Village Churchyard.

I sat in a village churchyard
One day when work was done,
Around me lay the mouldering clay,
Deep hidden from the sun.

This story bore each tombstone,
Revealed by evening's rays—
"His sands have run, his work is done,
He knows not blame or prise."

The breeze moaned through the willow,
Its branches swept the ground;
And every leaf gave sign of grief
With sadly rustling sound.

It seemed a mound beside me,
A stifled voice gave forth—
"Ye dead! how deep and calm your sleep
Beneath the stirless earth."

The conscious breeze passed over,
And hushed its moaning sound;
Like an infant's breath in the lap of death,
It sank in silence drowned.

The *strangers'* nook far yonder
Now caught my wandering eye;—
In their lowly bed the noteless dead,
Without inscription lie.

May I sleep with my kindred,
That where my grave is made,
My name with age on the marble page
May live and never fade.

I thought as I left the churchyard,
'Tis a solemn thing to die;
This goal of earth affords no mirth,
But claims the heartful sigh.

"Oh live! and deeply cherish"
The memory of the past,
For memory's wave rolls o'er the grave,
And dies away at last.

Literary World.

A Touching Story.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

The coffin was let down to the bottom of the grave, the planks were removed from the heaped up brink, the first rattling clods had struck their knell, the quick shovelling was over, and the long, broad, skillfully cut pieces of turf were aptly joined together, and trimly laid by the beating spade, so that the newest mound in the churchyard was scarcely distinguished from those that were grown over by the undisturbed grass and daisies of a luxuriant spring. The burial was soon over, and the party with one consenting motion, having uncovered their heads in decent reverence of the place and occasion, were beginning to separate and about to leave the churchyard. Here some acquaintances from distant parts of the parish, who had not had an opportunity of addressing each other in the house that had belonged to the deceased, nor in the course of the hundred yards that the little procession had to move from his bed to his grave, were shaking hands quietly but cheerfully, and enquiring after the welfare of each other's families. There a knot of neighbors were speaking, without exaggeration, of the respectable character which the deceased had borne, and mentioning to one another the little incidents of his life, some of them so remote as to be known only to the grey-headed persons of the group. While a few yards further, removed from the spot, were standing together parties who discussed ordinary concerns, altogether unconnected with the funeral; such as the state of the markets, the promise of the season, or change of tenants; but still with a sobriety of manner and voice that was insensibly produced by the influence of the simple ceremony now closed, by the quiet graves around, and the shadow of the spire and gray walls of the house of God.

Two men yet stood together at the head of the grave with severe and unimpassioned grief.—They were brothers—the only sons of him who had been buried; and there was something in their situation that naturally kept the eyes of many directed upon them for a long time, and more intently than would have been the case had there been nothing more observable than the common symptoms of common sorrow. But these two brothers who were standing at the head of their father's grave, had for some years been totally estranged from each other, and the only words that had passed them during all that time, had been uttered within a few days past, during the necessary preparations for the old man's funeral.

No deep and deadly quarrel was between these brothers, and neither of them could distinctly tell the cause of this unnatural estrangement. Perhaps dim jealousies of their father's favor: selfish thoughts that will sometimes force themselves into poor men's hearts, respecting temporal expectations: unaccommodating manners on both sides; taunting words that mean little when uttered, but which rankle and fester in remembrance; imagined opposition of interests, that, duly considered, would have been one and the same; these and many other causes, slight when single, but strong when rising up together in one baneful band, had gradually and fatally infected their hearts, till at last they who in youth had been seldom separate, and truly attached, now met at market, and miserable to say, at church, with dark and averted faces, like different clansmen during a feud.

Surely if anything could have softened their hearts towards each other, it must have been to stand silently side by side, while the earth, stones, and clods were falling down upon their father's coffin. And doubtless their hearts were so softened. But pride, though it cannot prevent the holy affections of nature from being felt, may prevent them from being shown; and these two brothers stood there together, determined not to let each other know the mutual tenderness that in spite of them was gushing up in their hearts, and teaching them the unconfessed folly and wickedness of their causeless quarrel.

A head stone had been prepared, and a person came forward to plant it—a plain stone, with a sand-glass, scull and cross bones, chiselled, not rudely, and a few words inscribed. The younger brother regarded the operation with a troubled eye, and said, loudly enough to be heard by several of the bystanders—"William, this is not kind in you—you should have told me this. I loved my father as well as you could have loved him.—You were the elder, and it may be, the favorite son: but I had a right in nature to have joined you in ordering this head-stone, had I not?"

During these words the stone was sinking into the earth, and many persons who were on their way from the grave returned. For a while the elder brother said nothing, for he had a conciousness in his heart that he ought to have consulted his father's son in designating this last mark of affection and respect to his memory: so the stone was planted in silence, and now stood erect, decently and simple, among the other ostentatious memorials of the humble dead.

The inscription merely gave the name and age of the deceased, and told that the stone had been erected by his "affectionate sons." The sight of these words seemed to soften the angry man, and he said somewhat more mildly: "Yes, we are his affectionate sons, and since my name is on the stone, I am satisfied, brother. We have not drawn together kindly of late years and perhaps never may, but I acknowledge and respect your worth; and here, before our own friends, and before the friends of our father, with my foot above his head, I express my willingness to be on better and other terms with you, and if we cannot command our hearts, let us at least bar out all unkindness."

The minister, who attended the funeral, and had something entrusted to him to say publicly before he left the church yard, now came forward, and asked the elder brother, why he spake not regarding this matter. He saw that there was something of a cold and sullen pride rising up in his heart, but not easily may any man hope to dismiss from the chamber of his heart even the vilest guest, if once cherished there. With a solemn and almost severe air, he looked upon the relenting man, and then, changing his countenance into serenity, said gently—

> Behold how good a thing it is,
> And how becoming well,
> Together such as brethren are
> In unity to dwell.

The time, the place, and this beautiful expression of a natural sentiment, quite overcame a heart in which many kind, if not warm affections dwelt; and the man thus appealed to, bowed down his head and wept.

"Give me your hand, brother," and it was given, while a murmur of satisfaction arose from all present, and all hearts felt kindlier and more humanely toward each other.

As the brothers stood fervently but composedly, grasping each other's hands in the little hollow that lay between the grave of their mother, long since dead, and of their father, whose shroud was haply not yet still from the fall of dust to dust, the minister stood beside them with a pleasant countenance, and said—"I must fulfil the promise I made to your father on his death bed. I must

read to you a few words which his hand wrote at an hour when his tongue denied its office. I must not say that you did your duty to your old father, for did he not often beseech you, apart from one another, for your own sakes as Christians, for his sake, and for the sake of the mother who bare you, and Stephen, who died that you might be born? When the palsy struck him for the last time, you were both absent—nor was it your fault that you were not beside the old man when he died. As long as sense continued with him here, did he think of you, and you two alone. Tears were in his eyes; I saw them there; and on his cheek, too, when no breath came from his lips. But of this no more. He died with this paper in his hand; and he made me know that I was to read it to you over his grave. I now obey him:

"My sons—if you will let my bones lie quiet in the grave, near the dust of your mother, depart not from my burial, till, in the name of God and Christ, you promise to love one another as you used to do. Dear boys, receive my blessing."

Some turned their heads away to hide the tears that needed not to be hidden—and, when the brothers had released each other from a long and sobbing embrace, many went up to them, and in a single word or two expressed their joy at this perfect reconcilement. The brothers themselves walked away from the church yard, with the minister to the Manse. On the following Sabbath, they were seen sitting, with their families, in the same pew, and it was observed that they read out of the same Bible, when the minister gave out the text; and that they sang together, taking hold of the same psalm book. The same psalm was sung, (given out at their own request) of which one verse had been repeated at their father's grave: a larger sum than usual was on that Sabbath found on the plate, for the poor, for Love and Charity are sisters. And ever after, both during the peace and the troubles of this life, the hearts of the brothers were as one, and in nothing were they divided.

A Few Thoughts from the German of Frederick Jacobs.—We commend the following brief extracts to the attention of the thoughtful—and to those, whether thoughtful or not, who delight in vague terms of condemnation against German literature:

True modesty is beautiful, because it announces the supremacy of the idea of perfection in mind, and at the same time gives truth and sincerity the victory over force and vanity.

Pride, arrogance, and conceit, are so common, because they betray the absence of that idea of perfection, without which there is nothing great or noble.

If ingratitude could extinguish benevolence, the world must daily be destroyed by a deluge, or in flames.

Common minds are hardened by ingratitude; but to superior natures, it is an occasion for new acts of kindness.

Benevolence that can be extinguished by ingratitude, is no true virtue, but, as it were base tinder, upon which vanity has thrown a spark, which is no sooner kindled than extinguished.

True goodness of heart nourishes itself on the good which it does to others. The good loves him to whom he does good, as the bad hates whom he has injured.

How many a man hates his neighbor for no other reason, than because he knows he deserves himself to be hated by him.

Every great and noble feeling which we cherish, every virtuous action which we perform, is a round in the ladder which leads to God. All knowledge of God proceeds from virtue. But virtue is a gift of God. Without God there is neither wisdom nor holiness; and God is the centre of wisdom and holiness.

The saying, "*Do right, and fear no man,*" contains more wisdom than all works which would regulate the intercourse with men can ever teach. "*Do right, and fear no man,*" this is the one safe compass upon the sea of life.

Be kind to the Old.—Oh! be kind to those who are in the autumn of life, for thou knowest not what sufferings they may have endured, how much it may still be their portion to bear. Are they querulous and unreasonable? allow not thine anger to kindle against them—rebuke them not, for doubtless, many and severe, have been the crosses and trials of earlier years, and perchance, their dispositions, while in the "springtime of life," were more gentle and flexible than thine own. Do they require aid of thee? then render it cheerfully, and forget not that the time *may* come, when thou mayest desire the same assistance from others, that now thou renderest unto them. Do all that is needful for the old, and do it with alacrity and think it not hard if *much* is required at thine hand; lest, when age has set its seal upon *thy* brow, and filled thy limbs with trembling, there may be found those who will wait upon *thee* unwillingly, and who will feel relieved when the coffin-lid has covered thy face forever.

The old must soon pass from this to another world; is it a world of bliss? then, though they have much to cheer them through the remnant of their earthly pilgrimage—be kind, very kind to them; for they have many sorrows to endure, before they seek the abodes of happiness; they have yet to pass through "the valley of the shadow of death." Is it a world of wo to which they are hastening? have they no hope of Heaven? then be doubly cautious how thou addest a single drop to a cup already full; for surely they have enough to bear, if their prospects for both time and eternity are shrouded in gloom.—*Chicago Tribune.*

☞ The following paragraph from the *London Times* so admirably sets forth the peculiarly *disinterested* character of England's boasted philanthropy, that we copy it as it stands:

There is nothing in the world more detestable than the cant of philanthropy which justifies and applauds what is in itself indefensible on the presumption—oftentimes a very violent presumption—that the results may be favorable to humanity. And yet, in our international politics, there is nothing more common. Aggression comes in with a smile; violence with a bow of politeness. If we subjugate a new people, we do it for their good. If we appropriate a new empire, it is only a great act of philanthropy. Like the Irishman, who "meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down," we prostrate the independence of our neighbors out of the very fulness of our love and commiseration. We talk about the light of civilization, and let it in upon the benighted through the riddlings of our grape and canister.

We enforce our Christianity at the bayonet's point, and with a flourish of drums and trumpets. We talk about commerce, and open the navigation of great rivers with the prows of our rampant war steamers. We are eloquent on the subject of justice to the oppressed, and send the old rulers of the country to pine in loathsome exiles and imprisonment.

All this, and much more, history tells us we have done out of the plenitude of our disinterested humanity. Starting with the proposition that we are better judges than our neighbors of what is good for them, and better able to manage their own affairs, we assume the character of universal deliverers, and bring all sorts of people in the East and in the West—from the banks of the Indus to the banks of the St. Lawrence—under our protection, as wards in Chancery, congratulating ourselves all the time upon the magnanimity of our achievements.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

A Serenade.

INSCRIBED TO H.

Awake from thy slumber: once more has the Even,
With stars brightly flashing her brow to adorn,
Walked forth in her pride, through the portals of heaven,
To rule like a queen, till the dawning of morn;
And the moon's silver crescent is lowly declining,
Already it kisses the murmuring sea,
Above are the stars in their loveliness shining,
But shining so brightly, 'tis only for thee!

Awake from thy slumber: all nature reposes
As calm as a babe on its mother's warm breast;
And the sigh of the breeze, as it plays over roses,
Is soft as the song that has lulled it to rest;
Wild zephyr with odors his ringlets has laden,
With odors bereft from the blossoming tree,
And now round thy lattice he shed them, dear maiden,
But Oh, they're so fragrant, 'tis only for thee!

Awake from thy slumber: 'tis Even, 'tis Even,
And silence is round us and beauty above,
There's a smile over earth, and a smile over heaven;
'Tis surely the hour for the whispers of love:
Awake, for the beauty of Even is fleeting,
Pale Luna herself has half sunk in the sea;
Awake, for my heart in my bosom is beating,
And beating so wildly, 'tis only for thee.

BUFFALO, Oct. 28th, 1847. D. F. D.

WHAT OUR FINE FRUITS HAVE SPRUNG FROM.—The Peach, originally, was a poisonous almond. Its fleshy parts were then used to poison arrows, and it was for this purpose introduced into Persia; the transplanting and cultivation, however, not only removed its poisonous qualities, but produced the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

The Nectarine and Apricot are natural hybridations between the peach and plum.

The Cherry was originally a berry-like fruit, and cultivation has given each berry a separate stem, and improves its quality; the common mazzard is the original of most of the present kinds of Cherries.

The common Wild Pear is even inferior to the Choke Pear; but still, by cultivation, it has come to rank among our finest fruits. The Cabbage originally came from Germany, and is nothing more than common sea kale. Its cultivation has produced the present Cabbage, and its different acclimatings, the different kinds; while its hybridation with other similar plants has produced the Cauliflower.

The Cooley Rauher, or Cabbage Turnip, is a hybridation between the Cabbage and Turnip, and has lately been introduced into America.—The Brassica Rapa, Brassica Napus, Esculenta, Navet, and other similar vegetables, have been produced by similar means.

Celery, although so tender and fine flavored, is the same plant as the wild celery on the borders of the rivers emptying into the Chesapeake Bay, and is the natural food of canvass back and black ducks.

This shows the benefit of cultivation in the vegetable world, but the change which cultivation has effected in the mind of man is infinitely greater.

ELECTRO-CULTURE.—Much was said a year or two since, and high expectations raised, relative to accelerating the growth of vegetables by electricity. Plats of ground were encircled by wires buried beneath the surface of the soil, and connected with upright pointed conductors, for stimulating the growing plants,—the operator forgetting that the moist soil, being a free conductor of electricity, dissipated in a moment every particle of the fluid that came down the rods, and not reaching the plants; and also forgetting that if the soil were not a conductor, the electricity thus brought down could never reach them;—two conflicting absurdities thus lying at the very threshold. Extraordinary expections were also raised by the occasional observance of the great luxuriance of some plants at the foot of lightning rods—resulting from growing in the deep bed of mellow soil made by digging the hole for the lower end of the rod.

Accurate scientific experiments have been lately made under the supervision of Professor Solly, of the London Horticultural Society, which set the matter finally at rest. A large and powerful cylinder electric machine was used, and the plants, in pots, within doors, were kept heavily charged, four hours each day; for four weeks; and although the experiment was varied in many different ways, not the slightest influence could in any case be perceived, either favorable or detrimental to vegetable growth. The plants operated upon, several pots of each sort being taken, were young French beans; young plants of the common scarlet geranium; plants of the strawberry; seeds of wheat; and seeds of mustard and cress. Experiments were afterwards made in the open air, on a number of different plants, and the machine worked four hours each day for nearly six weeks, but not the slightest difference could be observed between those electrified and those not.—*Albany Cultivator.*

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—The Louisville Journal says, one of the best things ever brought to the table, in the pudding line, is green corn pudding, prepared according to the following recipe:—Let every wife, who would like to surprise her husband by a rare delicacy, try it. Take of green corn twelve ears, and grate it; to this add a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, four eggs well beaten, pepper and salt as much as is sufficient; stir all well together, and bake four hours in a buttered dish. Some add to the other ingredients a quarter of a pound of sugar, and eat the pudding with sauce. It is good, cold or warm, with meat or sauce; but epicures of the most exquisite taste declare for it, we believe, hot, and with the first service.

LOOM FOR CYLINDRICAL CLOTH.—A very curious piece of mechanism in the shape of a loom for weaving cloth in a cylindrical form, and suitable for bagging, has been invented by Mr. Henry Pease, of Clarkson, N. Y. The cloth made by this loom is in the right form for meal bags and without seams. The peculiarity of the loom is such as to admit of two sets of warps so arranged that when the shuttle has passed through between the two halves of the upper warp, it is returned between the two halves of the lower warp and the two warps being kept in contact with each other, the two webs are united at both edges, thus forming a continuous hose. The invention is original, and we think the patent there must prove valuable.—*Scientific American.*

PUMPKIN BUTTER.—To one barrel of sweet cider boiled down about one-third, take two bushels of punkins cut in pieces like apples, they being peeled and cored, and add them to the cider gradually, stirring all the time, until the whole is boiled down to about 12 gallons, and just before taking them off add half pint of ground cinnamon and spice it to taste. This makes an excellent table dish, one fit for either king or countryman, only the latter deserves it most."

The Wife—A Thrilling Sketch.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

She was a beautiful girl when I first saw her. She was standing up at the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was slightly pale—yet ever and anon, as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson crossed her beautiful cheek, like the reflection of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a quiet lake. Her lover, as he clasped her hand within his own, gazed on her a few moments with unmingled admiration, and warm and eloquent blood shadowed at intervals his manly forehead and melted in beauty on his lips.

And they gave themselves to one another in the presence of Heaven, and every heart blessed them as they went their way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on and I again saw those lovers. They were seated together where the light of sunset stole through half-closed crimson curtains, lending a richer tint to the delicate carpeting and the exquisite embellishment of the rich and gorgeous apartment. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girlish buoyancy of the one had indeed given place to the grace of perfect womanhood, and her lips were somewhat paler—and a faint line of care was slightly perceptible upon her brow. Her husband's brow, too, was marked somewhat more deeply than his age might warrant; anxiety and ambition, and pride, had grown over it, and left the traces upon it; a silver hue was mingled with the dark in his hair, which had become thin around his temples, almost to baldness. He was reclining on his splendid ottoman, with his face half hidden by his hand, as if he feared that the deep and troubled thoughts which oppressed him were visible on his features.

"Edward, you are ill tonight," said his wife in a low, sweet, half inquiring voice, as she laid her hands upon his.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of heaven refused its wonted cheerfulness, and glared upon us with a cold, dim and forbidden glance. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy—that he broods over the feelings which he scorns or fears to reveal—dreadful to watch the convulsive features and the gloomy brow, the indefinite shadows of hidden emotion, the involuntary sigh of sorrow in which we are forbidden to participate, and whose character we cannot know. The wife essayed once more.

"Edward," she said, slowly, mildly, affectionately, "the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one who had never, I trust, betrayed your confidence! Why, then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve? You are troubled, and yet refuse to tell me the cause."

Something of returning tenderness softened for an instant the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away, and a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twain were separated from each other. The husband sat gloomy and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had followed ambition as a god, and had failed in a high career. He had mingled with men whom his heart loathed, he had sought out the fierce and wronged spirits, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country: he had fanned rebellion into a flame, and it had been quenched in human blood. He had fallen, miserably fallen, and was doomed to die the death of a traitor.

The door of the dungeon opened and a light form entered and threw herself into his arms. The softest light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife.

"Edward, my dear Edward," she said, "I have come to save you; I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and, I thank God, my purpose is nearly executed."

Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eyelash.

"I have not deserved this kindness," he murmured in the choked tone of agony.

"Edward," said his wife, in an earnest but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fearful debility, "we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be able to pass out unnoticed. Haste, or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me. I am a woman, and they will not injure me for my efforts in behalf of a husband dearer than life itself."

"But Margaret," said the husband, "you look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell."

"Oh, speak not to me, my dearest Edward," said the devoted woman, "I can endure anything for your sake. Haste, Edward, and all will be well," and she aided with a trembling hand, to disguise the proud form of her husband in female garb.

"Farewell, my love, my preserver," whispered the husband in the ear of the disguised wife, as the officer sternly reminded the supposed lady, that the time allotted to her visit had expired.

"Farewell! we shall not meet again," responded the wife; and the husband passed out unobserved and escaped the enemies of his life.

They did not meet again, the wife and husband; but only as the dead may meet, in the awful communing of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit until the great purposes of her exertions were accomplished in the safety of her husband—and when the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoner's cell was opened the guards found, wrapped in the habiliments of their destined victim, the pale but beautiful corpse of the Devoted wife.

CHEESE *vs.* CANNON SHOT.—The greatest ammunition that we have heard of lately was used by the celebrated Com. Coe, of the Montevidean navy, who, in an engagement with Admiral Brown of the Buenos Ayrean service, fired every shot from his lockers.

"What shall we do, sir?" asked his first lieutenant. "We've not a single shot aboard—round, grape, canister and double headed, are all gone."

"Powder gone, eh?" asked Coe.

"No, sir; got lots of that yet."

"We had a darn'd hard cheese—a round Dutch one, for desert at dinner today, do you remember it?" said Coe.

"I ought to; I broke the carving knife in trying to cut it, sir."

"Are there any more aboard?"

"About two dozen. We took 'em from a droger."

"Will they go into the 18-pounder?"

"By thunder Commodore, but that's the idea. I'll try 'em," cried the first luff.

And in a few minutes the fire of the old Santa Maria, (Coe's ship) which had ceased entirely, was reopened, and Admiral Brown found more shot flying over his head. Directly one of them struck his mainmast, and as it did so, shattered and flew in every direction.

"What the devil is that which the enemy is firing?" asked Brown, but nobody could tell.

Directly another one came in through a port and killed two men who were standing near him; and then striking the opposite bulwarks, burst into flinders.

"By Jove, this is too much; this is some new fangled paixan or other; I do'nt like 'em at all," cried Brown; and then as four or five more of them came slap through his sails, he gave the order to fill away, and actually backed out of the fight, receiving a parting broadside of Dutch cheeses.

This is an actual fact, our informant was the first lieutenant of Coe's ship.

A Tragedy of Real Life.—Early in the mouth of August last, arrived in this city, from Montgomery, Alabama, a young gentleman, who located himself in comfortable quarters at a boarding house on Sixth street. He was the favored possessor of a pleasing exterior, an agreeable address and an inordinate share of the rare quality of impudence. He gave his name as Franklin Ward, and was frequently heard to remark that his family was among the most distinguished in his native State. He was liberal, almost to prodigality, in his expenditures; and all who had the good fortune to make his acquaintance, esteemed themselves in luck. The lady boarders of the house adored him, and the gentlemen condescendingly patronized his oyster parties and voted him a *trump*.

The landlady was blessed with "one fair daughter and no more," who conceived an ardent attachment for the handsome Frank, and he, sharp fellow, was "not slow" to discover the fact. A declaration ensued, followed quickly by a contract on the part of our gay Lothario to wed the lady, so soon as he should receive the sanction of his friends in Alabama. Weeks glided swiftly by, and Mr. Frank's exchequer began to exhibit unmistakeable symptoms of exhaustion. Months slipped away, and so did our hero's last "shiner."

The landlady, simple soul, grew fidgety,—friends waxed cool, and all things began to assume a gloomy and unpromising aspect. All, save the fair betrothed—the wronged but still ardent and confiding victim (for such, alas! she had become) of the seducer's wiles—suspected that the liberal, gentlemanly, handsome and incomparable Mr. Ward "was not what he seemed." Yesterday morning Mr. Ward did not rise at his accustomed hour. Several of the gentlemen boarders had been robbed during the night. Some mourned their departed watches; others deplored their purses and pocketbooks; and the poor old landlady was inconsolable for the loss of half a dozen silver spoons, which she had, on the evening previous, carefully locked up in the dresser. Altogether, there was considerable commotion in the house: some cursed their unlucky stars; some swore at the city council and the police; others took it coolly; and a few sought consolation in a "nipper" of old rye before breakfast.

Notwithstanding the unusual noise about the premises, Mr. Ward continued to sleep on, undisturbed. Nine o'clock came—so did ten—eleven—twelve: the frequent appeals at Mr. Ward's bedroom door were unanswered. A carpenter was at length called, who, forcing the door, discovered—nobody! The bird had flown! Mr. Ward had taken an unceremonious departure for some more congenial sphere, and with him had gone divers watches, rings and purses, never to return. On learning the heartless desertion of her seducer, the young lady swooned, and awoke a raging maniac. At the last accounts she was in a dangerous situation. We trust that means will be taken to arest the career of the miscreant who has wrought this misery.—*Cincinnati Morning Signal.*

[And suppose he is caught, says the Albany *Argus*. Can he be *punished* for the great wrong of violating the honor, and perhaps causing the death or mental aberration, of his victim? Certainly not! And yet, for the comparatively worthless spoons and rings and for the far lesser *crime*, he can be punished. But for the commission of the lesser, the greater would go "unwhipped of justice." Such is *law!*]

The *Signal* of Thursday last says the young lady alluded to in the above, "positively refused all nourishment, and died of starvation, on Tuesday evening. What should be the punishment of a fiend, who thus invades the peaceful retreat of the domestic circle, bringing blight and infamy and death into its midst?"

Deformity of the Manufacturing Population of England.—Mr. Gaskill, in his work on the situation of this industrious class of the English, says: "Any man who has stood at twelve o'clock at the single narrow door way which serves as the place of exit for the hands employed in the great cotton mills, must acknowledge that an uglier set of men and women, of boys and girls, taking them in the mass, it would be impossible to congregate in a similar compass.—Their complexion is sallow and pallid—with a peculiar flatness of feature, caused by the want of a proper quantity of adipose substance to cushion out the cheeks. Their stature low—the average height of four hundred men, measured at different times and different places, being five feet six inches. Their limbs slender, and playing badly and ungracefully. A very general bowing of the legs. Great numbers of girls and women walking lamely or awkwardly, with raised chests and spinal flexures. Nearly all have flat feet, accompanied with a down-tread differing very widely from the elasticity of action in the foot and ancle attendant upon perfect formation. Hair thin and straight—many of the men having but little beard and that in patches of a few hairs, much resembling its growth among the red men of America. A spiritless and dejected air, a sprawling and wide action of the legs, and an appearance, taken in the whole, giving the world but little "assurance of a man," or if so, "most sadly cheated of his fair proportions." Beauty of face and form are both lost in angularity, while the flesh is soft and flabby to the touch, yielding no "living rebound" beneath the finger. The hurry and anxiety of this juncture bring out very strongly all their manifold imperfections."

Religion.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

Like snow that falls where waters glide,
Earth's pleasures fade away;
They melt in Time's destroying tide,
And cold are while they stay!
But joys that from Religion flow,
Like stars that gild the night,
Amid the darkest gloom of wo,
Smile forth with sweetest light.

Religion's ray no clouds obscure;
But o'er the Christian's soul
It sheds a radiance calm and pure,
Though tempests round him roll;
His heart may break 'neath sorrow's stroke;
But to its latest thrill,
Like diamonds shining when they're broke,
Religion lights it still!

SPANISH PRESCRIPTIONS.—The prescriptions of these well-dressed gentlemen are somewhat more old-fashioned than their coats. Their grand recipe in the first instance is to do nothing beyond taking the fee and leaving nature alone, or, as the set phrase has it, *dejar a la naturaleza*. The young, and those whose constitutions are strong, and whose complaints are weak, do well under the healing influence of their kind nurse, Nature, and recover through her vis medicatrix, which, if not obstructed by art, every where works wonderful cures. The *Sangrado* will say that a Spanish man or women is more marvellous made than a clock, inasmuch as his or her machinery has a power in itself to regulate its own motions, and to repair accidents; and therefore the watchmaker who is called in, need not be in a hurry to take it to pieces when a little oiling and cleaning may set all to rights. The remedies, when the proper time for their application arrives, are simple, and are sought for rather among the vegetables of the earth's surface than from the minerals in its bowels. The external recipes consist chiefly of papers smeared with lard, applied to the abdomen, sinapisms and mustard poultices to the feet, fomentations of marsh mallows or camomile flowers, and the aid of the curate. The internal remedies, the tisanes, the *Leches de Almendras, le Burras*, decoctions of rice, and so forth, succeed each other in such regular order, that the patient scholar has nothing to do but repeat the medical passage in Horace's Satires. In no country, however, can all the sick be always expected to recover even then, since "*Para todo hay remedio, sino para la muerte*"—There is a remedy for everything except death." If by chance the patient dies, the doctor and the disease bear the blame. Perhaps the old Iberian custom was the safest; then the sick were exposed outside their doors, and the advice of casual passengers was asked, whose prescriptions were quite as likely to answer as images, relics, snake soup, or milk of almonds or asses :—

"And, doctor, do you really think
That asses' milk I ought to drink?
It cured yourself, I grant it true,
But then't was mother's milk to you."

Many of the prescriptions of Spain are local, and consist of some particular spring, some herb, some animal, or some particular air, or place, or bath is recommended, which, however, is said to be very dangerous unless some resident local *medico* be first consulted. One example is as good as a thousand: near Cadiz is Chiclana, to which the faculty invariably transport those patients whom they cannot cure, that is, about ninety-five in the hundred; so in chronic complaints, sea-bathing there is prescribed, with a course of asses' milk: and if that fail, then a broth made of a long, harmless snake, which abounds in the aromatic wastes near *Barroso*.—We have forgotten the generic name of this valuable reptile of Esculapius, one of which our naturalists should take alive, and either breed from it in the Regent's Park, or at least investigate his comparatively anatomy with those exquisite vipers which make, as we have shown, such delicious pork at Montanches.—*Ford's Spaniard's and their Country.*

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—A good many years ago, two elderly maiden ladies of Medford, who lived by Mystic Pond, as it used to be called, waited formally upon Justice W——, to enter a complaint against one John Tanner and others. Such conduct as Tanner's they thought abominable, and he ought to be taken care of.—It was a shame, so it was, that two respectable females could not look out of their windows of a morning without being shocked at his indecencies. If there was no law for such outrages, they were very sure there ought to be one. Such an example as John Tanner's was enough to corrupt the city of London—they could tolerate it no longer, &c., &c.

With much difficulty and a world of questioning, the magistrate at last got from their virginal lips the specific nature of their grievance. It appeared that John Tanner, *et als*, were in the habit of bathing every morning in the pond on the opposite side to where the maidens dwelt.

"But ladies," said the magistrate, "it seems to me that the pond is at least half a mile wide, and you do not live very close to the edge of it. I do not see how you could identify John Tanner at that distance; or indeed, how you could tell whether it was a man or a beast in the water."

"No more we could," replied one of the spinsters, "we were in doubt more than a week, and at last Sarah happened to think of sending to borrow Capt. Dempsey's spy-glass, and this made all clear.

WHERE'S THE SCHOOLMASTER?—The Alabama Journal says that some of the folks down in Alabama objected to the Telegraphic wires passing through their lands, alleging that they did not understand the "cussed thing," and did not like the idea of having "all the lightning of the country brought on plantations to burn up their crops."

A similar story is told of one of the respectable farmers of Georgia, with whom an Agent of the Telegraph Company staid all night, and to whom he explained, for an hour or more, the whole operation of the mysterious wires. When he had concluded, much to his own satisfaction in *enlightening* his host on the subject, he was met with the query from the farmer—

"How many bales of Cotton will it carry to market?"

"About 40," was the answer of the discomfited Superintendent, as he *sloped* from the premises!—*Muscogo Democrat.*

A RIVAL FOR LOLA MONTES.—The Parisians, perhaps, from jealousy of John Bull's enthusiasm respecting Jenny Lind, have found a rival "nightingale" in the person of Mdle. Alboni, and claim for her even more merit than has been conceded to the fair Swede. If what the Paris papers tell of Mdle. Alboni be true, she is certainly a masculine nightingale, at all events. They say that, like George Sand, *alias* Madame Dudevant, she is in the habit of going about in male attire; that she sometimes amuses herself by calling upon a theatrical manager, in man's costume, and with a cigar in her mouth, announcing herself as the brother of the young vocalist, Alboni, with whom he is in treaty. It is also said, that, when she was in Germany, she used to frequent beer-houses, drinking and smoking with the university students. The famous Lola Montes, who has turned the head of the old king of Bavaria, could scarcely do better.

A GENTLE HINT.—"If I am not home from the party tonight at 10 o'clock," said a husband to his better and bigger half, "don't fear for me." "That I wont (replied the lady, significantly); I wont wait, but I'll come for you."—The gentleman returned at 10 o'clock precisely.—*Toronto Stan.*

There is a tree near Bardstown, Ky., upon which is the resemblance of a human figure in full stature. It is the tree beneath which Judge Gaither was killed last year by his brother-in-law, and the figure is said to bear a close likeness to Judge Gaither. We gather these particulars from the Bardstown Gazette.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Labor.

Strange as it may seem, some people are ashamed of their best friend, labor, and actually despise it. They would not be seen in company with what they cannot live without. Unlike the innocent lamb, which Pope says licks the hand raised to shed its blood, they, in their wicked blindness and stupidity, would smite the hand extended to feed them.

The long-standing remark that *labor ipse voluptas*, would, if mankind *are* in search of happiness seem to be a downright falsehood. The fact is both the assertion and the supposition that we are all pleasure seekers, are correct. The error lies in the road we take to obtain the object of pursuit. "Labor *is* in *itself* a pleasure," but man is too lazy an animal to seek it there. He will loiter whole days in the filthy by-paths of Idleness, in a fruitless search after that which would be found in one short hour in the sweet scented fields of manly toil. The folly of him who would walk ten miles round a gate for the sake of saving a sixpence in toll, is perfect wisdom compared with the actions of him who refuses to cross the bridge of Labor on account of the slight tax on his strength, and so attempts to go round the stream.

That man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, is a dispensation of Divine Providence which it is madness to think of thwarting. "This is a curse," observes a wise writer, "which has proved a blessing in disguise. And those favored few who, by their rank, or their riches, are exempted from all exertion, have no reason to be thankful for the privilege. It was the observation of this necessity, that led the ancients to say, that the gods *sold* us every thing, but *gave* us nothing. Water, however, which is one of the great necessaries of life, may, in general, be gratuitously procured; but it has been well observed that if bread, the other great necessary of human life, could be procured on terms equally cheap and easy, there would be much more reason to fear, that men would become *brutes* for the want of something to do, rather than *philosophers* from the possession of leisure. And the facts seem to bear out the theory. In all countries where nature does the most, man does the least; and where she does but little, there we shall find the acme of human exertion. Thus Spain produces the most farmers, and Scotland the best gardeners; the former are the spoilt children of indulgence, the latter, the hardy offspring of enterprize."

Since labor is the parent of happiness and idleness its assassin, let us, who are workers, bless God for making us so, and see to it that our strength is expended for His glory.

Madison University.

A meeting of the friends of the above Institution was held in the Washington Street Baptist Church, on Tuesday evening the 30th ult., for the purpose of considering the propriety of its removal from its present location to Rochester. The meeting was addressed by Rev. Dr. Church, of Rochester; J. M. Wilder, Esq., of Albany; Dea. O. Sage, of Rochester, with remarks from several others present. The meeting, though not large, was respectable, and all were apparently much interested in the subject. A brief history of the origin and progress of the Institution was presented, with a forcible statement of the reasons which call for its endowment and removal to Western New-York. The principal consideration urging its removal, is the fact that in Western New-York, with its large and wealthy population, there is no institution of its kind that at all meets its wants, while the Central and Eastern portions of the State are abundantly supplied.—Monroe county has already subscribed about $40,000 towards the object and expect to increase it to $50,000. Eastern New-York is expected to raise from $50,000 to $75,000, and an appeal is now made to the citizens of this part of the State to aid in the enterprize. The object is to place the University in a condition and position, that it shall meet the wants and be worthy of Western New-York.

PROGRESS: A SATIRE, BY J. G. SAXE. Second edition. New-York: John Allen. Boston: Jordan and Wiley; 1847.

We are not surprised to see a second edition of this poem. Were it for sale in this city, fifty copies, we presume, would be disposed of in ten days. Almost the entire poem has gone the round of the newspaper press, in "specimen passages" of the beautiful. In this edition, "the author has taken the occasion afforded by this second publication of his poem, to make a few alterations in the original text, as well as to remove several typographical errors which escaped the eye of the proof reader in the first edition."

In our late notice of this poem, we made an extract from that portion which ridicules the "Protean phases" of Fashion. Here are a few more lines on the same subject:

"What impious mockery, when with soulless art,
Fashion, intrusive, seeks to rule the heart;
Directs how grief may tastefully be borne;
Instructs Bereavement just how long to mourn;
Shows Sorrow how by nice degrees to fade,
And marks its measure in a ribbon's shade!
More impious still, when through her wanton laws,
She desecrates Religion's sacred cause;
Shows how 'the narrow road' is easiest trod,
And how genteelest worms may worship God;
How sacred rites may bear a worldly grace,
And self-abasement wear a haughty face;
How sinner's long in Folly's mazes whirled,
With pomp and splendor may 'renounce the world';
How 'with all saints hereafter to appear,'
et quite escape the vulgar portion here!"

THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE for this month presents a very attractive table of contents and an unusual array of talent. Among the contributors are H. Hastings Weld, John Inman, J. H. Butler, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. C. N. Butler and Mrs. M. G. Sleeper. Two beautiful engravings embellish the number. The Columbian is deserving of long life. A new volume commences next month. Ormsby and Hackett, publishers, New-York.

THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The weekly course of lectures before this society commenced last Monday, the first being delivered by the Rev. G. W. HOSMER of this city. Next Monday W. H. C. Hosmer, Esq., of Avon will lecture on Scottish Song. Our citizens may expect "a feast of fat things."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"*Invocation*," a poem from the Runick, by W. H. C. Hosmer; "*The Minstrel and his Lute*," by Mrs. EAMES, and "*That Steeple*" by a new contributor, are filed for insertion.

A long story received last week, is unread. We presume it will be good.

The elgiac verses from Lockport, must be declined. They are defective.

CONGRESS met on the 6th instant. Hon. R. C. Winthrop, whig, of Boston is chosen Speaker of the House. The Message of the President has not been received at the time of our going to press Thursday morning,

CANADA SUBSCRIBERS, by sending us two dollars, can have the Messenger one year free from American postage.

COLONY OF 20,000 BLACKS IN CANADA.—This colony, settled in the fertile country between Lakes Huron and Erie, appears to be flourishing. They have a manual labor school—the British American Institute—at Dawn Mills, the head of navigation on the Sydenham river, 60 miles from Detroit, with a tract of 300 acres attached, and 7 buildings. Some 80 pupils are engaged for the winter. Among the new secular enterprises in progress is a large steam mill.

FAMINE IN NEW FOUNDLAND.—The people of New Foundland are destitue of food. For three years, the fisheries have yielded little or nothing, and for two years the rot has stripped them of their principal agricultural staple. They are very destitute—80,000 of them; and an appeal is made to the people of Boston by a late Missionary to the Colony. They are legitimate subjects of charity.

☞ The wires for the Telegraph are up and ready for operation between Cleveland and Sandusky City. They are also up between Ypsilanti and Detroit.

Particulars of the Loss of the Phœnix.

From the Chicago Journal.

It appears that the Phœnix lay at Manitouwac on Saturday, waiting for the sea to go down.—She started again at 1 A. M., and after being out an hour or two the firemen discovered the pumps would not work, and so informed the 2d engineer. He paid no attention to it and refused to call the 1st engineer, until the boilers were red hot and the boat was in flames.

The Phœnix carried three boats, one on each side and one hanging at her stern. Capt. Sweet, who was confined with a fractured knee to his berth, at the entreaty of Mr. Blish, consented to go with the first boat, with twenty others, of the passengers and crew. In the second boat there were nineteen persons in all, including the first mate. These, with three persons afterwards taken off the burning wreck, by the propeller Delaware, are all that are known to be saved; FIFTY-THREE out of a total, it is believed, of THREE HUNDRED souls. The boats, as soon as they left the propeller, made precisely for the shore, distant perhaps 4 miles, though invisible of course in the darkness, for it yet lacked an hour of daylight.

The Phœnix had on a full freight, and of her passengers about 50 were Americans, (including the crew,) and 250 emigrants, all Hollanders, and all coming to Milwaukee. Among the latter were many who had considerable sums of money with them, it being supposed that they had in the aggregate some $50,000.

One young girl of 17, now at Sheboygan, is the sole survivor of a party of 25, who had, together $18,000. An old man, the father of nine children, is left to mourn the loss of all those for whose sakes he left his native land and emigrated to America.

The water was so cold, it is stated by the survivors, that few lived over 20 minutes after being driven overboard by the flames. The lake was covered with small boats as soon as the fire was discovered. The Clerk was taken from the mast, which he had tied to the rudder, the heat of the burning boat keeping him alive. Many dead bodies were found, some of which had been frozen to death!

The Milwaukee papers say that hopes are entertained of the safety of Mr. Blish, together with those who may have accompanied him in the third boat.

The Milwaukee Sentinel says: Some painful rumors reach us of inhuman treatment meted out to two or three of the survivors of this appalling disaster. But we cannot, except on the most undoubted authority, lend evidence to tales which would disgrace human nature. We shall rather hope, until well satisfied to the contrary, that *all* the people of Sheboygan (as we know the majority of them did) extended every kindness to those who were thus cast helpless and friendless upon their shores.

We have refrained from making any remarks upon this terrible disaster in the hope that something would be elicited to show that it was one of those dreadful occurrences, that are sometimes called to mourn, against which, so far as appears, no human foresight or care could avail.—But instead of being one of that class of calamities, every successive account deepens into conviction the first impression, that the burning of the *Phœnix* and the consequent destruction of life in a manner so awful that it cannot be thought of without shuddering, are attributable wholly and entirely to the grossest carelessness, if not wanton

recklessness. There can be no excuse whatever, under any circumstances, for a boat taking fire from the boilers, and those who build a boat so that such a thing could take place, or the engineer who allows it, should in the case of a fire and the consequent loss of life, be held responsible for manslaughter. Beyond all the *accidents* we ever heard of we regard this burning of the *Phœnix* as the most unnecessary, wanton, horrible and murderous—one that demands the most vigorous investigation and condign punishment.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

Later from Europe.

The packet ship *New York* has arrived at New York, bringing intelligencefrom the continent of Europe two days later than was received by the steamer of the 4th of November. We subjoin some of the most interesting items of news:

The Count de Sartiges who has discharged the duties of a temporary missiou at the Court of Persia, is about to be appointed resident minister near that court at Teheran. The step is regarded as important for Persia.

The French steamer Tonnere has been ordered to transport to Civita Vecchia 15,000 stand of arms from the arsenal at Toulon, to supply the national guard of the Papal State. It is also proposed to furnish the Pope with a number of of cannon. The steam frigate Vauban has been ordered to cruise on the Italian coast. It is said she is to join the fleet there, which will then number *five* steam frigates.

The affairs of Switzerland continue menacing, and it seems probable that hostilities have already commenced. A telegraphic despatch from Paris announces that the federal diet had resolved upon the execution of their decrees and that hostilities had begun. This is not certain, but such an issue seems not remote.

As we are in hourly expectation of the receipt of news by the steamer of the 19th, now fully due, it seems unnecessary to give the Swiss news more in detail.

Letters from Rome of the 23d ult., received at Marseilles, state that the arrest of the Prince de Canno had been taken on on the 22d. The Journals of Rome state that Giovanni Andrea Romeo, one of the Calabrian chiefs, had surrendered himself, been tried and condemned to death, but that his sentence was commuted.

We read in the Presse:

"The following information has reached us relative to the object of Chekib Effendi's mission to Rome. The Sultan has sent him to the Pope to express his desire that the protection of the Christians of the Libanus should take place in a direct manner by the intervention of a representative of the Holy See. The Pope, moved by this overture, has just re-established the office of Patriarch of Jerusalem, and raised to that dignity a simple missionary priest. This nomination causes great surprise in the cabinet of our Minister of Foreign Affairs."

A letter from Turin of the 26th ult., informs us that the Sardinian Government has submitted to the Council of State projects of laws against riotous assemblages of the people, for the establishment of a Supreme Court of Cassation, for a revision and a liberal construction of the Tarif of Custom-duties, and for a postal reform including a delivery of letters on Sundays.

A letter from Ferrara states that the inhabitants had resolved to purchase 4,400 muskets.—A company was formed there to purchase a certain quantity in addition, which would make up a total quantity of 40,000 muskets procured by the town, without the government being obliged to go to any expense. The same letter states that several of the Cardinals, after examining the new Roman Constitution, had added an article declared that the reforms were now finished. Pius IX. effaced this article with the exclamation, "We shall see who will dare to tie up our hands!"

The Prince de Joinville left Genoa on the 23d for Spezzia, after having visited the King of Sardinia at Turin. Lord Minto left Spezzia on the 22d for Rome, where Count Bresson arrived on the 17th.

A letter form Florence of the 19th, published in the *Augsburg Gazette*, states that the Duke of Modena had caused possession to be taken of Fivizzano, and had sent there troops and field pieces.

M. Pacheco, Ambassador of Spain to the Holy See, arrived at Rome on the 20th.

Letters from the celebrated Mr. Gutzlaff Missionary and Consul General of England in the Celestial Empire, have just been received at Munich. They are dated from Hong Kong, and give an account of the labors of that eminent individul, which approaches the marvellous. He had just terminated a voluminous history of the Chinese Empire, and has sent the manuscript of it to M. Cotta, the publisher at Stuttgardt. He has published at Hong Kong, a universal geography in the Chinese language, with sixty large maps. He has begun to compose a complete dictionary of the Chinese language, which will, he says, absorb all his leisure for the next three years. It is only in his leisure hours that he can occupy himself with literary and scientific labors, and the rest of his time being devoted to his missionary labors and his consular duties.

M. Gutzlaff announces that he has addressed some long memoirs on the geography of China, to the Geographicrl Society of London, which it is expected will shortly be published. M. Gutzlaff still maintains the opinion that Christianity and European civilization can only be successfully propagated in China by the Chinese themselves. He has accordingly founded a Chinese Society, which already possesses 600 members, many of whom are mandarins and some native *savans* of the first rank.

The Universal Gazette of Prussia, publishes the following letter of the 17th, from St. Petersburg: "The cholera makes fresh progress on the two directions, which it is following in Russia. It has broken out in the governments of Simbrisk, Kazan, Nijni-Novogorod, Riasan, Poltawa, and Tamboff. Thus far, it does not appear disposed to spread on the side of Podolia, and Gallicia, and it even appears to have very little intensity in that neighborhood. In that direction it has only shown itself on one point, at Ickaterinoslof, where it traversed the Dnieper. Without counting Georgia, Caucasus, and the country of the Cossacks of the Black Sea, it already reigns in sixteen governments. On the 30th ult., it broke out at Moscow."

The cholera is diminishing at Trebizonde.—From ten to fifteen is the average number of its victims per day.

Admiral Napier, it is said in the Spanish *Heraldo*, has embraced the opportunity afforded by his presence and the force under his command,

to exact from the Portuguese Government arrearages due him since the time of Don Pedro. His conduct is denounced as an unjustifiable use of public force for the promotion of his personal interests.

Farther from Mexico by the Steamer Alabama.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30—7 P. M.

Gen. Quitman leaves Mexico under orders form Gen. Scott, that this efficient and most distinguished officer proceed to the United States, and reported personally or by letter to the War Department, that since his promotion no permanent assignment of a division has been awarded to him, and the object of his return is to seek this.

Gen. Shields returns to seek recovery for his wounds.

Col. Harney returns for recruits.

Cols. Burnett, Garland and Morgan, Lieut. Potter, Sweeney and others, are ordered to join Bragg's Battery immediately.

No less than 200 from the army, including 10 sick and disabled or wounded, came passengers on the *Alabama*—3 died on the passage.

Richard McNamus, of the 2d Pa. volunteers was buried at sea.

A Mexican courier was captured with letters at Lesca. Among them were documents from Santa Anna, in which he says, that just as he had matured plans for attacking Perote, he received the order from the Supreme Government to turn over the command of the army.

A letter from an Englishman in Mexico, dated from the capital of Nov. 8th, says, that although much confidence is felt of electing President and Vice President, and Congress, who are favorably disposed to peace, it is much feared that Completo of Godelexara, will be elected President *ad interim* of the Republic, instead of Perrera or Pena.

The health of Herrera is precarious but improving; some says that Glorita will receive the majority of votes for President, while others are divided between Herrera, Almont, Gonzales and Roscia.

Col. Hayes left for Puebla on the 12th, escorting Major Polk and Col. Smythe, bearer of despatches.

The report that Jaraute had sent a commission to General Patterson, is confirmed. It is said that Jaraute has gone towards Queretara.—His force completely broken up. Well's company at Rio Frio, and Gen. Lane at Puebla had been active ferretting out the haunts of the guerillas.

Commodore Perry was to sail the day after the Alabama left for Alvarado, Tabasco, Laguna and Campeachy.

A committee has been appointed by the citizens of New Orleans to receive Gen. Taylor as he ascends the Mississippi

PETERSBURG, Dec. 4, 1847.

New Orleans papers of the 20th are received, containing no later arrival from Mexico.

The result of the election in Texas was still in doubt.

Resolutions have been introduced in the Senate of South Carolina, declaring that, should Congress adopt the Wilmot Proviso, Carolina will consider herself at liberty to form a new, separate and distinct government.

GEORGE H. COLTON, author of Tecumseh and Editor of the American Whig Review, died of typhus fever in the city of New-York, a few days since, at the age of twenty-nine.

☞ An Indian, a few days ago, while concealed under a bridge fired through an opening in the planks, and killed a Mr. COUCH, an overseer on MRS. CARRIEL'S plantation in Louisiana. The inducement to commit the murder, according to the Indian's story, was the promise of a rifle and five dollars, which two young men named Tucker agreed to give. We mention these circumstances as introductory to the following in relation to the affair, copied from the Madison (La.) *Banner*, which strikingly illustrates a remarkable trait in the Indian character:

The Indian was taken in Vicksburg and brought across the river while in a state of intoxication. When he recovered his senses, he proved himself, in one respect, a worthy son of his tribe. Without having been questioned as to his guilt, or having been even charged with it, he asked for his bundle, and taking therefrom his sash, feather, and red shawl, proceeded to deck himself in his finery; and after having with great care adjusted every thing about his person, and placed his feather in his turban, he folded his arms across his chest, and, assuming a proud and dignified attitude, declared his willingness to die. This was before any questions had been asked him as to his connection with this affair. He was then asked to tell, and he proceeded at once to relate all the circumstances attending it, and this relation he has freely made to any one inquiring of him, without a single variation in any of its features in a single instance.—The poor Indian, who could not (according to his story) withstand the tempting proffer of a rifle and five pieces of silver, in a transaction whete he periled his all, even his life, would not stoop to falsehood to screen himself from that punishment which he thought was his inevitable doom. He had killed a white man, and, with the stoical indifference charncteristic of his race, he was ready to meet the penalty of his crime. He could not see and did not desire the lapse of time which must intervene between the transgression and its retribution, and to him, we doubt not, this will be the severest portion of his punishment.

☞ A NEW BRANCH OF MANUFACTURING IN THIS CITY.—T. C. PETERS & BROTHER have begun the manufacture of Linseed Oil, in a cellar in rear of their Wool Depot on Exchange street. They now express the oil from about 50 bushels of seed daily, and intend using 20,000 to 25,000 bushels annually. The oil is extracted in the most approved manner, leaving the cake better than is done in the old mode, and rendering the oil itself remarkably clear and pure—so much so it is said that bleaching is unnecessary.

WHY SOME MEN DO NOT SUCCEED.—There are men enough who, notwithstanding all the noble qualities with which they are endowed, can yet make no right use of them, because they exist only as shining parts destitute of any common bond of connexion. As in an arch that would stand, all parts must be bound together by the keystone, so there must be a middle point in man towards which all tends. Where this is wanting, there is neither in prosperity nor adversity, any sure dependence. All scatters and vanishes like dust away. And thus it not unfrequently happens, that men who, in the ordinary course of things, seem of right to be something with all their shining gifts, on the smallest trial, show that they are nothing; deceive the hope of the world, and to their own astonishment, sink into insignificance.—*German of Fred. Jacobs.*

FRENCH POETICAL IDEA OF A DANDY.—M. Pacelise, in warning his mistress against the fascinations of such an individual, calls him "*un milleſleur* Judas."

A DEA. SUBSCRIBER.

A subscriber for years being sad in arrears,
Still neglecting his bill for to pay,
To the editor said—"Unless I am dead,
I shall pay you on Christmas day."

The time flew by and the debtor was shy,
But the editor thought what he said;
In his paper next week the truth he did speak,
And announced his subscriber as dead!

Up and Down.

BY GOODWYN BARNBY.

Up! is the merry lark floating to sing
Its matins of joy to the sun of Spring;
Down! is the bird of night, winging to peer
For the mice in the barn hole, dun and drear,
Up! is the beamy sun shining to give
Their verdure and hues to all flowers that live;
Down! is the gaping mine, lone, dark and cold,
Where the children of Mammon starve for gold;
Down! is the coward that shrinketh to die;
Up! is the hero that looketh on high.

Up! is the calm of the clear blue sky,
Far o'er the mountain-tops raising the eye;
Down! is the mist of the culturcless clod,
Stooping the gaze to the sepulchre sod;
Up! is the watchman who tells of the night,
When beam the streaks of morn ruddy and bright;
Down! is the sluggard who keepeth his bed,
When morning's dews are all sprinkled and shed;
Down! is the coward who slumbers a slave;
Up! is the hero—the watchful and brave.

Up! is the patriot who raises mankind;
Up! is the poet—the eye of the blind;
Down! is the tyrant who maketh the slave;
Down! is the traitor—the door of the grave;
Up! is the high heaven of prophets of old—
The home of the saints, the meek and the bold;
Down is the hell of the bigot and vile—
The place of the bad with the Judas-smile;
Down! are the tyrant, the bigot and slave!
Up! are the loving, the free and the brave!

ANOTHER CHINESE WONDER.—The Spanish Government have recently imported into Havana some 500 expatriated Chinese, to work as negroes. Among them is a physician, who judges of disease solely by the pulse. Such is said to be the practice of the faculty in the "central, flowery land,"—they feeling the pulse in the temporal artery, in the wrist and ankle.—The Governor of Cuba gave him a license to practice, and he has been doing an immense business. Every one pays $2 who even enters his house, and he takes some days nearly $200.

Price Current—December 8, 1847.

Flour, bbl.	$4 75@5 00	Turkeys, lb.	6@7
Pork, bbl.	12 00	Chickens.	6@7
Do slaugh. cwt.	4 00	Geese, each.	25
Beef, cwt.	4@5 00	Clover seed, bu.	5 25@5 50
Butter, lb.	12@16	Timothy	1 75
Lard	8½@9	Flax.	1 06
Cheese	6	Grass	—
Hams	9	Whitefish, bbl.	6 50
Shoulders	7	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt.	1 50	Potatoes, bush.	50@60
Wheat, bu.	$1@1 12	Salt, bbl.	1 62½
Corn	50	Apples, bbl.	1 50@2 00
Oats	31@32	Do dried, bu.	62½
Slaughter hides, lb.	4@4½	Onions	50
Dry do.	9@10	Eggs, doz	15
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb.	—
Sheep, slaughtered.	75	Soap	4@5
Lamb do.	18½@25	Whiskey, gall.	—
Dry	12½@50	Highwines.	22
Hard wood, cord.	3 25	Lead, hund.	4 00
Hemlock	2 00	Beans, bu.	87½
Bit. (O) coal, ton.	$5 50	Wool, lb.	20@30
Blossburg		Hay	11@12 00

QUOTATION OF UNCURRENT FUNDS.

Canada, (Toronto and Hamilton.	℔ ct. dis. 2	Baltimore.	℔ ct. dis. 1
L. Canada and Kingston	2	Philadelphia.	1
Ohio	¼ to 1	New Orleans.	2
Indiana	¼ to 1	Missouri.	2
Kentucky	¼ to 1	Virginia	2
Pennsylvania	¼ to 1	Mich. State Bank	¼
Relief notes	2	F. & M. Bk, Detroit.	¼
Pittsburgh Scrip.	20	Mich. Ins. Company.	¼
Alleghany Scrip.	20	Wis. F. & M. Ins. Co.	¼
		East. Exch.	℔ ct. prem.

MARRIED.

At Black Rock, on the 28th ult., by the Rev S. Sturges, Mr. WILLIAM G. JOHNSON, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Miss LUCY ANN STURGES, of Allegany Co.

On the 30th ult., by Selah Barnard, Esq., Mr. HIRAM BRITTON, of Chicago, Ill., and Miss ELIZA SMITH, of Montezuma, N. Y.

By the same, Mr. JOHN HANSON, and Miss NANCY BOYD, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by Rev. Alpha Wright, Mr. JOHN McGREGOR, and Miss JANETTE WILKISON.

DIED.

On the 1st inst., WILLIAM HENDERSON, recently of Genesee county, aged 73 years.

In New York, on the 20th ult., Mr. THOS. H. MILLS, brother of Judge Mills, of Newstead, aged 58 years.

REEVES AND CARNER,

DRAPERS AND TAILORS, Nos. 274 and 276 Main-street, (Kremlin block, up stairs,) Buffalo.

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DERBY & HEWSON,
n7 No. 164 Main-Street, Buffalo.

BUFFALO MUSICAL INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

At the residence of Prof. W. R. Coppock—Composer and Teacher of the Piano Forte, Organ, Singing and Composition.

An institute devoted exclusively to Musical Education is not yet common in this country; but in Europe the test of experience fully shows its great advantages over the too general superficial manner in which this important part of polite education is acquired. The advantages this institution offers to those desirous of completing their studies as Organists—or practical players of the Piano Forte, together with a thorough system of imparting the same to others is fully established by the many precedents of the past 15 years. The pupils are constantly guarded in their practice, against all bad habits, and from the various stages of progress they may be in, are continually stimulated to effort and industry, by association with each other. The family too, are all players, and the theory is amusingly discussed, impressing its rules in a more pleasing manner, and more lasting upon the understanding, than by the mere dry study of an elaborate book. Music is composed and arranged from time to time, showing the various styles and harmonies analytically, and adapted for performance on several Pianos at the same time. This teaches a thorough knowledge of counting, and dividing passages into their given time. Vocal music is particularly attended to, and when the pupil has a moderate share of talent, we hesitate not to say, a correct and pleasing singer can be made. The Piano Fortes used are all new, and of the finest quality, and every endeavor will be given to render the true spirit with as profitable. The building is commodious, and has a fine garden attached, with Green houses, Bathing rooms, &c., and is pleasantly situatuated in Seventh street, between Niagara Street, and the Falls rail road, and about midway to Prospect hill

Terms made known upon application at the Institute, or by mail, post paid, directed Prof. Coppock, Buffalo.

Prof Coppock, keeps constantly a choice selection of Piano Fortes for sale.

Buffalo, August 3, 1847.

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The subscriber, dealer in Books and Stationery, at 168 Main Street, 4 doors above Seneca, keeps constantly on hand, an extensive stock, embracing the most valuable selections from Ancient and Modern Literature—and a general variety of Theological, Classical, Gift and School Books, &c., &c. The Amateurs of Knowledge and all interested in the purchase of Books or Stationery are respectfully solicited to call. Print and Cap Paper at wholesale.

Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

JEWETT, THOMAS & CO.

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WESTERN
LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1847. NUMBER XX.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Invocation.

FROM THE RUNICK.

The beldame on the waves below
Flung the dark contents of her chalice,
Dimming the brightness of their snow,
With scowl denoting demon-malice,
And bosom cold to mortal pain—
Then, making circles with her wand,
Sang in a low, mysterious strain
The power of bard to paint beyond.

I.

Ministers of vengeance leave
Gloomy grot and sunless cave!
Ere the dewy reign of Eve
Death must triumph on the wave:—
Habited in robes of wrath,
Let your follower be Grief!
Guide his vessel on the path
Leading to this fatal reef;
Word, with insult fraught, of me
He hath spoken daringly,
And a leader claims the skill
Of her troop to work him ill—
He must drown!

II.

Spirits, who beneath the deep
Darkly build the wrecking rock!
Wake the dreaming storm from sleep,
And the doors of safety lock!
Fleetly, on their palfreys white,
Swept the Fatal Sisters by
His old castle yesternight,
Shrieking out—"thy *doom is nigh*"!
Genii of the clouds! array
Arching sky in black to day;
For the tongue of leader dread
To her ghastly troop hath said
He must drown!

W. H. C. HOSMER.

From Peterson's Ladies' Magazine.

The Old Deacon.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"She loved not wisely, but too well."

It was a balmy pleasant Sabbath morning; so green and tranquil was our valley home, that the very air seemed more holy than on other days. The dew was floating in a veil of soft mist from the meadows on School Hill, where the sunshine came warmly, while the wild flowers in the valley lay in shadow, still heavy with the night rain.—The trees which feathered the hill sides, were vividly green, and Castle Rocy towered—a magnificent picture—its base washed by the water, and darkened by unbroken shadow, while a soft fleecy cloud, woven and impregnated with silvery light, floated among its topmost cliffs. The two villages lay upon their opposite hills, with the deep river gliding between, like miniature cities, deserted by the feet of men; not a sound arose to disturb the sweet music of nature, for it was the hour of morning prayer, and there was scarcely a hearth-stone which, at that time, was not made a domestic altar. At last a deep bell-tone came sweeping over the valley from the Episcopal steeple, and was answered by a cheerful peal from the belfry of our new academy. The reverberations were still sounding, mellowed by the distant rocks, when the hitherto silent village seemed suddenly teeming with life. The dwelling-houses were flung open, and the inhabitants came forth in smiling family groups, prepared for worship. Gradually they divided into separate parties. The Presbyterians walked slowly toward their huge old meeting-house, and the more gaily-dressed Episcopalians, sought their more fashionable house of worship. Old people were out—grandfathers and grandmothers, with the blossom of the grave on their aged temples. Children with their rosy cheeks and sunny eyes, rendered more rosy and more bright with pride of their white frocks, pretty straw bonnets, and pink wreaths. It was pleasant to see the little men and women striving in vain to subdue their bounding steps, and school their sparkling faces to a solemnity befitting the occasion. There might be seen a newly-married pair walking bashfully apart, not daring to venture on the unprecedented boldness of linking arms in public, yet feeling very awkward, and almost envying another couple who led a roguish little girl between them. She—a mischievous little thing—all the time exerting her baby strength to wring that chubby hand from her mother's grasp—pouting her cherry lips when either of her scandalized parents checked her bounding step or too noisy prattle, and, at last, subdued only by intense admiration of her red morocco shoes, as they flashed in and out like a brace of wood lilies beneath her spotted muslin dress.

At length our excellent minister appeared at the southern entrance, and walked up the aisle, followed by his grey-headed old deacon. The minister paused at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and with a look of deep and respectful reverence, held the door of the "Deacon's Seat." while the old man passed in. That little attention went to the deacon's heart; he raised his heavy eyes to the pastor with a meek and heart-touching expression of gratitude, that softened many who looked upon it, even to tears. The minister turned away and went up the stairs, not in his usual sedate manner, but hurriedly, and with unsteady footsteps. When he arrived in the pulpit, those who sat in the gallery saw him fall upon his knees, bury his face in his hands, and pray earnestly, and, it might be, weep, for when he arose, his eyes were dim and flushed.

Directly after the entrance of the minister and deacon, came two females, one a tall, spare woman, with thin features, very pale, and bespeaking continued but meekly-endured suffering.—There was a beautiful and Quaker-like simplicity in the book muslin kerchief folded over the bosom of her black silk dress, with the corners drawn under the ribbon strings in front, and pinned smoothly to the dress behind. Her grey hair was parted neatly under the black straw bonnet, and those who knew her, remarked that it had gained much of its silver since she had last entered that door. In her arms the matron bore a rosy infant, robed in a long white frock, and an embroidered cap. A faint color broke into her

sallow cheek, for though she did not look up, it seemed to her as if every eye in that assembly was turned upon her burthen. They were all her neighbors, many of them kind and truthful friends, who had knelt at the same communion-table with her for years. Yet she could not meet their eyes, nor force that tinge of shame from her pure cheek, but moved humbly forward, weighed to the dust with a sense of humiliation and suffering. A slight, fair creature walked by her side, partly shrinking behind her all the way, pale and drooping like a crushed lily. It was the deacon's daughter, and the babe was hers; but she was unmarried. A black dress and plain white vandyke supplanted the muslin that in the days of her innocence, had harmonized so sweetly with her pure complexion. The close straw bonnet was the same, but its trimming of pale blue was displaced by a white satin riband, while the rich and abundant brown curls that had formerly drooped over her neck were gathered up, and parted plainly over her forehead. One look she cast upon the congregation, then her eyes fell, the long lashes drooped to her burning cheek, and with a downcast brow she followed her mother to a seat, but not that occupied by the old deacon. There was a slight bustle when she entered, and many eyes were bent on her, a few from curiosity, more from an impulse of commiseration. She sat motionless in a corner of the pew, her head drooping forward, and her eyes fixed on the small hands that lay clasped in her lap. After the little party was settled, a stillness crept over the house; you might have heard a pin drop, or the rustle of a silk dress, to the extremity of that large room. All at once there arose a noise at the door opposite the pulpit; it was but a footstep ringing on the threshold stone and yet the people turned their heads and looked startled, as if something uncommon was about to happen. It was only a handsome, bold looking young man, who walked up the aisle with a haughty step, and entered a pew on the opposite side from that occupied by the mother and daughter, and somewhat nearer the pulpit. A battery of glances was levelled on him from the galleries, but he looked carelessly up, and even smiled when a young girl by whom he seated himself, drew back with a look of indignation to the furthest corner of the pew. The old deacon looked up as those bold footsteps broke the stillness; his thin cheek and lips became deathly white, he grasped the railing convulsively, half rose, and then fell forward with his face on his hands, and remained motionless as before. Well might the wronged old man yield, for a moment, to the infirmities of human nature, even in the house of God. The bold man who thus audaciously intruded into his presence, had crept like a serpent to his hearthstone—had made his honest name a bye-word, and his daughter, the child of his old age, a creature for men to bandy jests about. But for him, that girl, now shrinking from the gaze of her own friends, would have remained the pride of his home, a ewe lamb in the Church of God. Through his wiles she had fallen from the high place of her religious trust, and now, in the fullness of her penitence, she had come forward to confess her fault, and receive forgiveness of the Church it had disgraced.

The old deacon had lost his children one by one, until this gentle girl alone was left to him; he had folded a love for her, his latest born, in his innermost heart, until all unconsciously she had become to it an idol. The old man thought it was to punish him that God had permitted her to sink into temptation; he said so, beseechingly, to the elders of the church, when, at her request, he called them together, and made known her disgrace. He tried to take some of the blame upon himself; and that he had, perhaps, been less indulgent than he should have been, and so her affections had been more easily won from her home and duty—that he feared he had been a proud man—spiritually proud, but now he was more humble, and if his Heavenly Father had allowed these things in order to chasten him, the end has been obtained; he was a stricken old man, but could say, "the will of God be done." Therefore he besought his brethren not to cast her forth to her disgrace, but to accept her confession of error and repentance; to be merciful, and receive her back to the church. He went on to say how humbly she had crept to his feet, and prayed him to forgive her; how his wife had spent night after night in prayer for her fallen child, and so he left her in their hands, only entreating that they would deal mercifully by her, and he would bless them for it.

Willingly would the sympathizing elders have received the stray lamb again, without further humiliation to the broken hearted old man; but it could not be. The ungodly were willing to visit the sins of individuals on a whole community. The purity of their church must be preserved—the penance exacted.

From the time of that church-meeting, the poor father bent himself earnestly to the strengthening of his child's good purposes. He made no complaint, and strove to appear—nay, to be—resigned and cheerful; he still continued to perform the offices of deacon, though the erect gait and somewhat dignified consciousness of worth that formerly distinguished him, had utterly disappeared. On each succeeding Sabbath his brethren observed some new prostration of strength. Day by day his cheek grew thin—his voice hollow, and his step more and more feeble. It was a piteous sight—a man who had been remarkable for bearing his years so bravely, moving through the aisles of that old meeting-house with downcast eyes, and shoulders stooping as beneath a burthen. At length the mildew of grief began to wither up the memory of the good man. When the first indications of this appeared, the hearts of his brethren yearned toward the poor deacon with a united feeling of deep commiseration. The day of Julia's humiliation had been appointed, and the Sabbath which preceded it, was a sacramental one. The old deacon was getting every decrepit, and his friends would have persuaded him from performing the duties of the day. He shook his head, remarked that they were very kind, but he was not ill, so they let him bear about the silver cup filled with consecrated wine, as he had done for twenty years before, though many an eye filled with tears as it marked the continued trembling of that hand, which more than once caused the cup to shake, and the wine to run down its sides to the floor. There was an absent smile upon his face when he came to his daughter's seat. On finding it empty, he stood bewildered, and looked helplessly round upon the congregation, as if he would have inquired why she was not there. Suddenly he seemed to recollect; a mortal paleness overspread his face. The wine-cup dropped from his hand, and he was led away crying like a child.

Many of his brethren visited the afflicted man during the next week. They always found him in his orchard, wandering about under the heavy boughs and picking up the withered green apples which the worms had eaten away from their unripe stems. These he diligently hoarded away near a large, sweet briar-bush which grew in a corner of the rail fence. On the next Sabbath he appeared in the meeting-house, accompanied by the minister as we have described, to be out-

raged in the very house of God by the presence of the man who had desolated his home. It is little wonder, that even their, his just wrath was, for a moment, kindled. The service began, and that erring girl listened to it as one in a dream. Her heart seemed in a painful sleep; but when the minister closed his Bible, and sat down, the stillnes made her start. A keen sense of her position came over her. She cast a frightened look on the pulpit, and then sank back pale and nervous, her trembling hand wandering in search of her mother's. The old lady looked on her with fond grief, whispered soothing words, and tenderly pressed the little hand that so imploringly besought her pity. Sull the poor girl trembled, and shrank in her seat as if she would have crept away from every human eye.

The minister arose, his face looked calm, but the paper which contained the young girls confession, shook violently in his hand as he unrolled it. Julia knew that it was her duty to arise. She put forth her hand. grasped the carved work of the seat, and stood upright until the reading was finished, staring all the time wildly in the pastor's face, as if she wondered what it could all he about. She sat down again, pressed a hand over her eyes, and seemed asking God to give her more strength.

The minister descended from the pulpit, for there was yet to be another ceremony; a baptism of the infant. That gentle, erring girl, was to go up alone with the child of her shame, that it might be dedicated to God before the congregation. She arose with touching calmness, took the babe from her mother's arms, and stepped into the aisle. She wavered at first, and a keen sense of shame dyed her face, neck and very hands with a painful flush of crimson, but as she passed the yew where young Lee was sitting, and expression of proud anguish came to her face, her eyes filled with tears, and she walked steadily forward to the communion-table. in front of her father's seat. There was not a tearless eye in that whole congregation. Aged, stern men. bowed their heads to conceal the sympathy betrayed there. Young girls—carless, light hearted creatures, who, never dreaming of the frailty of their own natures, had reviled the fallen girl, now wept and sobbed to see her thus publicly humbled.—Young Lee became powerfully agitated, his breast heaved, his face flushed hotly, then turned very pale, and at last he started up, flung open the pew door, and hurried up the aisle with a disordered and unequal step.

"What name?" inquired the paster, bending toward the young mother, as he took the child from her arms.

Before she had time to speak, Lee stood by her side, and answered in a loud steady voice, "That of his father, James Lee!"

The trembling of that poor girl's frame was visible through the whole house, her hand dropped on the tabie, and she leaned heavily on it for support, but did not look up. The minister dipped his hand in the antique China bowl, laid it upon the babe's forehead, and, in a clear vice, pronounced the name. A faint cry broke from the child as the cold drops fell on his face. The sound seemed to arouse all the hitherto unknown and mysterious feelings of paternity slumbering in the young father's heart. His eye kindled, his cheek glowed, and impulsively he extened his arms and received the infant. His broad chest heaved beneath its tiny form, and his eyes seemed fascinated by the deep blue orbs which the little creature raised smilingly and full of wonder to his face. Lee bore his son down the aisle, laid him gently in his astonished grandmother's lap, and returned to the pulpit again. Julia had moved a little, and overcome with agitation, leaned heavily against the railing of the pulpit-stairs. Lee bent his head, and whispered a few earnest words, and held forth his hand. She stood, for a moment, like one bewildered, gave a doubtful, troubled look into his eyes, and laid her hand in his. He drew her gently to the table, and in a firm, respectful voice requested the minister to commence the marriage service.

The pastor looked puzzled and irresolute. The whole proceeding was so unexpected and strange that even he lost all presence of mind. "A publishment is necessary to our laws," he said, at length, casting a look on the deacon, but the old man remained motionless, with his hands clasped over the railing, and his face bowed upon them. Thinking him too much agitated to speak, and uncertain of his duty, the divine lifted his voice and demanded if any one present had ought to say against a marriage between the two persons standing before him.

Every face in that church was turned on the deacon, but he remained silent and motionless, so the challenge was unanswered, and the minister felt compelled to proceed with the ceremony, for he remembered what was, at first, forgotten, that the pair had been published according to law, months before, when Lee had, without given reason, refused to fulfil his contract.

The brief but impressive ceremony was soon over, and with an expression of more true happiness than had ever been witnessed on his fine features before, Lee conducted his wife to her mother, and placed himself respectfully by her side. The poor bride was scarcely seated. when she buried her face in her handkerchief, and burst into a passion of tears, which seemed as if it never would be checked. The congregation went out. The young people gathered about the doors, talking over the late strange scene, while a few members lingered behind, to speak with the deacon's wife before they left the church. Lee and his companions stood in the pew, looking anxiously toward the old man. There was something unnatural in his motionless position, which sent a thrill through the matron's heart, and chained her to the floor, as if she had suddenly turned to marble. The minister came down the pulpit stairs, and advancing to the old man, laid his hand kindly upon the withered fingers clasped over the railing; he turned very pale, for the hand which he touched was cold and stiffened in death. The old man was feeble with grief, and when young Lee appeared before him, his heart had broken amid the rush of its strong feelings.

Tax on Beards.—The Emperor of Russia, after having lent a hundred millions to the Bank of England, fifty millions to France, fifteen millions to Prussia, and other large sums to the large bankers of Europe, is replenishing his treasury by a war upon the beards of the Jews. A recent imperial ukase has been transmitted to the rabbi of all the synagogues in his dominions, commanding an immediate removal of the beards of his Jewish subjects—non-conformity to the order entailing a certain heavy penalty. As the Emperor's Minister of Finance very well understood, the Jew loves his beard better than the small end of his purse. The fiscal registrators, with their box of taxes and the regimental barbers with their soap and razors, make the rounds together, and no Israelite can hope to escape a choice between them. The excitement among the Jews, at this new tyranny is said to be very unusual and dangerous.

The Holy Land.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

VI.—THE JORDAN AND DEAD SEA.

This day, (April 6th,) we were to visit the Jordan and the Dead Sea. In the early morning, about 4 o'clock, I ascended a steep mound near our encampment, and saw a view as different from that of the preceding day as a change of light could make it. The sun had not risen; but there was a hint of its approach in a gush of pale light behind the Moab mountains. The strip of woodland in the middle of the plain looked black in contrast with the brightening yellow precipices of Quarantania on the west. Southwards, the Dead Sea stretched into the land, grey and clear. Below me, our tents and horses, and the moving figures of the Arabs, enlivened the shadowy banks of the stream.

We were off soon after six, and were to reach the banks of the Jordan in about 2½ hours. Our way lay through the same sort of forest land as we had encamped in. It was very wild; and almost the only tokens of habitation that we met with, were about Rihhah—by some supposed to be the exact site of the ancient Jericho. This is now as miserable a village as any in Palestine; and its inhabitants are as low in character as in wealth. No stranger thinks of going near it who is not well armed and guarded. Yet there is no need to resort to any means but honest and very moderate industry, to obtain a comfortable subsistence here—if only honesty were encouraged, and industry protected by a good social state. The fine fig trees that are scattered around, and the abundant promise of the few crops that are sown, show that the soil and climate are not to blame. At this place there is a square tower, conspicuous from afar above the trees, which some suppose to be the sole remnant of the great city: but it can hardly be ancient enough to have belonged to old Jericho.

On a hillock in the midst of the brushwood we saw a few birds of such a size that one of the party, in a moment of forgetfulness, cried out—"Ostriches!" There are no ostriches in this country; but these cranes looked very like them, while on their feet. One by one they rose, stretching out their long legs behind them—certainly the largest birds I ever saw fly—or probably shall ever see.

Though we had been told, and had read, that the river could not be seen till the traveler reached its very banks, we could not help looking for it. Three broad terraces have to be traversed; and then it is sunk in a deep bed, where it rushes hidden among the woodland. Its depth of water varies much at different seasons: though less now than formerly. The Scriptures speak so much of the overflow of Jordan, and of the lion coming up at the swelling of Jordan, that it is supposed that formerly the river was subject to inundations, which may have formed the three terraces above mentioned, and caused the extraordinary fertility of the plain in old times: and that the wild beasts which then harbored in the brakes, came up to terrify the dwellers in the fields. However this may have been, it is not so now. The channel is no doubt deepened: and the river now in the fullest season, only brims over its banks into the brakes, so as to stand among the canes, and never reaches the terraces.

Though we were all on the lookout, and though we reached the river at the spot which is cleared for the approach of the Easter pilgrims, we could not see the water till we could almost touch it.—The first notice to me of where it was, was from some of the party dismounting upon the Pilgrim's beach. When I came up—O! how beautiful it was!—how much more beautiful than all pictures and all descriptions had led me to expect! The only drawback was that the stream was turbid; not only whitish from a sulphureous admixture, but muddy. But it swept nobly along, with a strong and rapid current, and many eddies, gushing through the thick woodland, and flowing in among the tall reeds, now smiting the white rocks of the opposite shore, and now winding away out of sight behind the populars and acacias and tall reeds which crown its banks. It is not a broad river; but it is full of majesty from its force and loveliness. The vigorous, up-springing character of the wood along its margin struck me much; and we saw it now in its vivid spring green.

The pilgrims rush into the sacred rived in such numbers, and with so little precaution as to the strength of the current, that no year passes without some loss of life; and usually several perish. This year only one was drowned. Whatever superstition there might have been among our company, it was not of this wild sort; and we bathed in safety. The ladies went north, the gentlemen south. I made a way through the thicket with difficulty, till I found a little cove which the current did not enter, and over which hung a sycamore, whose lower branches were washed by the ripple which the current sent in as it passed. On these branches the bather might stand or sit without touching the mud, which lay soft and deep below. The limestone precipice and wooded promontory opposite made the river particularly beautiful here, and sorry I was to leave it at last.

It is useless to attempt to make out where the baptism of Jesus took place, or where his disciples and John administered the rite. And on the spot one has no pressing wish to know.—The whole of the river is so sacred and so sweet that it is enough to have saluted it in any part of its course.

One thing more we did: we remembered friends far away, and carried away some water for them, having provided tin cases for the purpose. The Queen's ceildren are baptised in Jordan water; and I brought away a case full for the baptism of the child of a friend who lives farther away from the Jordan than the Queen does.—This business done we were summoned to horse, and rode away southwards to the Dead Sea.

The belt of woodland soon turned away eastwards, and we found ourselves exposed to extreme heat, on a desolate plain crusted with salt and cracked with drought. There had been a closeness and murkiness in the air, all the morning, which was very oppressive; and now it was, at our usual slow pace, almost intolerable. I put my horse to a fast canter, and crossed the plain as quick as possible, finding this pace a relief to my horse as well as myself. The drift on the beach of the sea looked dreary enough; ridges of broken canes and willow twigs washed up, and lying among the salt and the little unwholesome swamps on the shore; but the water looked bright and clear and so tempting that our horses put their noses down repeatedly, always running away in disgust. I tasted the water, about two drops, and I almost thought I should never get the taste out of my mouth again. And this is the water that poor Costigan's coffee was made of!

Costigan was a young Irishman, whose mind was possessed with the idea of exploring the Dead Sea, and giving the world the benefit of his discoveries. It would have been a useful service; and he had zeal and devotedness enough for it, but he wanted either knowledge or prudence; and he lost his life in the adventure, without hav-

ing left us any additional information whatever. He had had a small boat carried overland by camels; and in this he set forth (in an open boat in the month of July !,) with only one attendant, a Maltese servant. They reached the southern end of the lake—not without hardship and difficulty; but the fatal struggle was in getting back again. The wind did not favor them, and once blew such a squall that they had to lighten the boat, when the servant stupidly threw overboard the only cask of fresh water that they had.—They were now compelled to row for their lives, to reach the Jordan before they perished with thirst; but the sun scorched them from a cloudless sky, and the air was like a furnace. When Costigan could row no longer, his servant made some coffee from the water of the lake, and then they lay down in the boat to die. But the man once more roused himself, and by many efforts brought the boat to the head of the lake. They lay helpless for a whole day on the burning shore, unable to do more than throw the salt water over each other from time to time. The next morning the servant crawled away, in hopes of reaching Rihhab, which he did with extreme difficulty. He sent Costigan's horse down to the shore, with a supply of water. He was alive, and was carried to Jerusalem in the coolness of the night. He was taken care of the Latin convent there; but he died in two days. Not a note relating to his enterprise was ever found; and during his illness he never spoke on the subject. Any knowledge that he might have gained has thus perished with him; and no reliable information could be obtained from his servant. Costigan's grave is in the American burying ground; and there I saw the stone which tells his melancholy story. He died in 1835.

There appears to be no satisfactory evidence as to whether any fish are to be found in the Dead Sea. Our guides said that some small black fish have been seen there, but others deny this. A dead fish has been found on the shore near the spot where the Jordan enters the lake; but this might have been cast up by the overflow of the river. It is said that small birds do not fly over this lake, on account of the deleterious nature of its atmosphere. About small birds I cannot speak; but I saw two or three vultures winging their way down it obliquely. The curious lights which hung over the surface struck me as showing an unusual state of the atmosphere—the purple murky light resting on one part, and the line of silvery refraction in another. Though the sky was clear after the morning clouds had passed away, the sunshine appeared dim; and the heat was very oppressive.

The gentlemen of the party who stayed behind to bathe declared, on rejoining us at lunch time, that they had found the common report of the buoyancy of the water of this sea not at all exaggerated, and that it was indeed an easy matter to float in it, and very difficult to sink. They also found their hair and skin powdered with salt when dry. But they could not admit the greasiness or stickiness which is said to adhere to the skin after bathing in the Dead Sea. They were very positive about this: and they certainly did observe the fact very carefully. Yet I have seen, since my return, a clergyman who bathed there, and who declared to me that his skin was so sticky for some days after, that he could not get rid of it, even from his hands. And the trustworthy Dr. Robinson, a late traveller there, says —"After coming out, I perceived nothing of the salt crust upon the body, of which so many speak. There was a slight pricking sensation, especially where the skin had been chafed, and a sort of greasy feeling, as of oil, upon the skin, which lasted for several hours." The contrast of these testimonies, and the diversity which exists among the analysis of the waters which have been made by chemists, seem to show that the quality of the waters of the Dead Sea varies. And it appears reasonable that it should; for it must make a great difference whether fresh waters have been pouring into the basin of the lake, after the winter rains, or a great evaporation has been going on under the summer's sun. In following the margin of the sea, we had to cross a creek, where my skirt was splashed. These splashes turned presently to thin crusts of salt; and the moisture and stickiness were as great a week afterwards as at the moment.

We wound among salt marshes and brakes, in and out on the desolate shores of this sea:—this sea which is not the less dead and dreary for being as clear and blue as a fresh mountain tarn. As we ascended the ranges of hills which lay between us and the convent where we were to rest, the Jordan valley opened northwards and the Dead Sea southwards, till the extent traversed by the eye was really vast. How beautiful must it have been once, when the Jordan valley, whose verdure was now shrunk into a black line amongst the sands, was like an interminable garden; and when the cities of the plain stood bright and busy where the Dead Sea now lay blank and grey! As I took my last look back, from a great elevation, I thought that so mournful a landscape, for one having real beauty, I had never seen.

TUSCARORA INDIANS.—A remnant of this ancient but warlike Tribe still lingers about our village. Their council fires have gone out, and the war-whoop that mingled with the roar of waters, and struck such terror and dismay into the hearts of their enemies, has passed away, and the few who are hovering about the graves of their fathers, will soon cross the big waters into the spirit-land of the just. The women are generally sober, industrious, and very ingenious in making bead work, which they sell to visitors with great profit.—*Niagara Falls Iris.*

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Husband to his Absent Wife.

The sun is setting in the azure west
Mid clustering clouds of violet and gold,
And soft winds whisper mid the sweet wild rose
That twines its fragrant boughs above our door;
At such an hour as this thou absent one,
My spirit wings its tireless flight to thee
O'er azure mountains and the far blue wave;
And I for one brief moment half forget
My loneliness.

I'm sitting as of yore,
Upon our threshold at this twilight hour;
Watching the fading crimson in the west,
Phebe; how oft together have we gazed,
Upon this panorama! now, *alone*
I mark its lessening light and deepening shade,
And listen to the murmur of the winds,
Musing on thee, thou ever cherished one.
"Home is not home without thee," e'en the flowers
Thy absence seem to mourn; they droop and fade
Around our threshold; sadly do they miss
Thy fostering hand.

Oh! hasten thy return,
Thou knowest not how slow, how wearily,
The leaden hours move by, when thou art gone.
If I were in the flower-embosomed vales,
Where ceaseless summer with her life and song,
Makes all things glad and beautiful and bright;
Were you not there, my spirit would repine,
As one alone, shut out from hope and joy.

GENESEE VALLEY. C. B. C.

Com. Stockton at Washington.—The Washington correspondent of the Charleston [S. C.] Evening News, gives the following, as a scene in the ante-room, during one of the "clearings" of the Fremont Court Martial, at Washington, on the first day of Stockton's arrival there. It is somewhat graphic.

The court-room was cleared repeatedly for deliberaton, and the auditors retired to the ante-room. Here there was an entertainment of interest, and from memory, I will endeavor to describe it.

Com. Stockton turning to Col Benton, and to others, said: "People have symathized with me in my misfortunes in coming over from California; but, gentlemen, I have never had so much sport in my life. I shot forty buffaloes on the way. Great fun!"

"Is it true," enquired one of the group, "that an Indian can put an arrow clear through a buffalo?"

"It is," responded the Commodore, "and I'll tell you what an Indian did to me."

A gentleman who was writing at a table put down his pen to listen; a little knot of officers in the corner ceased their conversation, and every one with open mouth, fixed himself in a comfortable position to listen to the narrative.

Com. Stockton is a dashing speaker, has a good voice, and gestures to suit, and he commenced:—

"I had always been a friend to the Indians; I had defended them and spoke in their favor from the stump, (for I have done a little in that way,) and when we encamped on the plains, I gave orders not to shoot an Indian if it could be avoided. Let the poor devils steal a dozen horses, if they please, but not a hair of their heads must be injured. Well, the weather was extremely cold. I put on three pairs of stockings, three pairs of drawers, two pairs of pantaloons, and,—(don't laugh, gentlemen, by —— it's true) three or four shirts, and thick over-coats. I lay down to sleep, and covered myself with six blankets. Notwithstanding, I was still cold."

"You were not in a condition to run," remarked Lieut. Col. Fremont with a smile.

"But," resumed the Commodore, "this gentleman asked whether an Indian could put an arrow through a buffalo. Gentlemen, through all the blankets, pantaloons, and drawers, an arrow penetrated, and passing under my haunches, wounded me! (Don't laugh, it's true.) On the point of the arrow head was poison; but fortunately, the edge of it struck me, and then before I escaped with my life. Gentlemen, from that moment my sympathy with the Indians departed."

Some farther remarks were made about "manifest destiny," and the Commodore delivered a short speech on "civil and religious freedom," which he would guaranty to South, as well as to all of North America especially, and to the world in particular. It was rich.

He branched off, in a desultory manner, on his own conduct in California. He had to seize the crown there with his own hand, he said, and place it on his own head, for the Californians ran, and wouldn't stop to transfer it. He was a viceroy. He had, as a naval commander, no authority over the land forces; but when Lieut. Col. Fremont placed himself under him, he made Fremont obey orders. There was no backing out. A man after entering into a fight, can't stop short and say, "I wont obey you." He must go on. As to what he did, he would not alter a sentence, modify a paragraph, or undo a single act. He acted reluctantly in California, and was not actuated by ambition. He had two prayers; one was, that he might do nothing to injure what little reputation he had, and the other that God would keep him safely, and not suffer him to be placed in a condition where the d——d savages would cut his throat.

"I will tell all about my conduct; I will tell everything, if I have an opportunity. I want the truth to come out," he added.

"That's the American people," responded Col. Benton; "that's the American people, sir; they will have the truth, sir."

At this point the little orderly appeared at the door, and in a rich Irish accent said: "Gentlemen, the court's again in session."

Marriage after Burial.—Two Parisian Merchants, strongly united in friendship, had each one child of different sexes, who early contracted a strong inclination for each other, which was cherished by the parents, and they were flattered with the expectations of being joined together for life. Unfortunately, at the time they thought themselves on the point of completing this long wished-for union, a man, far advanced in years and possessed of a large fortune, cast his eyes on the young lady, and made honorable proposals; her parents could not resist the temptation of a son-in-law in such affluent circumstances, and forced her to comply. As soon as the knot was tied, she strictly enjoined her former lover never to see her, and patiently submitted to her fate; but the anxiety of her mind prayed upon her body, which threw her into a lingering disorder that apparently carried her off, and she was consigned to her grave. As soon as the melancholy event reached the lover, his affliction was doubled, being deprived of all hopes of her widowhood; but recollecting that in her youth she had been for some time in a lethargy, his hopes revived and hurried him to the place of her burial where a good bribe procured the sexton's permission to dig her up, which he performed and removed her to a place of safety, where by proper methods he revived the almost extinguished spark of life. Great was her surprise at finding the state she had been in; and probably as great was her pleasure at the means by which she had been recalled from the grave. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, the lover laid his claim; and his reason, supported by a powerful inclination on her side, were too strong for her to resist; but as France was no longer a place of safety for them, they agreed to remove to England, where they continued ten years, when a strong inclination of revisiting their native country seized them, which they thought they might safely gratify, and accordingly performed their voyage. The lady was so unfortunate as to be known by her old husband, whom she met in a public walk, and all her endeavors to disguise herself were uneffectual. He laid his claim to her before a court of justice, and the lover defended his right, alleging that the husband by burying her had forfeited his title, and that he had acquired a just one by freeing her from the grave and delivering her from the jaws of death. These reasons, whatever weight they might have had in a court where love presided, seemed to have little effect on the grave sages of the law; and the lady; with her lover, not thinking it safe to wait the determination of the court, prudently retired out of the kingdom.

An American China Manufactory.—We learn that a gentleman named Ridgway, from Staffordshire, England, has established a manufactory of China and Queensware on the Big Sandy River, in Virginia, within a mile and a half of the Ohio.—*Phil. Inq.*

Funeral and Last Moments of Dr. Hopkins.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Evangelist.

Having recently returned from Buffalo, where I went to attend the funeral of Dr. Hopkins, I thought that it might be interesting to many of your readers to know some of the particulars.—On the 22d ult., at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, after having written a letter and sealed it, he was struck with apoplexy, and in defiance of all that skill and sympathy could do, lingered speechless until 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, and then *fell asleep*. The case was one of unusual severity, and from the first entirely hopeless. He had been complaining for several days previous, but none of his symptoms were regarded as serious, nor did any of them clearly indicate the fatal result. But although our brother remained speechless, yet from Monday evening to Friday morning he was comparatively conscious, and by significant signs, gave cheering evidence to Rev. Mr. Rich and others that Christ was with him, and that although walking through the valley of the shadow of death in circumstances so appalling, yet that he feared no evil. On Wednesday afternoon he took a most affecting leave of all the relatives who were permitted to wait on him during his last moments. He beckoned his sister to his bedside, put around her neck the arm which had not been paralyzed, drew her gently down and kissed her. He did the same to his brother, and then to his mother. It was regarded by them, and no doubt intended by their dying friend, as a last farewell. The death of such a man and in such circumstances, produced, of course, a great sensation. The whole city seemed to be moved. It was regarded as a public calamity, and there was every expression of grief and sympathy on the occasion which the children of men can command. The funeral, although on a week day, and in the business season of the year, was attended by a great concourse of people; but a part of those who wished to be present could not find a place in the house. The church was hung in mourning; the choirs sang pieces prepared expressly for the occasion; eight clergymen acted as pall-bearers, and carried their brother to the grave; and all the ceremonies were conducted with that propriety and good taste for which Buffalo is greatly celebrated.

Dr. Hopkins was born at Hartford, Conn., the 25th day of July, 1805, and consequently at the time of his death was only in the 43d year of his age. He graduated at Yale College in 1826, and at that early age gave decided indications of the peculiar power by which he was distinguished as a preacher. He pursued his theological studies with Rev. Dr. Wisner, of Ithaca, and was licensed to preach the gospel in 1828, in the 23d year of his age. His first pastoral charge was in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, where he took a church at its first formation, consisting of only some twelve members, and left it after three years of untiring labor, a large and flourishing congregation. From Pawtucket he went to Utica, to take charge of the Bleecker-st Church; and in September, 1835, removed to Buffalo, and commenced his labors as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. He continued with this people until the time of his death, a devoted pastor and successful preacher. During the twelve years of his ministry more than 500 individuals were gathered into the church; and a people who, when he came among them, gave hardly a thousand dollars a year to benevolent objects, now contribute but little short of six thousand. It may be proper also to state that during the time two bands have gone off to organize new churches, and that the congregation still continues to be the largest of our order in Western New York.

Our departed brother possessed a mind of a high order, characterized by great sprightliness and elasticity. His conceptions were purely original, lively and brilliant, and when he laid out his strength on a subject, and it was a congenial theme, he was singularly eloquent. The manner, if anything, exceeded the matter. There were some who took exceptions to his delivery as being too violent; and yet but few living preachers deliver a discourse with so much popular power. His whole soul was in the work, and there were an earnestness and energy and occasional bursts of passion which fixed every eye and ear. He was a very fine reader, but excelled most of all in his public prayers. So much earnestness and pathos and appropriateness are seldom found together in the same performance, and there was an unpretending simplicity and humility which brought the most important service of the sanctuary as near perfection as mortal man may come. The deceased secured a strong hold of the affections of his people in his social intercourse, and won still more upon them in the day of affliction. His considerate counsel, his soothing accent, his well-chosen words, and sympathizing tears, will never be forgotten. Our brother possessed one qualification of a bishop in an eminent degree—*he was a lover of hospitality*. His house and heart were always open, and no one who came under his roof ever felt that he was constrained to eat the bitter bread of a begrudged hospitality.—It is a sufficient indication of his genuine goodness that all who had been inmates of his family for any length of time, invariably clung to him with ardent affection. Alas! how many such there are to weep at the tidings of his death!

A year ago last Sabbath we were assembled together in the First Presbyterian church, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Hopkins. She died, as you are aware, at sea, on her return from Europe.—So distressing were some of the circumstances, that the whole community were in sackcloth, and if tears and grief are the best tribute for the dead, no burial could be more highly honored than hers. In that distressing day, who thought that before the year had scarcely rolled around, the husband would be laid in the place of the wife, and the people doubly bereaved be called together again to deplore the more dreadful stroke which had laid their pastor low? Truly clouds and darkness are round about Jehovah. *How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!*

A short time since the family of Dr. Hopkins consisted of his mother, himself and wife, his own sister, and his wife's sister—now the two sisters, and the wife and husband are sleeping side by side in the grave. Of that lovely family circle the aged mother alone remains, now in her 80th year, her strength scarcely diminished, a most venerable and interesting old lady, and wonderfully supported in all her afflictions by Him who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." May he be the portion of each one whose eye may rest on this brief tribute to the memory of a departed and lamented friend. J. B. S.

Rochester, Dec., 1847.

Another Dwarf.—The Union of the 13th says: We have had the honor of a visit, this evening, from Major General Hancock, a dwarf from North Caolina. He is two inches higher than his celebrated *confrere* Tom Thumb, but weighs two pounds less. He is twenty-three years old—about ten years older than General Thumb—well formed, agreeable in manners, and smart and prompt in his answers.—He dances the Polka and other fashionable dances.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Elegiac Stanzas.

Suggested by the Death of the Rev. Asa T. Hopkins, D. D.

Through Faith, bright evangel, points upward to glory,
And whispers "The meed of the righteous is rest;"
Though Hope, her sweet sister, repeats the glad story,
And pictures, through fancy, the joys of the blest;
Yet darkness will reign when the good and the gifted,
The watchmen of Zion, are summoned away;
The wrecks of high promise are fearfully drifted,
And Grief sends her cries out in wildest dismay.

Lo! Truth o'er the grave of the fallen is bending,
A mourner whom angels, her holy compeers,
While her wail with the dirge for dead Autum is blending,
Might hasten with gladness to solace with tears.
Since her client has gone whence there is no returning,
It is meet she lament that his labors are o'er,
For the lips that so late were with eloquense burning,
May startle the spirits of error no more.

But though hushed is the voice which such rapture imparted
In the temple of God, to the lowly and just,—
That voice which could comfort the sorrowful-hearted
When called to deposit a loved one in dust;—
Should the truths it has sounded so oft with such meetness,
Their freedom and strength to our spirits here lend,
We may hear it again in more angelic sweetness,
And join it in anthems that never shall end.

DECEMBER 1ST. J. CLEMENT.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

"That Steeple."

BY "THE MAN ABOUT TOWN."

It was a startling occurrence, the erection of that steeple. Deacon Fidget's wife had never before heard of such a thing. She wondered what the world was coming to. She had read her Bible pretty thoroughly, yes, six times through from beginning to end, not even skipping the hard names in Chronicles and she was certain nothing was said about steeples. It warn't scriptural, it was Babylonish. "For her part, (and her part appeared to be the whole part and a little more, for her good husband sat with his elbows resting upon his knees, his chin socketra thoughtfully in in the palms of his hands, his eyes fastened motionless on a most uninteresting head of a nail, and his whole countenance elongated into an expression of despairing submission)—for her part, she was content with a meeting house without a steeple. She did'nt want any pepper-boxes of Satan sticking upon her house—that she did'nt. If the other folks were a mind to put up a steeple, they might; but she was'nt going to worship the Philistian's idol—not she!"

That Steeple! It causes more excitement in Gossiptown than would have been caused if the man in the moon had hung himself on the left limb with a red pocket handkerchief. It was a standing sin; an abomination in high places; in great truth, a vexation of spirit to Mrs. Deacon Fidget. "She did'nt envy them their steeple—no, indeed; but she was grieved over the vanity of the thing; and then they must go and stick up a gilt rooster, a swinging about all day long. She wondered what would come next. She had heard, indeed, that the other folks had put up doors at the end of their seats, and that some had brought in blue cushions to sit on, and a big bass fiddle was talked of; but she could'nt believe they'd got such wicked heresies among them."

Well, things went on this way for six weeks, when it was whispered around that the other congregation was about having a bell swung in their new steeple. "A Bell," said Mrs. Deacon Fidget. Had the man in the moon, after having hung himself with the aforesaid red pocket handkerchief for a comfortable length of time, made his appearance in Gossiptown, trundling the ring of Saturn with the tail of a comet, the commotion could not have been greater. "A bell," repeated the astonished Mrs. Deacon Fidget, in treble voice, sliding up to A sharp octave, and raising her hands into the same elevated region. Here let it be chronicled, as an interesting phenomenon in the worthy dame's life, she actually let half a dozen minutes slip by without saying a word;—a thing so unprecedented and mysterious, that the good Deacon actually looked up and ventured to enquire if anything ailed her. It would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of the blaze of moral indignation that crowded out of Mrs. Fidget's eyes—we say *crowded out*, to express the obstructed prolificacy of that interesting optical process. But her mouth was the great centre of action. There was actually a convergency of face about that mouth, as if the separate features were crowding around to hear what was about to be said. But, if they entertained any such expectation as that, they were disappointed, for the old lady said nothing all that day *save* a half whispered "Bael and Dagon in the house of the Lord!"

One fine morning, two weeks after this, the village was startled and made vocal with the merry peal of a silver toned bell. It started off at first quite irregularly and excentrically, as if it was not used to such business. By and by, it stopped, as if quite out of breath; and then, as if hearing its musical echoes floating in quivering, silvery sounds through the woods, and over the hill and down the vale, it began again in extatic gyrations, throwing off such a multitude of sounds that one could almost imagine they struck each other flying through the air, and threw off new and fainter sounds. But what said that dear old lady, Mrs. Deacon Fidget? We have made use of two comparisons; permit us to indulge in another. Had the nasal titillation, at that moment rioting about in all sorts of summer lightning in the old ladies' nose, snapped her head off in the explosion and jerked it out of the window, she could not have been more astonished. At the first tap of the bell, she rose straight up to her full height; at the second, awful reproof was distinctly discoverable beneath the glasses of her steel-bound specs, and by the time the bell began to ring so extatically, you will, of course, have anticipated

that the glasses were in a state of fusion. An inflexible regard for truth constrains us to state, however, that they were not; though, probably, any glasses less used to the old ladies' moods would have shared that melancholy fate. Mrs. Fidget went straight over to Mrs. Gossip's, and they two went to Mrs. Straitlace's, at the closing of whose door we lose sight of further facts, and enter the region of conjecture and speculation. Passing by an hour afterwards, I heard a voice, in no very faint tones, speaking in this wise: "For her part, she did not envy the other people their steeple and bell. Mrs. Gossip knew that very practice that she stuck up for, and there was no scripture in steeples and bells. She would not have well, and so did Mrs. Straitlace, it was scriptural such an abomination stuck up on her meeting house. She hoped to be in her grave first."

A year passed away, during which time, I was absent in the west. On my return to Gossiptown, to my astonishment I saw, on approaching, another great spire pointing to Heaven from the cluster of white houses, and heard another bell ring forth silvery tones on the morning air. "What can this mean?" said I. I passed on quietly to the worthy Deacon Fidget's. Mrs. F. was lecturing her her husband as usual. "The steeple was as high and as good as the other one; and, indeed, the filagre work and the balls on the corners made it look much more handsome. She always had been in favor of such a steeple; and now they had got it the other congregation had'nt anything to boast of, and then what a nice sweet bell they had! It had a much more handsome tone than the other folks', and it was a loud bell, too. And what a beautiful silver-scaled fish they had on top, and they could see which way the wind blew as well as the other folks. She had always thought that meeting houses ought to have steeples and bells, though she had never expressed her mind on that subject, as Mr. Fidget knew!"

O! Mrs. Deacon Fidget!!

Synopsis of the Report of the Secretary of War.

It appears by this document, which is of great length, that the whole military force at present employed under this government, numbers—

Of regulars,	21,509
Of Volunteers,	22,027
Total,	43,336

With General Scott—

At Tampico, now en route. and on the line from Vera Cruz to headquarters	32,156
With General Taylor,	6,729
In Santa Fe, on the Oregon and Santa Fe routes, and in the Indian territory,	3,634
In California and on route thither,	1,019
	43,336

The actual strength, it appears, is much less than this amount, but the number not in active service cannot be precisely ascertained.

The Secretary advises that the present organization be completed by enlistments. An enlistment of 7381 is necessary to complete the regular organization; and to complete that of the volunteer force, an enlistment of 12,500, to serve during the war. There appears to be now in service, a numerical force of 23 regiments, 7 battalions, and 33 companies, not organized into regiments or battalions.

The most important action recommended, is the immediate organization of ten additional regiments of regulars, to serve during the war; and he also asks authority to accept in case of exigency, the services of a volunteer force of not less than 20,000.

The Secretary states that he has no means of ascertaining the amount of revenue that can be collected in Mexico.

The total amount already collected in Mexican ports amounts to	$530,810 46
Of this sum, there has been handed over to the the Commissary Department,	438,722,33
Remaining,	$92,088 13

His further recommendations are as follows:

Payment of expenses of States, for organizing, transporting, and subsisting volunteers. (He specifies the claim of Texas to such compensation.)

The formation of a retired list.

An appropriation for repair, &c., of the public defences along the seaboard and northern line.

An increase in the engineer force.

The appointment of six additional hospital surgeons.

An appropriation for the payment of additional clerks employed by the department, to furnish discharged soldiers with scrip and certificates of location.

A pension for the widows and children of those dying by disease while in active service, (no such provision no exists by law.)

Such a modification of the pension law as to place the widows and children of officers and soldiers of the regular army on the same footing with those of volunteers, with regard to pension.

The Secretary reports on the present condition of the Indian tribes, and their relation towards the United States. The following list of papers accompany the report:

Report of the Adjutant General.

Reports of the various battles since Buena Vista, inclusive.

Orders and instructions regulating contributions in Mexican ports.

Reports of Commissary General, Paymaster General, Chief Engineer, Chief of Topographical Engineers, Chief of Ordnance, Commissioner of Pensions, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and second and third Auditors.

IMPROVEMENT ON THE RAILROADS BETWEEN ALBANY AND BUFFALO.—We noticed the fact a few days ago that the Utica and Schenectady Road would very soon have fifty miles of T rail laid down. The public in general do not seem to be aware of the exertions making by the several companies from Buffalo to Albany, to put their roads in the best possible condition. A large number of workmen are kept in constant employment, and the progress made is limited only by the supply of T rail which can be procured at the factories. That made use of by the Auburn and Rochester Company, weighs 70 lbs. to the yard, and is said to be the heaviest in the United States. Nothing can exceed the safety, rapidity and pleasure of traveling upon a road constructed of such material. Snake heads, and the other dangers of the strap or bar rails, will be known no more. The disagreeeable noise, and still more unpleasant shaking of the cars, which render reading and conversation almost impracticable, will be completely remedied. And what is a great consideration with a go-ahead community like ours, the trains will be able to average twenty-five miles an hour.

Foreign Items.

An announcement reached London on Monday that a formidable conspiracy had been discovered in Paris, which had the effect of seriously depressing the English funds for a short time.—The committee of the stock exchange had commenced an investigation into the circumstances connected with the report, but it could only be traced to Folkstone, from which it was received by the electric telegraph.

Hostilities have at length commenced in Switzerland, at the fortified city of Friberg. Some skirmishing had taken place, in which the troops of the Sonderbund were worsted.

Dr. Felix Mendelsohn Bartholdy, the eminent composer of "Elijah," died suddenly at Leipsic, on the 4th ult., in the 39th year of his age.

The Cholera has entirely disappeared from Moscow, but it appears to be spreading beyond that city in the direction of St. Petersburgh.—There have been a few cases at Waldai and at Novogorod, a city not more than forty leagues from the capital.

The state of Ireland is truly frightful. A system of agrarian resistance is every where manifested; landlords daily falling before the vengeance of the people.

The French mail steamer Union was to leave Havre on the 24th ult., her departure having been delayed in consequence of the injuries which her machinery suffered upon the last voyage from New York.

The Sarah Sands will resume her place upon the line on the 22d January.

The British and North American steamers will continue to run fornightly during the winter, until the new vessels shall be ready, when the spring will commence with a weekly mail; the new arrangement will take effect on the 1st of January, on which day the Cambria will sail from Liverpool for New York.

The packet ship Stephen Whitney, was totally lost at 10 o'clock, P. M., of the 10th ult., on her voyage from New York to Liverpool, under circumstances the most perfectly appalling, that the imagination can possibly conceive. Mistaking the light upon Rock Island, near Cape Clear, on the south coast of Ireland, for the Old Head of Kinsale, she continued her course, intending to make Cork Harbor, but in less than a quarter of an hour, with a suddenness which defied all human effort to avert her fate, she came broadside on a rock called the West Calf, four miles inside the Cape, and in less than ten minutes after striking, she dashed to atoms, overwhelming no less than ninety two of her helpless crew and passengers. Eighteen only, of one hundred and ten, succeeded in clambering up the face of the rock which forms a wretched island, containing three fishermens's huts.

Parliament was opened by commission at 2 o'clock on the 18th, when the House of Commons proceeded to the choice of Speaker. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, the late Speaker, was re-elected by a unanimous vote, and the House adjourned to the next day. On the 19th it was expected that the election of Speaker would be confirmed by royal commission, and that the members of the House would be sworn in. The following day it was supposed would be occupied by business of form, and the regular business of the session would not begin until the next week, when the royal speech would be delivered, business of the session would begin.

The Archbishop of York died at the palace near York, November 5, after an illness of two days, in the 91st year of his age. He enjoyed the high dignity of his station, and performed its duties for a period of 40 years, having been previously Bishop of Carlisle for 16 years.

The Times announces that the vacancy in the See of York is to be filled by Dr. Musgrave, the Bishop of Hereford, and that he is to be replaced in his present See by Dr. Hampden, Regius Professor at Oxford. The Times is not satisfied with either of these appointments, especially with the latter.

In France two more domestic tragedies have been enacted on the great theatre of human life. The diseased state of social feeling in the highest ranks of society has furnished two more lamentable victims of insanity and suicide. Count Bresson, the chief promoter of the unfortunate Montpensier marriages, has put a period to his ill-fated existence, by violent means, at Naples. This fatal act has been produced by an overwrought mind not finding "ample room and verge enough" for the scope of its ambition in the subordinate station of ambassador to an Italian State. Being disappointed in obtaining the London embassy, where activity might have stifled "the still small voice" of conscience, Count Bresson, expatriated to Naples, could no longer bear the misery of his own thoughts, and so rushed to self-destruction. Count Mortier, ambassador from the Government of France to the Court of Turin, has also been stricken with insanity. In a paroxysm of the most frantic lunacy, this unhappy man nearly sacrificed the lives of his two children, but fortunately the poor innocents were rescued from his violence. These events, happening so close upon other similar examples of murder, suicide, and frightful corruption amongst the circles immediately surrounding the French throne, cannot but leave a most painful impression upon public opinion in every civilized country in the world. A frightful fatality seems to haunt the progeny of the chief actors in the great social revolutions of which, during our time, France has been the scene.

The Piedmontese Gazette of Nov. 8, contains an important piece of intelligence. The three Italian Princes, who have entered upon a system of reform; that is the Pope, the King of Sardinia and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, have just laid the foundation of a customs' union. The treaty has been signed at Turin, and is given in the Journal des Debats. The three Princes declare that they are animated with a desire to contribute by their union to everything which can promote the dignity and prosperity of Italy.

Plain Talk.—Mrs. Elizabeth Peters, of Boone county, Indiana, notices her absconding husband in the following plain terms:—

"Left my bed and board last fall, thereby rendering my expenses lighter, my legal husband, John Peters, without cause or provocation. All the old maids and young girls, widows of all ages and conditions are hereby forewarned against herboring or trusting him on my account, as I am determined not to be accountable for his debts, or more especially for his misconduct, because he is a loafer, a drunkard, a gambler, a thief, a liar, and a Locofoco."

Cure for Ill-Temper.—A sensible woman of the Doctor's acquaintance (the mother of a young family) entered so far into his views upon this subject, that she taught her children from their earliest childhood to consider ill-humor as a disorder which was cured by physic. Accordingly she had always small doses ready, and the little patients, whenever it was thought needful, took rhubarb *for the crossness*. No punishment was required. Peevishness or ill-temper and rhubarb were associated in their minds always as cause and effect.—*The Doctor.*

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

The President's Message.

This important national document was received in this city on Thursday night of last week, a few hours after our paper had gone to press. It is very lengthy, and is mainly devoted to the subject of the Mexican War—its origin, its progress, etc., etc. The President deems it "important that Congress should at an early period of their session, confer the authority to raise an additional regular force to serve during the war with Mexico, and to be discharged on the conclusion and ratification of peace." He further recommends "that authority be given by law to call for and accept the services of an additional number of volunteers, to be exercised at such time and to such an extent as the exigencies of the service may require."

The President suggests the loaning of seventeen millions of dollars for the year ending the 30th of next June, should a duty on tea and coffee be imposed, and the public lands graduated, otherwise eighteen and a half millions: also twenty millions and a half for the next fiscal year, ending June 30, 1849, provided the war continues thus long and tea and coffee are not taxed, there is no graduation of the public lands, nor any military contributions on land in Mexico.

A new ministry to Rome is recommended to be established, on account, we suppose, of the position which Pope Pius lately occupies.

Speaking of the Tariff of 1846 the President says that "while the interests of agriculture, of commerce and navigation have been enlarged and invigorated, it is highly gratifying to observe that our manufactures are also in a prosperous condition."

Numerous other topics of interest and importance are dwelt upon, all of which we have not room to point out this week, but some of which may be referred to in another number. We conclude with an extract touching the importance of establishing a territorial government over our possessions in Oregon:

"The attention of Congress was invited, at their last and preceding session, to the importance of establishing a territorial government over our possessions in Oregon; and it is to be regretted that there was no legislation on the subject. Our citizens who inhabit that distant region of country are still left without the protection of our laws, or any regularly organized government.—Before the question of limits and boundaries of the territory of Oregon was definitely settled, from the necessity of their condition, the inhabitants had established a temporary government of their own. Besides the want of legal authority for continuing such a government, it is wholly inadequate to protect them in their rights of persons and property, or to secure to them the enjoyment of the privileges of other citizens, to which they are entitled under the constitution of the United States. They should have the right of suffrage, be represented in a territorial legislature, and by a delegate in Congress; and possess all the rights and privileges which citizens of other portions of the territories of the United States have heretofore enjoyed, or may now enjoy."

Conversation.—The following excellent remarks on thei nfluence of conversation, are taken from a discourse delivered before the graduating class of the New-Hampton (N. H.) Theological Institution, at the last Anniversary, August 15th., by Professor Eli B. Smith, principal of the same. The subject of the discourse is, *Ministers, Examples to Believers*, very appropriate for the occasion on which it was delivered; and the production itself is characterized by conciseness, strength, and cogency of argument:

"To give to a nation their popular songs, has been said to be a more important work than to give to them their laws. So, to control the conversation of a community, is to do that which will determine their character, as intelligent or ignorant, as refined or rude, as virtuous or vicious, as religious or infidel. To become acquainted with the daily intercourse whice the members of a family, or neighborhood, or church, have with each other, is to have the means of gauging correctly their domestic, social, moral, and religious habits. We can have no better clue to the feelings of their hearts, and no better index to the influences which they are exerting.

In every place there are those upon whom are devolved immense responsibilities, in this respect. They give tone and character to the conversation of their respective circles of influence. They purify, or they poison, the atmosphere around them. They send out the blood which circulates in the veins and arteries of the social body; hot, and feverish, and deadly, or pure, and nourishing, and healthy. Their hearts are the centrd of circulation. As they are, so, to a greater or less extent, are all around them."

Burning of the Propeller Phoenix.—How many hearts has this awful catastrophe made desolate! and how many, on the other side of the Atlantic, are yet to become so, when the doleful intelligence reaches the friends of the poor Hollanders who perished! Mournful, O mournful are the thoughts of that conflagration! and the following lines, by an eye witness of the terrific scene, though not written by an experienced hand, exhibit natural feeling, and will touch a tender chord in the sympathetic heart:

How wild, how painful were the shrieks,
How piteous were the cries,
When from the doomed Propeller's deck
We saw the flames arise!

Some breathed a silent prayer to Heaven;
Some gazed in mute despair;
While others dared blaspheme their God,
And, raving, tore their hair!

I heard my sister shriek for aid;
In vain I tried to save!
She gave one short and gurgling moan,
Then sank beneath the wave!

I saw my mother's corpe float by,
Her gray hair in the breeze,
And then I prayed for death to come
My bursting heart to ease!

I saw no more—my blood ran cold—
All consciousness was gone!
Friends found me on a barren shore,
A stranger and alone!

YANKEE VISITORS TO CANADA.—We have lately read an able and beautiful Address on the subject of manufactures delivered before the Mechanic's Institute of Hamilton, C. W., by the Hon. R. B. SULLIVAN of Toronto. In it is the following humorous sketch of Yankee Visitors:

"The American visits his Canadian neighbors on a tour of pleasure, or, perhaps, to sell his clocks, or his rakes, or his tomb stones,—for, strange to say, so infatuated are our people with foreign luxuries, that they cannot be buried without the assurance of a ghostly mile stone of dirty white, imported all the way from the State of Maine, standing over their graves, looking like a bad imitation of a badly painted two inch board: —Well, he comes into Canada, and he is perfectly astonished to find such natural capabilities, "privileges," as he very significantly calls them. "Why," he asks, "is there not a paper mill *here?*" —"and a woolen factory *there?*"—"and a cotton factory there?"—"and a trip hammer on *that* stream?"—"and a pail factory at *that* fall?—and a town on *this* location?"—"and *this?*—and *this?*—and *this?*" He brings his hemp from Ohio to sell, under the firm belief that it will not grow to the north of the line; and he finds it overtopping his head in the lanes, and behind the barns; a weed which the farmers—"cant keep from growing!" All our strange inactivity, he falsely attributes to the mystic influence of the Kingly Government; he tells his Canadian acquaintances of the wonderful inventions of Republican ingenuity; with much ingenious exaggeration, adds two or three stories to the brick houses moved on rollers in New York; describes the wonderful self-acting pin making machine of Boston, which they have to keep chained, lest it should bury the town, and fill up the harbor with pins; and ends by telling his hearers, what a fine country Canada *will be*, when the Mexican war is over, and when his countrymen can find time to take it!"

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW for this month confirms what we said of the work in our last notice, that it is improving. The papers in this issue are, with scarcely an exception, of a very interesting character, and will please the admirers of good literary composition. The essay on "The Poetry of Coleridge," is written by some one who thoroughly understands the "Sybilline leaves" of this poet's genius and character; and it will draw attention to a vein of poetry which has been underrated and too much overlooked. The article on "Washington Irving," though somewhat florid in style and evidently by a young writer, is a well merited panegyric on him whom a British critic calls "the best living writer of English prose."—We are glad to learn that Irving is preparing a life of Mohammed. This number of the Review is embellished with a likeness of Selah B. Strong, justice of the supreme Court of this State. The twenty-second volume will commence in January. John W. Moore, New-York, publisher.

THE UNION MAGAZINE for January has already been received, and surpasses itself and every ther monthly of the same price It is embellished with three splendid engravings aside from the plate of fashions; and contains original communications by Bryant, Willis, Benjamin, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Kirkland, Miss Gould, etc., etc. The Union is unequalled in typography; and the Editress, Mrs. Kirkland has no superior among the female prose writers of America. Isreal Post, New-York, publisher.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for November contains the following crumb in the editor's table, which reminds us of a Methodist minister whom we lately heard preach at a village in Northern Pennsylvania:

"That was a brief but forcible sketch of an affected young clergyman which the New Hampshire judge gave in a line or two of his diary:—'Went to church this morning; heard Mr.—— preach himself above an hour, *much to his own satisfaction.*'"

LIBERTY; a poem, delivered before the Literary Societies of the University of Vermont, Aug. 3. 1847. By J. N. HOPKINS, Jr., A. M. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

This Poem contains lines of all lengths, from two monosylabic to six iambuses, an irregularity which we do not fancy. It gives a puerility to some parts, which does not seem in keeping with the dignity of the subject. Nevertheless the poem contains many good passages, as true as they are poetical. There is point in the following lines on party spirit:—

"Party now reigns supreme, though some may hint;
'The Constitution still exists'—in print!
King Caucus lords it o'er rank and file,
Driven to the ballot-box like cattle, while
True men are called, by every hireling tool,
Traitors—to those who have no right to rule."

STEERAGE PASSENGERS TO ETERNITY.—Our readers have not forgotten the cutting lines by SAXE on the interference of Fashion in matters of religion, where she teaches

"How sinners, long in Folly's mazes whirled,
With pomp and splendor may 'renounce the world;'
How 'with all saints hereafter to appear,'
Yet quite escape the vulgar portion here."

This truth is confirmed by a late movement of the congregation worshiping in one of the most gorgeous church in Gotham. It seems they are about to construct a separate and cheaper place of worship for the poor. This, the New World thinks, "is making steerage passengers of the poor on the voyage to eternity."

THE NEW-ORLEANS DELTA is the most valuable *news*paper on our exchange list. Its correspondents from "the army of occupation," are numerous and able, and every department of the paper exhibits taste and talent.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW.—The contents of this monthly for December are as follows:—"Mr. Clay's Resolutions;" "Our Finny Tribes," by Charles Lanman; "Arnazorium Wanderings;" "Macbeth;" "A Ballad;" "The Thousand and One Nights;" "Covetousness;" "The Violin," by G. W. Peck; "Improvement in the Art of Lithography;" "Letter on the Iroquois;" "Foreign Immigration;" Critical Notices," etc. The friends of this able monthly will be pleased to learn that notwithstanding the death of its projector, proprietor and editor, Mr. Colton, it will continue to be issued. T. S. Cutting, agent for this city.

ELLEN HERBERT, OR FAMILY CHANGES; No. 6 of Harpers "Fireside Library." This invaluable series cannot be too highly commended or too widely circulated. It is beautifully printed, aptly illustrated, and combines in an eminent degree mental and moral culture. It is designed to supply Sabbath schools and the domestic circle with entertainment and instruction in the form of pleasant little stories; and no parent who can possibly afford the expense, should fail to supply his family with these interesting little volumes. Ellen Herbert is more elegant in style and not less pointedly religious than any of the preceding numbers.

Will the publishers send us No. 5, "The Schoolmistress," which was never recieved.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We assure the author of 'The Present Age,' that we cherish no hard feelings towards any living being; but as he sent us said article as *original*, and now (since it has been declined) acknowledges that it appeared two years ago in the Boston Post, how are we to know that the two poems on hand are original?

The pretty poem sent us from West Bloomfield with "Given by his Mother at Parting," has been mislaid. We must trouble the author for another copy.

YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The lecture before this society on Monday evening, although the weather was very unpropitious, was unusually well attended; the lecture room being crowded to its utmost capacity—and "SCOTTISH SONG," the subject Mr. HOSMER chose for consideration, was discussed with that enthusiasm and ability which one might expect from the talented lecturer. The lecture next Monday evening will be delivered by Dr. DEWEY.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND; Harper and Brothers. Number thirty-three. 25 cents.

This magnificent work is three-fourths completed. Number 33 brings the history down to about the middle of the seventeenth century, and concludes with an index to the third volume.—The embellishments in late numbers are numerous and splendid, as usual.

AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—This reputable monthly has reached the end of its ninth volume. It is edited by O. S. FOWLER, Esq., and published by FOWLERS and WELLS, New-York, at one dollar a year. Now is the time to subscribe.

THE A. D. PATCHIN came in from Chicago on the 9th instant, the last upper lake boat of the season. Capt. Whitaker is usually the first out and the last in. By the way, the Patchin is to have an new and more powerful engine put into her this winter, also an upper deck put on. She will come out in the Spring prepared to run with the fastest.

IMPROVEMENTS AT THE FALLS.—The Niagara *Iris* has a congratulatory description of these. It appears that the "Falls Hotel," kept by Mr. FANNING, is receiving large additions to its size. The Exchange Hotel is converted into shops for mercantile purposes, and the proprietor, Mr. HULETT, is erecting a large building adjoining for various branches of trade. The editor prophecies, with the tone of a man who knows what he is doing, that the Hotel commenced by Mr. RATHBUN will be built up. The Cataract Hotel has been much enlarged, and is one of the best houses in the United States. A screw factory, others for machinery and cabinet ware, are, or soon will be, in operation, upon a large scale.

The railroad track to Buffalo is undergoing thorough repairs. One hundred thousand persons have traveled over this road during the past year, without an accident. It is said that fifty thousand persons visited the Falls during the past season. Lastly, we learn that the *Iris* itself is prosperous, and increasing its subscribers—of which good fortune it is well worthy.

☞ Gen. TAYLOR, before leaving Monterey, gave a collation at his camp to all his officers.—There was a large number present from the various commands, and the affair is said to have passed off very pleasantly. A correspondent of the *Picayune* says:

Lieutenant Colonel Fay, of the 10th regiment, and a number of his officers who had come up with a train from below, were just in time to join the festivities.—Among the guests was the Spanish Consul and a wealthy Mexican citizen of Monterey, Dr. Lleni. A number of sentiments were drank, and among the first the following one, proposed by Dr. Lleni: "Honor to Gen. Zachary Taylor among his countrymen, Peace to all the world, Friendship on the Continent, and Justice to Mexico." Gen. Wool, after expressing his regret at the contemplated departure of Gen. Taylor, and his diffidence at assuming a command so responsible as that about to be devolved upon him, gave "The health of Gen. Taylor, the hero of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and Buena Vista." Dr. Lleni and his nephew also gave toasts to Gen. Wool; and, in short, to use a common set phrase, "nothing transpired to mar the harmony of the occasion."

The citizens of Canada feel much inconvenience from our new Post Office arrangement, and are petitioning to the P. M. General, to rescind the late order. The reply is that the whole matter is in the hands of Mr. Bancroft and the British Ministry; and must await their sanction.—*Niagara Democrat.*

Arrival of the Britannia.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 19.

Western Canal Flour at 29a30; Richmond and Alexandria 28a28s 6d; Philadelphia and Baltimore 28a28s 5d; New Orleans and Ohio 26a 27s; United States and Canadian flour from 21s to 23.

India corn, per bbl, 15s 6d to 16s 3d.

Wheat, United States and Canadian white and mixed, per 70 lbs. 7s. 6d. to 9s. Red 6s. to 8s. although this market has shown no positive tendency to advance, it has been characterized by sustained firmness and increasing demand.

Indian Corn particularly has been extraordinarily active and is steady at present quotations, while the best white is retailing at 40 shillings.—Indian meal for Irish supply is also very brisk.

In London, the market is by no means so active as in Liverpool, and throughout the Provinces.

On Wednesday the attendance at Mark Lane was very small, and the transactions exceedingly limited. Quotations, however, have not receded.

Beef—Prime mess pr. tierce, new, 84s to 90s. Ordinary, 70s to 80s. Old not quoted. Mess pr. bbl. 200 lbs. 40s to 48s. Ordinary, 36s to 42s. Prime, 30s to 34s. Extra Indian mess, &c. 336 lbs. 95s to 100s.

Pork, Prime Mess, new per bbl. 200 lbs. 55s to 64s; Old, 40s to 45s; Mess, 62s to 68s. Prime, 40s. to 45s.

Bacon dried smoked, per cwt. 30s to 40s; Long middles in salt, 32s to 56s; Short, 32s to 56s. Shoulders, 20s to 30s; Hams smoked or dried in Canvass duty paid, per cwt. 30 to 50s: in Casks not smoked duty free, 25s to 35s.

Tongues—ox, in pickle, duty paid, per dozen, 12s to 18s.

Figs, per cwt, 20 to 30s.

Butter—United States not quoted; Irish in fair demand, 91s at the top price. Canadian 58s to 70s.

Cheese—Fine, duty paid, per cwt, 46 to 50s. Middling 42a to 45s. Ordinary 35a40s.

Lard—Duty free, fine leaf, in kegs, per cwt, 55 to 58s. Do, in barrels, 52 to 56s. Ordinary to middling, 48 to 50. Inferior and grease, 29 to 32s.

Truman & Cook, of London, have failed, an eminent brokerage house, whose liabilities amo't to 350,000 pounds.

The Bank of England still demands a high rate of 8 per cent discount, but many of the private establishments of the country have discounted bills at 7 and even 6 1-2 per cent.

Money market—yesterday a better feeling prevailed, and no new failures were reported. Consols closed at 83 7-8 for money.

LOSS OF THE PACKETSHIP STEPHEN WHITNEY.—This unfortunate vessel was totally lost at 10 o'clock P. M., of the 10th Nov. last, on her passage to Liverpool, on the coast of Ireland. Off Ireland, 92 of the crew and passengers were drowned.

WOOD—GREEN AND DRY.—Water forms no inconsiderable part of the weight of all vegetable substances. Nearly one-half of the weight of a growing oak tree, according to Count Rumford, consists of sap. Ordinary dry wood contains about one-quarter of its weight in water. It is estimated by Rumford, that an average cord of green wood contains more than *two hogsheads* of water; and the waste of heat in evaporating this quantity of water, would raise thirteen and a half hogsheads of water to a boiling point. The buyer of wood may learn from these facts the advantage of dry wood over green, as an article of fuel; and the seller, who has the wood to draw, may learn how to economise labor, by drying his wood, and thus disposing of about one-quarter part of the weight of a cord of wood in water, which he would otherwise be compelled to draw to market.

The following table will show the weight of a cord of different kinds of dry wood, and the comparative amount of charcoal, or real combustible matter, found in each, taking 100 as the standard:

A cord of Hickory,	lbs. 4469	Carbon, lbs.	100
" Maple,	2663	"	54
" White Birch,	2389	"	48
" " Beech,	3336	"	65
" " Ash,	3430	"	77
" Pitch Pine,	1904	"	43
" White Pine,	1963	"	42
" Lombardy Poplar,	1774	"	40
" White Oak,	3831	"	81
" Yellow Oak,	2919	"	66
" Red Oak,	3854	"	84

NEW YORK, Dec. 11—3 P. M.

Farther accounts from Africa state that the British Man of War *Warwick*, had captured a Slaver on her way to St. Helena, with 500 slaves.

The Liberia Herald states that the brig got off 500 staves from Gallenes, when two British vessels gave chase and the brig was run ashore.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10.

The freight train broke down near Pottstown this afternoon, killing two men, HENRY GALLAGHER, tender, from Philadelphia, and OWEN M. EVANS, formerly conductor on the road. The conductors were more or less injured. Several cars were more or less broken.

Advices from New Orleans state that the public reception of Gen. TAYLOR had been postponed to the 3rd, and was organizing as the mail left. It is said to have surpassed any public display ever witnessed in New Orleans.

The General was mounted on one of his favorite war horses and the entire population appeared to be mustered with banners and badges.

Col. Wynkoop who had been appointed Civil Governor of Jalapa, commenced issuing proclamations and civil orders.

He encouraged the merchants to resume business and open their stores; pledging to them, and the inhabitants generally, protection in the full pursuit of their ordinary occupations.

He has prohibited the sale of ardent spirits, under heavy penalties, and the property of the Mexican authorities is made responsible in case of the commission of crimes. Mexican authorities, civil and judicial, are restored to the full exercise of their functions, and all disputes among Mexicans are to be settled by them.

DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.—At the annual meeting the association of the Am. Geologists in Boston, Commander WILKES, U. S. N., made a communication upon the subject of the depth and saltness of the ocean. The maximum depth has never been attained. Capt. Ross sounded 4600 fathoms, about 37,000 ft., and got no bottom.—There are great difficulties attending deep sea soundings. Experiment shows that the great valleys of our ocean run at right angles to the ranges near our coast. The basins of the Southern hemisphere dip and rise alternately from the equator towards the pole, causing very unequal depths of water.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13—3½ P. M.

St. Michael's Church, Kensington, has obtained an award of $27,000 against the County of Philadelphia for damages sustained during the *Native* riot in 1844.

Further accounts from Tobago inform us, that during the terrible hurricane which swept over that beautiful island 61 large country residences, 59 plantations and sugar works; and 632 dwelling houses and other edifices, of which some were religious ones, Churches, Chapels, &c., were completely demolished.

Up to the latest dates, 30 human beings had been ascertained as having perished during the storm and it is believed that when full accounts from remote parts of the island are received, this number of victims will be greatly increased.

The Jamaica papers say that the distress occasioned among the people is so great, that a memorial has been addressed to the Home Government for aid.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14, 3½ P. M.

Accounts are received from New Orleans to the 5th inst.

British Royal mail steamer arrived at N. O. on the 5th inst. from South America, which port she left on the 2d ult. She is the first of the monthly line of steamers between South America and N. Orleans. She left on the 6th for Vera Cruz.

The Steam Ship *McKim* has arrived at New Orleans via. Tampico but her advices are no later from the former post, she left Tampico as late as the 25th ult. yet byought no news from Mixico.

Gen. TAYLOR was detained at New Orleans until Sunday morning when he left in the steam-*Missouri*, *en route* to his plantation at Baton Rouge. He would pass a few days in quiet with his family at his country seat in Mississippi, so that if needed, he can return immediately.

A telegraph despatch dated Cincinnati, 13th, says there has been another great freshet in the Ohio, which was within 9 feet of the highest point reached during the great flood in 1832.

This flood has extended to many parts of the West, doing great damage. The lower part of Cincinnati is submerged.

Just below Little Falls, there are some ten miles, more or less, of T rail, and happening recently to pass over it, we had the curiosity to observe the rate of moving. *It was forty miles an hour.* And yet there was far less danger of accident than there would have been upon the flat rail at a speed of 15 miles.—*Rock. Am.*

SATISFACTION FROM EDITORS.—When a certain newspaper first started, many gentlemen felt offended with the freedom of its remarks. A gallant colonel, taking amiss some innocent freedom of the editor, determined to curb his wit by a smart application of the horsewhip. Well, the colonel, full of martial fury, walked himself off to the office, burning with revenge, grasping in his right hand a riding-master's whip. Intimating his wish to see the editor, he was politely shown into a room, and informed that the editor would wait on him instantly. Like a chafed lion, he walked up and down the room during the interval, flourishing his weapon of vengeance; when the door opened, and in marched an individual of the Brobdignag species, clad in a thick white fuzzy great coat, his chin buried in a red cotton handkerchief, with a broad oil skin hat upon his head, and a most suspicious looking oak stick under his arm.

"What might you want with *me*, sir," asked this engaging looking individual.

"I wished to see the editor."

"*I* am the editor, sir, at your sarvis," said the Brobdignag, taking from its rest the stick of about the thickness and size of a clothes prop.

"Indeed!" ejaculated the colonel, edging away towards the door; "oh, another time."

"Whenever you please, sir;" and the parties separated.

AN AMERICAN SAILOR.—A letter published in the Harrisburgh Argus, written by Lieut. James Elder, says: "When the transport ship Empire struck near Fowl Key. but one man was lost, who, Lieut. E. says, he was steering the ship when she struck, and attempted to save her by putting the helm hard down: but when nearly hard down the rudder struck the rocks, which carried him over and under the wheel several times, the handles of the wheel tearing his thigh every evolution, the flesh was literally torn off from the knee to the hip. Lieut. E. asked him why he did not let go. He said 'four hundred lives are more valuable than one.'

"This brave sailor's name should be known and remembered—he is beyond the reach of this world's recompense, for he did not survive his injuries.'

ASSERTION VS. FACTS.—De Bow's Review asserts that negro slaves are longer lived and more prolific than the whites. We oppose to this bold assertion the fact, as repeatedly developed by the census, that the fecundity and life of the negro slaves are scarcely in proportion of one to five with the free white race.—*National Whig.*

A COUNTERFEITER STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—A man by the name of M. Lee came to Petersburgh, Va., and exchanged thirty-six hundred dollars in five dollar counterfeits on the Danebury Bank of North Carolina, after which he left in the Northern cars today. A description of him was communicated by telegraph, and information has just been given of his arrest and commitment in Washington. All the money but ten dollars has been recovered.—*Philadelphia, Dec.* 9.

A NEW MOVE IN VIRGINIA.—A number of prominent men in Western Virginia, headed by Rev. H. RUFFNER, D.D. a Presbyterian minister, have resolved to emancipate their slaves, and make an effort to abolish slavery west of the Blue Ridge in that State.

☞ A Gold Mine is said to have been discovered in Canada, at a distance of forty miles from Quebec.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY WILLIAM G. GALLAGHER.

A Song of the Early Times out West,
And our green old forest home.
Whose pleasant memories freshly yet
Across the bosom come!
A song for the free and gladsome life
In those early days we led,
With a teeming soil beneath our feet
And a smiling heaven o'erhead!
Oh, the waves of life glanced merrily,
And had a joyous flow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

We shunn'd not labor when 'twas due,—
We wrought with right good will;
And for the homes we won for them,
Our children bless us still.
We lived not hermit lives, but oft
In social converse met;
And fires of love were kindled then,
That burn on warmly yet.
Oh, pleasantly the streams o'life
Pursued its constant flow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

We felt that we were fellow men,—
We felt we were a band,
Sustained here in the wilderness,
By heaven's upholding hand.
And when the solemn Sabbath came,
We gathered in the wood,
And lifted up our hearts in prayer
To God, the only good.
Our temples then were earth and sky,—
None others did we know,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

Our forest life was rough and rude,
And dangers closed us round;
But here amid the green old trees,
We freedom sought and found.
Oft through our dwellings wintry blasts
Would rush with shriek and moan;
We cared not though they were but frail,
We felt they were our own!
Oh, free and manly lives we led,
Mid verdure or mid snow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

But now our course of life is short,—
And as from day to day
We're walking on with halting step,
And fainting by the way,
Another land more bright than this
To our dim sight appears;
And on our way to it we'll soon
Again be Pioneers;
Yet, while we linger, we may all
A backward glance still throw
To the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

Price Current—December 15, 1847.

Flour, bbl.	$4 75@4 87½	Turkeys, lb.	6
Pork, bbl.	11 50	Chickens	6
Do slaugh. cwt.	4 00	Geese, each	18½
Beef, cwt.	—	Clover seed, bu.	5 25@5 50
Butter, lb.	12@16	Timothy	1 75
Lard	8	Flax	1 06
Cheese	6	Grass	—
Hams	7	Whitefish, bbl.	6 50
Shoulders	5	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt.	1 50	Potatoes, bush.	75
Wheat, bu.	92@1 06	Salt, bbl.	1 02½
Corn	50	Apples, bbl.	1 37½
Oats	31@32	Do dried, bu.	62½
Slaughter hides, lb.	4@4½	Onions	75
Dry do.	9@10	Eggs, doz	10
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb.	—
Sheep, slaughtered	75	Soap	4@5
Lamb do.	18½@25	Whiskey, gall.	19
Dry	12½@50	Highwines	31
Hard wood, cord	3 25	Lead, hund.	4 00
Hemlock	3 00	Beans, bu.	87½
Bit. (O) coal, ton.	$5 50	Wool, lb.	20@30
Blossburg		Hay	12@13 00

QUOTATION OF UNCURRENT FUNDS.

Canada, (Toronto and Hamilton,	℔ ct. dis. 2	Baltimore	℔ ct. dis. 1
L. Canada and Kingston	2	Philadelphia	1
Ohio	½ to 1	New Orleans	3
Indiana	½ to 1	Missouri	2
Kentucky	½ to 1	Virginia	2
Pennsylvania	½ to 1	Mich. State Bank	½
Relief notes	2	F. & M. Bk, Detroit	½
Pittsburgh Scrip	20	Mich. Ins. Company	½
Alleghany Scrip	20	Wis. F. & M. Ins. Co.	½
		East. Exch.	℔ ct. prem. ½

MARRIED.

On the 7th instant, at Trinity Church, by the Rev. E. Ingersoll, Mr. JOSHUA L. PARISH, and Miss LYDIA G., daughter of Charles G. Irish, Esq., all of this city.

On the 9th inst., by Rev. Geo. W. Hosmer, Mr. A. T MILLER, and Miss BETSEY M. PALMER.

On the 1st intant, by Rev. Dr. Tucker, Mr. GEORGE BLACKMAN, and Miss HARRIET A. McKENZEY.

On the 5th, by the same, Mr. SAMUEL MADGETT, and Miss ELIZABETH PILGRIM.

On the 6th, by the same, Capt. WILLIAM MORE, and Miss ADALINE WOODWARD.

DIED.

On the 8th inst., AUGUSTA LORINDA, only child of Chauncey C. and Alta L. Wells, aged 3 months and 2 days.

On the 11th inst., Mrs. AMELIA GOODALL, wife of Wm. N. Goodall, of this city, and daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Bishop, of Bradford, England, aged 41 years.

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At the residence of Prof. W. R. Coppock—Composer and Teacher of the Piano Forte, Organ, Singing and Composition.

An institute devoted exclusively to Musical Education is not yet common in this country; but as Europe the test of experience fully shows its great advantages over the too general superficial manner in which this important part of polite education is acquired. The advantages this institution offers to those desirous of completing their studies as Organists—or practical players of the Piano Forte, together with a thorough system of imparting the same to others is fully established by the many precedents of the past 15 years. The pupils are constantly guarded in their practice, against all bad habits, and from the various stages of progress they may be in, are continually stimulated to effort and industry, by association with each other. The family too, are all players, and the theorr is amusingly discussed, impressing its rules in a more pleasing manner, and more lasting upon the understanding, than by the mere dry study of an elaborate book. Music is composed and arranged from time to time, showing the various styles and harmonies analytically, and adapted for performance on several Pianos at the same time. This teaches a thorough knowledge of counting, and dividing passages into their given time. Vocal music is particularly attended to, and when the pupil has a moderate share of talent, we hesitate not to say, a correct and pleasing singer can be made. The Piano Fortes used are all new, and of the finest quality, and every inducement will be given to render the true spirit with us profitable. The building is commodious, and has a fine garden attached, with Green houses, Bathing rooms, &c., and is pleasantly situated in Seventh street, between Niagara Street, and the Falls rail road, and about midway to Prospect hill

Terms made known upon application at the Institute, or by mail, post paid, directed Prof. Coppock, Buffalo.

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Buffalo, August 3, 1847.

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Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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WESTERN
LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1848. NUMBER XXII.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Evening Hour.

BY P. SMITH.

I.

The pensive Eve has lit once more
Her stars above:
This silent time, this shadowy hour,
I own I love;
For oh there's that about the Eve,
Which soothes my heart;
A spell which bids my sorrows leave,
My cares depart.

II.

Then wayward Fancy spreads her wings
And soars on high;
And places on etherial things,
Her eagle eye:
And Hope, the syren, cherished long,
In light appears,
And chaunts the soul the triumph-song,
Of future years.

III.

Then Memory's retrospective glance
Reviews the past;
Recalls the dreams of youth's romance,
T'oo fair to last;
Brings back the happy days of old,
Life's flowery June,
When, dearest, first my love I told,
Beneath the moon.

IV.

Yes, Fancy, Hope, and Memory,
T'ogether join,
To make the twilight hour to me,
Almost divine:
They yield a charm to dark-browed Eve,
Which soothes my heart;
A spell which bids my sorrows leave—
My cares depart.

ROCHESTER, Dec. 15th, 1847.

From the Jersey City Telegraph.

Washington in Love.

In 1756—twenty years before the brilliant era which shines like a rich gem in the pages of the world's history,—a gentleman named Beverly Robinson occupied a dwelling (situate in New York) which, at that time, was considered a model of elegance and comfort, although, according to the prevailing tastes of the present day, it was nothing of the kind. It was standing, very little altered from its original condition, six years ago, on this side of the Hudson River, within two or three miles of West Point. Mr. Robinson enjoyed all the luxuries known to the colony, and some, beside, which the other colonists did not know—for instance, a rich and massive silver tea urn, said, by the gentleman's descendants, to be the first article of the kind, and for a long time the only one, used in this country. In this dwelling, so much admired, the space between the floors and ceiling was exceedingly low, and in many of the rooms (set off, about the fire-places, by polished tiles,) the rafters were massive and uncovered, and all things else in the structure were exceedingly primitive. In this house were born or reared a brood of the most prominent and inveterate foes to the Patriots of the American Revolution, and the object of that struggle, that history mentions. Two generations of the Robinson family bore arms and held office in the armies of the English King, and fought determinedly against our sires and grandsires.

Well—in this house, which will already have attached itself to the interest of the reader—the only victory that was ever gained over George Washington, was achieved.

In 1756, Colonel George Washington, of Virginia, a large, stalwart, well-proportioned gentleman of the most finished deportment and careful exterior; a handsome, imposing, ceremonious and grave personage—visited his firm and much esteemed friend, Beverly Robinson, and announced his intention of remaining his guest for many weeks. A grinning negro attendant, called Zeph, was ordered to bring in his master's portmanteau, additional fuel was cast into the broad and cheerful fireplace, an extra bottle of prime old Madeira was placed upon the table, whose griffin feet seemed almost to expand to twice their original size at the prospect of an increase of social hilarity, and Col. Washington was duly installed as a choice claimant of old-fashioned and unrestrained hospitality.*

Seated with Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, overwhelmed with attention, and in possession of every comfort, the visitor evinced unquiet and dissatisfaction. Every sound of an opening or closing door aroused him from apathy, into which he relapsed when it was ascertained that no one was about to enter the apartment. His uneasiness was so apparent that his host at last endeavored to rally him, but without effect. Mrs. Robinson finally came to the rescue, and addressed the Colonel in direct terms.

"Pray, friend Washington, may we be made acquainted with the cause of your dulness?—There is some reason for it, and that reason lies with us. Tell it."

In vain the Colonel argued that nothing had occurred to vex him—that he was not in want of any further inducement to present or future happiness; his entertainers would not regard his words, but continued their pertinacious endeavors to solve his mystery. At length, wearied by importunity, Washington—then twenty years before his greatness, leaned over the table, played with his glass, attempted to look unconcerned, and whispered to Mr. Robinson the single word—"Mary."

"Yes?" responded Mr. R. interrogatively, as if unable to comprehend Washington's meaning.

"Is she well? Does she still abide with you?"

"She does," replied the lady of the mansion.

Washington again became apathetic and contemplative, while several significant glances passed between the gentleman and his wife. Some five minutes were spent in perfect silence, which was only interrupted by the exit of Mrs. R. from the apartment. She speedily returned, accompa-

nied by a beautiful young lady, whom Washington, with a countenance beaming joyfully, arose to greet with becoming respect.

The young lady was Mary Philipse, sister of Mrs. Robinson, and daughter of the owner of the Philipse estate.

It was perhaps singular; but the time of her appearance and the period of the return of Washington's cordiality, was identical. Strange as it was, too, midnight found this young lady and the Virginia colonel alone, and in deep conversation. The conjugal twain who had kept them company in the early part of the evening had retired to their bedchamber. More remarkable than all, daylight found this couple still together. The candles had burned down to the sockets of the sticks, and the fireplace, instead of exhibiting a cheerful blaze, harbored only a gigantic heap of ashes and a few dying embers. What could have prolonged that interview? Not mutual love; for the parties preserved a ceremonious distance, and the young lady evinced a hauteur that could be matched only by her companion in after years. And yet the truth must be told. There was love on one side; the colonel, smitten by the graces and rare accomplishments of a lady as beautiful as nature's rarest works, was endeavoring to win her heart, in exchange for his own. He made his confession just as the cold grey of the dawn of morning broke up the dark clouds in the east. He confessed, in cautious and measured terms, it is true, the extent of his passion, and avowed what it was his earnest hope would be the result: that was the gain of her hand. The lady hesitated. Was it the modesty of the maiden who dares not trust her lips with the confession of affection it is her heart's desire to make? No! She respected, although she did not love her interlocutor, and she felt diffident in making known to him the true state of her feelings. At last candor triumphed over delicacy, and she informed Washington, in set terms, that she loved another! She refused him! The greatest of modern men was vanquished, and by a woman! He was speechless and powerless.

Trembling, with compressed lips and a countenance ashy pale, he crept from the place just as the old negress of the household entered to make preparations for the breakfast. He sought his room, threw himself upon his couch, dressed as he was, and lapsed into a troubled sleep. The only VICTORY ever won at his expense penetrated him to the soul. He was unhappy—supremely wretched! The future conqueror of thousands of brave men suffered because he had been rejected by a female. This was his first, but not his last wooing.

Years rolled on upon the mighty tide of time. George Washington was the Commander-in-chief of the American forces opposed to the royal government. The friend of his early manhood, Beverly Robinson, was the Colonel of the Loyal American regiment raised in this state, and his son was the Lieutenant Colonel. The house we have spoken of was in possession of the 'rebels,' and was occupied by Arnold, the traitor. It was afterwards the temporary residence of Washington. At the same time, the husband of Miss Mary Phillipse, Roger Morris, was a prominent tory, and a member of the council of the colony. Few of the parties were occupied by any reflections of an amorous nature. Time, in its progress, had worked mutations which had severed the closest ties, both of friendship and consanguinity. Those who were most intimate previous to the commencement of the war, were now studied strangers, with drawn swords at each other's breasts. Even sons and fathers were estranged and arrayed in opposite ranks—even the child of that illustrious statesman, Dr. Franklin, was a bitter and uncompromising tory. It must not be supposed that the loyalist friends of the Colonel, George Washington, shared any better fate, so far as the acquaintanceship of the Father of his Country was concerned, than others. His old Hudson River friends he had not seen for years. The husband of Mary Phillipse was personally unknown to him—Beverly Robinson, grown grey and careworn, would scarcely have been recognized.

Andre was taken and condemned to death, and while under General Woodhull's charge, was visited by Mr. Robinson in the capacity of a species of a commissioner which protected his person.—What was the surprise of Washington, a few days before the time of the execution, to receive a letter from his old friend and entertainer, referring to past events, and claiming, on a score of reminiscence, a secret or private interview. The claim was acknowledged, and, late at night, Mr. Robinson, accompanied by a figure closely muffled in a cloak, was admitted to the General's apartment. For a moment these two men—their positions so widely different—gazed at each other in silence.—Recollections of days gone by—of happy days uncorroded by cankering care—prevailed, and they abruptly embraced. Washington was the first to recover his self-possession. Suddenly disengaging himself, he stood erect and clothed in that unequalled dignity which was his attribute, and said—

"Now, sir, your business."

"Is," replied Robinson, in a choking voice, "to plead for Andre."

"You have already been advised of my final determination," replied Washington, sternly.

"Will nothing avail?" asked Robinson, in smothered accents.

"Nothing! Were he my own son, he should pay the penalty due to his offence. I know all that you will say; you will speak of his virtues—his sisters—his rank, and of extenuating circumstances; perhaps endeavor to convince me of his innocence."

Robinson struggled with his emotions a few seconds, but, unable to repress his feelings, he spoke but a single word, with such a thrilling accent that he started at the sound of his own voice. That word was *George!*

"*General* Washington, *Colonel* Robinson," responded the great patriot, laying great stress on each military title.

"Enough," said the other. "I have one more argument—if that fails me, I have done. Behold my friend!"

"Your friend! Who is he? What is his name!"

One other single word was spoken as the heavy cloak in which the mysterious friend was clothed, fell to the floor and exposed the mature figure of Mrs. Morris, and that word, uttered with a start by Washington, was *Mary!* The suspense was painful, but brief.

"Sir," said Washington, instantly recovering, "this trifling is beneath your station and my dignity. I regret that you must go back to Sir Henry Clinton with the intelligence that your best intercession has failed. See that these persons are conducted beyond the lines in safety," continued he, throwing open the door of the apartment and addressing one of his aids.

Abashed and mortified, Mr. Robinson and his sister-in-law took their leave. The woman had gained a conquest once, but her second assault was aimed at a breast invulnerable.

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* The owners of this estate—which was vast—having opposed the Americans, they became victims to the confiscation act, and a great portion of the property was confiscated. The reversionary interest was not affected, however, and in 1809, John Jacob Astor bought it for $100,000. For this Mr. Astor received from the State, 19 years after, the small sum of $500,000.

A Ball-Room Sketch.

BY A LADY UNDER FIFTY.

I am standing at the entrance of a ball-room—a looker on, where all beside are actors. I am wrapt in my shawl, alone and unnoticed, like a solitary beetle among a host of fire flies, dancing, flashing, sparkling before me. All the youth, grace, beauty, and animation of our town are brought together:—the student from his book, the clerk from his desk, and the mechanic from his shop—each with his fair partner, her form clothed in its most becoming dress, and her face in its most becoming smile. Lights, single and in constellations, are shedding their radiance from above, and eyes brighter still are shedding their radiance around. Music is sending animation to the feet, and voices to the hearts of the dullest.—What a brilliant scene! It looks as the world did, when I stood on its threshold thirty years ago, and saw it as one moving whole. Will mingling in it dispel the bewildering enchantment now as then? It is strange that the sight of happiness should make us sad—happiness we neither envy nor wish to share.

Happy faces? So they seemed when I first looked at them; but now that I have seated myself in this snug corner and scrutinized them single, methinks jarring passions show themselves on those bright countenances, like spots on the sun's disc. There is yonder gent from the city, whispering in the ear of our village coquette the worn out compliments he has somewhere picked up while she is smiling acquiescence, and at the same time stealing side-glances at her slighted partner to mark the effect. *His*, at least, is not a happy face. Why does not this petty artifice teach him to feel contempt instead of mortification? Again she smiles:—but having exhausted his scanty fund of talk, the dandy turns from her to another—and *her* face is clouded. And whom has he addressed? The parson's pretty but rather plump daughter; and really, the girl does look bewitchingly as she replies to his address. But a self complacent glance from his own compressed waist to hers, compressed in vain, and a murmured "too much *embonpoint*"—has left another shadowed brow. There, in a recess, sits my own sweet Clara—my favored of all favorites, because she has beauty without vanity, learning without pedantry, wit without malevolence, and refinement without affectation—looking as lonely as Boone on the banks of the Kentucky.

> "In such a wilderness of mirth
> The only thinking one,"

The dandy approaches her; but a look of unmingled contempt sends the pliant thing of cloth and velvet to the lower end of the hall, frowning and disconcerted. Clara's eye is fixed on the dancers again. It follows one of the gayest among them. That one whispers something to his blushing partner—and as Clara quickly turns away her head, there is a moisture on her cheek that ill accords with merriment. She has anticipated much:—she has dressed to please the eye of one only; that eye seeks her not—and what is the admiring gaze of the whole crowd to her? Tears in a ball room! Ah, the keenness of disappointment, before the heart is hardened! How slight the stroke, yet how deep the wound. Live a few years, and she will have learned to smile as she thinks of its trifling importance: but she will also have learned to smile while her heart is breaking, It needs no sybil eye to read her destiny. That anxious glance spoke her deep-rooted affection—that tear, her bitter disappointment. The impulse that bid her cheek hide her emotion, while she gaily joined the dance with another, betokened a proud spirit that has already taught her the first lesson in the art of disguise.

Dancing is an innocent amusement in itself; but who will say that it is not injurious in its effects, as generally managed, and with its usual accompaniments? It is like—but there beside the door stands a better illustration than I could possibly give. It is George Edwards. Not many years ago the Old Colony boasted not a more promising young man. At the age of twenty-one, he became possessed of an estate worth ten thousand dollars—a fortune amply sufficient in New England to lead a young man to wealth and respectability, or to want and ruin, as he chooses. The first time I saw him after this era, he was in this very hall; and I wondered not, as I looked on his fine manly figure, and open, engaging countenance, that many a maiden's heart beat visibly at his approach. He saw himself admired—and his vanity was awakened: yes, vanity—for, trust me, hearts swell as often from this cause beneath a coat of broadcloth as beneath a muslin kerchief. Who does not aspire to be an object of attention? There is not a more universal ambition. It is the secret cause of half the revolutions, reformations, and party divisions in the world. Ambition troubles the waters: if benefits result, it is by means of those who improve the hour to heal the diseases of society. Surrounded by flatterers, George Edwards must needs do as others did. He could not be niggardly—and he was not. He became more liberal in money matters—and also in principles and conduct. He soon learned that there were other innocent amusements, so called—such as laying down painted bits of pasteboard according to certain rules. A game of cards, to while away an evening now and then, was more agreeable than his own thoughts, disordered by a previous night of amusement. To do as others did, he must partake of such beverages as were offered to him at his places of resort. He discovered, after a while, that drinking somewhat freely invigorated his spirits, gave his cheek a healthy glow, and added a new charm to his freedom of manner. He finally acquired the reputation of being one of the finest, care-for-nobody fellows in existence. But why trace a progress that almost every eye has watched! There stands Edwards now, his countenance bloated and discolored—his coat torn half in two, the effect of a recent wrangle in a bar-room—wretchedness in his heart—profanity on his lips. His estate is stripped to pieces by executions; his mother is in her grave, without a stone to mark where she lies; he has a heart-broken wife and coarse clad children supported by the public funds; and he is a day-laborer—still haunting places of amusement from habit, a waiter where he was once a leader. Does he think of all this?—he had once a heart to feel, and a mind to reflect. No! vice has made him as low in soul as he is in society. He is gone; and I am glad to be relieved from so painful a subject of reflection.

How have my thoughts wandered! The dancers are gone, or going; the musicians are nodding as they scrape; the decorations of the walls decorate the floor. The lights are fast dropping into darkness; every thing looks tired, dusty and heated. Let me be gone.

What a contrast, to come out into the clear morning air! Lights are glimmering here and there from the windows of the retiring dancers. They are casting aside their solded dresses and ornaments, which seem to defy the pettish attempts of their drowsy fingers to unloose them; while they think upon the events of the night—the night of anticipated pleasure, which, whether enjoyed or not, is over. Would that I knew how

many, as, weary and exhausted, they fling themselves on their couches, can say with truth that it has been a night of happiness.—*Young American's Magazine.*

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

The Child and her Father. Santa Claus and a Secret that is not a Secret.

More than a year ago, a father led his little daughter along the outskirts of some woods. It was the glorious season of summer, and in pleasant guise he amused her by teaching many a lesson which she could only have learned imperfectly from books or within the narrow walls of the school-house. Along the way where their feet trod, grew many simple and beautiful flowers, which she eagerly gathered; and as she handed them to her father, and asked him to carry them for her, he showed her what wonderful regularity there was in the leaves and petals of each, and that many flowers, seemingly insignificant, produced useful seeds or delicious fruits. They watched the ant and the bee gathering their various stores, and he told her that not in vain lived the destructive grasshopper with its chirping music of happiness and praise, and the gay butterfly that flaunted heedlessly along or idly stopped to display its gorgeous colors upon the handsomest leaf or flower that it could find; for though their existence was improvident and brief, it was full of pleasure to them, and they did not know how soon it would end. As he told her how they helped to people solitude and make desolate places cheerful, he bade her notice a small bird that was carrying a grasshopper as food for its young. He carefully watched to see where the bird went, and drawing gently aside the leafy branches of a bush he showed the child how the young birds were fed; and in how secret and safe a place the mother had built her nest. The child was wonderfully pleased to see how firmly it hung upon the twigs, and interwoven with the feathers and dried grass she found a small piece of ribbon which she had flung away as useless many months ago. The terror of the parent-bird did not escape her notice; and the father knew that in the wild place which seemed to him as a sanctuary, he had taught his child the desired lesson, for she exclaimed, "Father, I did not know before, that here, away from the houses, and where scarcely any one ever comes, there were so many beautiful things, and so many happy little creatures that lived among and enjoyed them all."

She had learned that nothing is made in vain, and, though imperfectly understood, the truth that sufficient means of happiness are provided for all creatures, had dawned upon her mind.—She saw that she had pleased her father, though she knew not the reason—and her own heart felt the ennobling influence of the great truth she had unconsciously uttered. Their hands grasped each other more closely as they entered deeper into the forest. He showed her how even the mosses and lichens, that seemed to blight the trees, fed in due season the wild deer; and as they gazed upon the lofty and overhanging forest-boughs, he called to her remembrance the arches of the large church she had seen in the far-off city; and said that whatever else man may have discovered, he yet, when he would build a temple, can find no style more appropriate than was suggested to the heathen, who sublimely thought that as the Deity was not to be confined within the buildings of man, they would worship him in the open air and beneath the forest. But nobler yet is the Christian's faith, which knows that His presence fills a space far greater than the canopy of the sky, that He is in the meanest hut, and that He speaks in the heart of each true worshipper, and prompts every good deed of the smallest child.

When the father and his child came out of the forest a very different view was before them.—They stood on some high land, and as she saw that the broad and life-creating sunshine seemed to beam upon every thing, he told her that though it might be seen that here and there small places were shaded, it was because some plants grew best there, that the cattle might find a cool retreat, or for some other wise and perhaps unknown purpose. They sat down by the side of a deep gully, and he told her how a spring on the hill, helped by many rain drops, had by flowing constantly worn away by little and by little that passage through the solid rocks, now so deep that tall trees grew entirely within it, and she could scarcely see the weak stream at the bottom.

A small kind of beautiful fern grew plentifully around them. No plant in the American woods is more beautiful, or has been less noticed in books. It is supported by a single stem, and is like a miniature representation of a tree that grows only in tropical climates. Often had the child gathered these feathery plants, and having thrown them into the air, watched, how, as if instinct with bird-like life, they would descend gracefully, slowly, and erectly, the stem striking the ground first, as if it tried to resume a place among its flourishing companions. She had often carried them home, but no plant so much resembles all unlawful pleasure, for it withers as soon as it is gathered. So like the air is the color of its slight stem, that in the shade, where it is chiefly found, its leaves seem to float unsupported—like the Indian juggler in the child's picture book. The father looked at his happy child and the place seemed to him like a fairy scene. He wondered less that ignorance had peopled the world with unreal spirits of beauty and goodness than that any man could be deemed wise who passes by such places without seeing and hearing the spirit that dwells in them.

That must have been a natural idea, for, as if she read his thoughts, the little child sprang up, and with more gesticulation and accuracy than even her father thought was possible, she told him the story of Cinderella, with all its wonders. It is a silly tale if literally understood. The child liked it because it showed the defeat of pride and how the humble had attained greatness. In ear-

lier days the father too had often read with a thrill of pleasure about a fairy land—

> In some romantic tale,
> Where dwarfs, if good, are sure to thrive,
> And wicked giants fail.

As he grew older he placed that hope among his childish errors, but, yet more experienced, he had seen that if the good man is not happy it is because he supposes that money or land are wealth, and seeks for worldly distinction instead of the enjoyments of an approving conscience. So he had returned to the belief of his childhood.

But to the child, fairies were real beings. She asked if there were fairies now; said that Santa Claus was a fairy, and begged her father to catch one for her to keep. "Then father," said she, pressing her hand upon his brow, "I can have all I wish for, and I'll take good care of you. The grey hairs on your head shall be dark again, and you and I will live and grow old together. Mine should be a busy little fairy, for I know I could always find some good thing for him to do." But the child herself was as a fairy to her father, and with her smiles and prattle so taught his heart, that he loved for her sake all that is beautiful and true, as if he were yet a boy.

Months came and went. Almost every living thing had left the woods and fields, and on Christmas eve, after the child was at rest, the father sat by his fireside, sleeping, if that state could be called sleep when visions more distinct and spiritual than those of his waking moments were present with him. If he saw some unreal things, there was at least as much truth and reality in them as in the opinions which nearly all the world believes to be true and takes for its guidance.

Before him stood or seemed to stand Santa Claus. Whether he came down the chimney or through the keyhole we do not know. It is just as easy for a spirit like him to come in one way as the other. But there he was, large and good natured as life. We won't stop to tell you how he was dressed, except to say, that without entirely disregarding the fashions of the time when he lived upon earth, he was dressed chiefly with regard to comfort and the season of the year, and that his clothes were not so tight as to prevent his eating a Christmas dinner without inconvenience—and that is saying a great deal. He looked like a jolly, plump, good-natured Dutchman, neither narrow-faced, nor narrow-chested, nor narrow-souled. Indeed those sharp nosed people who think that an intellectual face must be something like the blade of a razor, keen in the front, "long, lank, and lean," and chiefly consists of two smooth sides, might not quite have liked that honest phiz. Indeed some men might have hated it for its good-nature, and despised it for its frankness. The man who talked so wisely with his child now felt as if he was in the presence of a superior being, but could not help wondering what, when Santa Claus lived on earth, had been his business, and whether he kept a variety store. If he had, it was plain enough that he always bought his goods for cash, and never anxious and fretted to keep up his credit, appeared at the receipt of custom to get a note discounted. But these are merely human speculations, and are unworthy of their subject.

Santa Claus glanced merrily round the room—which was full of sleeping children, and at once proceeded to perform the duties of the night. Now it is very well for those who have goods to sell to have Santa Claus painted as if he carried a pannier on his back. People are so stupid that very likely they would not believe it could be Santa Claus unless he carried such a load. But no one supposes that such a basket could hold half the presents he bestows. The truth is whatever he wishes to give comes into his hand as soon as the wish is formed—and as he knows enough to choose the easiest way of managing his own peculiar business, the probability is that the popular notion of the clumsy pannier is a vulgar error, entirely unfounded in fact.

No printer ever handled the magic types more nimbly, no conjurer ever produced unexpected articles in more rapid succession than he, reading the wishes of the children as they lay asleep before him, gave them almost in every case the very things they had wished for and dreamed about for a month previously.

By some means or other a dark-looking child with crisp, curly hair appeared among the rest. Santa Clause was going to give it a whip and a military cap, but he started back astonished, and these bad play-things disappeared. The man secretly wondered why his saintship did not see the color of the child before he read its wishes, but the fact is that spirits commune most readily with mind and thought—and that the shape of the body, the color of the skin, or the curve of the hair, are always the very last things that they look at. It was curious to watch the changes of the various objects in Santa Claus' hand, as he continued to look upon that child. First there was a newspaper, then pen and ink, then a musket, a sword, and one after another in less time than we are in writing about it, other objects assumed a shape and vanished. But at last appeared two or three spelling-books with pictures, and the man, who continued to watch, says that he saw plainly another Book, the name of which we will not mention, though it is familiar to us, and is the best of all gifts for the season.

When Santa Claus had attended to the wishes of all the good children, he looked upon the man who sat at the fire-side and who, seeing so many pleasant things given away, began to think he ought have some share in them. Santa Claus saw this in a minute, for the man's thoughts were all reflected in his ghostly eye, just as plainly as the image a of child is reflected in the eye of its father.

"You have a pleasant life," thought the man as Santa Claus looked at him.

"Yes," said his saintship, in very tolerable English. "I do a great deal of good. Children are always glad of my visits and I take care to

give only such gifts as their parents approve of. I have a very happy life. I wander all over the world inventing pleasant things to give away at Christmas."

"You must have seen a great deal of the world. But why," thought the man selfishly, "don't you give something to grown-up people also?"

"Because my power is very limited, and men think themselves too wise to value any such presents as I could give them, and yet a child's thought can often untie the Gordian knot of men's errors and sophistry. I like children best. They are more easily pleased."

"But with your earnest wishes to do good you must be annoyed to find your power is so limited."

"That," said the spirit, "is the source of much human excellence, but it is also the besetting folly, the great curse of man. He is always anxious for more, and is miserable because he cannot possess every thing. If he had every thing he would be more miserable than he is now. We spirits know better. Each has his appointed office to fulfil, and even the greatest of us has limits beyond which he cannot pass."

"You have seen a great deal of the world," thought the man, "and have picked up much information. Have you not some little scrap to spare, something to tell me that I could take out a patent for, and so grow rich."

"At your old tricks again—poor man. My predecessor who gave the woodman an iron axe instead of one of gold, knew man well. I can't tell you anything that you don't know already. Man is not unhappy so much from ignorance merely, as because he does not act upon the knowledge he possesses. But I may remind you of something that you know already. Bring me some candles."

All at once the man found himself holding as many candles as he could lift, and Santa Claus bringing out a small lamp, told him to light the candles and put them in the windows of the house. He lit them all from the flame of that small lamp, and the man could not help noticing, though it is a very common occurrence, that tho' the candles illuminated the whole house in the most splendid manner, the little lamp by which they had all been lighted, shone on just as before, as if it had done nothing strange, and was ready to light as many more.

After all, there was something peculiar in the light, for it shone into every corner of the house and many things which the man had always thought were dull, useless and contemptible, seemed bright and pleasant, and as they were all in their proper places he saw that they were all very useful. He had often thought that he lived in too small a house and that many things about it were extremely inconvenient, but as he happened to look into a mirror he saw that he alone had been to blame—that his discontent was his own fault, and that even each of his bad passions would have borne good fruit if it had been properly grafted and tended.

They both went to the front of the house, and the man was astonished at the clearness with which he saw everything. There were more people before the house than he had ever seen in all the rest of his life, and each man seemed to have a candle that he wanted to light. But they were fighting and quarrelling as to what the true light was. Many of them insisted that there was only one way to the light, and stood speechifying at the different entrances to the house; and each tried to prevent men from going up the entrances which another man liked. Thus very few more could light their candles though there was light and room enough for them all. In this struggle for happiness many men were thrown down and trampled in the mud, and the wick of their candles was so wet that it hissed and spluttered when the flame was applied to it, and could scarcely be lighted at all. There were a great many false lights, some of which it was difficult to know from the true ones. A very yellow looking fellow, dressed in filthy rags, professed to have the true light, and he had a great many followers. Indeed, every one had a notion of his own upon this subject, and most people seemed to hate those who differed from themselves.

The man looked at a crowd that seemed long ago to have gone past the place where the light was. He could see them by the blue light of the large torches they carried. They had gone beyond the line whence return was possible. They had fought and quarrelled. Some held up the standard of the Crescent, and he saw with sorrow that the sign of the Cross was above others of them. But alas! no light from Heaven shed a lustre upon the divine emblem which they profaned. He looked again and saw that they did not hold the Cross, but an idol of their own making. They had insisted that every man should think as they thought, and, kindling torches at their false light, they set fire to piles of faggots and burned many good men who were willing to suffer for the sake of the truth.—Nearly all ever the world he saw that some such contention was going on, and had existed almost ever since the world began. "How," said the man, in despair, as he heard the noise of spiteful controversialists, and the mingled moans and war-sound of contending armies—"how is it possible that I shall know what is the true light and teach my child the way to happiness."—He feared that he was betrayed by some of the false lights that have led so many to destruction, and he found that Santa Claus had changed, as living beings can change only in dreams, or when their minds are kindled by the true light, which tries to shine upon every one, and which would shine the more brightly and warmly if it lit every man in the whole world.

"It is not," said he, "for me to say of what elements or tints this light is composed, nor do I

suppose that, rightly understood, it can ever be wholly extinguished, or can exist only in one form or shape. But this, so far as my knowledge extends, is always its characteristic, that those who are illuminated by it seek with the greatest possible zeal and gentleness to make others partakers of their own happiness, and find that the more widely it is spread the greater is the portion that remains for themselves to enjoy. We have not been dealt with, as by a grudging Creator, who designed that the means of happiness should belong only to a few, and that they should grasp so large a share that life loses its pleasure for them. Away with the thought that man can only be happy in proportion as he takes from others. Alike true in political economy, mental philosophy and religion, is the great fact that abundant means of happiness are provided for us all—that the highest and most divine pleasures are not such as a few only can enjoy. This is a great truth, that includes all others."

When the man awoke, he remembered his dream, and told it in the morning to his happy little daughter, who was sure to listen with much interest to everything that her kind father told her, for they were always the most intimate of friends, and even when she had done wrong she was not afraid to tell him of it, for he taught her gently how to avoid future error, and was slow to blame harshly. And now, though he can see her no more, she often comes to him in his dreams as a little angel, thanks him for the lessons he taught, says that she is not in her grave, puts good tho'ts into his mind, and tells him that they shall one day meet again.

Christmas.

How cold, how gloomy it is. The window panes are covered with ice; the morning twilight extends its hand to the evening twilight, and the dark night entombs the day. In Northland however, the midday has a few bright moments; the sun sheds still a few feeble beams, then he quickly disappears and it becomes dark. Farther up in the country, people know nothing more of day—the night endures for months.

They say in the north, that "Nature sleeps," but this sleep resembles death; like death, it is cold and ghastly, and would obscure the heart of man, did not another light descend at the same time, if it did not open to the heart a warm bosom and animate it with its life. In Sweden they know this very well, and while everything sleeps and dies in nature, all is set in motion in all hearts and homes for the celebration of a festival.—You know it well, you sons of the house, you who bite your nails in order to puzzle out "what in all the world" you shall choose for Christmas presents. Thou knowest it well, thou fair child, who hast no other anxiety than lest the Christmas should lose its way and pass by the door. You know it well, you fathers and mothers with empty purses and full hearts, ye aunts and cousins of the great and immortal race of needlewomen and workers in wool—ye welcome and unwelcome uncles and male cousins, ye know it well, this time of mysterious countenances and treacherous laughter! In the houses of the rich, fat roasts are prepared and dried fish; sausages pour forth their fat, and tarts puff themselves up; nor is there any hut so poor as not to have at this time a sucking pig squealing in it, which must endeavor, for the greater part to grow fat with its own good humor.

It is quite otherwise with the elements at this season. The cold reigns despotically; it holds all life fettered in nature; restrains the heaving of the sea's bosom; destroys every sprouting grass blade; forbids the birds to sing and the gnats to sport; and only its minister, the powerful north wind, rolls freely forth into gray space, and takes heed that everything keeps itself immovable and silent. The snow birds only—those optimists of the air remain merry, and appear by their twittering to announce better times. At length comes the darkest moments of the year, the midnight hour of nature,; and suddenly light streams forth from all habitations, and emulates the stars of heaven. The church opens its bosom full of brightness and thanksgiving, and the children shout full of gladness, "It is Christmas! it is Christmas!" Earth sends her hallelujah on high!

And wherefore this light, this joy, this thanksgiving? "A child is born!". A Child! In the hour of night, in a lowly manger. He has been born; and angels have also sung: "Peace on earth!" This is the festival which shall be celebrated—and well may ye, you dear children, sound forth your cries of joy! Welcome, even though unconsciously, the hour in which this friend, this brother, who was born to you; who shall guide you through life, who shall lighten the hour of death to you, and who one day shall verify the dreams of your childhood; who shall stand beside you in necessity and care, and shal help to answer the great questions of life.

Rejoice, ye happy children, whom He blessed! Rejoice and follow after Him! He is come to lead you and all of us to God!

These are inexhaustible, love inspiring, wonderful, entrancing thoughts in which man is never weary of plunging. The sick soul bathes in them as in a Bethesda, and is made whole; and in them the healthy find an everlasting life's refreshment. Of this kind are the thoughts of that child—His poverty, His lowliness, His glory!

It is a beautiful and wise ordination, that the life of the church unfolds itself most richly at that moment in which nature lies dead. For this receive thanks, Thou all-good Father!

A Wild Animal Suckled by a Woman.—We noticed the fact at the time, that while Raymond & Waring's Menagerie was at this place some six weeks since on exhibition, a Bengal tigress, belonging to it, gave birth to a cub, the male parent of which was a lion. While in New York the other day, we were informed by a gentleman connected with the Menagerie, that the little cross-breed is alive and growing finely—a woman in the city, who had lost her child, having taken it to raise at her breast! We are told that Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, were suckled in infancy by a wolf; but we never heard before of a woman adopting a young ferocious animal, and suckling it as her own child! The step-mother to the half-lion and half tiger, keeps her charge in a bureau drawer; and in the morning when her husband gets out of bed, he takes the little sharp-clawed fellow out, and places it in the bed with his wife to suckle! When hungry, the little fellow makes a terrible racket, and seems half crazy to get at the breast from whence it draws its sustenance! Though it shows every sign of attachment and fondness for its foster-dam, we should advise *her* to wean it as soon as possible. This curious cross-breed is a male, its head and foreparts being the complete lion, the mane already beginning to show itself; while its body is striped, and bears full resemblance to the tiger.—*Eastern State Journal.*

For the Western Literary Messenger.

To ——.

Hast thou ever dreamed I loved thee,
In thy fancies, day or night?—
If thou hast, how did it move thee?
With proud scorn or dear delight?
Did it waken thy disdain
Or a dream of love again?

Oh! I love thee! says my heart,
In a whisper, sweet and low—
And thou hast become a part
Of my being—till I know
That my life has come to be
But one dream of love and thee.

Love and thee!—the earth and sky,
All of beauty they possess,
All I see of pure and high,
Tell me but thy loveliness
I but love them when they bear—
Beauty such as thou dost wear.

Yes, I love thee, but I dare not
Breathe a thought of this to thee,
You for my true homage care not.—
What I feel is nought to thee,
Still *I love*, and thought of bliss—
None can hinder me from this.

Rural Department.

Reflections for the Farmer.—There never was a class of people more blessed or more prosperous than the farmers of the United States now are. Their crops are abundant and readily command cash at good prices; while every necessary of life which they wish to purchase, especially manufactured articles, was never so good and so cheap. Then the facilities of transportation and locomotion have been greatly increased and improved, and this is another source of positive benefit to the farmers. With these physical benefits, those of an intellectual and moral kind have kept rapid pace. Books have been cheapened and multiplied incalculably. Schools, especially those of a higher order, have increased—and churches and faithful ministers abound. Do you think of these things as you ought? and are you striving to take advantage of them to improve your moral, intellectual, and physical condition to a greater extent? Those who act wisely will make the most of these great blessings every hour; for they cannot always expect them to be so abundant, and besides, to *improve* them *now* is the *surest* way to *continue* them.

One certain means of effecting improvement among the farmers is what we have heretofore often recommended—the formation of clubs in each neighborhood for weekly eveving meetings in the winter. It is not necessary in these to confine yourselves entirely to agricultural discussions but such things as have a collateral bearing on agriculture may occasionally be profitably introduced; such as the geology, the botany, and the arboriculture of the country; nor should we consider the moral means of improvement of the heart and mind entirely out of place in these evening discussions. But our homily must end.

We have finished another year of our periodical being. Let us be thankful to the Great Author of all things for its many benefits, and look forward with renewed hopes and exertions for a continuation of his favors.

Building Coal-Fires.—As anthracite is now used it makes a fire that is unpleasant, expensive, irregular in temperature, and productive of great dust and disagreeable and unhealthy gases, which are wafted about to the great inconvenience and annoyance of the inmates of every house in which it is used. If properly and judiciously used, the anthracite fire is of uniform temperature, free from deleterious gases and annoying dust and ashes, and with a saving of from twenty to thirty per cent., as may be seen by the experiment.—Anthracite should be carefully broken into uniform pieces of the size of a nut, and in building the fire in the morning as little charcoal or other kindlers used as will assist in starting the ignition with a blower. When the whole is well ignited, cover it with the cinders obtained by riddling or sifting the extinguished contents of yesterday's grate, including those of the size of a pea, or even smaller. When this, too, has become partially ignited, the whole should be covered from an inch to an inch and a half, or even two inches thick, with a paste or mortar made by mixing the ashes sifted from the cinders with water to the consistence of mortar for plastering. The fire should be left in this situation undisturbed until almost bed-time, or until the room begins to get cool. The crust should then be broken into pieces of the size of an egg, levelled, well wet with water, beat or patted down into an even cover, and left until the next morning. Thus the poking of the fire is dispensed with altogether, and the only moving of the ashes is the *removiag* them from the fire-place or grate into the hods to be carried out of doors, to be sifted preparatory to making the fire. Fires built in this manner are of even temperature, free from dust and disagreeable and deleterious gases, and at a saving of from twenty to thirty per cent., in the expense of coal.—*National Intelligencer.*

How to Increase the Productiveness of Trees and Plants.—In his valuable treatise on the culture of the apple and pear, Mr. Knight has the following remarks, p, 83:

"In the garden culture of the apple, where trees are retained as dwarfs or espaliers, the more vigorously growing kinds are often rendered unproductive by the excessive though necessary use of the pruning knife. I have always succeeded in making trees of this kind fruitful by digging them up and replacing them with fresh mould in the same situation. The two great luxuriance of growth is checked, and a disposition to bear is brought on."

Some years since, we saw it stated in one of our agricultural exchanges, that if beans, a few inches high, were transplanted, they would not perhaps attain the *height*, but yet flower and ripen sooner than if not. We made the experiment three seasons in succession, and found the assertion fully verified by the result. The celebrated Dr. Darwin, author of the "Zoonomia," "Botanic Garden," &c. &c., says:—"It is probably that confining the roots of cucumbers and melons in small garden posts would stop the too luxuriant growth of the vines, and make them more fruitful, if care was taken to supply them with water more frequently, and with sufficient nutriment, by mixing with the water some of the carbonic black fluid which has drained from a manure heap."

Population of Milwaukee.—The census of our city, under the law of the last legislature, is almost completed. It shows an astonishing increase. The aggregate population will not vary much from 13,500. In the 1st of June, 1846, only 18 months ago, it was but 9,640; and in '40, only seven years ago, Milwaukee had but as many *hundreds* as she can now count THOUSANDS.—*Sentinel.*

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Tears.

Pleasant is the joy of grief. It is like the shower of Spring when it softens the branch of the oak, and the young leaf tears its green head.—OSSIAN.

Gentle, refreshing is the influence of that sorrow which calls forth from its "thrice hallowed cell" the treasured tear. Not when all the mind's powers are weighed down with the utmost of misery, not when guilt has blackened over the last page of the heart-book, when the world scorns or the trusted betray do we weep; but is it not when hope, glorious day-beam-hope, breaks the spirit-clouds above us, or association "sweeping the chords of memory's harp," returns in thrilling melody the joys of the past—is it not then that emotions, refined and beautiful, too beautiful for words, find expression in the eloquent tear! Yet, there are tears which have their fountain in real and bitter sorrow; still in such sorrow some relieving feature must be found: it is not the helpless and braine-crushing wretchedness of him who stands dumb and tearless beside the grave which is closing over his *all* of happiness and peace. Let the sufferer but weep and the surcharged bosom will bear on; let him but weep and the burning selfishness of grief which preyed on all the soul's sweet life, is changed to that tranquil pensiveness which is dearer to the wounded spirit than to the votaries of gay pleasure, are their moments of highest enjoyment.

Yes, precious and beautiful are tears: beautiful the pearly drop which, at the call of sympathy, glitters on the silken eyelash, and beautiful is that "shining moisture," which, adding soft lustre to the beamy glance of youth, shows a heart overflowing with pure and exquisite delight. But it is to the dejected, despairing child of misfortune, begirt with "cares that tear the bosom which they soil" that the emotions which produce tears, are precious as to the parched earth kind summer showers, bearing away the deforming dust from the spirit's beauty and reviving the fair but drooping flowers of high and holy feeling.

THE RECLUSE.

AN ELEPHANT AT LARGE.—The Philadelphia Ledger furnishes the following notice of a difficulty with the elephant at the Zoological Institute:

The affair occurred while the keeper was cleaning and preparing the animal for the afternoon exhibition, in the recess, in which he is kept, when the chain, with which he is usually fastened to a stake in the ground, being loose, he walked toward the ring.

The keeper called him, and as he did not stop when spoken to, used his goad, and so irritated the animal that he turned and made two passes at the unfortunate man, tossing him for some distance. He fell in front of a cage, containing a hyena and wolf, and this, as well as a stove in front of it, were overturned by the enraged animal, while making a third pass.

The cage fell upon Kelly, fracturing both of his legs, the right one being so severely crushed that amputation was subsequently found to be necessary.

After this the elephant returned toward the ring, but was driven back to his recess by the powerful dogs belonging to the establishment; but this increased the rage of the animal, and he vented it in breaking up the cage before mentioned as having been overturned, and the animals it contained were set at liberty.

He then re-entered the ring, where he caused some damage to the railing. By dropping a noosed rope into the ring, from the dome of the building, his forefeet became entangled in it, and crippled, the keepers succeeded in driving him into the small gangway, near the western door on Walnut street, where his power for mischief was prevented, by fastening his tusks by a chain to his fore feet, and the effectual use of the harpoon accomplished his submission.

The celebrated Herr Driesbach then took the matter in hand, and at his command, the animal proceeded to the ring and gave proof of his good humor being restored by the most implicit obedience to all his acquirements.

The fear that the enraged animal would demolish the cage of the lion or tigers, had previously induced the proprietors to have the means at hand for his destruction, in case that their efforts to overpower him should not succeed.

A cannon was therefore procured, charged with cannister, and stationed in front of the building, on Walnut street, to be ready for any emergency, but fortunately his submission rendered such a recourse unnecessary, and this valuable animal took his customary part in the performances last evening.

The affair fortunately occurred at a time when a very few persons were in the building. Had it been delayed but a short time, it would have occasioned a dreadful scene of alarm, as a large number of children belonging to a Sunday school were about entering the building at the moment of the occurrence.

The elephant it appears was the well known Columbus. If our recollection deceives not, this is not the first evidence that he has given that he is a refractory and dangerous animal.

MARRIAGE. — Wherever woman plights her troth, under the sky of Heaven, at the domestic hearth, or in consecrated aisles, the ground is holy, the spirit of the hour is sacramental. That it is thus felt, even by the most trivial, may be observed at every wedding ceremony. Though the mirth may be fast and furious before or after the irrevocable formula is spoken, yet at that point of time, there is a shadow on the most laughing lip, a moisture on the firmest eye. Wedlock, indissoluble, except by act of God—a sacrament whose solemnity reaches to eternity—will always hold its ranks, in life as well as literature, as the most impressive fact of human experience. He is a slight observer, who sneers at its prominence in dramatic writing, whether of the stage or the closet, the play or the novel. It must always be so. If Government, with all its usurpations and aggressions, has appropriated history, let the less ambitious portions of our literature be sacred to the affections—to the FAMILY, based in conjugal and Parental love as that institution is, and less to the STATE, which hitherto in the world's annals, has been little else than the sad exponent of human ambition.—*Cincin. Signal.*

EDUCATION.—The multitude think that to educate a child is to crowd into his mind a given amount of knowledge; to load the memory with words. No wonder then they think everybody fit to teach. The true end of education is to unfold and direct aright our whole nature. Its office is to call forth powers of thought, affection,

will, and outward actions, power to observe, to reason, to judge, to contrive—power to adopt good courses, and to pursue them, to govern ourselves and to influence others, to gain and spread happiness. The intellect was created, not to receive passively a few words, dates and facts, but to be active for the acquisition of truth. Education should inspire a profound love of truth, and teach the process of investigation. A sound logic, by which we mean the science and art which instructs us in the true laws of reasoning and evidence, is an essential part of a good education.—*Channing.*

Life in the Mexican Capital.

We have received a file of the new Anglo Saxon newspaper, the "*North American*," published in the city of Mexico. It is a large and handsome sheet, and its mechanical execution is in a style that would do no discredit to any city in the United States. It is conducted with much spirit and ability by Wm. C. Tobey, whose effusions under the *nomme de plume* of "John of York," in the daily papers of New York, Philadelphia and Boston, have rendered him somewhat widely and favorably known.

As the best means of giving an idea of what life is in the Aztec Capital under the American dominion, we have made somewhat copious extracts from the North American, which will be found below :—

Assassinations.—A citizen told us the other day, that some of the lowest orders of the population are flattering themselves with the idea that they can decimate our army by assassinations.—To say nothing of the villainy of such a mode of warfare, we can assure all who entertain such an idea, that it is preposterous in the extreme. During the first three or four days after our army entered the town, some half dozen assassinations occurred, but of late we have heard of none. Our men are generally on the look out for such favors, and are as handy with the bowie-knife as most people, and extremely cunning in the use of the revolver. We should suppose that all citizens who desire peace and good order would frown down any attempt, come from what quarter it may, to incite the mob to such an infamous proceeding. Any serious demonstration of that nature will be prejudicial to others than the mere actors. While it could result in little or no injury to the American army, the citizens generally would be the sufferers. We apprehend however, that all sober men, whether soldiers or followers of the army, have little to fear. Those who invite personal injury by their excesses, deserve little sympathy.

One of the benefits arising from the occupation of the city by the American army, may be witnessed at the Custom House where hundreds of indigent females are employed at higher wages than they have ever before received for like labor, in making clothing for the troops. Many of these, we are told, are relatives of officers and soldiers in the Mexican army, the absence or death of whom has left them destitute. It is a source of gratification that, while our officers could not avert the calamities which have befallen these people, they are doing every thing in their power to alleviate their afflictions.

Robbery of the Diligencia.—At a quarter past five on the morning of the 4th ult., the diligencia about starting for Queretaro was attacked in front of the Panteon de Sta Paula by six men, who after having robbed the passengers, five or six in number, cooly walked off. These robberies appear to us most ridiculous. There has occurred a case in Mexico, where fourteen passengers, most of them military men, coming together in two diligences, have been forced to deliver up their loose change to *two determined* bandits.

Gal-laxy.—The fair ones of this far-famed city have subscribed six dollars for American Stars "for one month."

> "Fairest of Stars, first in the train of night
> If thou belongs't not to the dawn."

Reub thinks that "blarney-stones" are a good deal cheaper since the earthquakes.

The Turf.—We understand that arrangements are in progress for a "meeting" within the coming week, at which a celebrated Spanish caballa and an American horse are to contend for a respectable purse. Great sport is anticipated.

Mendicants.—In no city we have visited have we ever seen as many mendicants as in this, the capital of the Mexican republic—and more objects so absolutely dependent upon public charity. Almost every beggar we have seen was blind or maimed and unable to earn a livelihood. It is a matter of surprise to us Northmen, that in a city where every man, woman and child is a devoted Christian, some means has not ere this been taken to provide a place of refuge for these stricken people. One of the holiest and most beautiful precepts of our Saviour is charity, and they who dispense it are registered among the most faithful of his servants. A mite taken from the fund daily squandered in sensual enjoyment, would lighten many a heavy heart and soothe the sorrows of hundreds who daily suffer more than the pangs of death—the gnawings of unsatisfied hunger.

The Cross of St. George.—It must be a source of pride to every English resident of Mexico that, while citizens of this country are almost daily robbed on the road, the English courier passes unmolested from Mexico to Vera Cruz and *vice versa*. While the robbers would relieve the Priest of his cross they never lay hands upon "The meteor flag of England."

Pretty Incident.—At the National Theatre, a few evenings since, the Orchestra, after having played Hail Columbia, struck up the Marseilles Hymn. As if struck by an electric shock, the American officers in the house rose and gave three cheers. The Hymn of Liberty, no matter what its origin, will ever find a response in American hearts.

The Toad.—That poor, despised and harmless reptile, is admirable in its proportions, and has an eye of such transcendent beauty, that when I find one I place it on my hand to view it more minutely. Its skin, too, so completely adapted to the subterranean places into which it goes for shelter, is well worty the attention of the philosopher. As this little animal is innocuous, I feel sorry when I see it trampled under foot by inconsiderate people, who have learned from their grandmothers that it is full of venom.—*Essays on Natural History, by Charles Waterton, Esq.*

☞ At St. Louis on the 15th, *Harrington*, of Rockwell & Co.'s Circus, shot Hiram Franklin, the well-known Equestrian of the same Troupe, and wounded him slightly. *Harrington* afterwards committed suicide, by shooting himself twice in the head.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Demise of a Revolutionary Soldier.

Died in Collins, Erie Co., on the 20th ult., Mr. JOHN STANCLIFT, at the age of 93 years.

Mr. S. was born in the town of Chatham, Conn., Sept 26th, 1754. At the age of six years, he removed with his father's family to East Hartford, where he lived till he was sixteen, when he removed to Torringford. Here he remained till the commencement of the Revolutionary War. Soon after the battle of Lexington, while yet a minor, fired with patriotic zeal, he enlisted in the continental army. He joined the regiment under Col. Henman, and immediately went to Crown Point, and thence to Canada. He was in the memorable siege of St. John, which lasted from the 8th of October to the 2d of November, and which consisted of an almost incessant cannonading, and was attended with much suffering on the part of the American army, from rain, cold and hunger. Having served out his time of enlistment, he went home.

In 1776, hearing of the fall of Gen. Montgomery, with whom he had previously formed an intimate and endearing acquaintance, he enlisted again for one year, in the regiment of Col. Russel, and immediately started for Canada. On the route, the regiment met the main army at Three Rivers on their retreat under Gen. Arnold. The reader will recollect that when they had retreated as far as Chambly, that the small pox broke out in their midst and made most fearful ravages; and till they arrived at Ticonderoga, via., Crown Point, constant and painful mortality prevailed. "At Ticonderoga" writes the deceased in some private notes to which we have access, "my cousin died, and myself and two others buried him. My messmates all died, and my time being out, I went home alone."

In 1777 he enlisted once more, joining the regiment of Col. Bradley. This body forthwith marched through New Jersey into Pennsylvania, where they joined Washington. Mr. S. was in the engagement at Germantown, which occurred on the 4th of October, (1777) and narrowly escaped by flight. "Here" writes the deceased, "was a dreadful scene! our whole brigade facing the enemy within eight rods, we stood and fired into their solid columns till they had closed on three sides of us, when Major Platt, at the top of his voice, said—'*every man make his escape.*'—The only chance for escape was over a fence on the left. One man went over by my side, and fell and said he was a dead man. I saw the hole in his back as he fell!! It was in a cornfield, and the stalks seemed to fly as if the balls were as thick as hail! I thought there was no hope, and walked a step or two—then ran, and the Lord delivered me."

Mr. S. went to Valley Forge, when his term of enlistment expiring, he took a final leave of the tented field. Soon after this he was married; and here we might add that he lived with his wife, in a peaceful and happy union, for sixty-one years. In his thirty-third year he experienced religion, which enhanced his comforts and solaced his griefs for sixty years, and rendered the setting of his sun, after its journey of almost a century, serene and glorious. He was a member of the Congregationalist church.

In 1789 he moved to New Hartford, Oneida Co., in this State. He afterwards went to Canada, where he remained till 1816, when he removed to Collins. Here he lived till his death, an affectionate husband and parent; an exemplary christian; a respected citizen and neighbor, and "an honest man." Peaceful be the sleep of the brave and good.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for December is well spiced as usual, Messrs. Saxe, Hosmer, Parkman, Chilton, Palmer and others having done what they could to enhance its interest. The following poem is seasonable:

A WELCOME TO WINTER.

Blast of the North! that exiled long hath roamed,
Where Winter chained by flowing streamlets lies,
Where the fair sun with ceaseless light has domed,
Through half his yearly course, the starless skies;
Stern Winter's march the trumpet-voice doth sound,
His prison-house thou hast at length unbarred;
No more the sun, bright sentry! in his round
Unquenched by night, the strong domain doth guard.

Then welcome, Winter, from the dreary clime
Where verdant landscape never greets the eye,
But iceberg-monuments arise sublime,
To mark the grave where buried Nature lies;
The autumn leaflets, as in sore amaze,
Curl, shrinking from thy touch, and drop in fear;
When in the lake-spread mirror thou wouldst gaze,
Thy chilling breath hath dimmed its surface clear.

Yet thou art welcome, with thy elfin train,
That shrieking gambol o'er the storm-swept heath;
Whose hands have pictured on the frosted pane
The dream-born fancies caught from sleepers' breath;
Welcome to us!—thy iron reign doth bring
The joys that cluster round the social hearth:
Where the glad voice of Innocence doth ring,
And guileless youth rejoices in his mirth,
And home is made the paradise of earth.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.—We call particular attention of our subscribers to the inducements offered in the shape of Literary Premiums to any one who will make exertions to extend our list. There are now many *towns* which receive a number of papers sufficient to obtain the largest prize offered. All that is necessary, is for some one to just make the effort and procure the subscriptions, forward us the money, and we will send the Books carefully packed to any place on the line of any regular Express, free of charge. See last page.

A DEMON IN PETTICOATS.—It is stated in an English paper that a jealous wife recently tied her husband in bed while he slept, and then poured

boiling water over him. When arraigned for trial, which resulted in transportation for life, she boldly confessed the crime.

☞ We learn from the *Conneaut Reporter* that the Academy in Kingsvills, Ashtabula county, was destroyed by fire early on Monday morning last. How the fire originated is not known, but is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.—Most of the apparatus connected with the school, a very flourishing one, was destroyed, and the loss will be severely felt by Mr. GRAVES, the Principal. Many of the books belonging to students were also lost.

From Mexico—Arrest of Worth and Pillow.

The New Orleans papers received this afternoon gives some more details of the Mexican war, but nothing later.

A Vera Cruz correspondent of the Delta gives the following account of the arrest of Generals Worth and Pillow.

Two letters emanating from the American Camp, published in the United States, have been read by Gen. Scott. In an order published to the army he prematurely decided who wrote them, and impeached the honor, patriotism and services of the two Generals, who were eulogised in those two letters.

One of those Generals, (Pillow) denies in a card published in Mexico, the authorship of the letter attributed to him. The other General (Worth) prefers charges against Scott, and Scott arrests him for contempt. Gen. Pillow was arrested because he appealed from an opinion of Scott, requesting the latter to transmit the appeal to the Secretary of War. Scott refused in a hasty manner, whereupon the former remarked, "I will do it, sir!" "Then I arrest you, sir!" was Scott's reply. So matters stand at last dates. The army is excited, and if we may judge from what we hear at this distance, more than a moiety of it sympathises with the Generals sought to be disgraced.

The *Arco Iris* says a detachment of American soldiers quartered at Medelin, started for a ball in the village about 11 o'clock at night. The ball party took alarm, and one of them discharged a pistol at the advancing Americans who returned the fire, killing seven and wounding nine, one of whom was a woman.

The Indians have made an excursion into the state of San Luis Potosi and approached very near the capital.

Accounts from Yucatan to the 18th of Nov. state that a battle had been fought between Col. Lyelina's revolutionary forces, 1,800 strong, in which the latter gained a complete triumph.—Lyelina made the attack on the city of Valladolid, and the action lasted three hours. He lost four pieces of artillery and had 70 men killed, among whom were three officers.

The Indians, 5,000 strong, commanded by a chief named Pratt, had attacked Tijosuco. The inhabitants stood out for 24 hours, when they were obliged to retreat for want of ammunition to continue the combat, leaving the town, of about 6000 inhabitants, entirely in the hands of the Indians.

Since this success, their numbers are said to have increased to 15,000 troops.

Gov. Mendez, from Yucatan, was marching with a force to try to suppress the insurrection of the Indians. The greatest alarm prevailed among the Spanish portion of the whole country.

We give below very copious details of the recent great flood on the Ohio and some of its tributaries. The extent of the damage, no one as yet has pretended to estimate, but it must be very great. An event so memorable, and so abounding with interesting incidents, should be compressed into the space of an ordinary paper paragraph:

The Great Flood at the West.

From the Cincinnati Gazette, of December 14.

THE FLOOD.—At 5 o'clock last evening the Ohio was 45 feet 6 inches above low water mark. Steamboats were butting Water street at the junction with Main, fastening their anchors in front near Sycamore, and between Sycamore and Broadway, lying on a line with the South walls of Cassilly's Row.

The damage is already large, and much more is threatened. The immense quantities of lumber lying along the river from Race street west, are in great danger of going off en mass. The owners of some of it were removing it to higher ground; others had hemmed their's in by flat boats, which were well fastened to the shore; and still a third class were loading into open flats that which was already afloat.

So far as we have heard of but few personal accidents. A horseman got into deep water yesterday morning near the lower Millcreek bridge. He saved himself, but his horse was drowned.—While we were in the neighborhood of the crossing of Carr and Sixth streets, a child some three years old stepped out of a house into the backwater, but was instantly caught up.

The mean rise of the river, throughout yesterday, was three inches per hour. If the same rate continued throughout last night, the southwestern portion of the city will this morning present a sad spectacle.

A boat down from Pittsburgh yesterday morning reported the water pouring wildly out of the Alleghany and Monongahela. Another in from Wheeling last evening reported the river extremely high there, and still rising fast. A letter from the Kanawha, received yesterday, says that there was at the time of writing an immense freshet in that river.

From the same of the 15th.

THE FLOOD.—The Ohio continued to rise yesterday throughout the day, and at 5 o'clock last night the waters had reached within about 4 feet of the great flood of 1832. It is now up to the curb stone in front of Hosea & Frazer's store, at the south-west corner of Main and Front: on Sycamore street, it flows back about half way to Columbia; at the foot of Broadway, the water reaches across the street; and in all the stores at the westerly part of Cassilly's Row the water stands about a foot deep.

The damage on the bottom lands of the Ohio must be great, thousands of acres of corn, (left standing through the winter) are under water; immense quantities of wood floated off; and probably three-fourths of the water mills situated on the creeks near the river are destroyed.

Mr. Pomeroy lost five boats, with about 20,000 bushels of coal, which broke loose from his landing on Monday night. A man, formerly in his employment, (Isaac Tittle) who was trying to secure them, had his leg broken, by being entangled with a cable. The boat immediately broke off with Mr. T. only on board. His brother hearing of the misfortune, took a skiff and pursued and overtook the boat, just below the city. Mr. T. was taken out, and crawled up the banks to a house on the Kentucky shore, where he finished

the night. Mr. Pomeroy had him brought home yesterday, and every attention paid to his wants.

Several shanties have floated off, and at about 1 o'clock yesterday two houses and a bridge passed the city.

The gas works were overflowed, and the National theatre closed last night till further notice. The lectures and concerts advertised at halls lighted with gas, were also postponed.

The rise has been sufficiently gradual to allow of the removal, generally, of produce and merchandise from stores as far up as Columbia street, without great loss.

The Mayor and other public spirited citizens were busily engaged through the day in providing shelter and food for the poor families driven from their homes near the river. The city council also had a special meeting in the afternoon, to take proper steps to meet the exigencies of the occasion.

Four places have been designated, at either of which persons who have been driven from their dwellings by the high water can call and have their present wants either as to food or shelter promptly supplied.

It cannot be necessary to urge upon any one the duty of contributing such aid as may be in his power freely and promptly. The extent of the calamity must be known to all. Hundreds of families have been driven from their homes by the desolating flood, in weather of almost unexampled inclemency. Women and children—the sick and the infirm—helpless infancy and equally helpless old age—are suddenly bereft of homes, in some cases stripped of clothing, and in nearly all deprived of food.

From the same of the 17th.

The disastrous rise in the Ohio still continues. At 5 o'clock last night the waters were rising very slowly, less than an inch an hour.

The Courts adjourned yesterday, so as to put the court house at the disposal of the committees of relief. It will afford temporary shelter to a large number. The greatest promptitude has been evinced by the Mayor, the marshal, and other city officers, the sons of temperance, and numerous benevolent associations and individuals, including ladies, who have spent all their time for the last three days in affording shelter to the houseless poor, and supplying them bountifully with cooked provisions and clothing.

The Mary Pell brought up nearly three hundred persons yesterday, from Lawrenceburgh, who have been forced from their homes by the flood. The whole of New Richmond is under water, and the inhabitants forced on the hills back of the town, where they are camped out, and crowded into the few farmers' houses there.

The snow has continued to fall, with slight intermissions, since Sunday night. If this has been very general, and it should be succeeded by a warm rain, the consequence may be appalling.

From the same of the 18th.

The Ohio was still rising at 5 o'clock last night, very slowly, apparently less than half an inch an hour. It had then attained a point within ten inches of the great flood of 1832.

It is worthy of record, among the incidents of the flood, that yesterday a flat boat load of hogs was discharged in Main street, in front of T. & C. Neave's store, near Pearl, and another flat boat was laden with flour, furniture and merchandise, from Kentucky river, and shipped from the same *landing*. Three canal boats were also *cordelled* up Columbia street against a strong current, into the White Water canal basin, to the Miami canal, where they will be run in future.

Flood above, below, and in the Interior.

Boats from above, Wednesday and Thursday, give most gloomy accounts of the submerged towns along the Ohio—Marietta, Neville, Moscow, New Richmond, &c. Such of the people as were able to get away readily had fled to the hills in the rear of the town, and taken shelter with the farmers. The rest were in the second stories of their houses, awaiting their chances. From below, between this city and Louisville, similar accounts are brought up. Louisville itself was on Thursday morning approximating Cincinnati in its condition,

Intelligence enough was received by yesterday's mails to render it quite certain that all the tributaries of the Ohio, at least above the Falls, have been swollen by the late rains to a height unexamplied since the year 1832. The subsiding of the waters will bring as deplorable accounts of the destruction of property, and we fear the loss of life. It will be a melancholy duty, but we shall keep our readers well advised of all matters that reach us.

As might have been expected, from the manner in which the water poured out of the Licking a few days ago, there has been destruction of property along this stream. The Maysville Eagle details some of it. The flooring of the elegant and substantial bridge at the Blue Licks had been swept off, and the bridge itself was saved only by the timely giving way of the northern embankment, by which a new channel was made for the rushing waters.

At the toll gate on the North Fork, the water rose so rapidly as to compel the keeper to fly with his family to a little house on a hill side; and the overflow became so great, that on Thursday last the pike for a hundred yards was impassable except by swimming. On the same creek, the Eagle says, both above and below Lewisburg, the damage was very heavy. The report was current that Phillip's mill and dam had both been washed away, and that Taylor's dam was entirely gone.

Thousands of pannels of fencing and much corn in shocks had been destroyed or washed off. A tobacco house, that was thought to be entirely out of reach of the highest water in the creek, was covered to the roof, and a heavy crop of tobacco ruined. The water at some points was ten and at others five feet higher than ever known before.

The turnpike from Maysville to Germantown was rendered impassable by the falling of heavy banks of earth from the hills above, and the washing of ploughed land, as well as the hill sides, had been extremely destructive. Deep gullies were made in slightly rolling ground, and in some cases large portions of wheat fields were washed away.

The Kentucky river underwent a similar rise, but its higher banks will prevent equal destruction of property. A correspondent of the Atlas, writing from Frankfort on Friday, describes the rains of Thursday afternoon and night as torrents, and the river as rushing by with terrific impetuosity. The Kentucky on Friday morning was literally covered with cord wood, fence rails, lumber, barrels, saw logs, and other drift, which it had received from its swollen tributaries and borne from its own shores. Great damage was reported to the mills on Benson creek and Elkhorn.

From the Louisville Journal of Dec. 14.

The Flood.—The river is higher now than it has been since the memorable flood of '32. Every house on Water st., from Fourth to Tenth, was in water last evening, and in some of them it was high enough to float a steamboat. Strader's wharf is entirely covered with water, and at the rate the river was rising last night, an inch and a half per hour, boats will be able to enter some of

the streets to-day. The damage done by this freshet here, as well as elsewhere, is incalculable. The weather became very cold yesterday morning, and it snowed yesterday and last night. This will check the rise in some degree, but it is believed that it will nevertheless rise about six feet more here. By the stages we learn that the Kentucky river was rising fast at Frankfort yesterday morning, and Salt river was swelling rapidly.

From the Journal of the 15th—Evening.

THE FLOOD.—The river yesterday and last night was rising at the rate of about two inches per hour. Last evening it was within 10 or 12 feet of being as high as in '32. It is up in the cross streets from 25 to 50 yards, and the strip of land between Beargrass and the river, as far up as Clay street, is all under water. The bridge at the foot of Preston street has been swept off, and lodged in the flats between the creek and the city. The bridge at the foot of Clay street is broken in two. In some of the buildings below Sixth street the water is in the second story.

Grainger's foundry is several feet in water and it is up to Curry's. Steamboats find great difficulty in landing. The Cincinnati mail boat arrived yesterday morning about 1 o'clock. It is impossible to estimate the loss sustained by this flood. Every one who lives on the river, whether merchant, farmer, or mechanic, must suffer severely. The interruption to business, and the damage to property and merchandize by water alone, not mentioning what was totally destroyed, must cause an immense loss.

THE FRESHET.—The water are abating fast.—The Muskingum has been extraordinarily high. At 20 minutes before two in the morning of Thursday, the alarm-bell was sounded. We found that the new embankment had given away in several places, and that the flood was fast pouring in. The few families that remained at once removed, and by daylight from 3 to 15 feet water covered that district of the town. It was a grand but fearful sight to watch the first inward flow on the snow-covered earth and the dark surface of water, creeping along, at no snail's pace, the evident futility of all human effort to check its progress. Many a happy family had been driven from its fireside ease and comfort. No lives were endangered. Between this and Marietta there has been no communication for nearly ten days. The *Cambridge Times* says the Willis Creek was higher than was ever known before, and the damage must be immense. On the Scioto, much injury to property has resulted from the waters.—The Ohio has been within a few inches of the rise of 1832. The locomotive could not get within 10 miles of Columbus.—*Zanesville (Ohio) Courier.*

DOG MUTTON.—The *Journal of Commerce*, world-renowned for its canicidal propensities, seems ambitious of an equally wide-spread carnivorous reputation. It is not enough for that print that poor Tray be killed—it wants him to be eaten as well. In Saturday's paper the editors relate the following:

A paper of Rouen, France, states that the police of the city were informed that a certain man in a poor part of the city had a butchery in his house. The policeman who went to investigate the matter had some difficulty in finding the room, but at length discovered an apartment where a big dog, dressed and split open, lay upon the bench, and a half a dozen others in the same plight were hanging about the room by their hind legs, and in an adjoining closet some fine cutlets were broiling on the coals. The dog butcher assured the policeman that this was his substitute for butcher's meat, and that the whole was for his own eating. The business of the policeman extended only to the *sales* of meat, and so he went away, not thinking himself obliged to disbelieve what the man had said. Certainly this plan is preferable to merely killing dogs to be rid of them, and in a city so full of big, fat dogs, and nice, tender puppies as ours, may cheer the hungry despondent.

Arrival of the Hibernia.

BOSTON, Dec. 25—4 P. M.

The Hibernia arrived this morning from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 4th inst.

CORN, &c.—Best Western Canal Flour 28s to 29s per bbl.; Richmond and Alexandria 26s to 28s; New Orleans and Ohio 26s to 27s; Canada 27s to 29s; United States and Canada sour 21s to 23s.

WHEAT—United States and Canada white, mixed, per 70 lbs., 7s 6d to 8s 4d; red 6s to 7s 6d. Indian Corn, per quarter, 32s to 36s. Corn Meal, 15s to 16s 6d per bbl. Oat Meal, per 260 lbs., 25s to 27s. Oats, per 45 lbs., 2s 6d to 3s—per 60 lbs., 3s to 4s. Rye, per 90 pounds, 3s to 4s. Since the departure of last steamer, the Corn Market has been greatly depressed, by a slackened demand in the interior, which, with other causes, has considerably deadened its activity. Flour has fully receded from 6d to 1s per bbl. White Indian Corn and Corn Meal have been equally depressed. The latter is in very sluggish demand for Ireland.

In the London market yesterday, although the arrivals of English wheat for market have been exceedingly light, the business transacted was scarcely noticeable save for some selected parcels which brought average prices. In this market for cotton a slight improvement had taken place towards the last of last week, but was quickly arrested by advices received per Caledonia as to the flourishing condition of the growing crops and of the deterioration of prices in the American ports. The market has now declined ¼d per lb. with a languid trade.

Bacon, (duty free,) dried and smoked, old, per cwt., 30s to 40s. Long middles, free from bone, in salt, 30s to 50s.

Hams, smoked or dried, in canvass, duty paid, 20s to 50s. In casks, salted, 25s to 35s.

Tongues, in pickle, duty paid, per dozen, 10s to 16s.

Pig, per cwt., 15s to 25s.

BUTTER—United States not quoted; Canadian 70s to 85s, duty paid.

CHEESE—Fine, duty paid, 46s to 50s per cwt.; middling, 42s to 47s; ordinary 30s to 40s per cwt.

LARD—Fine leaf, in kegs, per cwt., 50s to 54s; do in bbls., 49s to 52s; ordinary to middling 46s to 54s; do in bbls., 49 to 52s; ordinary to middling 46s to 48s; inferior and grease, 29s to 33.

BEEF—Prime Mess per tierce, of 304 lbs, new, 84 to 90s; ordinary, 70s to 80. Old not quoted. Mess per bbl. of 200 lbs., 40s to 48s; ordiuary 36 to 42s; Prime 30 to 46s. Extra India, family, &c., per tierce of 336 lbs., 95 to 100s.

PORK—Prime Mess per 200 lbs. 56 to 62s; ordinary 30 to 40s. Mess 60 to 65s; Prime 38 to 42s.

HOPS—In bond, per cwt., 40 to 50s. Linseed Cake, (duty free,) per ton, £8 10s to £10 10s.

ASHES—United States Pots 28s 6d to 29s; Pearls 30 to 31s. Montreal Pots 28s 6d to 29; Pearls 32 to 34s. State of funds since our last advices has been tolerably steady, with a direct upward tendency yesterday, the quotation for money closed at 85½, and for time at ½. Exchange bills have risen to 5s premium, and bank stock to 188½.

The British Parliament for several days has been engaged with the subject of trade and the financial condition of the country. It is expected that measures of a salutary character will be introduced. The state of Ireland is truly frightful. The land reeks with assassination from one end to the other.

Government has proposed a coercion bill of a very mild and moderate character. In Switzerland the civil war has been virtually terminated by the surrender of Luzerne to the troops of the Federalists. The Sunderbund is dissolved. The affairs of Italy are in a fair way to adjustment. The Pope has opened the new Council of State at the Vatican, and his speech elicited unmixed approbation.

The Royal Bank of Liverpool has resumed business under favorable circumstances. The Asiatic Cholera is stated to have advanced to the Prussian frontier. A French paper, La Presse, stated that the United States Government had purchased the Island of Lyra from Greece, and will at once pay off the mortgage due. The Washington steamer arrived in Southampton on the 3d instant.

Parliament assembled on the 18th ult. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE was re-elected Speaker. Respecting Ireland, the *Times* says:

We regret to state that crimes and outrages continue undiminished in Ireland. The state of Tipperary, Clare, Westmeath, King's County, Roscommon and Limerick, is most deplorable.—The offences perpetrated in these six counties bring a sad stain upon the history of Ireland, and render it absolutely necessary, for the preservation of the peace of the remaining parts of the country, that a rigor beyond the present laws should be exercised by the Government, for the protection of life and property.

The details which daily reach us from ill-fated Ireland are almost all written in the same unvarying fatal characters of blood. The pressure of want amongst the people, serious as it undoubtedly is, appears secondary in intensity to the insane desire of destroying human life. The lives of the best benefactors of the people seem more peculiarly devoted to sacrifice.

A deputation of thirty-two Irish members, headed by Mr. H. Grattan, waited upon Lord John Russell, on the 25th ult., on the subject of Irish affairs. The deputation submitted 357 resolutions on Irish affairs to his lordship, and alluded with satisfaction to the fact of the Government having already adopted four of the recommendations suggested, viz: An improvement of the law between landlord and tenant; the establishment of food depots; increased facilities for the transfer of incumbered estates; and the disposition to afford the people an opportunity of reclaiming waste lands in preference to the emigration scheme. The deputation, however, chiefly insisted upon its being the first duty of the Government to provide food for the starving people. Lord John Russell intimated that the Government had already made arrangements for the establishment of food depots.

Of commercial affairs the *Times* speaks in very encouraging terms as follows:

It is gratifying to be able to announce that a marked improvement has taken place during the past fortnight in the aspect of commercial affairs. The value of public securities has advanced, and there has been less stringency in the money market generally. The resolution of the Bank of England to reduce the rate of interest to 6 per cent., which was promulgated on the 2d instant, will tend still farther to restore confidence, and enable holders of produce to sell their various commodities on more favorable terms.

At present, however, the markets for foreign and colonial produce are depressed; and this fact, coupled with the failures which occur at intervals in all parts of the country, throws a gloom over our prospects, which the amelioration of the money market does not effectually remove. In the manufacturing districts there is somewhat greater activity, with more hands employed, whilst on the other hand large bodies of men are being discharged from the various railway works which have been suspended.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT!—The bridge over the Genesee River near the residence of Hon. P. Church, gave way last Sunday forenoon while a sleigh was crossing. The sleigh and horses, and the passengers, four in number, were precipitated some twenty feet into the stream below. The persons in the sleigh were of Mr. Burrill's family, Philipsburg, whose names were Miss Burrill, Miss King, Miss Sneath and —— an Irishman, the driver. Miss King and Miss Sneath were drowned. The team was also lost. Miss King's body was soon recovered, but up to this present writing (Tuesday morning) Miss Sneath's body has not been recovered.

The bridge we are told was known to be unsafe. The timbers were so much decayed, that it appears unaccountable that it had not fallen before.—*Angelica Advocate.*

THE SAME HEAVEN CAN RECEIVE THEM ALL.—Chillingworth was asked by a learned Jesuit, how Protestants, rejecting the Pope's infallibility and relying on the Scriptures alone, could hope to be saved, when each sect gave the Scriptures a different meaning, adding, "The same heaven cannot contain them all." To this Chillingworth answered, "It is sufficient for any man's salvation that he believes the Scripture! that he *endeavor* to believe it in its true sense, as far as concerns his duty, and that he conform his life to it, either by obedience or repentance; he that does so may be sure that he cannot err fundamentally; and they that do so cannot differ in fundamentals; so that notwithstanding their differences and your presumption, 'the same heaven can receive them all.'"

Price Current—December 29, 1847.

Flour, bbl.	$4 75@5 00	Turkeys, lb.	6@8
Pork, bbl.	10 50@11 00	Chickens	6@8
Do slaugh. cwt.	4 50@4 75	Geese, each.	18¾@25
Beef, cwt.	3@4 00	Clover seed, bu.	5 25@5 50
Butter, lb.	12@16	Timothy	1 75
Lard	7¼@8	Flax	1 06
Cheese	6	Grass	—
Hams	7	Whitefish, bbl.	6 50
Shoulders	5	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt.	1 50	Potatoes, bush.	62½@75
Wheat, bu.	92@1 06	Salt, bbl.	1 62½
Corn	50@51	Apples, bbl.	1 37½
Oats	31@32	Do dried, bu.	93¾
Slaughter hides, lb.	4@4½	Onions	75
Dry do.	9@10	Eggs, doz	16
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb.	—
Sheep, slaughtered	62½@75	Soap	4@5
Lamb do.	12½@25	Whiskey, gall.	19
Dry	12½@50	Highwines	21
Hard wood, cd.	3 25@3 50	Lead, hund.	4 00
Hemlock	3 00	Beans, bu.	87½
Bit. (O) coal, ton.	@5 50	Wool, lb.	20@30
Blossburg		Hay	11 00

QUOTATION OF UNCURRENT FUNDS.

Canada, (Toronto Hamilton, &c.	¾ ct. dis.	Baltimore	¾ ct. dis. 1
L. Canada	2½	Philadelphia	1
Ohio	1 to 1½	New Orleans	3
Indiana	1 to 1½	Missouri	2
Kentucky	1 to 1½	Virginia	2
Pennsylvania	½ to 1	Mich. State Bank	½
Relief notes	2	F. & M. Bk, Detroit	½
Pittsburgh Scrip	20	Mich. Ins. Company	½
Alleghany Scrip	20	Wis. F. & M. Ins. Co.	½
		East. Exch.	¾ ct. prem.

The Grave of the Year.

Be composed, every toll and each turbulent motion,
That encircles the heart with life's treacherous snares,
And the hour that invites to the calm of devotion,
Undisturbed by regrets, unincumbered by cares.
How cheerless the late beaming face of creation!
Weary time seems to pause in his rapid career,
And fatigued with the work of his own desolation,
Looks behind, with a smile, on the Grave of the year;

Hark! the wind whistles rudely—the shadows are closing,
Which enwrap his broad path in a mantle of night,
While pleasure's gay sons are in quiet reposing,
Undisturbed by the wrecks that have numbered his flight.
In yon temple where fashion's bright tapers are lighted,
Her votaries, in crowds, decked with garlands, appear—
Aye—as yet their warm hopes, by no spectre affrighted—
Assemble to dance round the Grave of the Year!

O! I hate the false cup that the idlers have tasted,
When I think on the ills of life's comfortless day;
How the flowers of my childhood their odors have wasted,
And the friends of my youth have been stolen away;
I think not how fruitless the warmest endeavor
To recall the kind moments, neglected when near,
When the hours that oblivion has cancelled forever
Are interred by her hand in the Grave of the Year!

Since the last solemn reign of this day of reflection,
What throngs have relinquished life's perishing breath!
How many have shed their last tear of dejection,
Had closed the dim eye in the darkness of death!
How many have sudden their pilgrimage ended
Beneath the lone pall that envelopes the bier—
Or to death's lonely valley have gently descended,
And made their cold beds with the Grave of the Year!

'T is the year that so late its new beauty disclosing
Rose bright on the happy, the careless and gay,
Who now on their pillow of dust are reposing,
While the sod presses damp on their bosoms of clay!
Then think not of bliss, when its smile is expiring,
Disappointment still drowns it in misery's tear;
Reflect and be wise, for the day is retiring,
And to-morrow will dawn on the Grave of the Year!

Yet awhile, and no seasons around us shall flourish,
But silence for each her dark mansions prepare,
Where beauty no longer her roses shall nourish,
Or the lily o'erspread the wan cheek of despair;
But the eye shall with lustre unfading be brightened,
When it wakens to bliss in yon orient sphere,
By the sunbeams of splendor immortal enlightened,
Which no more shall go down on the Grave of the Year!

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WESTERN
LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1848. NUMBER XXIII.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Miners of Lore.*

BY J. CLEMENT.

Priests of Science, Truth diviners,
Youth may not such gifts implore:
We are miners, humble miners,
Delving at the veins of Lore.

Mightiest minds of ages olden
Here have long and tireless wrought,
Casting jewels, bright and golden,
In thy furnace, burning Thought.

Here too, men of modern ages,
Who would wield the wand of power,
Statemen, heroes, bards and sages,
Seek their spirit-gilding dower.

Wealth like this—oft meanly rated,
Yields of joy a bounteous store,
And the mind that here is freighted,
Holds its treasures evermore.

We will then be thorough miners
Working away shaft of Truth:
Souls that here are pearl enshriners,
Heaven will clothe in endless youth

* Sung at the late Anniversary of the Wilson (Niagara Co.) Collegiate Institute.

A Legend of West Point.

A lovelier day, in June, 1790, never dawned upon the blue Hudson than that on which a company of soldiers, lounging upon the decks of the trim sloop "Jane," floated slowly over the bosom of Tappan Zee. At that period, a voyage up the Hudson was a work of time—and so thought the officer in command as he trod the deck with an impatient step, and at intervals leaned over the taffrail, gazing at the blue outline which marked the still distant Highlands towards which the vessel was slowly tending.

"You look like anything but a happy Benedict Fred," remarked a young man in a civilian's dress, who, leaning against a water butt with his feet over the bulwarks, had been watching the ripples just spreading from the side, and amusing himself in aiming chips at the white crests as they sparkled and turned into their liquid beds.

"Happy!" rejoined the other, "happy! and how could one be happy, with a burning impatience, such as I feel, at the heart? Do you suppose I find pleasure in realizing the distance that still separates me from my home; and to be bound down to this sluggish thing of wood and hemp, when I want to cleave the space and bear me swiftly to my dear watching wife. Think of it, Harry! Three years absence; twelve months without a line or message;—and now within a few paltry miles, condemned to watch the bubbles on the water for hour after hour, as they float by like so many snails;" and, hurriedly breaking from his companion, he resumed his rapid pace over the deck.

"Wings would never suit him in such a mood," muttered the other,—"nothing but the lightning for him, and then he'd never feel how hot it was."

Evening came creeping over the water with a stealthy foot, chasing the last sunbeams as they fled hastily up the Eastern hills,—until no light remained but that of the moon, which threw upon the waters trembling blades of silver, and painted upon the surface black distorted images of the bold heights which towered almost above the vessel already entering within the range of the Highlands.

The two friends leaned over the side in silence, as the sloop dipped into the dark mountain shadows, like a hare seeking a covert, and anon, as if assured of safety, shot out into the pure moonlight, joyfully clapping her white wings as the breezes freshened.

"What a glorious night!" said Harry; "just such an one as that after your wedding, Fred, when you must needs take a moonlight sail to Washington's valley, and display your power of mental abstraction by bringing up under the rocks on Constitution Island. With what looks of amazement we emptied ourselves upon the romantic strand you had promised, which proved to be a slippery rock about four feet high and fifty yards from shore. If those old cliffs never echoed the voice of man before, they had their fill of it then, when the tide rose and Granger made the important discovery that the bottom plank was out. Do you recollect the old skipper that took us off? How he edged away when he saw your Lucy's white dress, and thought her a spirit luring him to destruction, (the suspicious old wretch;) but his taste for money soon quieted his scruples, when St. John at a venture pitched half a dollar into his crazy craft, and asked him if it felt hot. How the heavy shadow of the island enshrouded us that night, while all beyond was bathed in light, even to the white cascade that sparkled in the cove at the valley, and the glancing of the sentry's musket before the 'Yellow Barracks' on the plain."

"Did you ever have a presentment, Harry?" interrupted the other,—"the thought of some evil, impending and imminent? Did a cloud ever come over your brightest hour, like that little film which is just gliding over the moon:—and when that cloud came, did it poison the very air you drew in, mingling like an infernal vapor with the sweetest draught, and sickening your very soul, and all with no visible cause; but so immovably fixed in your mind that no resolution, no determination could shake off the apprehension which tingled in every nerve, and drove its burning iron into your inmost heart? I felt it on that night, Harry,—and for months since, when quartered in the Indian country on the banks of the Ohio, I have watched the water in just such a moonlight as that, until I saw the slimy rock, and the disabled boat, and Lucy with a face as white as the rose that bound her hair, trembling more for me than herself, and pressing to her side the arm I passed round her, as if to say 'even death shall not separate us.' I thought her already an angel, and I a gross creature of earth; and, Harry, I feel it now; I cannot drive it from my mind. Her face rises on every wave, gazing tenderly into mine, with the wreath over her brown hair, and such a sweet, sad smile playing about her lips. It almost maddens me. Even the ripples are

breathing her whispers to my ear;—and look! that foam breaking from the bow is but the waving of her long white dress." And he grasped his friend's arm convulsively.

"It is but a freak of the imagination, Fred," said the other, soothingly; but as he spoke the sloop passed into the murky shadow of a huge mountain, surging slowly along within a stone's throw of the black cliffs, which echoed back the plash of the waves beneath the bow, and sent down a hoarse murmur from the pines that crowned their summits, awakening in the breast an overpowering sense of gloom and desolation. Both speakers felt sensibly the force of the contrast, and in silence retired to the cabin.

Nor was Lucy Gray less anxious for her husband's return; "her officer," as she had often proudly called him, after aiding him in the morning to adjust his sword belt, and yielding her lips to his farewell kiss. Often had she watched him as he walked down the little path from the cottage, and when he turned and with extended hand made her playfully a military salute, she smiled and kissed her fair white palm with mock formality, and retired to her domestic cares with a cheerful heart, for she thought of the meeting which must follow the lapse of a few short hours.

It was now the third day since she had looked for his coming, after an absence, as we have said, of three years, the weariest day of all, for even now deferred hope was making the heart sick, and the aching sense of apprehension weighed down her soul. She looked in vain during the day, and, as twilight advanced, she would sit listening to the prattling of her child, but with an ear awake to the sudden gush of the breeze, or the creaking of the gate, or the fall of a branch upon the pathway; for it might be *his* step —and the next moment his loving arm would be around her,—his noble heart would be pressed to hers, and the tones so musical with affection breathing in her ear.

It was too much: she hastily consigned the child of their love to her little cot for the night, breathed a prayer over her, and eager with hope, nay, a certainty, that but a few hours must elapse before she should be clasped in his arms, hurried down to the steps at the summit of the precipice but a short distance from the cottage, where for hours she stood watching the white sails gleaming in the moonlight, until they had passed the angle of the river above, and she felt assured the precious burthen was not theirs.

It was near morning when Captain Gray leaped into the skiff by the vessel's side, and with fierce impatience ordered the crew to pull directly for the shore. "There's no landing there, sir," ventured one of the crew, "we must turn to the point above."

"Straight for the shore," he replied. "I have scaled that rock a hundred times," he remarked to his friend.

"That may be, but night is no time to venture such a risk," rejoined the other.

"This night has no darkness for me," he replied, and was silent.

The shore was soon reached, and, at a place that baffled pursuit, he rushed into the thickets which lined the base of the hill.

To have followed would have been worse than useless—and Harry returned to the vessel to effect a landing more leisurely in the morning.

At an early hour he called at the cottage, but it was empty, and the alarm had already spread among the neighbors. A search had been instituted, and Frederick Gray was discovered at the base of the precipice with the shattered body of his wife resting in his arms.

How long she had remained above, none can tell; and whether wearied with watching she had sunk in sleep upon the giddy ledge, or by a misstep lost her foot-hold, and plunged down the fearful height, it is in vain to conjecture. A broken twig lay upon the brink, the mark of a clenched hand was left upon the green turf, and a shred of muslin fluttered upon a point of rock far below.

That, ere life fled, she had recognized the agonizing embrace of her husband, there is reason to suppose, for one hand was clasped upon his sleeve, and a smile still rested upon her pale cold lips; but the mystery of that night's fearful communion was never revealed, for his mind was crushed, and he was an idiot.

My Legend of the Steps is finished. It is but a simple story, and to a casual reader may possess but little interest; yet many a tear did I shed over its relation in my childhood, and even now it remains indissolubly linked with the saddest memories of my early years.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Biography of Jacob Hays.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM COX.

He is a man, take him for all in all
We shall not look upon his like again.—*Shaks.*

Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to your acquaintance, Baron *Nabem*, a person who has a very *taking* way with him.—*Tom and Jerry.*

Perhaps there is no species of composition so generally interesting and truly delightful as minute and indiscriminate biography, and it is pleasant to perceive how this taste is gradually increasing.—The time is apparently not far distant when every man will be found busy writing the life of his neighbor, and expect to have his own written in return, interspersed with original anecdotes, extracts from epistolary correspondence, the exact hours at which he was in the habit of going to bed at night and getting up in the morning, and other miscellaneous and useful information carefully selected and judiciously arranged. Indeed, it is whispered that the editors of this paper intend to take Longworth's Directory for the groundwork, and give the private history of all the city alphabetically, without "fear or favor—love or affection." In Europe there exists an absolute biographical mania, and they are manufacturing lives of poets, painters, play-actors, peers, pugilists, pick-pockets, horse-jockeys, and their horses, together with a great many people that are scarcely known to have existed at all. And the fashion now is not only to shadow forth the grand and striking outlines of a great man's character, and hold to view those qualities which elevated him above his species, but to go into the minutiæ of his private life, and note down all the trivial expressions and every day occurrences in which, of course, he merely spoke and acted like an ordinary man. This not only affords employment for the exercise of the small curiosity and meddling propensities of his officious biographer, but is also highly gratifying to the general reader, inasmuch as it elevates him mightily in his own opinion to see it put on record that great men ate, drank, slept, walked, and sometimes talked just as he does. In giving the biography of the high constable of this city, I shall by all means avoid descending to undignified particulars; though I deem it important to state, before proceeding farther, that there is not the slightest foundation for the report afloat that Mr. Hays has left off eating buckwheat cakes in the morning, in consequence of their lying too heavily on his stomach.

Where the subject of the present memoir was born, can be of but little consequence; who were his father and mother, of still less; and how he was bred and educated, of none at all. I shall there-

fore pass over this division of his existence in eloquent silence, and come at once to the period when he attained the acme of constabulatory power and dignity by being created high constable of this city and its suburbs: and it may be remarked, in passing, that the honorable the corporation during their long and unsatisfactory career, never made an appointment more creditable to themselves, more beneficial to the city, more honorable to the country at large more imposing in the eye of foreign nations, more disagreeable to all rogues, nor more gratifying to honest men, than that of the gentleman whom we are biographizing, to the high office he now holds. His acuteness and vigilance have become proverbial; and there is not a misdeed committed by any member of this community, but he is speedily admonished that he will "have old Hays (as he is affectionately and familiarly termed) after him." Indeed, it is supposed by many that he is gifted with supernatural attributes, and can see things that are hid from mortal ken; or how, it is contended, is it possible that he should, as he does,

"Bring forth the secret'st man of blood?"

That he can discover "undivulged crime"—that when a store has been robbed, he, without stop or hesitation, can march directly to the house where the goods are concealed, and say, "these are they"—or, when a pocket has been picked, that from a crowd of unsavory miscreants he can, with unerring judgment, lay his hand on one and exclaim, "you're wanted!"—or how is it that he is gifted with that strange principle of ubiquity that makes him "here, and there, and everywhere" at the same moment? No matter how, so long as the public reap the benefit, and well may that public apostrophise him in the words of the poet:

"Long may he live! our city's pride!
Where lives the rogue, but flies before him!
With trusty crabstick by his side,
And staff of office waving o'er him."

But it is principally as a literary man that we could speak of Mr. Hays. True, his poetry is "unwritten," as is also his prose; and he has invariably expressed a decided contempt for philosophy, music, rhetoric, the *belles lettres*, and in fact all species of composition excepting bailiff's warrants and bills of indictment—but what of that? The constitution of his mind is, even unknown to himself, decidedly poetical. And here I may be allowed to avail myself of another peculiarity of modern biography, namely, that of describing a man by what he is not. Mr. Hays has not the graphic power or antiquarian lore of Sir Walter Scott—nor the glittering imagery or voluptuous tenderness of Moore—nor the delicacy and polish of Rogers—nor the spirit of Campbell—nor the sentimentalism of Miss Landon—nor the depth and purity of thought and intimate acquaintance with nature of Bryant—nor the brilliant style and playful humor of Halleck—no, he is more in the petit larceny power of Crabbe, with a slight touch of Bryonic power and gloom. He is familiarly acquainted with all those interesting scenes of vice and poverty so fondly dwelt upon by the reverend chronicler of little villany, and if ever he can be prevailed upon to publish, there will doubtless be found a remarkable similarity in their works. His height is about five feet seven inches, but who makes his clothes we have as yet been unable to ascertain. His countenance is strongly marked, and forcibly brings to mind the lines of Byron, when describing his Corsair:

There was a laughing devil in his sneer
That raised emotions both of hate and fear;
And where his glance of "apprehension" fell,
Hope withering fled, and mercy sighed, farewell!

Yet with all his great qualities, it is to be doubted whether he is much to be envied. His situation certainly has its disadvantages. Pure and blameless as his life is, his society is not courted—no man boasts of his friendship, and few indeed like even to own him for an intimate acquaintance.—Wherever he goes his slightest action is watched and criticised; and if he happen carelessly to lay his hand upon a gentleman's shoulder and whisper something in his ear, even that man, as if there were contamination in its touch, is seldom or never seen afterwards in decent society. Such things cannot fail to prey upon his feelings. But when did ever greatness exist without some penalty attached to it?

The first time that ever Hays was pointed out to me, was one summer afternoon, when acting in his official capacity in the city hall. The room was crowded in every part, and as he entered with a luckless wretch in his gripe, a low suppressed murmur ran through the hall, as if some superior being had alighted in the midst of them. He placed the prisoner at the bar—a poor coatless individual, with scarcely any edging and no roof to his hat—to stand his trial for bigamy, and then, in a loud authoritative tone called out for "silence," and there was silence. Again he spoke—"hats off there!" and the multitude became uncovered; after which he took his handkerchief out of his lefthand coat pocket, wiped his face, put it back again, looked sternly around, and then sat down. The scene was awful and impressive; but the odor was disagreeable in consequence of the heat acting upon a large quantity of animal matter congregated together. My olafactory organs were always lamentably acute: I was obliged to retire and from that time to this, I have seen nothing, though I have heard much of the subject of this brief and imperfect, but, I trust, honest and impartial memoir.

Health and happiness be with thee, thou prince of constables—thou guardian of innocence—thou terror of evil doers and little boys! May thy years be many and thy sorrows few—may thy life be like a long and cloudless summer's day, and may thy salary be increased! And when at last the summons comes from which there is no escaping—when the warrant arrives upon which no bail can be put in—when thou thyself, that hast "wanted" so many, art in turn "wanted and must go,"

"Mayst thou fall
Into the grave as softly as the leaves
Of the sweet roses on an autum eve,
Beneath the small sighs of the western wind,
Drop to the earth."

Boarding Houses.

A young unmarried man, at the beginning of his business career, and to economize, goes to a boarding-house to reside. A young couple who have not perhaps the means of hiring and furnishing a house, or who are ignorant of the housekeeping art, go to a boarding-house till their means accumulate and they can be more independent. Sometimes two devoted souls, who have married in haste, come to a boarding-house, trusting to Providence, having neither prudence nor furniture. They think it delightful to be always near each other in one room, and expect to live by the signs of the almanac, which tells them as they believe, 'About this time look out for a sprinkling of real happiness.' They who have been unsuccessful in their affairs give up their house and board, to be still within view of the world, and to save money. Old persons, especially men of small fortunes, who are unwilling to burden themselves with domestic cares, go to a boarding-house where they can live comfortably,

hear what is passing in the world, and talk to each other of times past, when they were rich. When all these people, different in habits, disposition and manners, are found assembled in one house, (at meal times, all in one room,) you may well say, 'Here is an epitome of the world!' You see strange faces; see strange ways of doing things; hear strange speeches; see a little grace, and attempts at grace that utterly fail; now and then a sensible person, yet more often the greatest of all bores, one who thinks himself sensible; a young lady who minces, and who never eats more than a small piece of the breast of a chicken; and an elderly lady who has seen much affliction, which she deals out in small portions to every one, yet who is blessed with a good appetite, takes a pretty large quantity of gravy, and is unwilling to soil her napkin. Men, gross feeders, who send up twice for soup, and who mix in the same plate fish, flesh and vegetables, with all sort of condiments, the mass surmounted with apple-sauce to give a more *piquant gout;* all these at work at the same time, with an earnestness that leads you to suppose this is the first meal they ever saw, or the last they ever expect to swallow.

These houses are kept for the most part by persons (generally females,) in reduced circumstances, who adopt this method of obtaining a livelihood; most commonly by widows, who are left penniless, perhaps with a family beside, who have never before been dependent, and do still remember they have seen easier days. They are generally ignorant of the way such establishments should be conducted; above all, are very reluctant at coming down to the requirements of their new calling. These are called 'perfect ladies,' and generally speaking, they keep the poorest houses. They bear in mind what they call "days of former prosperity;' although if the truth were told, they may have been forced to struggle hard to keep up appearances, and had an ill-natured husband; yet they seldom fail of giving a hint to the boarders, singly and collectively that once they set the fashion, and were on a level with Mr. John Smith, of Washington Square, or Mr. Fuzzle, of Union Place. They sit at the head of the table, as mistress of their own house, as if the boarders were their guests, and take their place in the drawing-room, as the lady hostess, whose duty it is to entertain the company. The male boarders are in the house only at meal-times, or when they come home to sleep; the females keep in their own rooms when not out on visits, or what is very usual, call at each other's apartments to tell the news and compare notes. The work of destruction commences. The mistress of the house, her high charges, the miserable fare she gives for so much money paid, her intolerable meanness in denying sugar, butter and cakes to the children when they ask for them; all these are descanted upon till she of the house is entirely used up. One would be apt to suppose she was about to lose all her boarders, were it not well known among the complainants that they intend to remain, because they cannot do better by going elsewhere. It is not easy to reconcile people, each of whom wants to receive much and give little.

The mistress of the house being despatched, the fair inmates begin to tear each other to pieces, after the most approved manner. 'Did you ever see any one eat so much as Mrs. Allgrinder does? She ought to pay more than any of the other boarders. And then, that sanctified Miss Puckermouth, who wastes so much time in making shirts for the cannibals of the Fejee Islands, who devour missionaries and go naked!' 'Lor, Mrs. Callender? I am glad your come; it's quite neighborly, this call! Do you know, I have been wanting to tell you something; and as I know how discreet you are, and never let out, I must just say that Mrs. M'Faddle, who lodges in the next room, receives too much company. They are too gay, these M'Faddles who pretend they see their friends only to discuss the Reverend Rueben Twaddle's discourses, before they are cut up into tracts to be distributed by the 'Moral Reform Society.' It is more probable they come together to talk over their own experiences; and you and I know what these must be, if they would tell all!'

Woman have so few moments of relaxation from the insipid routine of domestic life, that to obtain a little variety, and create excitement, they fall upon the characters of their neighbors. They cannot, if they were disposed, read while household duties are to be performed; but they can talk, even while the children squall; and what topic is more easy to find than that of making known the faults of a friend, that they may be corrected by the public, or the secret vices of others, that they may be shunned? Detraction, so called, may perform the duty of a monitor, and a little pleasant scandal may be a means of reclaiming many from the path of error. Then the motive is so pure!

In these houses flirtation is practised in various ways, and with various success. When conducted skilfully between single persons it is not reproved, but rather looked upon as a mark of cleverness, which affords amusement to the boarders who look on. Intrigues with married women are got up occasionally, but they are practised with little art and on a narrow scale, for want of the sound judgment and great experience which such matters require. As the world grows older every day, bringing forth neophytes who are arid of knowledge, it is not to be doubted that in a great city like this, full of enterprising inhabitants and boarding-houses too, such affairs will become as prevalent as they are in Europe, and be conducted with like skill, without incurring more blame. It must be confessed that the boarding-house system is well adapted to foster rising talent of this sort, and it is to be presumed that the next generation will not be slow in turning to account the scanty legacy bequeathed by their parents.

Where there are women in the house who have with them marriageable daughters, flirtation on the part of the girls, and intrigue on the part of the mothers, are both managed pretty openly; for here is a laudable purpose to be attained. The boarders seeing these praisworthy intentions, are generally kind enough to lend their aid by giving counsel to the mamma, and drawing the victim to submit becomingly to his fate. Many matches are made in this way; sometimes from love, and often because the man is beset, and cannot help himself. There are instances where the whole of the courting has been done by the mother, and succeeded, although the parties most interested showed, and really felt, little affection for each other. Some thoughtful, worldly-minded young men, when their bills have run up beyond their means to discharge, straightway fall in love with the landlady's daughter; by which course pay-day is put off indefinitely, to their great relief. There are also sly, shrewd persons, who marry the landlady herself; by which wise measure they not only have their accounts cancelled, but are comfortably provided for during the rest of their lives.

The mountains of Segar in Arabia, produce frankincence; and those of Safra, the balm of Mecca, from the amyris opo balsamum, which in the early ages sold for its weight in gold. It is still considered a valuable medicine.

The Fate of Grand Pre.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

Mr. Longfellow's beautiful poem, Evangeline, has given a celebrity to the unfortunate village of Grand Pre, the shores of the Gaspereau, and the French Acadians, which, in ninety years past, all their sufferings have not secured. Presuming that there are many readers of Evangeline, who learn from it, for the first time, of the deplorable act of English tyranny which desolated the Acadian villages, we collect a few notes on their history which will interest those who have read the poem. It will be seen how exactly and how closely Mr. Longfellow has followed the fate of these unhappy men.

The province of Acadia or Nova Scotia, being so far from Canada as to be quite beyond military assistance from that province, had fallen into the hands of the English repeatedly, before it was finally ceded to them, by the French King, in the treaty of 1713. The French government, says the Abbe Raynal, never knew the value of this possession,—although they should have found an interest in it from the fact, that it was the first region in America colonized by Frenchmen. The first permanent European settlement, made North of Mexico, was made at Port Royal, now Annapolis, by the French in 1604.

When by the treaty of 1713 the sovereignty of the colony was transferred to England, the English seem to have cared as little for their new acquisition. They stationed a small garrison at Port Royal, giving its present name to that place. But no emigration of consequence followed,—not five English families entering the colony for more than forty years.

The French colonists, who were transferred by this treaty to new masters,—were only induced to take the oaths of allegiance to the English crown, with this express qualification,—that they should not be called upon to bear arms in defence of the Province. This qualification was suggested by their unwillingness to fight against the French, or the Indians, with whom they had contracted alliances. General Phillips, who was charged with administering the oaths, assented to this qualification. It is said that the King, in England, objected to it when informed of it. The oaths, however, were never taken, or, for many years, proposed, in any new form. These French colonists were always known, in the subsequent struggles, as "the Neutral French."

What is remarkable in the matter is that no farther steps were taken to secure their neutrality. No magistrates were ever appointed over them, no rents or taxes exacted from them. They were in the happiest of all possible positions,—the position of a people forgotten by an arbitrary government.

The fascinating *Arcadian* description which the poem gives of their lives and customs, is wholly borne out by the Abbe Raynal's more prosaic account of them:

"Their manners," says he, "were of course extremely simple. There never was a cause either civil or criminal, of importance enough to be carried before the court of judicature established at Annapolis. Whatever little differences arose, from time to time, among them, were amicably adjusted by their elders. All their public acts were drawn by their pastors, who had likewise the keeping of their wills, for which and their religious services the inhabitants paid a twenty-seventh part of their harvest.

"These were always plentiful enough to afford more means than there were objects for generosity. Real misery was utterly unknown, and benevolence prevented the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved, as it were, before it could be felt, without ostentation on the one hand, and without meanness on the other. It was, in short, a society of brethren, every individual of which was equally ready to give and to receive what he thought the common right of mankind."

This statement, it is said by good judges, is not overdrawn. The same authority states the number of these colonists in 1749, as 18,000. Our own historian, Minot, calls them 7,000, only, writing from General Winslow's MSS. He also says their character was mild, frugal, industrious and pious.

The war of the Succession, ended in that quarter by the capture, by the English and Provincial forces, of the French Fort Beau Sejour, an encroachment on this territory. It was then charged against these people that they had furnished the French and Indians with intelligence, quarters, provisions and assistance, and that three hundred of them were found in arms at Beau Sejour. To such as had not thus been found in arms, it is said the offer had been made by the English, that they might keep their land if they would take the oath of allegiance without any qualification. If this offer were really made, does not really appear. If it were, it was rejected.

In the capitulation of Beau Sejour the English had consented that the "inhabitants should be left in the same situation as they were in when the army arrived, and not to be punished for what they had done afterwards." Notwithstanding this stipulation, however, after the surrender the Lieutenant Governor of Novia Scotia, with his Council and the British Admirals, agreed summarily, that, as, if they drove the inhabitants away from their country, on the charges named above, they would go to recruit the French armies in Canada, it would be better at once "to disperse them among the British colonies, where they could not unite in any offensive measures."

This conclusion was carefully concealed from the Acadians until they had gathered in their harvest, which the conquerors needed. Colonel Winslow, of the Provincial force, was charged with the principal duty of executing a service which punished a whole community for the offences charged on individuals. He seems to have entered on it with no little reluctance.

The secret was perfectly kept, and a cunning proclamation issued, bidding the inhabitants assemble in their different villages "to hear the King's orders."

"At Grand Pre," says Minot, "where Colonel Winslow had the immediate command, four hundred and eighteen of their best men assembled. These being shut into the church (for that had become an arsenal) he placed himself with his officers in the centre, and addressed them thus:

"Gentlemen, I have received from his Excellency Gov. Lawrence, the King's commission which I have in my hand; and by his orders you are convened together to manifest to you, his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his Province of Nova Scotia; who for almost half a century have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions; what use you have made of it you yourselves best know.

The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you, who are of the same species.

But it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey such orders as I receive, and therefore, without hesitation, shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions—namely:—"That your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown; with all other your effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his Province.'

Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders, that the whole French inhabitants of these Districts be removed; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all those goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also that whole families shall go in the same vessel; and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit; and hope

that in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceable and happy people.

I must also inform you that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honor to command."

With this most quaint address, Col. Winslow declared them the King's prisoners. And they were detained in the church for several days. It appears from Mr. Haliburton's book on Nova Scotia, in which he avails himself largely of the writers whom we have copied, that at their earnest entreaty they were permitted ten at a time to return to visit their families and homes.

Minot closes the narrative thus:—

The whole number of persons collected at Grand Pre finally amounted to 423 men and 337 women, heads of families, and their sons and daughters, to 527 of the former, and 576 of the latter, making in the whole 1,923 souls. Their stock was upwards of 5,000 horned cattle, 493 horses, and 12,887 sheep and swine.

As some of these wretched inhabitants escaped to the woods, all possible measures were adopted to force them back to captivity. The country was laid waste to prevent their subsistence. In the district of Minas alone, there were destroyed 255 houses, 276 barns, 155 out-houses, 11 mills and 1 church, and the friends of those who refused to come in, were threatened as the victims of their obstinacy. In short, so operative were the terrors that surrounded them, that of twenty-four young men who deserted from a transport, twenty-two were glad to return of themselves, the others being shot by sentinels, and one of their friends who was supposed to have been accessory to their escape, having been carried on shore, to behold the destruction of his house and effects, which were burned in his presence, as a punishment for his temerity, and perfidious aid to his comrades. Being embarked by force with the musketry, they were dispersed, according to the original plan, among the several British Colonies. One thousand arrived in Massachusetts Bay and became a public expense, owing in a great degree to an unchangeable antipathy to their situation, which prompted them to reject the usual beneficiary but humiliating establishment of paupers for their children.

The moment of embarkation is thus described by Mr. Haliburton:

The preparations having been all completed, the 10th of September was fixed upon as the day of departure.—The prisoners were drawn up six deep, and the young men, one hundred and sixty-one in number, were ordered to go first on board of the vessels. This they instantly and peremptorily refused to do, declaring that they would not leave their their parents; but expressed a willingness to comply with the order, provided they were permitted to embark with their families. Their request was immediately rejected, and the troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance towards the prisoners, a motion which had the effect of producing obedience on the young men, who forthwith commenced their march. The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children, who, on their knees, greeted them as they passed with their tears and their blessings; while the prisoners advanced with slow and reluctant steps, weeping, praying, and singing hymns. This detatchment was followed by the seniors, who passed through the same scene of sorrow and distress. In this manner was the whole male population of the district of Minas put on board of five transports, stationed in the river Gaspereau, each vessel being guarded by six non-commissioned officers and eighty privates. As soon as the other vessels arrived, their wives and children followed, and the whole were transported from Nova Scotia.

Hutchinson, in speaking of the distresses of these people, says: "In several instances, the husbands who happened to be at a distance from home, were put on board vessels bound to one of the English colonies, and their wives and children on board other vessels, bound to other colonies remote from the first. One of the most sensible of them describing his case, said, "It was the hardest which had happened since our Savior was upon earth."

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In another section of the Colony, says Mr. Sabine, two hundred and fifty-three houses were set on fire at one time, and their owners beheld the awful calamity from the neighboring woods in unspeakable agony. When, at length, an attempt was made to burn their church, they suddenly emerged from the forest, slew and maimed about fifty of their men, and quickly returned to "God's first temples."

The course of American history afterwards brought a striking retribution upon the family of one at least of the principal actors in this affair.

Whatever were the offences of *some* of the Acadians it is undenialy true that, as a people, they were involved in hopeless and utter misery, in consequence of their unalterable attachment to their religion, and their devoted loyalty to their sovereign; and was the head of the most ancient and loyal family of New England the proper instrument to punish them for faithfulness to conscience and duty? Twenty years after, as will be seen by the accompanying notices, nearly every person of Winslow's lineage became sufferers in turn, and for similar reasons; and the fact, that *they*, by the force of events, were transplanted to the very soil from which the Acadians were expelled, and that men of their blood and name are now as rarely to be met with in the country in which for a century and a half they were prominent actors, as are those of French origin in the former Acadia of France, affords another instance, and the last to be recorded in this volume of the vicissitudes of human life and the changes of condition effected by civil war.

The Rene Leblanc of the poem is not an imaginary person. He was a notary public, as represented, and had formerly testified his allegiance to the English Crown by his own sufferings.—The Indians had carried him into captivity on that account, and detained him a prisoner four years. At the time of the events described, he was a vigorous old man, with twenty children and one hundred and fifty grand-children. Despite of Winslow's promise, he was sent with his wife and his two youngest children only to New York:—the others having been sent elsewhere. With them he travelled to Philadelphia in the search of others of his family, and succeeded in joining three of them in that town. But here he was exhausted, and died heart-broken and in despair.

The whole of his history is very well worth the attention of our own government at a moment when it is annexing subjects of a foreign allegiance and disposition.

The Bridge at the Falls of Niagara.

From the New York Courier and Enquirer.

I have been intensely interested to-day in listening to a description, from a well-informed and competent source, of the great bridge over the gorge that separates the dominions of the Queen from those of the President. If anything could be wanting in the attraction of the country about Niagara to turn thither the tour of the multitudes in the pleasure season, this bridge will supply it. Its thousands of tons of weight of the strongest iron-cord that the ingenuity of the iron-master can desire, find a safe support in wrought-iron anchors, built in the solid rock one hundred feet below the surface, so that before it could yield, the very rock-bound earth would forsake its tenacity. A large wooden framework is to be placed so that no undulating motion can be experienced. In full sight of the cataract, the surge of angry waters far beneath, the sullen storm-beaten rocks all around, the quick locomotive will put forth all its quickness to rush beyond the peril of its journey. This glorious work is already begun, the money for its cost paid in and available, the excavations commenced, and the contractor is to pass on horseback by the middle of next June. Its firmness is to be such that, with all the burden of a powerful locomotive and a long attendant train of cars, it is not to vibrate one inch in the centre. The railway is to occupy the centre, two carriage ways on either side, and two footways.

What a magnificent spectacle this road in full use will present! A road of this kind over the Menai Straits in Wales is famous for the daring

display of its construction. That over the Niagara will soon be world-famed. It will be an iron link of civilization between the ruling Powers of the world, and will never be severed.

One of the first thoughts that presents itself in reference to the construction is as to how the wires are to be thrown across. The steamboat now used below the Falls is to take over two cables, to which strands of iron are fixed. These are to be drawn over till two ropes of iron are drawn over, on which a temporary pathway it to be placed; and when I inquired where workmen *could* be found that had nerve enough to work effectually under such circumstances, the answer, so characteristic of American strength of action, was, "Oh, there are always plenty of Yankees who have both the courage to work there and the ingenuity to work well."

The great railway in Canada which is to connect with this mighty work presents some admirable features. Its grade is over twenty feet, and a very large proportion of the distance is on a straight line. On one line, perfectly straight, ninety miles are laid out. All the highways of the country are to pass either over or under the road, by such depression or elevation as to be entirely removed, so that there will be neither obstacle ner hindrance to a flight which will put more life into the provincial dominion of her Britannic Majesty than it has yet seen. "That same" province of Canada West has yet to see great days. England expends millions on sections of her great dominion far less worthy of her notice and fostering care.

"The last link" is completed when this great bridge of the cataract shall have been completed. From Boston and from New York an unbroken line is presented, and the day is soon coming when some correspondent of ours will delineate the incidents of a thirty hours' journey from the metropolis to Detroit. Such are the movements and the progresses in support of which all may unite, and which mark our busy day.

Gutta Percha.—This is the name of a new substance or gum, which is said to be destined to eclipse India rubber for all the purposes for which that article is now used. The gum is from a peculiar tree which grows on the Island of Borneo and throughout the peninsula of Malacca. It differs from the Caoutchouc gum, inasmuch as it immediately becomes hard after exudation, and by exposure to the air. Its utilitarian application is endless. It is purified by being boiled in hot water, when it becomes soft and plastic; below the temperature of fifty degrees it is nearly as hard as wood; it is extremely tough but becomes plastic when it is cut into thin stripe; at a temperature below boiling water it becomes as soft and yielding as melted wax, or putty, and may be moulded into any form or stretched out thinner than the finest paper. When it cools it becomes hard and tough again and retains its plastic shape without the slightest change by contraction or warping.

The preparation is said to be already know in England, where it has been employed in bookbinding, for which purpose it has been preferred to leather. Ornaments as elegant as those of *papier mache* are made of it, and is is said to have been made use of also for mouldings and cornices. Acids and chemical agencies have no effect upon it, whilst its tenacity in resisting weight is so wonderful, that a thin slip will sustain a weight of fifty pounds A leaf of this remarkable Gutta Percha no thicker than bank note paper is as impervious to water as glass; for umbrellas, overcoats, roofs of houses, bottoms of ships, coverings of boxes, and in all cases where protection from wet is desired, its use will be invaluable. It can be formed into gas-pipes and water-pipes of any size, and any degree of strength that may be required: and used for such purpose will never decompose or wear out: and being ductile and elastic it may be applied in a thousand shapes, and for thousands of purposes where iron or lead cannot now be used.

For floor cloths, it is said that it will supersede the use of all other materials, as it can be made of extreme thinness, perfectly impervious to air or water, and of greater durability than any other flexible material known. In its hard state it can with difficulty be cut with a knife or a saw, but when it is soft, it can be moulded into the most delicate forms by the hand of a child.

Suicide.—Self-murder by steel, lead, hemp or poison, is of rare occurrence, and we are now going to speak of it. But people murder themselves fractionally; they do not more than half live, which amounts to half murder. We do not mean that they do not eat, sleep and clothe themselves enough—these are not living, only the means of living. A person may apply all the means in the best and most abundant style—doing, in fact, nothing else—and not live at all.—He is a sort of walking self-murderer.—He may do so and be all the time most anxious to reach old age—he may die a thousand deaths in fearing one.

What a glorious thing life, in its fulness, is!—The man who truly lives has great and various plans—as great as his faculties—reaching definitely into the future, on all of which the minutes as they come find him at work—joyfully, fearlessly, at work. One part of all his plans is never to be disappointed. Another part is to enjoy everything in the universe as it floats by him.—Call on him, he is glad to see you. Fool not to be. How heartily he shakes your hand. If there is nothing very amiable in you he makes something so by his smile and hearty cheer. If that case is hopeless, and he must hate, he does it with his whole heart. He fights you with a cordiality that convinces you that he can love and his love is worth having. O! the cold, dull, discouraged, dead men, that walk our streets and mope into their counting-rooms. They suspect everything, confide nothing. One wonders that they do not snuff out the little flickering of life that remains. To change the figure,—what an enormous waste of manure for so small a crop of life.

The great field of man is labor. And yet on this field he dies mostly a perpetual death, thro' the foolish notion that it is not his happiness but his misery. He makes a captive, a victim, an outcast, a slave of himself all the while, though he should be a perfect king.

Even life's angels, the bright browed young men, and the fair, glossy-locked maidens, but half live through care and worry for the future—for profession, settlement, business, husbands,—neglecting their own work and not trying to do God's. There is not a young man or woman in the opening bud of life who might not, by the joyous and free expanse of our glorious nature, the frank untramelled flowing of our natural kindness, make a heaven all around.—*Anon.*

A Legislature Dispersed by the Small Pox.—On the 17th inst., both branches of the Indiana Legislature, owing to a general excitement which grew out of several cases of small pox, adjourned over to the first Monday in February. Mr. Andrew Kennedy, [formerly a member of Congress,] is dangerously ill of the genuine small pox.

For the Western Literary Messenger

I'm Kneeling by thy Side, Mother.

BY MARIANNA MENDEZ.

I'm kneeling by thy side, Mother!
And Father, thou art here!
Yet ye murmur forth no welcome-word
My lonely heart to cheer!
I breathe thy cherished name, Mother,
With low and quivering lip—
But, as the mournful echo dies,
I turn away and weep!

For thou *didst* love me *once*, Mother!
And on thy gentle breast,
Each little grief my young heart knew,
Was sweetly lulled to rest!
But oh! that fearful day, Mother!
That dark and woful day!
When, shrouded for an early tomb,
Thy form before us lay!

I felt that thou wert dead, Mother!
Thy cheek was white and cold—
And thy heart's warm beatings never more
Might stir thy vestment's fold!
The long lash drooping soft and low,
Thine eye's dark radiance hid;
And thy pale hands folded peacefully
Beneath the coffin's lid!

Death's seal was on thy lip, Mother.
But the sweet smile lingering there,
Came, as an Angel beckoned thee
The Crown of life to wear!
Now the grave-sod lieth green, Mother,
Above thy tranquil brow!
For long and weary years have passed
Since first they laid thee low!

Yet thou art near me still, Mother!
Thy wing is hovering o'er,
When, with the dreams of other years,
That smile comes back once more!
I cannot see thy face, Mother!
But from yon jasper walls,
Like seraph tones from golden lyres,
Tha starry music falls!

The sun is sinking low, Mother—
A deep hush broodeth 'round!
And my throbbing heart grows strangely still,
Beside thy hallowed mound!
I trace, once more, the sculptured stone
With calm and tearless eye—
For in the hour of parting strife
Thine was the victory!

And I would not call thy wing, Mother,
From that bright home above,
Save but around my path to throw
Thy shielding watch of love!
Tho' warm and grateful ties, Mother,
Around my fond heart twine,—
Yet *thy* lost love hath place within
The spirit's inner shrine!

Farewell! once more, farewell, Mother?
How many a change hath been
Since last I knelt beside thy grave,
And, ere I come again—
Each rainbow hue that tints my path
May darkly fade away,
And the weary spirit long for rest
Beside thy peaceful clay!

Oh! look with those meek eyes, Mother,
On thy lone orphan band—
Our paths have sundered far, since first
We missed thy gentle hand!
Yet, 'mid the daily walks of life—
And on the treacherous deep—
Still o'er thy scattered household group,
Thine holy vigils keep!

Yea! clasp us 'neath thy wing, mother,
Whene'er our feet would slide—
And to the shadow of the "Rock,"
Our failing footsteps guide!
And when at last Life's journey ends
Beside the silent tomb,—
Be ours, thy calm triumphant faith,
Thine, our eternal Home!

NEWARK, July 31, 1847.

For the Western Literary Messenger

"Learn to Say No."

We have somewhere read of a wise and good mother who, in her dying hour, besought her son to learn to say No. Such timely advice can not be too often reiterated. "Words" so "fitly spoken" should be preserved and handed down from one generation to another, for they are 'apples of gold," and may prove a blessing to the end of time.

To say No is a difficulty with multitudes.—This is owing to a want of decision. They neglect its cultivation and become weathercocks. Their purposes are shifted oftener and with more suddenness than the wind. They may, as they suppose, have made up their minds to go a certain way, when you ask them to go another, and there seems to be no hesitancy in complying with the invitation. To-day they may conclude to pursue a specified calling, but to-morrow an opportunity presents itself to engage in some other, and they do it. A person of this character will sometimes fairly learn a good trade; then forsake it for, it may be, "the oyster business;" by and by accept a clerkship on a steamboat; anon study phrenology a month, and then examine heads for a living the balance of the year; ere long peddle Connecticut clocks till he gets "run down," and finally "wind up" by becoming a corn-doctor!

Seriously, without fixedness and firmness of purpose, in other words, the ability to pronounce the emphatic No, one is in constant and imminent peril. Indeed, a deficiency in this respect, is the open gate to each crooked lane in life.—It leaves the way clear for sin's *first* step. A case to illustrate this point is fresh in mind.

Some of our readers have heard of HIRAM COREY, who was convicted of manslaughter in the second degree in Cattaraugus county, eight or nine years ago, and sentenced to Auburn State Prison for the term of seven years. We lately met him in that county and learned that he attributes his long catalogue of crimes, whose hideousness seems to have increased, step by step, in a regular gradation, to a failure in saying No when he was first invited to partake of the intoxicating glass. Had he resolutely refused to touch it, he could never have become a drunkard; would have avoided rioting, gambling and the darker crimes of which he was at last guilty; and, finally, he would, as he feels assured, have escaped

the shame and misery of a felon's doom in his seven long years of dreary confinement. A sober, respected, industrious man, and a christian, his language to youth (recorded in a little printed narrative of his life now lying before us) is, "Avoid the company of the intemperate and the the profane, for if you cultivate a taste for such society, your earthly enjoyments are not only endangered, but will begin to terminate, and future years will reveal your shame and sorrow."

Young reader, remember this advice of the contrite and liberated convict; learn to say No when invited or urged to indulge in *any* sinful habit, or in any foolish practice which may *lead* to crime; early choose some honorable occupation; stick to it and increase its honor; live an honest, industrious *man*, and die a lamented *christian*.

EDITOR.

The Execution at Jalapa.

It has been already stated that two Mexican officers had been tried and executed at Jalapa for a violation of their parole of honor. The circumstances are thus detailed by a correspondent of the N. O. *Picayune:*

JALAPA, Nov. 24, 1847.

I sent off an unfinished letter to you last night, and when interrupted by the information that a courier was on the point of starting, I was going on to speak of the intense feeling manifested by the most influential people in town in favor of Lieut. Alcalde, who, with Adjutant Garcia, is to be shot today, at noon, for a violation of their parole of honor. So deeply were my feelings wrought upon by the scenes of last evening—the crowds of supplicating women—the solemn but animated countenances of Mexican generals, priests, and dignified citizens, as they plead for the lives of those who had so basely forfeited them, that I dreamed of nothing else last night but executions, priests and crying women.

The degrading confession, on the part of the most respectable Mexican citizens, that it is considered no disgrace, no crime, for a Mexican officer to violate his parole of honor while an enlarged prisoner of war, or even for him to join a band of cut throats while yet a prisoner, and lie in wait to kill those to whom he owes his life and freedom—to whom, in fact, his life belongs, is enough to excuse us from putting any faith in future in the promise of Mexican officers. It is time, too, to give these individuals a few salutary lessons in the school of honor, and to cause them to hold inviolate the almost only barrier against wars of extermination, viz: the soldier's parole.

The two criminals spent the whole of last night in the church with priests, a strong guard being placed over them. The coffins have already been conveyed to the place of execution, and in less than an hour the two wretched men will die, as they hardly deserve to die, a soldier's death, and they will appear before a higher judge, who will decide whether it be wrong to take the life of a professional soldier for a violation of the most sacred and humanizing feature of civilized warfare. Yesterday the citizens of Jalapa witnessed an act of American justice; today they will see another.

Half-past 12 *o'clock.*—The execution is over. The prisoners marched blindfolded to the plaza, a priest attended them. They were in full uniform, and behaved with as much firmness as could be expected of men under such circumstances.—Each was supported by a friend at either arm, and were led to the side of the plaza and seated upon their coffins, near the wall of the barracks. They continued their devotions aloud, after embracing a few friends, until the word "fire!" when both fell back dead, scarcely moving a muscle. The troops under Gen. Patterson were all paraded again, and not only looked very well, but behaved as they did yesterday, with propriety.

The bodies of the executed officers were given over to their friends, and soon conveyed away in neat coffins. Thousands of Mexicans flocked towards the scene, but were prudently kept out of the plaza. The excitement which prevailed yesterday among the inhabitants seems in a measure to have subsided today,—but whether it yielded to a sense of justice or to awe, remains to be seen.

JALAPA, Mexico, Nov. 24, 1847.

It is now dark, and since I concluded my last communication and handed it in to be forwarded, such singular and outrageous scenes have passed before me that I must again write, though in the midst of preparations for a long march.—This morning the alcade of Jalapa called on Governor Hughes and asked him if the bodies of the condemned Mexicans could be given up to their friends after the execution. "Yes" "Will you allow the condemned to walk to the place of execution?" "Yes, if they and their friends desire it." "Will you direct that they may not march in the midst of soldiers, but a space be allowed for them and their friends?" "They will be strictly guarded to the place of execution, and every precaution taken to prevent confusion by an attempt to escape. Although they have forfeited every right to such considerations, still they are condemned to die, and every reasonable indulgence shall be allowed, and all proper delicacy shall be observed towards them." "May the usual funeral ceremonies be performed?" (It had not been intimated to Gov. Hughes that subscriptions had been made to get up a grand pageantry.) "Certainly, yes, but no ostentatious display will be allowed. Should anything of the kind be attempted I shall put it down and hold you responsible for it. The immediate relatives and friends can bury the unfortunate men according to usage, but nothing farther. Do you think one hundred persons would be as many as would congregate on the occasion?" "Oh! yes; not so large a number will desire to attend."

A short time after this interview the alcade went to Gen. Patterson's quarters, and, through an officer of the staff, asked if the General had any objections to the deceased being buried with the usual religious ceremonies. The officer, after consulting with the General, replied that no objection would be made. Judge, then, of the surprise of the General and the Governor when they heard the sounds of martial music passing their quarters, and on looking out saw a procession of some 2,500 people, a military band of twenty-five musicians, the military caps of the degraded scoundrels carried along side of the gaudy coffins, a formidable array of priests, silver candlesticks, &c. &c. and two hundred of the first citizens of the place, scrupulously dressed in the finest broadcloth, in tasty and complete mourning suits, following the remains of the very men whom our officers had condemned for the basest of crimes—men who, in Europe, in any civilized or decent community, would have been denied every thing but "the benefit of the clergy!"—Gen. Landero was in the procession. Never were the most sacred and tender feelings of humanity more grossly outraged, never was impudence or insult more strongly marked; never did the inhabitants of a conquered town deserve se-

verer chastisement. The alcade, it seems, after visiting headquarters, went and told Gov. Hughes that he had seen Gen. Patterson and communicated to him all that the Governor had said to him, and that the Gen. had given his free consent for the remains of the criminals to be buried with any ceremonies their friends might see fit to observe!

It would seem that our enemies are bent upon their own destruction. No kindness is extended to them that they do not abuse, no courtesy shown them they do not mock at; no faith placed in them after they are fairly conquered that they do not take disgraceful advantage of.

THOUGHTS ON THE TOWN.—It is a contemplative task, at the present time, to walk through any one of our more populous streets and observe the kaleidoscope, color-changing, many-shaded crowds that one meets thronging the side walks. The elegant lady, attired in all the magnificence of the current fashion; the poor, plainly clad widow, with the imprint of want and of sorrow on her countenance. The rich speculator, whose "operations" range at hundreds of thousands; the poor, disappointed northern clerk, the bubble of whose hope of getting a high salaried situation has burst, leaving him a moneyless stranger in the city. The fashionable fop, all gold, glitter, and diamonds, but wanting the immediate jewel of the mind, a vigorous and educated understanding; the honest, independent artisan, whose fortune is his labor, whose health is his contentment of mind. The patron of the turf, ready to go his "pile" on some nag; the "sporting gentleman," who never puts forth his last card till death calls on him to show his hand. The self-sufficient martinet, with silver-laced coat and downy mustache, on his way to the war; the sturdy officer, whose sword has carved his fame, returning from it. But of all whom one sees in our streets, none call forth such emotions of pity as the poor, sickly, or disabled soldiers who, though not in great numbers, may be every day seen hobbling along on their return from Mexico, anxious to reach their homes, but unable to proceed with any celerity. It is a sad sight to look at the poor fellows, wan and wearied as they appear, and it is a bitter reflection that their share of the glory, to which they so signally contributed, is a wrecked constitution, a maimed member, and a blank among the names reported for promotion to the war office. And this is honor! this is glory! Well has the poet said:

"What is honor but a name?
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep."

—*New Orleans Delta.*

ARTIFICIAL STONE.—A process has been patented by which artificial stone of every quality may be produced, from artificial granite to statuary marble. This invention is, from its cheapness, a great advantage for all the purposes of architectural decoration, and from its plastic nature before it becomes hard, of great service to sculptors in taking casts of statues, busts, &c., and even of figures of the size of life. The cost is in all cases where carving is required in stone, in which this composition is substituted, less by nine-tenths. The invention is founded on the chemical analysis of the natural varieties of stone, and the manufacture is capable of such modifications as are requisite to produce all the varieties. The artificial stone produced is less absorbent than natural stone, and is superior in compactness of texture, and will resist frost, damp, and the chemical acids. It is made of flints and silicious grit, sand, &c., rendered fluid by heat, and poured into moulds as required, till cool and hardened. Its strength and solidity enables it to resist more blows than real stone. The specimens of the invention are exceedingly curious; they consist of many varieties, some being plain pieces of coping stone, stones for varigated pavement for halls and rooms, stone ornaments, such as mouldings for friezes, finials, and some more elaborate, having flowers and devices apparently cut with the chisel. There are also some grindstones, and hones used by agricultural laborers for sharpening sythes and tools. The invention is also applicable to the lining of cisterns and water pipes, its vitreous qualities insuring cleanliness. Its extreme cheapness is also a matter of consideration to those who require ornamental additions to houses.—*London Times.*

REMEDY FOR THE POTATO ROT.—In 1846, one of the editors of this paper planted potatoes on land manured with morocco tanner's manure, which contains a good deal of lime. The crop was healthy and good, while other fields in the vicinity were diseased. In considering what it was, in the tanner's manure, that protected the potatoes from disease, he came to the conclusion that it was principally the lime. Accordingly in the Spring of 1847, after his potatoes were up and ready for the first hoeing, he put about a pint of shell lime (slacked) on each hill, having, previous to planting, ploughed in a moderate dressing of stable manure. The result was, 200 bushels of the finest potatoes to the acre.—mealy and sound, on land naturally poor and sandy. They continue sound and good. We were about to state these facts for the benefit of others, when we met with the following in the American Agriculturist for Jan. 1848 (just issued.)

"Here is a remedy against the rot, which so far as we have heard, has proved infallible.—We have published it twice already in the Agriculturist, but not one farmer out of a thousand seems to have yet heard of it; for the special benefit, therefore, of the nine hundred ninety and nine, we intend to insert the remedy two or three times more. It is simply this:—

"When the seed is dropped, sprinkle about a pint of slacked lime over it in each hill, and then cover it.

"There is this value about the lime, if it does not prevent the rot in the potato, it will be worth its cost and the labor of application in fertilizing the land."

The mode of applying the lime, or rather the time of doing it, recommended by the Agriculturist, is different from ours, and may possibly be the best, though we are not sure of it. We would prefer that the lime should not come in immediate contact with either seed or vines.—*Jour. of Com.*

[A friend says he has tried this, and found it wholly inefficient in preventing the rot.]

Mr. Orestes Augurtus Brownson has been delivering at the Bangor Lyceum the lecture which he gave in New York last winter, on "The Revolutionary Spirit of the Age." The Bangor Whig says:

The lecture was a remarkable effort to reverse History, and dethrone common sense. All wisdom, including literature, divinity, law, government; all freedom and respect to human rights were with the ancients, and the ages had backslidden. There was more learning in the 13th century, albeit the art of printing had not been discovered, than there is now. "The stream cannot rise above the fountain, therefore no man can be more than man." What man was, man is, and always must be, except as he runs down and grows less. All the oak was in the acorn, therefore the oak can be no more than the acorn!"

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Longfellow's Evangeline.

Of this new poem by the Harvard Professor, all manner of pretty things have been said.—It has been praised by the periodicals, high and low; by nine hundred and ninety-nine newspapers; by men of taste at all literary depots, and by the small beer literati around the town pump. It has been praised warmly, superlatively, by every body, in every place.

Well, it is *worth* praising, *somewhat*. It has beauties; they are many and striking. The subject itself, (the expulsion of the French settlers of Acadie from the basin of Minos, "one of the most sadly romantic passages," as Whittier says, "in the history of the colonies of the north") is highly poetical, and Longfellow has powers capable of rendering it into attractive verse. But we regret that he chose the hexameter measure. It seems foreign to our language. The admirers of Ossian may read it *con amore*, for, as has been shown, it is similar in style to that poem. The following extract will prove this:

"Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of BASIL the blacksmith. There at the door they stood with wondering eyes to behold him take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a play thing, nailing the shoe in its place: while near him the tire of the cart-wheel lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders. Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice, warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows, and as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel. Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle, down the hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow. Oft in the barns they climed to the populous nests on the rafters, seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings; lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!"

Much as Evangeline has been praised, we sincerly hope no other American poet will fall into hexameters. They are a dangerous exotic, and we should dread to see them springing up in the good old Saxon soil. Even Longfellow is not always tasty in their introduction. Witness the following lines:

"Patiently stood the cows, meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Into the milkmaid's hand, whilst loud and in regular cadence,
Into the sounding pail, the foaming streamlets descended."

If this is not an unsuccessful attempt to extract honey from a crab-apple, why, then there is no such thing as a cross and kicking heifer. And strong in this faith, we dismiss Evangeline.

CITY ITEMS.—New Year passed off in a general thaw. Warm showers of rain broke up the frozen mud; and a deluge of social cheer broke up the "fallow ground" of frosty selfishness and ice-ribbed petulance. Every thing transacted on this occasion, was well enough, except the midnight salute of fire-arms under which the Old Year was buried.

The usual lecture before the Young Men's Association on Monday evening, was given by G. W. CLINTON in the Cottage Baptist Church. The house was filled to overflowing; a common thing and a good indication. The subject of *Human Progress* was handled in a masterly manner. Mr. C. went into a lengthy definition of Civilization; scoffed at the idea of its being antagonistic to Religion; showed the difference between ancient and modern civilizations; maintained that the latter was not only progressive but imperishable; and concluded with an enumeration of some of the indications of human progress.

Two boys were drowned on Friday the 31st ult. while playing on the ice in the Hamburgh street canal, near Washington street. One of them, aged about fourteen, was a son of Mr. CORNELIUS MCMILLAN; the other, nine years old, was a son of Mr. G. W. RHODES. Their bodies were found next day near the Main street Bridge.

STEPHEN LAMPHIER, a man in the employment of A. W. JOHNSON & Co., fell from the third story of their storehouse on Friday the 31st ult., and was severely though not dangerously bruised. One leg was so much fractured that it was immediately amputated, under the influence of ether, by Drs. SPRAGUE and WINNE. He had no pain during the operation.

TRAINING HOGS.—We were much amused a few days since, in witnessing the operations of a lad in one of our bye streets who had an elderly porker in tow, and was drilling him for equestrian feats. The animal was too fat and lazy to run; and the young trooper manaed, by pinching its tail, to make it squeal, and thus getting its mouth open, he threw a strong cord into it: then, with a hand hold of either end, and himself fairly mounted on the animal's back, he made out, by drumming with his legs on its fat sides, to get up a gentle trot, and had, withal, a pleasant ride.

It appears, by the following account, that a man in "Varmount" has got the start of our young Buffalonian, in training these (like mankind) naturally obstinate animals. A farmer of St. Albans, says an exchange, "recently made a grand entree into that place, mounted on a small car drawn by four large hogs. He entered the town at a brisk trot, amidst the acclamations of hundreds, who were soon drawn together to witness this uncommon spectacle. After making the tour of the market place three or four times, he went into the woolpack yard, had his swinish cattle unharnessed and taken into a stable together, where they were regaled with a trough full of beans and wash. They remained about two hours, while he dispatched his business as usual at the market,

when they were put to and driven home again, multitudes cheering him. This man, it is said, has only had these animals under training six months. A gentleman on the spot offered him $240 for the concern as it stood, but it was indignantly refused."

When our friend SAXE gets out a third thousand of his famous poem "Progress," let him, if not a Mussulman, do justice to his swineship.

OUR PREMIUMS.—The movement of "M. W." is a good one; and he will find any one of the books offered, appropriate for a District Library. By the way, how easy a thing it will be for our friends all over the country to get some of these books for such libraries. There is scarcely a school district where twelve persons could not be found who would send us $1,25 each for the Messenger one year, and by that means get a book worth three dollars for the public library. Let some person in each district make the *first* movement, and ordinarily the plan will succeed.—Where twelve names cannot be obtained, let eight be sent, by which means a book (say Simpson's Overland Journey round the World) worth two dollars, will be given. Our friends who make returns immediately shall have the balance of the present volume of the Messenger, gratis. The next volume, both in its mechanical execution and the value of the literary matter, shall not be surpassed in the country.

CHURCH DISPLAY.—In this age when it is customary to expend so much pride *on* churches as to leave but little religion to be exhibited *in* them, it strikes us that the following remarks by a Boston divine are very appropriate. They are found in the columns of the Transcript:

"Nothing can be more foreign to the character of a Christian temple, than a pompous display, whether in architecture, music or preaching.—Nothing can be more inconsistent with its rights and real uses, than a wasteful or prodigal extravagance. Nothing can be more contradictory to the gospel—for the proclaiming and diffusion of which it professes to be built—than a degree of costliness which involves a parish in burdensome and oppressive liabilities, and encumbers them with a church debt."

THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE for this month comes to us improved in its exterior appearance; richly embellished, containing three engravings aside from the usual plate of fashions; and filled with an excellent variety of original and well-written articles. JOHN INMAN and ROBERT A. WEST, remain as editors: John S. Taylor, New-York, publisher.

AGRICULTURAL PAPERS.—We receive regularly, The Cultivator, monthly, of Albany; the Genesee Farmer, monthly, of Rochester; and the Boston Cultivator, weekly; all excellent publications.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We must decline a long story called "*The Ball.*" The first part needs abridging and the last re writing. It does not end naturally.

"*The Broken Hearted to her Sister,*" contains but little poetry. We wonder the lady should put her name to it. Declined.

"*The Teachings of Nature*" and "*The Ohio River,*" by different writers, are laid aside.

The author of "*A Nocturnal Sketch*" has not succeeded as well as in her first attempt, which was very successful. She can do better.

We must defer "*Le Clerc's*" matter for the present, our time is so much taken up. The pieces heretofore laid aside were deficient in literary merit. Their *tone* was well enough.

EDINBURGH PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND MAGAZINE OF MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL SCIENCE.—This truly splendid quarterly for January, edited by GEORGE COMBE and ROBERT COX, and republished by Fowlers and Wells, lies on our table. No periodical that comes under our observation, is better printed, and most of the matter would be acceptable to the thoughtful and be found highly instructive. Price two dollars a year, or fifty cents for single numbers. Hawks is agent.

THE HOME JOURNAL commenced a new volume with the new year. It contains the first chapter of a new romance called, Passages in the Life of a Refugee of the Revolution; or, Cruises of an old Sailor. Logged from the Recollections of a Landsman.

THE JOHN DONKEY, a new monthly published in Philadelphia, lies before us. For a frontispiece it has the editor (as we conclude) with the head of an ass on his shoulders.

THOMPSON'S BANK NOTE REPORTER for January may be had at the Literary Depot in the Post Office.

THE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION of Erie county closes a session of two days, to day. We shall have something to say of it next week.

A NEW CAVE.—The editor of the Wisconsin Argus, accompanied by several friends, recently entered upon an exploration of a newly discovered Cave in Dane county, near Madison. They wandered through its labyrinths for several hours, but found no signs of its termination. It is probably of great extent, and is marked by many of the peculiarities of the great cave of Kentucky.—It will constitute the story of some venturesome explorer hereafter.

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD.—This road is now open to Port Jervis on the Delaware river. The cars ran to that place last Friday. This extension is thirteen miles, making the whole distance from New York *ninety-eight* miles.

☞ A City Scene.—It is a true saying that "one half of the world know not how the other half lives." Yesterday, says the New York *Sun*, about noon, as we were walking on Division street, we noticed apparently a middle aged woman, harrying along as if a great deal depended on her reaching her destination as quickly as possible. She was not alone, however, for a little girl some nine years old came running along after her, the tears rolling down her cheeks, and her little feet upon the pavement already blistered from walking. The woman had something like a square upon her head covered with a white cloth, which the wind turned aside as she was crossing the street and we saw the end of a small coffin. We followed her home, an old wooden rookery which stood alone in the rear of an alley and looked as if it had been abandoned by all neighbors.—We then learned the story of her sorrow. Her little daughter, twin sister of the girl before mentioned, had died the day previous, and being too poor to defray the expenses of the burial she had been obliged to apply to the city authorities for assistance. Her child was laid out on a deal table, and there seemed to be a sweet smile still lingering upon its lips. There was sorrow at the mother's heart, but, as the tear-drops started in her eyes, little Mary, for such was her name, clasped her tiny hands together, and said, "Do not cry mother, sister's happy!" How simple, touching and beautiful was that sentence from the lips of that little girl, and yet how many young hearts like hers are reared in poverty and suffering, when wealth, aye wealth is thrown away upon those who do not deserve it.

☞ The loss of property by the late great flood in the Ohio valley is estimated at ten millions of dollars. This is undoubtedly an exaggerated estimate, but if the loss is one quarter the sum named, it is a great calamity.

We have seen no estimate of the loss of life, but a large number of persons must have perished.

☞ The wires of the Western Telegraph (O'Reilly's) are now strung along the ports from Detroit to this city. The office will be on Exchange street, nearly opposite the Mansion House, and the company will commence operating next week.

☞ Paris possesses five public Libraries, to which *admission is absolutely free*, independently of those of the Institute, the University, and the two Chambers, to all of which persons satisfactorily recommended may obtain admission.—These five libraries contain an aggregate of one million three hundred thousand volumes.

☞ Directors of the Buffalo and Williamsville Mac Adam Road Company.—These gentlemen were yesterday duly elected: Wm. T. Miller, Ira A. Blossom, Horace Clark, Ij. Seymour, jr., Samuel F. Pratt, Wm. Hodge, jr., and Benjamin Hershey. Inspectors of the next election—E. G. Spaulding, John Ganson and John R. Lee. Afterwards a meeting of the Directors was held and Wm. T. Miller was elected President, John R. Lee, Secretary and Treasurer, and H. Streeter, Superintendent.

New York, Jan. 3—7 P. M.

Mr. Clay arrived at Washington this morning.

The brig Abbothula of Portland, has been totally wrecked on the coast of Virginia.

Southern mail arrived at Richmond today. No news.

The interest on the Maryland State debt due on Saturday last was promptly paid.

Women and Children.—At Manchester, England, has long existed an institution similar to the Young Men's Association of this city. Manchester is about the size of New York, and the population of it and the region within 30 miles is greater than that of London and the adjacent region to the same extent. The Athenæum, the name by which this institution is known, is one of the many popular associations of which Manchester may justly be proud, and in which she excels any other town in Great Britain. At a recent "soiree" given by its members, at which Alison the historian presided, and made the opening address, about 1,800 people were present, half of whom were ladies. Several members of Parliament and some literary gentlemen, whose attainments rank among the highest of our age, were present. Among these was Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Massachusetts, was exceedingly well received.

George Cruikshank, the great caricaturist, closed with a very happy speech—in which he sad that if he had ever produced anything worthy of praise, it was because he had always worked for the women and children:

"You may smile—(renewed laughter)—but it is true. I have always considered, when I was about to produce anything, that if I could amuse or instruct the female mind, and the minds of children, I was sure to have the minds of the men. (Cheers.) And I will make one observation with reference to a late production which I have brought forth—(hear, hear)—that I was induced to do so in order to save some of the poor females from the brutality which they have been suffering, under the effects of intoxication on the part of the men. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the compliment which you have paid me. I may have produced something worthy of your consideration; but recollect, there may be talent to produce, but there must be talent to appreciate. You have that talent." (Loud cheers and laughter.)

An Honorable Death.—The Secretary and General Agent of the Commissioners of Emigration—Robert Taylor—died from disease—ship fever—contracted in the unwearied and fearless discharge of the duties of his office. The *Courier & Enquirer* pays the following just tribute to his memory. Though he died in his own bed, he died a glorious death, if duty can be honorable and to brave danger can be glorious:

Mr. Taylor, together with one of the commissioners, not less indefatigable and fearless than himself in the fulfilment of his trust—but whom we do not name, out of respect for feelings which shrink from any fuller public notice of the disinterested beneficence to which they are ever prompting their owner—visited Ward's Island last week, and went through all the buildings—hospitals included—in which the sick and destitute emigrants are sheltered and cared for. They wished to see for themselves, as was their habit, that the honored purposes of the land, of which the execution is confided to them, were carried out in the spirit in which they are conceived.

On returning from this visit, Mr. Taylor complained of feeling unwell—of headache, and general uneasiness. The fatal fever was even then in his system. He went to his bed, and only left it for the coffin!

When the soldier falls proudly in battle—a nation mourns his fate, cherishes his name, and adopts his children. He, too, has fallen a soldier of humanity, a brave man struggling not on the bloody and brilliant fields of war—but in the obscure lazar-houses of pestilence—against unseen and irresistible foes—for no temporal reward—for no personal promotion—for no human ap-

plause—but in the discharge of duty—in love for man, and in obedience to God! And God will mark such a career with such a close, even though they should pass it unheeded by.

But men will not suffer it thus to pass unheeded. The moral hero will not be permitted to die obscurely and be forgotten. A grateful city—grateful associates who know, because they have shared, his perils—grateful benevolent societies, in the name of the foreign races for whose well-being this precious life was given—humane and reflecting men of all tongues and kindred, will unite in paying fitting tribute to the pure name, the services, with memory of Robert Taylor—and will take care that the family made destitute by his death, shall not be without such consolation and support, as the gratitude—nay justice of his fellow-citizens may afford.

The loss of such a man as Robert Taylor—so fitted by previous pursuits—by character, and temperament for the office he filled so well—can hardly be appreciated, and difficult—most difficult will it be for the Commissioners to replace him. We shall not soon look upon his like again.

Ireland.

The condition of Ireland is most horrible.—Threatened starvation is but a small evil compared with the demoralization that seems to be almost complete in several of the most important counties, and is rapidly spreading. To give the details with which the British journals abound, would fill many columns of our paper; but they more than confirm the statements contained in the following, which we copy from the London correspondence of the *National Intelligencer*.—Indeed, the language of the various speakers, whose remarks are quoted, seems remarkably subdued in view of the actual facts:

The debate on the address upon the Queen's speech brought forward the entire subject of Ireland. Mr. Roche said "it had been observed that there was something in the Celtic blood which was prone to crime and disorder. But when the Irish came to England or went to America, did they shoot or assassinate? What was the reason that in every country in the world the Irishman was quiet and industrious except in Ireland? Why, because in those countries he was treated with justice?" Mr. Roche said there was "no occasion for a coercion bill: all that could be done by an arms bill, would be to disarm all respectable persons, and place them at the mercy of every vagabond. By a coercion bill disaffection would be created among well-disposed people." Sir G. Grey said "the poor laws' bill was working well in a great majority of the unions in Ireland; there were one hundred and thirty unions, and he believed that in only twenty-two of them aid would be required in addition to the rates, to meet the exigencies of the people." Mr. John O'Connell drew a frightful picture of the condition of the people. Hundreds were dying of famine, and the prospects of the coming winter were more dreadful than those of the last had proved. He was against arming the Ministers with any extra powers. Mr. H. Grattan said that 115,929 persons had died for want of food in Ireland during the late famine. That in 145 parishes, containing 1,600,000 persons, there was not a single resident landlord. The only disturbed counties were Tipperary, Clare, part of King's county, Roscommon, and Limerick. Why did not such men as Lord Palmerston, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Lord Lansdowne reside in Ireland? Sir B. Hall alluded to the speech of Archdeacon Laffan, in which the people of England were stigmatised as "Saxon scoundrels, who, if men enough, would, when suffering the same privations as the Irish, stand on one side, and shoot every man who had a decent coat on his back." There were four members of Parliament present when the speech was made, one of them Mr. J. O'Connell, and not one of them had thought fit to make a reproving observation. On Sunday morning a man was denounced by a priest from the altar; in the evening he was shot! Maj. Mahon was in like manner denounced on Sunday; he was shot on Monday.

According to the return of the Poor Laws' Commissioners, the rateable rental of Ireland amounted to thirteen millions; Sir B. Hall believed it amounted to twenty, and until that was fully taxed, he would not consent to any further subsidies from England. He was for giving additional powers to the Lord Lieutenant. He believed the Roman Catholic Priests might do a great deal to prevent crime, if they were so inclined. Mr. Maurice O'Connell said "as to the grant of eight or ten millions made last year from England, he could assure the House that not more than *one-fifth* of it had reached the people, and even of that a large amount had been absorbed in paying the army of fifteen thousand officials."

Sir W. Somerville (Secretary for Ireland) said that he regretted he could not state that the picture which had been drawn of crime and distress in Ireland had been exaggerated; but, as regarded crime, it was in some degree satisfactory that it was quite local, being confined to five counties. The spirit of crime now arises, not from distress, but from a resistance to the payment of rent; crimes were now committed principally by bodies of armed men. Where crime was the most rife the distress was not the greatest. During the last week in last July no less than 2,569,956 persons were receiving gratuitous relief. The harvest had been very abundant this year, but the potato crop was only *one-fourth* the annual value. Emigration, which was popular last year, was now quite the reverse, owing to the unfavorable accounts received from Canada and the United States. Three-fourths of Ireland would be able to maintain itself, with the aid of the poor laws; for the remaining one-fourth additional assistance would be necessary and would be rendered.

Lord Stanley (in the House of Lords) said "he believed that the landed proprietors had exerted themselves to the utmost in Ireland. There are districts in Ireland in which the entire fee simple of the property would not suffice to maintain the poor; there are districts in which the landlords are penniless, in consequence of armed combinations to resist the payment of rent. My own property in Ireland is situated in a district which, comparatively speaking, is but little distressed.—I have as good a tenantry as any in the south of Ireland; my rents are generally punctually paid; yet I have been subjected to such expenses that I have not received a shilling rent for the last half year. I say, advisedly, that the state of Ireland at present is worse than a state of civil war. The best landlords, those who have sacrificed all the comforts of civilized life—and they must be sacrificed in some parts of Ireland—in order to discharge their duties to their tenants and dependants, are, at this moment, absolutely besieged in their own houses, held prisoners within their own gardens, with the knowledge that throughout the country *their names are on the black list, and that they are marked out for assassination.* One by one they are cut off by the assassin. However much the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland may, as a body, be desirous of repressing offences, they *do not*, as a body, *lend themselves to the support of the laws.* There have been recent instances of denunciations of individual landlords which could hardly fail of stimulating to acts of violence; and I believe I am justified in saying that in one instance the denunciation was followed within two

days by the assassination of the man, respecting whom the *priest had asked from the altar 'whether he deserved to live?'*"

Lord Stanley strongly pressed upon Ministers the duty of asking from Parliament whatever powers they might judge necessary for the putting down the reign of terror in Ireland; assuring them that they would receive from him and his friends "no flinching, hesitating, or ambiguous support." Lord Brougham said "Ireland stood at that hour in a position of shameful and hateful eminence. It was the neighbor of the most civilized nations of the earth, and yet there was no country, including the most barbarous and savage, in which life was not more secure." He alluded to the "denunciations of persons from the altar by the pastors of the people." He was desirous that "the law should be made stringent enough to reach these offenders." The Earl of Roden said, "in Limerick, Tipperary, and Roscommon, it was notorious that gentlemen were placed on the list of victims to be murdered at such periods as to the murderers might be convenient. In Ireland joy was openly expressed when a murder was committed; the country was illuminated; bonfires, blazing from hill to hill, showed the rejoicing of the people; and yet he who had fallen was probably no tyrant, but a humane and liberal minded landlord. The Government, then, must be in earnest. Lord Clarendon was one of the best possible Lord Lieutenants of Ireland, and peculiarly fitted for that position." Earl Fitzwilliam said "it appeared to him that there would be this winter at least two millions of people in Ireland requiring relief. It was said that the potato crop would only feed 1,400,000; what was to supply the remaining 5,600,000 of the people? The *distress* of the people needed looking at as much as their *crime*. The state of things would be quite as bad, if not worse, this year than it was the last." I have extracted thus largely from this debate, because more correct ideas may probably be formed, from the opinions of men of all parties, respecting Ireland, than by any other means. The real state of that country is an object of the highest interest on your side of the water, not only as relates to the general cause of humanity, but more immediately so, from so large a portion of your naturalized population having a peculiar interest therein, as their native land.

Sir George Grey brought forward his proposed measure relative to Ireland, and the tone and provisions of it disarmed even John O'Connell and many others from whom opposition was expected. It was supported by Sir Robert Peel and Mr. D'Israeli, as the representatives of their particular sections, and met with a very feeble and evidently a factious opposition from Fergus O'Connor and a few others. Sir G. Grey made the following alarming statement of the progress of outrage:

	1846.	1847.
Murders	68	96
Attempts on life	55	126
Robberies of arms	207	530
Firing into dwellings	51	116

NEW YORK, Jan. 3— 3 P. M.

Accounts from New Orleans are from the 26th.

A Jalapa correspondent of the Picayune of the 16th speaks of rumors of peace, which he totally discredits.

The guerillas on every part of this line are now most effectually cut up; wherever they exists, it is only in small bodies. Occasionally, however, they succeed in making a capture from a merchant train. One which arrived here from Mexico was, I understand, partially cut off, and twelve or fourteen mules of a Mexican train, which was in the rear of Gen. Butler's Company, falling some distance behind, were also taken.

Congressional.

MONDAY, Jan. 3.

The Vice President laid before the Senate the report of the Secretary of War relative to the occupation of Fort Armstrong. A large number of petitions were presented.

Mr. Hunter presented for consideration a resolution calling on the President for Mr. Wise's correspondence in relation to the Slave trade.—Adopted.

Mr. Benton offerod a resolution directing the printing of the history of Doniphan's expedition to Chihuahua.

Mr. Johnson, of Louisiana, introduced a joint resolution for the appointment of a commissioner to examine the claims of American citizens against Mexico.

The bill to provide clothing for volunteers in the army was passed.

On motion, the Senate laid aside the morning business to take up the ten regiment bill.

Mr. Cass ably advocated the passage of the bill, and pointed out its advantages, declaring his intention not to bring political topics into the discussion.

The Governor's Message.

The Message of the Governor, being its own best exponent, needs but a brief commentary. It is a frank, clear, and forcible exposition of the views and sentiments of the Executive in reference to questions affecting the interests and prosperity of the State.

After a very satisfactory view of the Finances of the State, the Governor enters upon the consideration of questions of Internal Improvement, and as connected with that question, the construction of Lake Harbors and the Improvements of Navigable Rivers.

The subject of Common Schools, Academies, Colleges and the State Normal School, are commended to the fostering care of the Legislature.

The subject of a general law in relation to Manufacturing Associations is ably discussed in connection with its bearings upon the Agricultural interests.

The Manor controversy is also discussed at length, and in a calm but independent spirit.

In reference to the Mexican War, though holding opinions in unison with those entertained by all Whigs, as to its causes, objects and conduct, the Governor deems it to be his own duty, and the duty of the Legislature, to rely, for an honorable Peace, upon its vigorous prosecution.

We copy the above from the *Albany Evening Journal*, because it presents briefly and well the principal topics that are the subjects of this annual Executive communication The Message is eminently practical in its character, confined to matters strictly and Constitutionally within the scope of such communications; and although it cannot be hoped that all will concur in the opinions and recommendations of the Governor, the views he has expressed in regard to the subjects of great public concernment treated of, will, we think, command the hearty approval of the great mass of the sober, reflecting, well-informed portion of the people.

"I feel dependent, for a vigorous and hopeful spirit, on now and then a kind word, the loud laugh of a child, or the silent greeting of a flower."—*Dr. Charles Follen.*

Watches only one eighth of an inch thick are now manufactured at Geneva, the hands being placed on a dial aside from the movement, instead of being in front.

TELEGRAPH TO THE PACIFIC.—The St. Louis papers are talking of extending the magnetic telegraph from that place to the Pacific. The distance is 2000 miles, which at $150 a mile would make the total cost $300,000. The project of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific by means of a railroad, is likely to be anticipated by the telegraph.

☞ The Albany *Knickerbocker* hits off the following:

One boy in a shop is as good as a man. Two boys, however, are worse than the devil. If there be only one youth in the rooms he is the most sedate customer in the party. Introduce another, however, and grand and lofty tumbling and somersets over the stove, will be the order of the day from sunrise till dark.

VALUABLE WIFE.—A blacksmith named Osborne, offered himself as bail, at the N. Y. Court of Sessions, for a prisoner whose trial was put off to the next term. "Are you surely worth $500 above all your debts?" inquired the recorder.—"Why sir, I hold my wife to be worth $500 at least, without counting property." "The Court is satisfied; take his bail," replied the recorder.

LOVE.—Love has been likened to many things; but there grows a flower in Spain the very type of burning and ardent love. The aloe, with its towering yet graceful stem, its feathered tresses, grand yet elegant, surrounded and carefully guarded by its strong and prickly leaves, grows in secret; these are the affections, the passions, and the energies of the heart, developing day by day, until forth bursts the flower in all its bloom and majesty. Then hour by hour the leaves decay, pride, affection and ambition, wither, droop and die; and behold it stands and can never bloom again.—*The Wayside Cross.*

The capital invested in the cotton manufacture, in England, was stated at a recent meeting in Liverpool to amount to $350,000,000, and the export of cotton goods had exceeded $125,000,000 per annum.

DIED.

In Colden, Dec. 27th, 1847, CAROLINE SWEET, aged 18 years.

SPLENDID LITERARY PREMIUMS
WORTH CONTENDING FOR.

WESTERN
LITERARY MESSENGER
VOLUME TENTH.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS!!

On the 5th of February, 1848, we shall commence the Tenth Volume of the Western Literary Messenger. It will appear in an entirely new dress and with an increased list of able contributors; and the publishers are determined to make it second in value to no family news and literary paper in the country. They will aim to render it alike the delight of the fireside, an ornament to the centre table and an honor to Western Literature.

Desirous of enlarging its circulation in all parts of the United States and Canada, and willing to give ample encouragement to agents, we herein offer the following flattering inducements to any person who will interest himself in increasing our list of subscribers:

Any one who will send us the names of eight subscribers, to be sent to one Post Office, and ten dollars, we will give a copy of Frost's Pictorial Wonders of the World, a splendid work in one volume; or Simpson's Overland Journey round the World, in one volume, tastily bound in scarlet cloth.

Any one who will send us twelve subscribers to one Post Office address, accompanied with $15, we will give Headley's Napoleon and his Marshals in two volumes, 12mo., with plates; or Headley's Washington and his Generals, in two volumes, do., or Miss Bremer's Novels, or D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, in one large octave volume, bound in muslin and illustrated,

Any one who will send us sixteen subscribers addressed to either one or two Post Offices, accompanied with $20, we will give Lardner's Lectures, two volumes, with plates and illustrations, or Griswold's new and magnificent work, the Prose Writers of America, or D'Israeli's Works, or Marryatt's Novels complete.

Any one who will send us thirty-two subscribers, to be sent to not more than three Post Offices, accompanied with $40, we will give M'Culloagh's Geographical Dictionary, in two very large octave volumes, bound in sheep, or Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures and Mines, in one magnificent volume, and also the supplement to the same; or Dickens' Novels complete, in three volumes.

Any one who will send us sixty-four subscribers, to not more than four Post Office addresses, accompanied with $80, we will give Sir Walter Scott's complete works in ten octavo volumes bound in cloth; or a splendid quarto Bible, worth at least $16,

Any one who will send us one hundred subscribers, to not more than five Post office addresses, accompanied with $125, we will give the Waverly Novels, a splendid edition in 27 vols., of Harper's magnificent illuminated Bible, worth at least $25.

Persons making out either of the above lists between the first and fifteenth of January, may promise new subscribers four numbers of the present (ninth) volume, GRATIS.

Persons sending over sixteen subscribers can have till the middle of April to make out their list, allowing each subscriber will take the back numbers of the volume.

Competitors for any of the above splendid literary Premiums, would do well to at once set about procuring names, which should be sent in to us at once.

☞ The terms of subscription, to mail subscribers, remain as usual at $1,50 per annum, payable in advance.

JEWETT, THOMAS & CO.

BUFFALO, Dec, 22, 1847.

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Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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WESTERN
LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1848. NUMBER XXIV.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Prisoner's Waking Thoughts.

The wintry morn once more
Its dreary, chilling and portentous glare
Through the barred casement dim does pour
Where lurks despair.

Too soon thou takest thy flight
Oblivious sleep, this wasted life's best boon,
And thou, oh kindly-shadowing night,
Far, far too soon.

Though ever sad dreams lie
The pillowed brow beside, and lurid gleams
Flit o'er hushed sleep's serenest sky,
They still are dreams.

But morning brings worse dole
Of sickening thoughts with its ungentle beam
Which tell in anguish on my soul
They are no dream.

Without, the ceaseless blast
Sweeps whirling on, and from each desolate bough
The last frail withered leaves are cast
Unpitied now.

Fixed is drear winter's reign:
Each pale, untimely flower from the cold skies
Shrinks low to the unsheltering plain
No more to rise.

Bright visions cherished long,
Youth's holy hope and aspiration high,
Beneath dark storms of hate and wrong
Ye too must die.

THE RECLUSE.

December 1,

From the Saturday Rambler.

The Minister's Meeting.

BY ANN E. PORTER.

The amusements of the Puritan descendants, like those of the Jewish nation, are often of a religious cast. The anniversaries of their religious societies are welcomed, not merely as favorable seasons to transact business and collect intelligence, but as yearly jubilees, where friends meet and mingle kind greeting; and schoolmates and old acquaintances are thus often unexpectedly brought together, and a sort of "*ola podrida*" dish, well spiced, is served up, composed of old reminiscences and new events.

We Yankees imagine we possess a faculty of knowing *most* every thing, and can do things a *little* better than our neighbors, but if there is any deficiency, it is that we have not yet learned to *play;* at least the art or amusing ourselves gracefully we do not learn from the French so readily as we imitate their infidelity and their fashions. *Hard work* has been the order of the day from the time when those brave, hardy men landed on the barren rock, and toiled for a bare subsistence during that dreary winter. And now, unless there is some labor, ay! and some *profit* too, in our sports, we, worthy descendants of those good men, care little for them. But with all our economy of time and means, we spend much of both in religious gatherings. Every State and county and association has its yearly and quarterly meetings, when the ministers and their deacons, often their wives and children, assemble in some town or village and spend a few days in religious exercises and social communion. In our rude and pastoral little State there is a simplicity and primitiveness in these meetings that is very pleasant. The ministers, poor themselves generally, come in their own conveyances, wagons and horses that would not command the highest price in Broadway or Washington Street, but nevertheless are perfectly safe and fitted for the rough service of our hills. They come thick and fast the day previous to the meeting, and the weary traveller, whether man or beast finds a cordial welcome in almost any family. He could scarcely miss finding all things ready did he knock by chance at the first house that pleased his fancy. The good housewives have been busy for a week providing their choice dishes, and making ready the prophet's chamber.

Few can be found but feel it a privilege to open their hearts and doors on such occasions. We are a poor people—our flocks and herds are our inheritance, and the rich manufacturers of the Bay State, and the wealthy of the cities, take good care to keep our wool and butter at so low a price that we are never burdened with an excess of riches. But nevertheless hospitality, cordiality, and openheartedness, abound in our hamlets.

But if I begin an eulogy upon Vermonters, I shall forget that I was going to tell a story. It is about one of these very meetings held not long since in our village. There was quite a consultation one Sunday after meeting upon the subject. The minister had given notice that the State Convention of ministers would be held here the ensuing week, and now the good ladies were telling how many they thought they could accommodate. All seemed much interested excepting Deacon Stebbins' wife. She wore a new Amazon bonnet and balzarine dress that day, and Mr. Dana, the store-keeper, had sold her all the fawn colored moreen that he had, a few days before. Whether it was to show these fine things, or because she had brought the fashion from Boston, they could not tell. (She went with her husband a few weeks before, when he took down a span of horses to sell, and she certainly had been a different woman since.) Heretofore, on all such meetings, the deacon's great white house had been open from garret window to cellar door, and the ample dining room had witnessed many a sincere *return of thanks* from the good men who had shared the rich cheer provided there. But now Mrs. Stebbins gave her bonnet a toss, and sailed away in her eight breadths of moreen like a ship of war preparing for a broadside. But alas, the enemy was none of her own sex, who could have poured a volley of hard words as return fire, but her own husband, the deacon, as helpless and inoffensive as the Mexicans before the conquering arm of Scott. The poor man was not endowed with the gift of tongue, and so, being rather slow of speech, he always sought a retreat as brave generals have done before, under the cover of a thick fog.

On his return from meeting, after taking supper, he ensconsed himself in a big arm chair, and

was deeply interested in Scott's notes and practical observations when Mrs. Stebbins entered, and after gazing with a sort of malicious look at her husband's comfortable, cozy appearance, she began: "Well. I say now, Mr. Stebbins, once for all, that if they are going to have any more of them meetings here, I for one shan't take a single minister."

The Deacon was so astonished that he forgot to put his finger on the place when he stopped reading, and looked up with a perplexed gaze, as if he thought his wife demented. She observed it and went on.

"I mean just what I say, I am tired of slaving myself for such company. It took me a whole day to clear the parlor after them the last time, the new carpet was most spoiled with tobacco and mud, and one of the new chairs broken because they chose the top of it for a footstool. If we could have some such ministers as I saw in the city, why it would be worth while, but as to having any more of our country parsons, why I've set my foot down about the matter, and you need'nt urge me at all."

Never was the poor deacon more perplexed.—As an officer of the church and one of the committee of arrangements, he felt that he could hardly make up his mind to turn a minister from his door, but then he knew from sad experience that "when a woman will she will, and when she wont she wont." It was sometime before he could *make ready* to speak, and when he did, he said just what should for a few minutes have been left unsaid.

"I am sorry, Hannah, you feel so, for I have just engaged to take a minister, and he is rather a rough looking one too. He came to the tavern last night, and our minister did not ask him to preach, for he thought from his looks the people would prefer to be excused, but as he was going to stay through the week, he wished we would invite him here, so I stepped over to Parker's and asked him, but he preferred to wait till the close of the evening meeting, but will be here to spend the night."

How quickly the ship of war tacked and came along side the weaker craft, with every gun pointed; it was a novel sight, for the deacon had only Scott's Bible, and he would not dare use that as a hostile weapon, so he sat as if quietly awaiting annihilation.

"Pretty business, Mr. Stebbins! as if a poor woman could be called upon at any minute to slave and drudge for travelling preachers. I've said it, and I shan't alter my mind, so you may find some other place for the country parson,"

Deacon Stebbins was truly a good man and a meek man; he neither thought nor said, as many others in like situation would have done, "I am master in my own house," but he did involuntarily think of "Him who washed his disciples' feet," and he felt grieved at the pride and vanity of his wife. But the Bible lay before him, and he would not be angry—so for the sake of peace he replied:

"Well, Uncle Jo. Small told me to-day that he thought he could accommodate a minister if any could be found willing to come to his little brown house, and share is humble fare. This man looks rough and plain, and I have no doubt would be glad to save his tavern fees, even at Uncle Jo.'s table, I will take him there."

O, the blessed power of a soft word! It falls like summer rain upon the parched and dusty earth. Poor Mrs. Stebbins felt rebuked and silenced by her husband's quiet reply, and moreover the thought that her poor neighbor, the recipient often of her bounty, should be more hospitable than herself, made her ashamed of the course she had taken. But her woman's pride prevented her retracting, so she merely said,

"That will be a good plan, and I have no doubt he will enjoy himself there finely, and Uncle Joe and his wife will both feel highly honored at entertaining a minister." And then to herself she said, "I'll send them over a nice chicken to-morrow."

The deacon felt rather sad, for there was something in the plain old minister that took his fancy, and he thought he might have had some pleasant talks talks with him after his day's work was done.

Now Deacon Stebbins was "*strong on the doctrines*," the good, old, stern, uncompromising doctrines of Hopkins and Edwards, and he often found, he said, that these tough, blunt old country ministers were the very ones that held fast hold of the faith of their fathers, and could explain the doctrines the best to his satisfaction. But as Uncle Jo. lived near, and indeed rented his little patch of land from him, he inwardly resolved to call frequently during the week.

When he invited the stranger to change his quarters, the minister remarked very humbly that if he could find some little quiet place where he could remain during the meetings he should be very thankful, but he was not entitled to any such privilege, as he was not a member of the body about to be convened.

There is a moral magnetism between kindred hearts, and the deacon's warmed more and more towards the old man, and he longed to open his best front chamber for his reception. But the "powers that be" had forbidden, and he quietly submitted. He felt better when he saw how pleased the guest was with the neat little attic room at Uncle Jo.'s.

The bed was clean and neatly made, with a white counterpane upon it, while the white fringed curtains and calico covered easy chair gave it quite an air of comfort. On the little round table lay a large Bible and Watts' hymn book.

"Here," said the minister, as he laid his hand upon the books, "I shall be very happy, if I do not incommode my good friends."

"O no," said Aunt Ruth, who with her black gown and clean cap stood at the door, "you know what the Bible says about entertaining strangers."

The minister smiled and replied, "one thing is certain, my good woman, in the outset; you have entertained no angel, but a travel-worn pilgrim, whose good will and prayers are at your service."

Deacon Stebbins felt badly that he must be deprived of the pleasure of entertaining any clergyman during this meeting, but something whispered to him that it would be best to let his wife have her own way this time. A wayward woman is sometimes soonest brought to reason by this course.

In the course of the week the resident minister, Mr. Turner, asked the deacon how many he should send to his house. The good man, somewhat disturbed, replied none, and gave the true reasons. Mr. Turner was more amused than vexed. "Indeed," said he, "there is a defect among many of our country ministers—they are sometimes deficient in the 'minor morals of good manners,' but as a whole the ministers of Vermont will bear comparison with those of most any other State. But," added he, "this tobacco chewing, and snuff taking and smoking, and chair riding among clergyman ought to be denounced. We never think of St. John as guilty of such indecorum. But perhaps we can suit your wife, after all! if any very dainty, high-bred ministers happen to make their appearance among us, we may venture to send them I suppose, especially if they come from Boston."

The deacon nodded assent, and they separated, but the minister had gone but a step or two before he turned back and inquired for the minister of the tavern. "His name I do not remember, and indeed I do not know, as I heard it indistinctly when he mentioned it to me."

"Well, really," said the deacon, "I do not myself know his name, but he is at Uncle Jo.'s and appears very happy there."

"All right," said Mr. Turner, and he again went his way.

Poor Mrs. Stebbins! She had punished herself for the peccadilloes of others. A noble housekeeper, she delighted in the domestic bustle of preparation for company. Now all her neighbors were busily employed dressing meat, making puddings and pies, and getting their houses in order. Hers, alas! was all as it should be, and Monday afternoon, after her washing had been duly arranged upon the drying lines in the large green clothes-yard, and chambers and kitchen received their washing-day ablutions, she seated herself in the front sitting-room, and looked out into the village street. All was bustle and animation, but no ladies were to be seen, she would have no calls this week; but the butcher with anxious brow, was bargaining with the farmers, the grocer was dusting his shelves, and making room for fresh arrivals, while the six horse baggage wagon, the steamer of our village, had just arrived, and was discharging its cargo at the store of Chase, Brown & Co. All seemed to have business but herself, and she, strange to say, could find no work handy but her knitting, that dullest of all handicraft to a disturbed mind. And when she saw how meekly her husband bore with her decision, she became more and more angry with herself and all around her. She knew how much he had anticipated the meeting, and the society of the ministers. To him "'twould be a little heaven begun below." She really would have found some fault with him, if he had but given her time, but he wished to get ahead with his work to have more time to attend the meetings. Poor woman! she had no resort but Aunt Ruth's, and she started with her sun-bonnet to cross the garden for the purpose of making her a call; but then she thought of the poor old country minister she had turned from the door, and she went back to the gray-yarn sock.

The next morning the deacon was abroad with his scythe an hour earlier than usual, (and he was called an early riser,) but while wielding the bright weapon, as yet untouched by the sunbeams, and humming Old Hundred, he heard a light step, and a pleasant voice near. "Have you another scythe, Deacon?" said the minister from Uncle Jo.'s. "I would like to try a hand with you this morning,"

The deacon looked surprised and pleased. He was a good farmer himself, and not afraid to "try hands" with any farmer in the town, and it must be confessed he was a little proud to show the good man his skill. Another scythe was soon produced, and to work they went. But what was the astonishment of the deacon at the end of half an hour when he stopped to take breath, to see the skill with which the minister handled his weapon, and the wide swaths he made. He confessed himself at the end of two hours fairly beaten, and wiping the perspiration from their brows, they sat down under a tree to rest Now, thought the deacon, with a slight twinkle of roguery in his mild, gray eye, I'll find a poser for him; perhaps he's better on grass than doctrines. (The deacon, it must be remembered, thought a good deal of his own theological knowledge.) "I'll try him on the eighth chapter of Romans; that will test his skill."

The minister, meanwhile, was surveying the landscape, and seemed to be drinking in its beauties, as one who had an eye and soul for the rich scenery so bountifully lavished upon this Switzerland of the new world. But deacon Stebbins was not inclined that way; so he very bluntly but kindly begged the minister to give him his views upon the aforesaid chapter. The minister smiled, and taking a Testament from his pocket, he turned to the place and commenced reading. The deacon tried to look over and read with him, but though he took off his spectacles and wiped them, it was all in vain, he could not read, and he gave up in despair, thinking his eyesight was failing fast. But he soon forgot everything as the old gentleman went on, verse after verse, in simple lucid manner, making the rough places plain. "Why," as the deacon afterwards expressed it, "it beat the mowing all hollow, and Scott's notes into the bargain." So engaged were they both that it was not until the hired boy came to say that Mrs. Stebbins had waited breakfast an hour, that they became aware of the lapse of time.

Deacon Stebbins went home with a happy heart; and it was not until he entered his door that he thought of the lecture he might receive from his not very patient spouse, for keeping the table waiting. But, strange to say, the clouds had cleared in that quarter, and she was radiant with smiles. It seems that Mr. Turner had called and stated that two gentlemen from Boston were in the village the evening before, and left word that they should return and attend the meeting; he hoped Mrs. Stebbins would be so kind as to invite them to her house. All was now animation in the house, and not even Friar Lucks' hoarded cheer was half so temptiag as the contents of Mrs. Stebbins' pantry when evening came. Pies, whose flashy tops concealed the rich berries, or whose crispy borders twined lovingly around the luscious squash, or the more delicate custard; loaves of cakes, were nestled in close companionship, the tiny currant and the swollen plumb, and then the white, delicious bread, so porous and so sweet, to say nothing of the golden butter, sage cheese, and pots of sweetmeats waiting in silent corners for the hour of their promotion. So elated was the Deacon's wife, that in the height of her good humor she sent word to Mr. Turner that she could accommodate at least six more, if the meeting should be large.

Wednesday noon brought the two city visiters, and their first appearance fully satisfied the expectations of Mrs. Stebbins. Their coats were of the finest broadcloth, and the latest cut: the white handkerchief of one was neatly crossed and confined by a bona fide diamond pin, while over the glossy vest of the other, a gold chain of beautiful workmanship hung gracefully, as if proud of the massive gold repeater it guarded. The deacon was a little puzzled, bnt seeing the good humor of his wife he made no remarks, but thought he enjoyed the society of Uncle Jo,'s minister the best. Meantime the meetings were progressing, and were a fine specimen of the simplicity and freedom so characteristic of Vermont gatherings, whether political or religious.

But we will take a little liberty with our Bostonians, and listen at the key-hole after they have retired for the night, and are enjoying the comforts of Mrs, Stebbins' parlor chamber.

"Zounds! this is comfort. Hal!" said the elder of the two, and as handsome a fellow as ever sported a cane on Washington Street. The other was dressed in a gaily flowered dressing gown, and embroidered slippers, and seated by an open window, with a Principe in hand or rather mouth.

"Comfortable, truly," he replied, "especially when one's allowance is as limited as mine has

been lately; but somehow or other I feel a little blue to-night. To-morrow I must hold forth, according to promise; I hope in all conscience we shan't be recognized and reported at college,—the old president would be down on us like Jupiter with all his thunderbolts."

"Never fear," replied his friend, "no one strays up in these wild regions but some wool buyer, or geologist, and thank our stars Prof. H. is busy studying out some antediluvian bird tracks just now. Besides, what harm is there in your acting as agent of the Peace Society, even without a certificate. It is time that ministers, followers, as they call themselves, of the Prince of Peace, should be up and awake, denouncing this cursed Mexican war; and if they won't do it, we college scamps will show them their duty."

"True enough, but little good I fear 'twould do if they knew we were now suspended from college for gambling and wine drinking."

"Ha! ha! friend Hal," and a merry laugh rang out from the other, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar. "The next sermon I preach, which will be in the next pretty village we stop at, will be from the text. 'And Satan came among them.'"

The next day evening the village church was filled to overflowing, as it was reported that a gentleman from Massachusetts would speak on the subject of Peace; (most of our people are anti-war.) Mrs. Stebbins was in her glory as she sailed up the broad aisle with the young speaker, who waited upon her into the pew, as I have sometimes seen a fine vessel towed into port at the mouth of the Merrimack, by smaller craft.

The young man spoke well, the audience were delighted; but just as he was in the midst of one of his rhetorical flourishes, he stopped short, and seemed like a singing bird charmed by some snake. His eyes were fixed upon the corner pew, way down near the door. It was Uncle Jo.'s, and there sat the country minister; but such a pair of keen black eyes as were fixed upon the speaker are seldom seen. No wonder the poor fellow stopped; they were enough to annihilate him. Nobody but the deacon had noticed those eyes, for they often slept beneath a pair of dark shaggy eye-brows. The speaker could not proceed, and gave it up. The audience dispersed, wondering what it meant.

That evening the country minister at Uncle Jo.'s had an interview with Mrs. Stebbins' young ministers, and they suddenly disappeared from the meeting, leaving half the good cheer provided by their liberal hostess untouched.

The last day the people were delighted with a discourse from the learned President H., of —— College. He had been from youth a laborious student, spent some years of study in Germany, and travelled through Europe, Palestine and Egypt; but he said when he left our little village that he never spent a happier week than that spent in Aunt Ruth's quiet little attic; and he enjoyed his interview in the hay field with our good deacon so well, that he promised to spend a week with him the next year. Mrs. Stebbins says she is ashamed of her city notions, and for the future she shall think more of the deacon's judgment than her own. There is a report that the peace lecturer has joined the Massachusetts regiment now in Mexico, but it is not certainly known. At any rate they were heard to say they would never take Vermont for a college police again.

A Slave Prison.—A correspondent of the Lowell Courier writes from Charleston, S. C., as follows:

"Since I have been here I have visited what is called the work-house, but more properly speaking, slave prison; here are deposited for safe-keeping those that are brought to market for sale; also those that have run away and are brought here to be punished—some are put to breaking stone, others on the treadmill. When I was in, there were three men and one woman on the wheel, and a driver standing by with a whip in his hand; this wheel is attached to mill stones, and in this way they grind their hominy. In a room in the building is the whipping apparatus. While I was examining this, there was a boy brought in by his master to be whipped. It appears to be the custom here, when slaves are to be punished, to bring them to this place, for which they pay one dollar. The boy was stripped naked, his feet fastened to the floor, his hands placed in a rope overhead, and then drawn straight by means of blocks, then a cap drawn over his head and face. The boy, I should think, was not over 13 years of age. He was whipped very hard—*the skin flying at every blow.* After he was let down and had gone out, I asked his master what he had been doing. He said he had run away the day before and gone to the races. I thought it rather severe, considering how popular races are here. I was told that quite a number had been brought there that day to be punished for the same offence."

Franklin—The Home of his Boyhood.—The racy description which follows, of the house which was the home of Benjamin Franklin's boyhood, will be read with universal interest, not only in this country, but throughout the civilized world. It is copied from the Boston correspondent of the National Standard:

"There are a few places yet left in Boston, of universal interest. Do you see that house on the corner of Hanover and Union streets, with a gilt ball protruding from its corner diagonally into the street? It has no architectural pretensions to arrest a passer-by. It is a plain brick house of three stories, with small windows close together, and exceeding small panes of glass in them, the walls of a dingy yellow. Yet it is a house swarming with associations interesting to well nurtured minds throughout the civilized world. Read the name upon the ball, and you will get an inkling of my meaning—"Josias Franklin, 1698." Yes, that is the very roof under which Benjamin Franklin grew up. He was not born there; but his father removed there when he was but six months old, so that all his recollections of home must have been connected with those walls. The side of the house on Union street remains as it was in the days of Franklin's boyhood; but that on Hanover street has been shamefully mal-treated. Nearly the whole front has been cut out to make room for two monstrously disproportioned show-windows. And this house, so full, as I have just said, of associations, is fuller yet of bonnets! Yes, by the head of the prophet, of *bonnets!* It is a bonnet warehouse, and from the inordinate windows aforesaid, bonnets of all hues and shape ogle you with side long glances, or else stare you openly out of countenance, while mountain piles of bandboxes tower to the ceiling of the upper story, eloquent, like Faith, of things unseen. Heaven forbid that I should say anything in derogation of *bonnets*, any more than of the fair heads that wear them; but I would that they had another repository.

It was my good fortune to go over the house before it had undergone this metamorphosis. It was occupied, in part at least, some eight or ten years ago, by a colored man of the name of Stewart, a dealer in old clothes, who thought of buying the premises, and wanted my advice about it. I gladly availed myself of the opportunity to view them. The interior of the house was then, I should judge, in the same condition that it was

when the worthy old soap-boiler and that sturdy rebel, (in youth as in age,) his world-famous son lived there. They were the very rooms in which the child Franklin played, the very stairs up and down which he romped, the very window seats on which he stood to look out into the street.—The shop on the street was unquestionably the place where he used to cut wicks for the candles, and fill the moulds, and wait upon the customers. I pleased myself with imagining which room it was in which his father sat, patriarch like, at his table, surrounded by his thirteen children, all of whom "grew up to years of maturity and were married." And you may be sure I did not fail to take a peep into the cellar, where poor Richard in his infantile economy of time, proposed to his father that he should say grace over the whole barrel of beef they were putting down in the lump, instead of over each piece in detail, as it came to the table! A proposition which inclined the good brother of the Old South Church to fear that his youngest hope was given over to a reprobate mind, and was but little better than one of the wicked.

And I would have given a trifle to know which of the chambers it was that was Franklin's own, where he educated himself, as it were, by stealth. Where he used to read "Bunyan's Works, in separate little volumes," and "Barton's Historical Collections"—"small chapman's books, and cheap, forty volumes in all"—and Plutarch's Lives, not to mention a book of De Foe's, called "*An Essay on Projects*," and Dr. Mather's called '*An Essay to do Good*;" and where, too, his lamp (or more probably his candle's end) was "oft seen at midnight hour," as he sat up the greatest part of the night devouring the contents of the books which his friend, the bookseller's apprentice, used to lend him over night, out of the shop, to be returned the next morning. How the rogue must have enjoyed them. Seldom have literary pleasures been relished with such gusto as by that hungry boy.

It will not be many years before this monument of the most celebrated man that Boston—not to say America—ever produced, will be demolished, and the place that now knows it will know it no more, unless something be done to save it. It will be a burning shame and a lasting disgrace to Boston, with all its wealth and pretensions to liberality, and its affectation of reverence for its great men, to suffer the most historical of its houses to be destroyed, when the rise of real estate in that neighborhood shall seal its doom. It is a shame that it has been left so long to take the chances of business. It should have been bought years ago, and placed in the hands of the Historical Society, or some other permanent body, in trust, to be preserved forever in its original condition. It is not too late to restore it to something like its first estate, and save it from utter destruction. If it be not done, it will be a source of shame and sorrow when it is too late.

The house in which Franklin was born has been destroyed within this century. That house stood in Milk street, a little below the Old South Church, on the other side of the way, and the spot is marked by a "furniture warehouse" five stories high, which forms a fitting pendant to the bonnet warehouse on Hanover street. The printing office of James Franklin, where Franklin served his apprenticeship, where he used to put his anonymous communications under the door, where he used to study when the rest were gone to dinner, and where he used sometimes to get a flogging from his brother, was in Queen, (now Court) street, nearly opposite the court-house, on the corner of Franklin avenue; which, if I am not mistaken, derives its name from this curious circumstance.

A Gentle Hint.—I was amused the last morning watch that I kept. We were stowing the hammocks in the deck nettings, when one of the boys came with his hammock on his shoulder, and as he passed, the first lieutenant perceived that he had a quid of tobacco in his cheek.

"What have you got there my good lad—a gum-bile? your cheek is much swelled."

"No, sir," replied the boy, "there's nothing at all the matter.'

"O, there must be; it is a bad tooth, then?—open your mouth and let me see."

Very reluctantly the boy opened his mouth, and discovered a large roll of tobacco.

"I see, I see," said the first lieutenant, "your mouth wants overhauling and your teeth cleaning. I wish we had a dentist on board, but as we have not, I will operate as well as I can. Send the armorer up here with his tongs."

When the armorer made his appearance, the boy was made to open his mouth, while the chew of tobacco was extracted with this rough instrument.

"There now," said the lieutenant, "I am sure that you must feel better already; you never could have any appetite. Now, captain of the after-guard, bring a piece of old canvas and some sand here, and clean his teeth nicely."

The captain of the after-guard came forward, and putting the boy's head between his knees, scrubbed his teeth well with the sand and canvas for two or three minutes.

"There, that will do," said the first lieutenant. "Now, my little fellow, your mouth is nice and clean, and you'll enjoy your breakfast. It was impossible for you to have eaten anything with your mouth in such a nasty state. When it's dirty again, come to me, and I'll be your dentist."

Anecdote of Stephen Girard.—The following capital anecdote, illustrative of the late Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, is from the New Bedford *Mercury*:

Mr. G. had a favorite clerk, one who every way pleased him, and who at the age of 21 years, expected Mr. G. to say something to him of his future prospects, and perhaps lend him a helping hand in starting himself in the world. But Mr. G. said nothing, carefully avoiding the subject of his escape from minority. At length after the lapse of some weeks, the clerk mustered courage enough to address Mr. G. upon the subject.

"I suppose, sir," said the clerk, "I am free, and I thought I would say something to you as to my future course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, yes, I know you are," said Mr. G. "and my advice to you is, that you go and learn a cooper's trade."

This announcement well nigh threw the clerk off the track; but recovering his equilibrium, he said, if Mr. G. was in earnest, he would do so.

"I am in earnest"—and the clerk rather hesitatingly sought one of the best coopers, and agreed with him upon the terms of apprenticeship, and went at in good earnest; and in course of time made as good a barrel as any one. He went and told Mr. G. he had graduated with all the honors of the craft, and was ready to set up in business; at which the old man seemed gratified, and told him to make three of the best barrels he could.—The young cooper selected the best materials, and soon put into shape and finished three of the best barrels, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Mr. G. said the barrels were first rate, and demanded the price.

"One dollar," said the clerk, "is as low as I can live by."

"Cheap enough," said his employer, "make out your bill and present it."

And now comes the cream of the whole. Mr. G. drew a check for twenty thousand dollars, and handed to the clerk, closing with these words:

"There take that and invest it in the best possible way, and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living at all times."

How Mr. Jones got on Fire:—Or an Argument in favor of Cold Water Principles.

On Thursday night last, Mr. Jones, a gentleman with a red chubby face, and a vest of the same hue, was brought before the Recorder for having created a disturbance in the streets. The deponents stated that the accused had rushed out of his domicil and shouted "fire!" The echo of the cry was instantly taken up by some small boys, and in a few moments the whole neighborhood was in agony as to the cause or whereabouts of the conflagration. No house was seen to be on fire, no roof dropped burning cinders to the ground, and no engines were seen in the vicinity. It was a most mysterious circumstance, but yesterday it was solved. On examination it seemed that Mr. Jones resolved to relieve himself of all sublunary cares for a few hours at least. He accordingly proceeded to get very drunk, and arrived at his domicil a few hours after sun set, in the most beautiful state. He saw the 'bright brass knocker on his door, but he imagined it was making faces at him. He raised his hand to smash the countenance of the optical intruder, but he missed it and struck the side of the house. His wife, who was a meek, pious woman, let him into the house, and with a gait something like that of a rheumatic crab, Mr. Jones walked to his bed room. Here his meek spouse dismissed her liege lord from her thoughts with a sigh, and unlike Desdemona in the period of her virginity, Mrs. Jones wished "that heaven had *never* made her *such* a man." Mr. Jones took the candle in his haad, and after intimating to his wife that he was determined to go on a voyage of discovery in the back yard, he essayed to fulfil his intentions. In going out of the door a gust of air blew the flame of the candle into Jones' nostrils, and he went away on his voyage with a prophetic thought that something was about to happen. Jones, and a valiant man he was, searched his yard, but found neither thieves, murderers, nor any other thing that could lead him to suppose that his premises were going to be attacked. Jones leaned against the gait of his yard, and quietly surveyed the green grass plat beyond. In one corner her saw a cistern, bound strongly aroond with iron hoops, and he laughed to himself, to think, that now-a-days there would be no particular call on the Water Works. Then again there was an humble wood horse and a saw, a pile of wood and an axe in another corner. Jones feeling happy in the possession of this much of the world's goods, in ecstacy spanked his thigh with his hand, and resolved to do—what? To make over his estate to the poor—to leave a legacy to some charitable institution, or after his death to bequeath his body to the medical faculty? No, none of these ideas took possession of his mind, but his thoughts were wholly absorbed in the idea of a broiled mackeral and a pickle,

Jones smacked his lips, and knowing that his wife was in delicate health, he resolved to cook his mackerel himself. Accordingly he proceeded to the kitchen, took the mackerel out of soak, and placed it on the fire. Forgetting that he had bought some paints and oils to renovate the outside of his house, Jones sat down on a tin can of turpentine, and commenced basting his fish with butter, and occasionally throwing on it a pinch of pepper. The mackerel sputtered and trembled on the gridiron, and Jones was in ecstacies. One side of the fish was done, and just as he was about to turn it, the top of the can of turpentine gave way and Jones' coat tail became saturated with the inflammable liquid. In turning round to see what was the matter, the fire caught the tail end of his coat, and almost instantly he was in a "blaze of glory." The flames darted up his back, and wreathed themselves like crimson serpents about his legs and arms. Jones didn't wait for a fire engine, but he rushed out of the front door into the street, and cried out at the top of his voice, 'I'm afire! I'm afire!"

A watchman in the vicinity ran up to the unfortunate individual, and inquired what was was matter. Seeing Jones kicking and splurging about in the muddy street, something like a newly caught sea turtle when it is turned on its back, the watchman took hold of him, Jones being exasperated, and in his flurry taking the watchman for an assailant or highway robber, hit him quite a severe blow in the mouth. This conduct the watchman resented by giving Mr. Jones a tap on the head with his club, and "*solus volus*," as Gen. Taylor is reported to have said, carried him to the watch-house. Yesterday morning the wife of Jones had a conversation with the Recorder, and the good natured magistrate ordered the unfortunate Jones to be discharged, He went out of the court room minus his coat tail and a portion of his trousers, and mentally resolved never to attempt to fry a mackerel, when he was a "little how come you so." "An o'er true tale."

☞ The whole of the present number of ordained missionaries in the world, is estimated at about 1200; and of male and female assistant missionaries, at about 2400, making a total of 3600.

The Bible has been printed in 138 languages and dialects, and all but 30 of these translations are new, and were made chiefly by missionaries since the institution of the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1804. The number of copies of the Bible and Testament which have been issued by the Bible Societies, is about *thirty millions*.

Fair Wind.

BY J. T. FIELDS.

O who can tell, that never sailed
Among the glassy seas,
How fresh and welcome breaks the morn
That ushers in a breeze!
Fair wind! Fair wind! alow, aloft,
All hands delight to cry—
As leaping through the parted waves
The good ship makes reply.

While fore and aft, all staunch and tight,
She spreads her canvas wide,
The captain walks his throne, the deck,
With more than monarch's pride.
For well he knows the sea-bird's wings,
So swift and sure to-day,
Will waft him many a league to-night
In triumph on his way.

Then welcome, to the rushing blast,
That stirs the waters now—
Ye white plumed heralds of the deep
Make music round her prow!
Good sea room in the roaring gale—
Let stormy trumpets blow—
But chain ten thousand fathoms down
The sluggish calm below!

Parisian Pickings-Up.

FROM PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SOURCES.

From the Boston Atlas.

The trial of Thibert the chief of the *Romanitchels*, a band of depredators which has hitherto defied the most active researches of the police, has created the greatest interest among those lovers of romance who frequent in such crowds the representations of the Porte St. Martin and the Ambigu Comique, and who read with such intense delight the stirring revelations of Eugene Sue. The arrest of the chief has brought to light the extraordinary history of the band which he commanded—a history which throws us back immediately to the *Truands* of the middle ages. These *Romanitchels* are regarded as the aristocracy of thievery. They are proud and independent, and would scorn to associate in habits of friendship with those who share with them both in the crime and the booty. They seldom visit large cities, but carry on their depredations in the provinces upon an extensive scale and with a master-hand. They are the sole remnants of that ancient gipsy race, self-styled Bohemians, which so suddenly burst into France during the reign of Charles VI. Unlike their brethren of the rest of Europe, they live not in community—being bound by no tie whatever, not even by that of paternity, which is by every other race accepted even when all besides have been rejected. Each individual of this outcast race lives for himself, and himself alone; and as he never knew a father's care, so do his offspring become the property of the tribe at large, falling to the share of those with whom the mother may choose to associate, thus forestalling by this unnatural government the system of Fourier in its worst and weakest points. Thibert, the chief of this gipsy band, is said to realize the very *beau ideal* of a hero of romance, bearing all the characteristic wildness of his race in his bronzed features and eagle eye—in the proud defiance of his gesture—and in his scorn of falsehood when interrogated by his judges. What renders his history more extraordinary is the complete solitude in which he seems to have lived, and, save when actually engaged in his unlawful traffic, the order and regularity of his habits and the respectability of his bearing. He was possessed of several country houses in the environs of Paris, which served as *depots* for the stolen goods; his most favored retreat being a lovely villa on the banks of the river at Villenuve St. George's. Here in the summer's evenings would he love to sit by moonlight and play upon an ancient kind of instrument, said to bear some resemblance to the antique rebec, the melancholy airs which have been familiar to his race for so many hundred years. Little did the traveller, when tempted by the beauty of the spot and the sweetness of the harmony, pausing on his way to listen, imagine that the peaceful retreat at which he stood to gaze, and the rich melody to which he listened with such delight, were both created by the taste and feeling of a midnight thief and blood-stained murderer! How do these contradictions startle one in the contemplation of human nature. Listen to the opening examination of Thibert, and say where the wrong lies, and where the scorn and contumely ought by right to fall.—"How old are you?" "As far as I can judge, I must be about forty-five." "What is your profession?" "That of a thief." "What was your father?" "A thief likewise, and died upon the scaffold!" "And your mother?". "A thief also, and died in the prison of Grenoble." "And when you were thus left alone, why sought you not to learn another trade?" "Because I was repulsed from door to door—because no institution is open, *either to those who sin or whose fathers have sinned before them!*"

Rachel is indisposed, (so are Queen Victoria and the Queen of Spain,) the witty Dejazet is in the provinces, and Madame Rose-Cheri as attractive as ever. Frederic Lemaitre is expected to open his winter's campaign at the Porte St. Martin, with a new character of immense power and great originality. The history of the piece is interesting. The manager of the theatre had found in his letter-box, amongst the usual number of manuscripts on vellum paper, tied with pink ribbon, and small copy-books written in blue ink, a coarse and dirty packet of greasy paper, written in a trembling hand, with ink evidently much diluted, and a pen which must have been worn to the stump. It was a drama entitled *Charles the Bold*. The manager flung the scented effusions bound with rose and blue back again into his refuse drawer, and fell to reading, with the greatest curiosity, the dirty, unsavory production just mentioned. His astonishment—his delight—were so great, that he left not his desk until the whole had been devoured.

The work was unaccompanied by card or letter—but at the end of the drama was the name of the author with his sad address—"*Hopital St. Antoine*, Nov. 14th." The honest manager immediately set forth in quest of the newly discovered genius—and upon a pauper's bed, in sickness and misery, discovered him. His first care was to have him removed to more congenial quarters, where, aided by care and attention, and, above all, by the best medicine, hope and courage, he is in a fair way of recovery—and the drama will come out as soon as Lemaitre returns.

The English are not so numerous in Paris as they were formerly. One of their belles, Miss Louisa Mackinnon, has been married at the Embassy, with great pomp, to Lord Cochrane. Another wedding, which attracted much attention, was that of Monsieur Hilaire Etienne Octave Bouille, Marquis de Boissy du Coudrais, Peer of France and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, to Madame Theresa Francoise Olympia Gaspera Gamba, daughter of Count Gamba, and widow of Count Guiccioli. The Marquis is a wealthy, eccentric old widower, connected with the first families in France. His bride is a most bewitching, golden-haired creature:

"Being somewhat large, and languishing, and lazy,
Yet of a beauty that would drive you crazy;"

the original of Dudu, in Don Juan, which is a capital portrait of her, even now. She is fifty, and celebrated as having long held its noble author captive. She moves in the best French society, where she has generally been escorted during late years by H. L. Bulwer, now English minister at Madrid.

Important Invention.—Mr. Elijah Galloway has patented what has hitherto been esteemed much more as a philosopher's stone of steam power than a practical invention. It is said to be so wondrously portable as not to weigh more than two or three hundred weight, and not to occupy more than half the space of an ordinary hat-box. A steam-pipe from the boiler brings the steam into this little receptacle: an eccentric crank is turned by the rotary motion within it; and here is all the machinery said to be necessary to propel the largest engines, whether mining, marine, or locomotive. The Admiralty are said to have ordered an estimate for supplying the *Minx* with a fifty-horse power one. They could not do better, we think, than name such a little whirling machine the Minx itself, and provide it with the all-sufficient accommodation of a bandbox.—*The Builder*

From Graham's Magazine.

The Land of Dreams.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

A mighty realm is the Land of Dreams,
With steps that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing streams
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy border flow
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,
And the nearer mountains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair,
From their bowers of light, to that bordering land,
And walk in the fainter glory there,
With the souls of the living, hand in hand.

One calm sweet smile in that shadowy sphere,
From eyes that open on earth no more—
One warning word from a voice once dear—
How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er!

Far off from those hills that shine with day,
And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,
The Land of Dreams goes stretching away
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,
There walk the spectres of guilty fear,
The soft low voices that float through the night
Are whispering sin in the helpless ear.

Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,
Scarce weaned from the love of childish play!
The tears on whose cheeks are but the shower
That freshens the early blooms of May!

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow
Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams,
And I know, by the moving lips, that now
Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, oh, heed thy feet!
Oh keep where that beam of Paradise falls;
And only wander where thou may'st meet
The blessed ones from its shining walls.

So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams,
With love and peace, to this world of strife;
And the light that over that border streams
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

LITERATURE AND LABOR.—We had much pleasure in reading part of a lecture recently delivered by JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, of Philadelphia, before the Literary Society of Washington College, on the "Duties of Educated Men." He enforced the value and importance of thorough attainments in the various branches of learning, and defined the chief duties of all men who have been so fortunate as to receive the advantages of a high education, (as the phrase is commonly understood.) We are continually in danger of forgetting that education means no more than the developement of our powers, and of applying the words to some one of the many forms in which man is educated. The mere man of books may be really ignorant, as may the mere lawyer or man of business. The mind of the truly intelligent man is not cramped up or contracted into any narrow form. But using the term education in its application to classical learning and its kindred attainments, this lecture enjoins its possessors, in the midst of the tendencies to a predominating worldliness, to cherish in themselves a diffuse around them the love of science and arts, and a reverence for law and order, and to dignify labor, and by bringing their attainments to bear upon the pursuits of their fellow men, to improve their condition and to lift into consideration the employment of all. We make one extract from the passages devoted to this branch of the subject:

"Say you to the son of toil that labor is the condition of life—it is only the manner of its performance which constitutes the difference with the good. Be you prompt to apply to practical use the acquisition which these halls ensure.—Scorn the belittling idea, and show to others that you scorn it, that the mere possession of classical knowledge is, in itself, an occasion of boast—a ground for special distinction. If the scholar does not apply his knowledge to some objects of individual advantage, and, by that means, to general good, he is a coxcomb, and justifies the estimate in which the ignorant have affected to hold the learned. Learning is but a means, an implement, either of profitable use, or elevated enjoyment; in the former application it is the instrument of the laboring man; in the latter, it may become, and you should strive to produce that end, the boon of all. Singly possessed, learning inflates and injures; diffused through all ranks, it elevates pursuits, modifies ambition, chastens passions, equalizes enjoyment and purifies morals. Your duty, as scholars and philanthropists—as patriots and Christians, must then be manifest.—Labor--labor—and that labor which conquers all, will improve all."

EFFECTS OF EXCESSIVE COLD.—The long continuance of great cold influences the physical and moral character. It has an effect on the sensibility of the body. The inhabitants of northern and southern countries differ in this respect materially. It is said that near the poles there are people so little endowed with sensibility that they feel no pain from the deepest wounds. Vancouver states that some of them thrust nails and pieces of glass into the soles of their feet, without feeling uneasiness, while in warm climates such a proceeding would be attended with dangerous results. The ability to endure cold is very various in different people. Capt. Ross speaks of this fact, and says he was able to predict after observation, who would suffer from cold that others would despise. The Russian and Norwegian are indifferent to ordinary degrees of cold. Yet if we recollect rightly, it was the regiment of Italian soldiers who, though coming, from a warm climate, endured the severity of the French campaign in Russia, with the least suffering and loss. Every one is familiar with the fact that cold disposes strongly to sleep. Intelligent travellers, knowing well the danger of giving way to this inclination have yet found it impossible to resist, and have been overpowered by sleep in the midst of exertions to keep awake. Cold sometimes acts with such rapidity, when very intense, as to destroy life almost instantaneously. The use of intoxicating drinks exposes the system more immediately to the action of cold. The protective powers are lessened. "At a *fete* given under Potemkin's administration, at St. Petersburgh, by a farmer general of distilled spirits, fifteen to eighteen hundred persons, who committed too great excesses in spirituous drink, perished miserably from cold in the squares and streets of that capital." It is said that the majority of those who perished in consequence of

cold, during the Russian [illegible] were under the influence of [illegible]

Montesquieu believed that [illegible] the seat of despotism, and the cold [illegible] liberty, while the inhabitants of [illegible] gions claim liberty as the natural [illegible] elevated position. Thompson maintains that crimes are almost always committed in cold weather, and to support this notion, people have absurdly instanced those that have happened in winter, as though an equal number might not be found that were committed in summer.—*Utica Gazette.*

THE SCOTT AND WORTH DIFFICULTY.—The origin of this difficulty is yet a subject of conjecture. The N. Y. *True Sun* on the authority of a gentleman who was lately in the city of Mexico says the arrest was in consequence of the disobedience of orders by Gen. WORTH or by WORTH and PILLOW conjointly, during the late battles before the city of Mexico. WORTH was ordered to operate upon a certain point at night, and to surprise the Mexican garrison and take the enemy prisoners. This, however, he did not, He waited until the next morning. By this time Mexicans, apprised of the design of the American commander prepared for a stout resistance. The conflict ensued and the brigade led be General WORTH lost eight hundred men!

This story is somewhat confirmed by the fact that in WORTH's report of his operations, he says he abandoned the attack in obedience to "*reiterated* orders."

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post* assigns Gen. SCOTT's general order reprobating letter writing, and alluding to certain officers as "vain, conceited and envious heroes," as the origin of the quarrel. On the appearance of this order, according to the *Post's* correspondent, Gen. WORTH addressed a note to Gen. SCOTT inquiring whether he must consider himself obnoxious to the reproof in the order. To this Gen. SCOTT did not give a direct reply, and Gen. WORTH repeated the request. The sequel we copy in the writer's own words:

To this second note Gen. Scott declined giving a more specific answer, and informed his correspondent that he could not hold himself responsible for the references it might please the officers to draw from his phraseology.

Gen. Worth thereupon drew up a statement of the entire correspondence between the commander-in-chief and himself, and addressed it to the Secretary of War, with remarks of his own as to the injustice with which he had been treated, and assuring the Secretary that but for his regard to the public service, he should file charges against Gen. Scott. This statement directed as an appeal to the Secretary of War, he sent unsealed to Gen. Scott, requesting him to transmit it to Washington — Gen. Scott refused to forward it, at the request of Gen. Worth, but forthwith put Gen. W. under arrest; and reported him to the War Department for insolence to his superior officer, &c., and to sustain the charges, transmits the statement drawn up by Gen. Worth.

This is the gist of the controversy, as I have it from good authority. I cannot undertake, of course, to give the exact language of documents that I have never seen. No doubt the papers will be called for by Congress, and then the truth will out. It is surmised that the government may recall Scott.

☞ An official statement signed by Daniel Graham, Register of the U. S. Treasury, shows that the expenditures of the Government for the first quarter of the present fiscal year were *eighteen and a half millions*, or at the rate of *seventy-four* millions *per annum*.

[illegible] the qualities of action and being, no less [illegible] of sentiment or form. Virtue indeed [illegible] as the poetry of conduct—the very [illegible] reative faculty; for it is as much [illegible] e beautiful as the cunning stat- [illegible] uing."

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A note affirms that [illegible] 252 lbs. of bread by [illegible] vevence—24 lbs more [illegible]

The following are [illegible] the pamphlet of the [illegible] bread," etc:

"Bread made from flour not [illegible] with an extra quantity of bran, is the best form in which faribaceous and excrementol matter [illegible] usually taken; not only in diabetes [illegible] the other varieties of dyspepsia [illegible] obstinate constipation. This is [illegible] cacy of which has been long known and [illegible] yet, strange to say, the generality of mankind choose to consult their own taste rather than their reason; and officiously separating what Nature has beautifully combined, entail upon themselves much discomfort and misery."—Dr. Prout, on *Diseases of the Stomach*, &c., p. 300.

In corroboration of the value of brown bread, Professor Johnston, of the University of Durham, England has subjected the meal and flour of wheat to chemical analysis, according to which, the flour of wheat contains, at the lowest estimate, 22 per cent. less of the staminal principles of nutrition than the entire meal, (flour unbolted) and, if to this is added the smallest allowance for the matters destroyed by fermentation, we shall be under the mark in saying that fermented flour bread contains 25 per cent. less of the nutricious ingredients than fermented meal bread. This loss in quality, together with the loss in quantity, furnishes data for a correct estimate of the retative value of the two as articles of diet. Hence it appears, *for every 75 loaves of fermented bread we might possess 100 of unfermented meal bread; and in every three of these at least as much nourishment as is contained in four of the other.*

GIVING AND RECEIVING ADVICE.—In giving advice, we must consult the gentlest manner and softest reasons of address; our advice must not fall, like a violent storm, bearing down, and making that to droop which it was meant to cherish and refresh; it must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper manner, and to qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which nature is very apt to revolt, by a mixture of sweetening, and agreeable ingredients. —*Anon.*

PREMIUM FOR A TRACT.—Some friends of the Sabbath have offered $100 for the best approved tract of 4, 8 or 12 pages, showing the pernicious influence of Sabbath recreations on health and morals, and meeting the popular reasons urged for them. The manuscripts may be adressed (post paid) until the first of May next, to William A. Hallock, 150 Nassau st. New York, or to Wilfred Hall, Esq., 144½ Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

How the Quaker Outwitted the Robber.

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL LOVER.

A traveller wended the wilds among,
With a purse of gold and a silver tongue;
His hat it was broad, and all drab were his clothes,
For he hated high colors—except on his nose;
And he met with a lady as the story goes.

The damsel she cast him a merry blink,
And the traveller was nothing loth, I think;
Her merry black eye beamed her bonnet beneath,
And the quaker he grinned, for he'd very good teeth,
And he asked, 'art thou going to ride on the heath?'

'I hope you'll protect me, kind sir,' said the maid,
'As to ride this heath over I'm sadly afraid;
For robbers, they say, here in numbers abound,
And I would'nt for any thing I should be found,
For—between you and me—I have five hundred pound.

'If that is thine own, dear,' the quaker said,
'I ne'er saw a maiden I sooner would wed;
And I have another five hundred just now,
In the padding that's under my saddle bow,
And I'll settle it all upon thee, I vow!'

The maiden she smiled, and the rein she drew,
'Your offer I'll take—though I'll not take you!'
A pistol she held at the quaker's head—
'Now give me your gold—or I'll give you my lead,
'Tis under the saddle, I think you said.'

The damsel she ripped up the saddle bow,
And the quaker was never a quaker till now;
And he saw by the fair one he wished for a bride
His purse borne away with a swaggering stride,
And the eye that looked tender now only defied.

'The spirit doth move me, friend Broadbrim,' quoth she,
'To take all this filthy temptation from thee,
For mammon deceives—and beauty is fleeting;
Accept from thy MAILEN a right loving greeting,
For much doth she profit by this quaker's meeting.'

'And hark! jolly quaker, so rosy and sly,
Have righteousness more than a lass in your eye;
Don't go again peeping girls' bonnets beneath,
Remember the one that you met on the heath,
Her name's Jimmy Barlow—I tell to your teeth!'

'Friend James,' quoth the quaker, 'pray listen to me,
For thou canst confer a great favor, d'ye see;
The gold thou hast taken is not mine, my friend,
But my master's—and truly on thee I depend
To make it appear I my trust did defend.'

'So fire a few shots through my clothes here and there,
To make it appear 'twas a desp'rate affair.'
So Jim he popped first through the skirts of his coat,
And then through his collar—quite close to his throat;
'Now once through my broad-brim,' quoth Ephraim, 'I vote.'

'I have but a brace,' said bold Jim, and they're spent,
And I won't load again for a make-believe rent.'
'Then,' said Ephraim, producing his pistols, 'just give
My five hundred pounds back—or as sure as you live,
I'll make of your body a riddle or sieve.'

Jim Barlow was diddled—and though he was game,
He saw Ephraim's pistol so deadly in aim,
That he gave up the gold, and he took to his scrapers,
And when the whole story got into the papers,
They said that the thieves were no match for the quakers

A CURIOSITY.—A few days since, Geo. Wells and Captain Fowler, of Wellsville, Ohio, accidently discovered somethiug having the appearance of ivory or bone, projecting from the surface of the bank of the river, near that place. After much labor they succeeded in getting the newly discovered object dug up, which on examination, proved to be the "tusk of an animal."—It measures eight feet and a half in a length, and in circumference, twenty-two and a half inches, and would probably weigh near two hundred pounds. It has become soft, and is of about the same consistency as chalk, yet it has every appearance of ivory— this is, indeed, something for the curious.—*Cleveland Her.*

MARRIAGE.—Wherever woman plights her troth, under the sky of Heaven, at the domestic hearth, or in consecrated aisles, the ground is holy, the spirit of the hour is sacramental. That it is thus felt, even by the most trivial, may be observed at every wedding ceremony. Though the mirth may be fast and furious before or after the irrevocable formula is spoken, yet at that point of time, there is a shadow on the most laughing lip, a moisture on the firmest eye. Wedlock, indissoluble, except by act of God—a sacrament whose solemnity reaches to eternity—will always hold its ranks, in life as well as literature, as the most impressive fact of human experience. He is a slight observer, who sneers at its prominence in dramatic writing, whether of the stage or the closet, the play or the novel. It must always be so. If Government, with all its usurpations and aggressions, has appropriated history, let the less ambitious portions of our literature be sacred to the affections—to the FAMILY, based in conjugal and Parental love as that institution is, and less to the STATE, which hitherto in the world's annals, has been little else than the sad exponent of human ambition.—*Cincin. Signal.*

CONSUMPTION.—DICKENS, gives the following description of this sad disease, which is constantly carrying sorrow and desolation into thousands of families:

There is a dread disease, which so prepares its victims, as it were for death; which so refines it of its grosser aspect, and throws around familiar looks, unearthly indications of the coming change—a dread disease, in which the struggle between the soul and body is so gradual, quiet and solemn, and the result so sure, that day by day, and grain by grain, the mortal part wastes and withers away, so that the spirit grows light and sanguine with its lightening load, and feeling immortality at hand, deems it but a new term of mortal life—a disease in which death and life are strangely blended, that death takes the glow and hue of life, and life the gaunt and grisly form of death—a disease which medicine never cured, wealth warded off, or poverty could boast exemption from—which sometimes moves in giant strides, and sometimes at a tardy, sluggish pace, but slow or quick, is ever sure and certain.

BUNKER HILL IN ITALIAN HISTORY.—Padre Capobianco, who was on board the Sicilian frigate Urania, at New York, some two years ago, has published account of what he saw in this country, from which we extract the following:

Boston is a fortified by nature and by art. It rises upon three most pleasant hills, one of which is Bunker Hill, upon the summit of which towers the famous monument named Bunker Hill, erected to commemorate the victory gained by the Americans over the English, in 1776. It was commenced by the Engineer O'Donnell Webiter, in 1827, under the Presidency of the celebrated La Fayette, and finished in 1843.

Lest our readers should doubt the accuracy of our translation, we give here the original: "*Esso fu cominciato dall' Ingegniere O'Donnell Webiter nel* 1827, *sotto la presidenza del celebre Lafayette e terminato nel* 1843."—*North American.*

☞ The Mobile Register says the loss by the flood of the Tombigbee will amount to one million dollars.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Culture of Imagination in the Young.

It was amusing to witness the late operations of a couple of neighbor's children, a boy and girl of the age of five years. Apparently losing all thought of the other occupants of the room where they were, they imagined themselves married and blessed with a numerous family of pretty and precious children, for each of which they had a distinct and very poetical name. The parents, taking it for granted that the small pox is prevalent in their neighborhood, call in an imaginary doctor, and have their little ones vaccinated. But the operation fails of success in bringing on the kind pox. The more terrible disease seizes the dear creatures; they sicken;—die; and the stricken parents, clad in mourning, follow them, one by one, to their wintery bed, and with sorrowing hearts, return to their desolate home! Thus closed the scene.

This trifling incident was a beautiful exhibition of the early developement of the imagination; and it was fraught with a moral. The faculty to the operation of which the scene owed its conception, had been cultivated in these children; hence its strength at so unripe an age. And as there are conflicting views in regard to the importance of this faculty, we will subjoin to the above incident a passing word on the subject.

There *are* individuals who regard the imagination of but little consequence, and ever sneer at the idea of its culture. This results, we are bold to say, from ignorance of the extent of its agency in ministering to the higher gratifications and purer pleasures of life. The truth is, without its existence the world would be devoid of charms. The Beautiful in nature would be like "hid treasures," undiscovered and useless; and Art would have no visiters, for she would possess nothing to admire. Sculpture, Painting, Music and Poetry, would not be heard of; and the immortal creations of Phidias, Raphael, Mozart, Homer and kindred sons of fame, would be like the philosopher's stone or the fountain of eternal youth. All, *all* that pleases the eye without, and the long scrolls of the unwritten poetry of daily life within, would remain a blank throughout all the dull and monotonous journey of life.

> "*Thy* light *alone*, like mist o'er mountains driven,
> Or music by the night-wind sent
> Through strings of some still instrument,
> Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
> Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream."

But in its relation to the moral and social character of man, this power of the mind, presents its *noblest* features. "As the principle that takes cognizance of beauty," says a late writer in one of our periodicals, it (speaking of imagination) properly embraces all that pleases us in human conduct, and lies at the very foundation of morals. It regards the qualities of action and being, no less than those of sentiment or form. Virtue indeed may be defined as the poetry of conduct—the very offspring of the creative faculty; for it is as much an expression of the beautiful as the cunning statue, or the magic painting."

Virtue the offspring of the creative faculty!—Let parents ponder this truth thoroughly, and they will aim to evolve *harmoniously* the mental faculties of their children.

WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE.—"Properly speaking," says some one, "wisdom includes goodness; for *the good alone are wise.*" Very true. "But," continues the same writer, "the word [wisdom] has been used in the popular looseness of acceptation, as synonymous with knowledge. It has been well said that knowledge is of the head, but wisdom of the heart. The one is the abstraction, the other the application: the one the *science*, the other the *art.*" Such being the case, let us be sure we are educated in *both.*

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW for this month contains an engraved likeness of CHARLES H. HASWELL, engineer-in-chief of the United States Navy, and ninety-six pages of literary, political, and financial matter. It is a very cheap work at three dollars a year. This number commences the twenty-second volume. J. W. MOOR, publisher, New York.

THE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION of this county, which met in this city last week, made choice of the following officers for the ensuing year: W. D. HUNTLEY, President; E. D. KINGSLEY, 1st Vice President; B. F. CHILCOTT, 2d Vice President; D. G. JANES, Recording Secretary; V. M. RICE, Corresponding Secretary. An address was delivered by H. GATES, Esq. on Friday, and another by the Rev. C. P SHELDON, on Saturday.

CITY OF SYRACUSE.—At an election to decide upon the adoption of the new city charter, held on the 1st, 1,849 votes were cast. The friends of the charter had a majority of 346. The result was the occasion of much rejoicing in Syracuse and Salina, which will henceforth be united. The first election under the new charter will be held on the first Tuesday of March next.

☞ HEARING THE TELEGRAPH.—That the electrical fluid is audible as it passes along the wires is quite a common though mistaken notion with many country people who live near the line of the Telegraph. "Did you ever see the news going?" said we to a boy the other day. "No, but they was telegraphing yesterday, for I heerd them," was the reply. The sound produced by the vibrations of the wires has given rise to this idea.

CANADIAN ELECTIONS.—The returns which have reached us in the Montreal papers, show the election of 5 Liberals and 2 Tories in Lower Canada, and 2 Liberals and 12 Tories in Upper Canada, and 2 doubtful.

☞ THE LAST POTATO.—This important root is becoming more and more scarce. The experiments mentioned by the best publications of the country as most successful result in failure, and present appearances indicate that unless the disease should disappear in the same mysterious way in which it began, the root will become extinct. It will be seen that our apprehensions with regard to the crops in Europe were well founded. A Liverpool letter to the New York *Courier*, under date of November 19th, says:—"I regret to say, that the potato rot has appeared with greater virulence than ever, within the last week or two, some kinds which have never before been affected, having been now attacked. In fact the general opinion among our best agriculturists, is that 'the root is leaving us altogether!' The accounts from Ireland are most frightful, and starvation will be much worse this year than last."

The London correspondent of the National Intelligencer states the loss from the potato disease in the United Kingdom at about $160,000,000.

WORTHY OF NATURALIZATION.—In the U. S. Senate last week, Mr. DIX, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill providing for the issue of a register for the barque Canton, which was passed. This vessel was built of teak-wood, in the East Indies, nearly one hundred years since. She was originally owned by the Dutch East India Company, but after various mutations of fortune, recently came under the Haytien flag. Early last winter she got ashore on the Muscle ledge, at the mouth of the Penobscot, where she remained combating with the storms during the whole winter. But the strength of her timbers, notwithstanding her great age, proved more than a match for the winds and waves, and she was got off in the spring and taken to Bath, where she had been purchased. She was found to be *but little injured*, was repaired, and is now again navigating the ocean.

☞ The Philadelphia Enquirer of Friday morning says: we have seen a letter of late date from an officer of the army, which states that an insurrection was about to break out in the city of Mexico, that it had been discovered by General SCOTT just in time to prevent serious results.—The affair had created great excitement, and a more rigorous policy of vigilance and precaution had immediately been adopted.

☞ Miss CATHARINE E. BEECHER publishes a letter in the N. Y. Tribune denying the truth of the report which has obtained a wide circulation in the newspapers, that two of the female teachers who went from New England west under the direction of Gov. SLADE, had turned Catholics and become nuns. Nothing of the kind has occurred.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 7.

TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION.—The steamer Sea-Board from New Orleans for St. Louis, having 1000 kegs of gunpowder on board, took fire on Wednesday, near Cape Gerradeau. The fire soon communicated with the powder, when a tremendous explosion took place, the report which was a distance of 40 miles.

The boat was blown to atoms. The passengers and crew escaped before the explosion took place. No lives lost.

RECALL OF GEN. SCOTT.—The rumor that Gen. SCOTT is to be recalled from Mexico gains strength. A correspondent at Washington of the *Courier & Enquirer* writes as follows:

The question whether Generals Scott, Worth and Pillow are to be recalled, was at full length debated in the Cabinet meeting of yesterday, and I believe they will be called home; were it but to give the army a lesson of obedience to the institutions and laws of their country. All the heavy service being done, and the heart of Mexico fairly in our possession, our military generals will answer quite as well for garrisoning towns and clearing the high roads of robbers and vagabonds, as Scott himself. After the recall of Scott, Worth and Pillow, the command will devolve on Maj. Gen. Butler, of Kentucky, who stands in the most intimate relation to the President, and would carry out his views without the appointment of a Lieutenant General. If Scott, Worth, Pillow and Duncan come home, they will undoubtedly be court-martialed.

Our readers may remember the outcry of the *British Press*, some months since, when a seaman was executed in our squadron in the Gulf since the commencement of the War, for the crime of striking an officer—a Lieutenant, we believe. It was denounced by the entire newspaper press of England, as an act of savage cruelty, &c., and was made the occasion for renewing the abuse and billingsgate which, upon every possible opportunity, they heap upon the United States. The following paragraph from a late English paper, shows that in this case, as usual, *John Bull* is denouncing in us, precisely those things which he is most ready to do himself:

MILITARY EXECUTIONS IN INDIA.—Two military executions have taken place at Meerut. *An artilleryman was shot on the 19th of December for striking an assistant surgeon.* Fourteen men of Her Majesty's 32nd were ordered as his executioners; they fired, but strange to say, only one ball struck the unfortunate man in the thigh, when the provost-sergeant put an end to his existence by shooting him through the head with a pistol. The whole of the firing party were in confinement for not doing their duty. The murder of a fellow soldier in cold blood would appear to have chilled the blood of those brave fellows, who in the hour of battle would think nothing of putting a score of their enemies to death; and who will say that he might not also have been affected as they were? Alas! The poor man seems up to the moment of his being blinded to have been confident that he would not be put to death. Alas! what must have been his feelings when he heard the discharge of musketry, and found himself wounded? How agonizing the few moments which intervened till his life was taken by the provost-sergeant! Another man of Her Majesty's 6th Lancers was to be shot for throwing his cap in the face of his commanding officer.—*Bell's Life in London.*

☞ WARSAW.—The metropolis of the adjoining County of Wyoming, is a flourishing place and enterprizing withal. Since it has become the county seat, it deports itself in a manner becoming that dignity, spreading and stretching far over the fertile plain where it is situated with a rapid and healthful growth.—*Rock. American.*

OSWEGO HARBOR.—During the heavy gale of Wednesday night, the schooner Independence was sunk at her moorings in our harbor, and the Canadian schooner Ellen was driven from her moorings and carried ashore in the East harbor. These disasters and loss of property are owing to the condition of the East pier, a portion of which is gone, having been carried away by the storms of 1846.—*Times.*

☞ MARTIN HARE —Our readers will remember that this is the name of the individual who enticed a young girl of 15 from her parents in New York, he being already married, and lived here last summer, and was arrested at Milwaukee, we believe, by Mr. BEST. He has been tried in New York for bigamy, and was after a long trial acquitted on Friday last, on the ground it is said that the agreement between Hare and the girl was a private agreement, rather than a marriage. He has now been arrested for seduction, in a suit for damages. Woman's folly and man's rascality have seldom been exemplified more thoroughly than in this case.

DISCOVERY OF AN ISLAND.—Capt. L. Paulson, of the Danish brig Triton, reports having discovered a new island on his last voyage from Santa Cruz to London. The following is his account of the discovery: "A few days after we had left the roads of the Antilles, on the evening of the 21st of March, wind blowing hard from the southwest, one of the men at the bows called out that he saw land. I did not believe this to be the case, but on casting the lead, it gave 16 fathoms, and again shortly after it gave five fathoms. We passed the night in the neighborhood lying to, and in the morning distinctly saw an island before us, and we cast anchor in a bay seven fathoms deep, with sandy bottom, and affording good protection and anchoring ground. Several of us landed, and found the island covered with the most luxuriant vegetation. One of our sailors found on the beach the skeleton of a man, and boat partly built. We could only form conjectures on the subject. This island is situated in lat. 23 19 N., lon. 42 39 W."

It is strange that a large Island in a latitude so frequently traversed, should have been so long undiscovered. Capt. PAULSON is an intelligent shipmaster.

Appointments by the President.

Seth Barton, of Louisiana, Charge de Affairs to the Republic of Chili.

John W. Davis, of Indiana, Commissioner to China, vice D. H. Everett, deceased.

John Rowan, of Ky., Charge de Affairs to Naples, vice W. H. Polk, recalled at his own request.

Nathaniel Niles, of Vt., Charge de Affairs to Sardinia, vice Robert Wickliffe, Jr., resigned.

Thomas J. Morgan, of Ohio, Secretary of Legation to Brazil, vice R. Welch, re-called.

W. J. Staples of N. Y. Consul at Havre in place of M. Beasly, deceased.

Charles Huffnagle, of Pa., Consul to the port of Calcutta, vice J. B. Dickinson, recalled.

Hugh Keenan, of Pa., Consul to the por of Dublin, vice Thomas Wilson, recalled.

John McPherson, of Va., Consul to the port of Genoa, vice, C. Edwards Lester, recalled.

Geo. J. Fairfield of Maine, Consul to the port of Buenos Ayres, vice, Thadeus Sanford, declined.

Elezer P. Kendrick, of Ohio, Surveyor of Virginia military district in Ohio, vices W. A. Anderson, resigned.

LIGHT FROM ELECTRICITY.—Mr. Straite is lecturing in England on his new mode of lighting by electricity. The Literary and Philosophical Society of Sunderland gave a public soiree last November, at which his mode of lighting was the principal attraction. The *Newcastle Guardian* says:

"The light, which was of astonishing brilliance and beauty, was placed under an air-tight glass vase. When the gas was turned down it sufficiently lighted the spacious building, and bore the closest resemblance to the great orb of day of any light which we ever witnessed. The electric light was next exhibited in a vessel of water with equal success. Mr. S. stated that it was the cheapest as well as the best for all practical purposes; and the marvellous invention was hailed with rapturous plaudits."

FROM CENTRAL AMERICA.—We learn from good authority that a British man of war arrived at San Juan, in Central America, on the 27th of October last, with the King of the Mosquito Shore at board: and that the commanding officer gave formal notice of his intention to take possession of that place in the name of the Mosquito King, on the 1st day of January, 1848.

The inhabitants were very indignant, and were about, it is said, to appeal to the government of the United States for aid in resisting the encroachments of the British.

This step is in conformity with our former intelligence from this quarter. Our readers will recollect that we published some documents recently, embracing a protest from the authorities of San Juan against the design then apprehended, and since, it seems, put in force, of the British to seize upon that port. If the intelligence now received proves to be authentic, and an appeal is made to the United States, difficulty may ensue. But we do not believe England would run the risk of an embroilment with this country, for the sake of the advantages which the possession of that country may confer. The President has repeatedly announced his intention, so far as his department of the government is concerned, of not permitting any foreign power to acquire any new foothold upon this continent: and we are inclined to believe that in this position he would be sustained by the general sentiment of the American people. The possession of the Mosquito Shore could not be of any great value to Great Britain, except that it might enable her to interpose a barrier to the progress of the United States towards the Southern portion of the Continent;—and just in proportion to the extent of her apprehensions of our passing the isthmus, would be her eagerness to stand in the way.

However, we anticipate no difficulty from this quarter at present. The step taken may, nevertheless, prove to be one of some importance.—*Cour. & Enq.*

THE PHŒNIX.—Capt. Dorr has just returned from Sheboygan, Capt. Sweet of the Phœnix in in company. They report the Phœnix in 4 or 5 feet water, and the ice piled up some 10 or 12 feet high, so as to make it almost impossible to get the machinery out until spring, when the ice melts.

Capt. J. W. Tuttle of the propeller Delaware, has libelled the wreck of the Phœnix and all the goods saved, for salvage. He claims her as his prize, having found her a burning wreck out in the lake and towed her into Sheboygan. The United States Marshall has taken possession of the wreck and all property saved, on behalf of the libellants. He has inventoried all the property and appointed appraisers. The goods saved are appraised at $775. The hull and machinery at $2,125.

There are some iron goods yet in the wreck.—Some chains belonging to the merchants here. A part of the hull has come ashore on to the beach, and the balance is badly broken up. The machinery is all that holds the wreck together.—*Chicago Adv.*

THE PANIC.—The panic, mischievously formented by dishonest men for dishonest purposes, is fast subsiding. But it will result disastrously. Many of the Free Banks are sending in their bills to the Comptroller and withdrawing their stocks. Some $70,000 or $80,000 were sent in yesterday. It is, of course, unknown to what extent this will be carried; but the withdrawal of any very considerable amount from circulation at this time, would result disastrously.—*Alb. Eve. Jour.*

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

Drawback on Canadian Wheat.

Memorials to Congress are now in circulation in Rochester, Oswego, and other eastern towns, representing that a very important trade is growing up on the Northern Lakes between the British Provinces and the United States, that the greater part of Canada West is a fertile and highly productive region, that the peninsula formed by Lakes Ontario, Erie and Huron, especially, is not excelled in soil or climate by any part of the Northern or Northwestern portion of the United States, and that the export of wheat and flour by the River St. Lawrence—almost exclusively the production of the West Province—on the 10th day of Nov., 1847, amounted to 626,684 barrels of flour, and 1,951,203 bushels of wheat, both equivalent to one million and sixty thousand bbls. of flour, and exhibiting a pecuniary value exceeding six millions of dollars.

In view of these facts the memorialists ask that the principles of the laws regulating drawback and warehousing should be so extended to our trade with Canada, that Canada wheat may be imported into the lake and river ports of the Northern frontier, admitting to entry under bond, to be manufactured into flour in the United States, and upon the exportation of the flour the bonds may be discharged under such regulations as Congress may provide. They believe the manufacturers of flour in the lake country may largely participate in the manufacture of Canadian wheat, should Congress release the duties incident to its importation. They conceive it will be a mere extension of the field of operation to American commerce and manufactures, without subjecting our agricultural industry to increased competition—that in fact it will not in any manner affect our agriculture or our industry except beneficially. The wheat surplus of Canada will seek a foreign market, whether the prayer of your memorialists is granted or not. The question is the very simple one, whether Congress will permit the flour manufacturers and the owners of tonnage upon the Northern Lakes and Canals to participate in the manufacture of Canada wheat, and in the commercial profits incident to the import and export of the same.

Your memorialists respectfully submit that under existing acts of Congress, and regulations of the Treasury, a drawback of the duties is allowed on the exportation of sugar refined in the United States from foreign sugars imported, and a like drawback is allowed on the exportation of spirits distilled from foreign molasses.

The transactions under these acts and regulations are known to be highly profitable, and are conducted with entire safety to the revenue.—Your memorialists submit whether the countenance of Congress, so benignly shed upon the manufacturers of spirits, will be withheld from the manufacturers of bread.

A copy of this memorial, of which the above is the substantial part, was sent to us some days ago, with a request that we would aid its circulation, and in giving effect to its prayer. We see that it is noticed with commendation in several of the New York and other eastern papers, some without qualifications, others recommending that the trade with Canada be put on the same footing as between the States, without any restrictions or duties whatever.

It would give us pleasure to comply with the wishes of the esteemed friend who sent us the memorial, if we could do so consistently with our sense of public duty; but the consideration we have given the matter compels us to take a view of it adverse to the prayer of the memorialists.

That the arrangement proposed would, if sanctioned, prove beneficial to the millers of Rochester, Oswego, and other points that could be named, and that it would, in some degree, benefit the shipping interest on Lake Ontario, the canals, and on the ocean, is very probable. But these advantages, if realized to the fullest extent anticipated, would be dearly purchased by the injury that would be inflicted on the producers of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin.

The fertility and capacity for production ascribed in the memorial to the Canadian peninsula, are not exaggerated. It is one of the finest countries in the world, and with proper encouragement and stimulus to its industry, might easily produce ten times more than it now does. Under a state of things somewhat different from that now existing, we should be gratified to see Canada flourish to the utmost. But we very much question whether it is any part of our duty at present to do more than we have already done to stimulate its producing power, and increase its commercial facilities. Under our laws regulating drawback and warehousing she has the unlimited use of our works of internal improvement, for all her commercial purposes, and it is now proposed to give her large additional advantages.

Look for a moment at the practical effect of the system proposed. Every bushel of wheat she can raise would find a ready market at Rochester, Oswego and other prominent milling points, at the highest price that the state of the foreign market—which controls all operations of this kind—would allow. The Canadian wheat thus manufactured into flour would not, it is true, compete with our own directly in the home market, but it would constitute a very large portion of the flour exported from this country, and by so much would injuriously affect the market value of the products of our own people. Besides this, its proximity to the United States is such that the Canadian producer could, in the case of a sudden rise of prices abroad, send his wheat here, have it ground, and on board a ship half across the Atlantic, in a way to take full advantage of the rise, before a vessel could go from this port to the upper lakes and take on a cargo of American grown wheat. The Western producer would, by the plan proposed, be completely headed. His products would be thrown upon a glutted or falling foreign market, the full benefits of which would be reaped by an alien people.—A measure more unjust or injurious cannot, in our view, well be imagined. The shipping and milling interests of particular localities would profit largely by the proposed arrangement; but all other interests would suffer in a still greater degree.

We are willing to concur in a liberal line of policy toward the people of other countries, but are not prepared to favor a policy that would, in effect, give aliens an advantage over our kindred, those who have subdued the forest and the prairies, those who have added more than an empire's extent and resources to our country, who have freely borne more than their share of common burdens, and who have at all times manifested a patriotic readiness to uphold their country's interest and honor. Something, too, is due our western brethren from this State, to whose power and greatness they have so largely contributed. If we cannot be generous toward them, we should at least be just.

In these hastily written remarks we have but indicated some of the objections to the plan proposed. We throw them out in the hope that they will arrest the attention of our readers, and induce them to take some steps in opposition to the contemplated measure.

☞ EXPENSES INCURRED BY ERIE COUNTY, FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE DESTITUTE.—The following statement was presented by Mr. LESTER BRACE, one of the County Superintendents:

Between Oct 1, 1843 and Oct. 1, 1845, the sum thus expended was nearly $33,000.

From 1st of Oct., 1845, to 1st Oct. 1846, the whole number relieved or supported was 2,241. Expenses at the poor house were $5,934 99; for temporary relief, $9,151 77; making $15,083 76. From Oct. 1st, 1846 to Oct. 1st, 1847, the whole number of paupers relieved or supported was 4,301. The number of all such persons who were temporarily relieved was 3,292. The aggregate expense of relieving and supporting all such persons was $17,146 83; of this aggregate sum, the amount expended for tempora y relief was $8,367 24; poor house expenses, $8,779 59. The whole number received into the poor house during the last year was 978; died in the poor house, 113. It may be added here that the City Sexton buried during the same time 216, by request of the Overseers of the Poor. It will readily be seen that while pauperism has been annually on the increase, that at no time does its increase compare with the last year, there having been in that time an addition of a little less than fifteen hundred, all of whom were in a most miserable, destitute and sickly condition. Scarcely a family that has stopped here since last July, but more or less of its members have brought with them ship fever; and I am fully satisfied that one thousand have been proper subjects for a hospital.

Of the 4201 paupers the last year, 3804 were foreigners, viz: 1781 from Ireland. 1265 from Germany; 198 from England; 113 from Scotland; 92 from Holland; 71 from France; 47 from Canada; 18 from Prussia; 16 from Wales; 6 from Halifax; 74 colored, and 929 native citizens.

Besides these, from 800 to 1000 who have passed thro' this city, have been more or less aided, and of whom no official record has been kept.

The bill passed at the last session of the Legislature provides a common fund for the support of sick immigrants landing on this frontier, for three years after their arrival. But a considerable proportion of our sick paupers come by way of New York. We understand that the great practical difficulty consists in the identification of the individuals as having already paid the tax, or "hospital money." The fact that to large a proportion of the paupers for whom we incur expense here are foreigners is worthy of notice and is worthy of increased attention from the State.

MAINE SENATOR.—The Governor of Maine has appointed the Hon. WYMAN B.S. MOOR, now Attorney General of that State, a Senator in Congress, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. FAIRFIELD, or until the legislature shall elect.

☞ MECHANICS' PROTECTIONS.—Another institution of this character was established in this city on Thursday evening. It is called Mechanics' Mutual Protection No. 45. The following officers were elected for the current term:

JOHN S. PUTNAM, *S. P.*
B. F. SALISBURY, *J. P.*
F. W. ROGERS, *R. S.*
N. W. THAYER, *F. S.*
JOHN BURDETT, *T.*

We understand that these institutions are increasing in other parts of this State.

A FAMILY POISONED.—The following is an extract of a letter from a friend, residing at the Falls St. Croix. The persons referred to were a poor but respectable family, who removed from this place last spring.

"In a letter written you a short time since, I attempted to tell you of a terrible calamity that had then just befallen the family of our mutual friend, Mr. John Lightner. Owing to the irregularity of the mail, the letter has probably not reached you. The family were all poisoned! The two eldest of the boys died. Three other members of the family partook of the poison, but it did not prove fatal. This extraordinary occurrence was brought about by the criminal agency of an old antiquated root doctor, who had just come to the place. It afterwards appeared, that he had cultivated a kind of reverence for the root medicines of Indian tradition, and though twice previously told that the root he was digging was wild parship, and was poison, yet he persisted in calling it by another name, and seemed to be bent and recommending and trying its virtues. That poor family were the victims of his first reckless experiment."—*Galena Gazette.*

LOCKPORT AND ROCHESTER RAIL ROAD.—The Lockport Daily Courier says that the statement of the paper at Brockport that it has been decided to locate the above named Road upon the Ridge route, is without foundation, as there has been no meeting of persons competent to locate the road—and further, it understands that the question of location depends entirely upon the amount of stock taken upon the several routes, and the terms upon which releases can be obtained. And it appears from what we learn that there is room as well as time for exertions on the line of the Canal route. One thing is quite certain, those on this route must soon manifest greater interest in the matter or the question will be settled in favor of the Ridge.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ The *Tribune* has a letter from Puebla giving some account of the recent action at Matamoros. Matamoros is a town about 30 miles from Puebla, and the fight was between Gen. LANE and Gen. REA.

The engagement was a warm one and resulted in the loss of about 100 men and two pieces of artillery on the part of the Mexicans, and a loss of two men on the American side.

☞ The N. Y. *Herald* of Saturday has a despatch from Washington giving a rumor of a treaty of peace between TRIST and the Mexican Commissioners. It was generally believed to be a humbug.

☞ WILLIAM W. MUNFORD, Esq., one of the oldest and most respected residents of Rochester, died in that city yesterday morning of apoplexy, with which he was attacked Friday evening.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

BY MRS. E. LITTLE.

"The rights of Woman"—what are they?
The right to labor and to pray;
The right to watch while others sleep,
The right o'er others' woes to weep;
The right to succor in distress,
The right while others curse to bless;
The right to love whom others scorn;
The right to comfort all that mourn;
The right to shed new joy on earth,
The right to feel the soul's high worth;
The right to lead the soul to God
Along the path the Savior trod—
The path of meekness and of love,
The path of faith that leads above;
The path of patience under wrong,
The path in which the weak grow strong;
Such woman's rights, and God will bless
And crown their champions with success.

Price Current—January 12, 1848.

Flour, bbl	$4 75@4 87½	Turkeys, lb	8
Pork, bbl	10 50@11 00	Chickens	6
Do slaugh. cwt.	4 75@5 00	Geese, each	25
Beef, cwt	3@4 00	Clover seed, bu.	5 25@5 50
Butter, lb	12@16	Timothy	1 75
Lard	7½@8	Flax	1 06
Cheese	6	Grass	—
Hams	7	Whitefish, bbl	6 50
Shoulders	5	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt	1 50	Potatoes, bush	75
Wheat, bu	95@1 15	Salt, bbl	1 62½
Corn	50	Apples, bbl	1 37½
Oats	35	Do dried, bu	62½
Slaughter hides, lb	4@4½	Onions	75
Dry do	9@10	Eggs, doz	15@16
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb	—
Sheep, slaughtered	62½@75	Soap	—
Lamb do	12½	Whiskey, gall	19
Dry	44@50	Highwines	20
Hard wood, cd.	3 25@3 50	Lead, hund	4 00
Hemlock	3 00	Beans, bu	87½
Bit. (O) coal, ton	$5 50	Wool, lb	20@30
Blossburg		Hay	12 00

MARRIED.

On the 6th inst., by Dr. Tucker, JOHN MAGEE, and Miss CAROLINE O'BRIAN.

At Albion, on the 6th instant, by the Rev. William N. McHarg, ROSWELL L. BURROWS, Esq., of this city, and Miss MARIA, daughter of Rev. J. W. French.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Hosmer, Mr. THOMAS THOMPSON, of this city, and Miss MARY JANE BELL, of Dundee, Mich.

DIED.

On the 7th inst., GEORGE EDGAR, son of George and Ann C. Crooker, at the age of 1 year and 2 months.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. ADELINE, wife of William Tucker, aged 33 years.

January 4th, Mrs. IRENE RICHARDSON, consort of Charles Richardson, Esq. of Strykersville.

SPLENDID LITERARY PREMIUMS
WORTH CONTENDING FOR.

WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER
VOLUME TENTH.

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On the 5th of February, 1848, we shall commence the Tenth Volume of the Western Literary Messenger. It will appear in an entirely new dress and with an increased list of able contributors; and the publishers are determined to make it second in value to no family news and literary paper in the country. They will aim to render it alike the delight of the fireside, an ornament to the centre table and an honor to Western Literature.

Desirous of enlarging its circulation in all parts of the United States and Canada, and willing to give ample encouragement to agents, we herein offer the following flattering inducements to any person who will interest himself in increasing our list of subscribers:

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BUFFALO, Dec, 22, 1847.

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WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME IX. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1848. NUMBER XXV.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Pilot.

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

"And specyally am I of rehyt goode cheer when that I be with such like folk as doe occupy their business in ye perilles of ye elements. Such be they who doe sail on ye high seas;—likewise they who doe bring ye great ships with ye riches thereof into ye desired havens."

I.

Who is it in yon white-winged skiff
That stands in from the sea,
With oars so long,
And hands so strong,
And a face so full of glee?

II.

'T is he whom the lighthouse-man knows well:
It is the Pilot bold,—
With whom he laughs
As he nightly quaffs
The beer so brown and old.

III.

The pilot,—a queer old man is he,
And the hairs on his head are grey,
And the village boys
Make a merry noise
When he landeth in the bay.

IV.

A short, fat man is the pilot-man,
And at eventide and dawn,
You may see him stand
On the white sea-sand,
With his boots o'er his breeches drawn.

V.

But when the lighthouse lamp is lit,
And the night winds make a din,
Oft through the dark
Steers he his bark,
To pilot the good ship in.

VI.

His broad sail flaps in the driving scud
Like the sea-bird's glancing wing,
Where the signal light
Of the ship gleams white,
And the dismal fog-bells ring.

VII.

He hears the boom of the thunder's gun,
And sees the lightning's chain,
As it swings through the air
With a terrible glare,
From the throat of the hurricane.

VIII.

The fire-bolt shines in his wrinkled face,
Yet he fears not the raging blast,—
But he tugs at the wheel
With his arms of steel,
And he holdeth the tiller fast.

IX.

Thus plain old truths in a homely guise,
Though scorned of the world they be,
May pilot the Soul,
When the wild waves roll,
O'er the bosom of Life's wild sea,

X.

And guide at last to that better land,
Where the life of the Soul is blest,
Where the common lot
Of woe, falls not,
And the weary are at rest.

UTICA, N. Y.

From the Saturday Evening Post

The Betty.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

Mr. Smith was a "Betty," there is no denying it; not that his name was Elizabeth, no, he was plain John Smith; but he was a "Betty."

This fact had been strongly suspected by his mother and sisters, as he grew up, but it was not until a too confiding and rash young woman in an unhappy moment consented to marry him, and a house was furnished for them by her father, that the melancholy truth burst upon every one who knew him, and Mr. Smith became stamped for life with the appellation of a "Betty."

Young ladies, who listen to the insinuating speeches of gay and agreeable men, before you allow your affections to become hopelessly entangled, go to their sisters, their mothers, those who have had opportunities of finding it out; ask above all things, before all things,

"Is he a 'Betty.'"

"There is no use in telling his wife," said his mother to her two daughters, as they retired from their first visit to the new house, "poor thing, she will see it soon enough."

And so she did see it, like many another of her sex, when it was entirely too late to take any measures against her fate.

"Mr. Smith is so kind," said she to her mother, in answer to her inquries, "he really saves me a great deal of trouble. There are a great many little things about the house, which he attends to; I am sure I do not know what I should do, now as I am to housekeeping, if he had not that way."

But all is not gold that glitters, and as we must not always trust to appearances in this world, (though who is there that does not?) Mr. Smith's "kind little ways" soon developed themselves, and if we may be allowed the expression, his horns began to show themselves.

House cleaning time came. That purgatory of all other men was a Paradise to Mr. Smith. He ran backwards and forwards without his coat, knelt down and took the nails out of the carpets himself, and did quite as much work as any of them. He moved the sofas and the piano himself, won the white-washer's heart by mixing the lime for her, and turned the other woman out of doors, because, in spite of all his entreaties to the contrary, she would persist in scrubbing the floors, "across the grain of the wood."

Unavoidable business prevented his being present when the mats were put down. I believe Mrs. Smith seized that opportunity to have them put down, when the business *was* unavoidable; Mr. Smith said it was very wrong in her, because he had a new theory of his own about putting down mats.

Then he took a fancy to catch rats in a trap of his own construction.

A large cheese was gradually consumed in this scheme, but no rats were caught, the trap was abandoned.

One day Mr. Smith came home to dinner in unusually high spirits. He had been elected churchwarden. "A situation," as he told his wife, "of great importance."

His wife did not think very highly of any situation, which was unaccompanied by a salary, but women are more avaricious than men.

Christmas time came. The church was to be dressed with evergreens. Was ever man so happy or so busy as Mr. Smith. With a monstrous ball of twine, and a gigantic pair of shears, he applied himself to his duties.

The effect was certainly very pretty when it was all done, and Mr. Smith had managed his share of the duties so well as to save several yards of the twine, which he carefully pocketed for his own use.

Not long after, he did not come home all day. Mrs. Smith could not conceal from herself that it was somewhat of a relief, and yet towards night she began to be uneasy. She indulged herself in lighting the lamp half an hour earlier than Mr. Smith's economical ideas would have permitted, and began to read. The evening passed on—ten o'clock came! eleven! but Mr. Smith did not come.

Mrs. Smith's book closed, she could read no longer.

Suddenly, at half past eleven the door opened, and in came Mr. Smith, very red.

"Oh, Mr. Smith, where *have* you been?" Suspicions that he had fallen a victim to intemperance crossed her sleepy brain.

"Where have you been?" repeated she.

Mr. Smith sat down and began to fan himself with his pocket-handkerchief.

"I *was* afraid that you would be uneasy about me, and I did thing in the early part of the evening of writing you a note, a little note to inform you of the cause of my protracted stay. The fact is, oh! how tired I am! You see, we had a meeting some days ago in the vestry room, to debate upon the question of buying a new carpet for the middle aisle. I thought it an extravagant plan, for, said I to them all, what can we do with the old one,—it has three large holes, to be sure, and eleven small ones, would you believe it, Mary, eleven small ones. I counted them myself on my hands and knees, the week before last.

"I always thought it would not last much longer,"

"Then you were wrong, by-the bye, now that I remember it, did you see the milk-man this after noon."

"Yes, I did."

"And you mentioned, I hope, the flies that I complain of so much."

"No. I did not. I really felt ashamed."

"Ashamed! I do not understand how that can possibly be—ashamed! what, when there are three or four flies in the milk every morning, ashamed to tell the man that unless he takes them out carefully himself, in future, I will look out for another milk-man."

"But you were going to tell me where you have been all day."

"So I was, only you interrupted me, well let me see—where was I?"

"On your hands and knees, looking at the carpet."

"So I was—yes! Well, as I said, we had a meeting about buying a new carpet for the middle aisle; and Johnson, and Harmer and Stevenson were all for it. I and Roan against it. 'A new piece,' said I, 'carefully and neatly inserted, will make it look as good as new.' To this the other party objected, that a new piece would make the old part look still older, as the colors are very much faded. At last, after much consultation, we agreed that a new one was indispensable. So a deputation was appointed, that is to say, a committee, to go and purchase a new carpet, This committee was composed of two membes, myself and Gardiner."

"But Gardiner is lame."

"So he is, my dear, I alone, therefore, was left to attend to the business."

"I wonder you wasted your time upon it, at all, when you have so much business that is really profitable."

"My dear, how can you talk so?—a matter of such importance."

"Did you choose one?"

"I Chose an excellent one, it is a red, with large green medallions—inside of each green medallion is a black one, through which runs a white cornucopiæ. Have you a pencil, I can draw the pattern for you."

"There is no need to draw it, I understand it perfectly well from your description."

"This was three days ago—the carpet was to be sent at eight o'clock this mornig. Punctually at eight we all met in the vestry room, but the carpet did not come."

"You know those people are never punctual."

"I know that punctuality is a virtue, and I also know that virtue sometimes exists even in carpet stores."

"What did you do?"

"Do!—we waited. Still the carpet did not come. Nine o'clock struck, ten, eleven, but no carpet. The church-wardens began to get tired of waiting."

"I don't wonder."

"They said they would wait no longer. I remarked that it would not do for us all to go away, as very probobly the moment we left the building the men would arrive with the carpet. I proposed to remain myself. They agreed to this, and left me, promising to return at two o'clock.

"At one, the men came with the carpet, all sewed together and fitted just the size of the aisle. Finding them very nice, well behaved young men. I took off my coat and assisted them to unfold the breadths, thinking what a pleasant surprise it would prove to thr other church wardens to find the carpet all nailed down. The white figures contrasted beautifully with the red ground, and the intervening green acted as a beautiful sort of middle tint. We had it all fastened at the end nearest the door, and I assure you, my dear, it was beautifully done. Then we all walked up to the chancel end, and having nailed a piece neatly round the chancel, we began to stretch the other part covering the aisle upwards to meet it."

"And did your friends come back?"

"Punctually, yes, at two o'clock. They were as I had supposed they would be, very much astonished to see the great progress we had made, and said several very civil things about it, principally to my exertions, which it was, you know, and would have been more so, if we had not had but two hammers for three men."

"But that did not keep you all this time, did it?"

"Let me tell you everything in its proper course, my dear. I am just about coming now to the best part of my story."

"I thought it was nearly finished."

"No. my dear; but you women are always so impatient."

"Go on, then."

"Well, we then began to nail it at the upper end, but whether it was drawn too tight, or whether there was much cotton in the carpet, or wheth-

er the nails were made of inferior metal, I really can't take it upon me to say, but somehow or other, it invariably slipped from us."

Mrs. Smith would have laughed if she had not been engaged in a yawn, at that moment.

"We stood aghast. Like the waves of the sea, the carpet slipped from our hold and rushed from us down the aisle, until stopped, perhaps, by its own violence, it lay in loose heaps at the farther end. After running down there a great many times to catch it, and creeping backwards on my hands and knees, holding the carpet in my teeth, but always with the same want of success, a bright idea came across me."

"I am glad to hear it."

"I hope you are—a bright idea came across me. I think, my dear, my ideas are apt to be bright on these occasions. Can you guess what I did?"

"Never! never!"

"Then I must tell you. I got up, put on my coat, smoothed my hair, begged the church-wardens and the two clever young men from the carpet-stone to excuse me, went out, crossed over to Mrs. Hope's little store—and what do you think I bought. A box of the prettiest shining little things—they cost me four cents. Not dear, I think. I have brought you the rest of them home.

And getting up Mr. Smith came forward, and open a little round box, emptied the contents into his wife's lap.

"Hooks and eyes. I do declare."

"Yes. Genuine double silver-plated. No. 5, twenty-five pairs, if we may believe the lid of the box. I was back in five minutes. I must not forget to mention that I bought a skein of black thread. With this and a big needle, I set to work and sewed the hooks all along the end of the long piece of carpet; the eyes across the piece which runs past the chancel. I hooked it, one by one, in the nicest manner, and a very pretty little job I made of it."

"You actually hooked it?"

"Yes just like your dresses. So much for having a little thought, a little reflection. All those men have been married men a great deal longer than I have. Hooks and eyes are things they must have seen and heard of oftener than I have. But yet, I was the only one who thought of it."

It was ascertained a few days after, that a gentleman had called repeatedly upon Mr. Smith, on Wednesday, the ninth of January. It was the day he was sewing hooks and eyes to the middle aisle carpet. The business was of much importance; the gentleman went to some one else.

"If you had been at your store that day, you might have made two hundred dollars," said his wife.

"And a very neat little job I made of the carpet that day, my dear."

Ladies' Waists.

It would be a task by no means easy to ascertain at what period began the custom of diminishing the waist by means of the corset. It certainly cannot claim the honor of an origin in the present generation. It savors so much of darkness and ignorance that we presume it arose in the dark ages. That it has continued, that it prevails among civilized and enlightened nations at the present time, has been a subject of wonder to scientific men. Dr. Ticknor expresses his astonishment that those who possess not a little of shrewdness, intelligence and taste, should yield to the dictates of a fashion so absurd. The mystery, we think, on due consideration can be explained.

The custom of diminishing the waist is chiefly confined to the female sex, though some, mostly the ignorant, vain, and foppish among the other sex, in a measure, follow the fashion. Among the ladies, it very widely prevails. It has been said that the fashion was a fortunate one for the world: inasmuch as it "killed off" the weak and flaunting. This is an erroneous idea of the character of the victims; for, not a few of those who conform in a considerable degree to this preposterous fashion are young ladies in the best circles of society; sometimes possessing as elegant accomplishments of mind as any of their sex. The fashion so far from narrowing its circle, is increasing it with the widening limits of fathionable influence. It now claims its devotees not from cities only, but from the country at large. I think the following considerations explain the mystery of the prevalence of this fashion: first, with regard to the origin of the custom. It may have arisen anciently in compliment to the predictions of certain poetical minds of the higher order, for slender sylph-like forms, and from a passion for artificial novelty. Sylph-like forms, of the very slender order may be beautiful to some eyes, but can only be beautiful when proportion and graceful outlines are preserved; hence, Nature alone can give a shape in this order of beauty;—but of this more hereafter. And with respect to the passion of artificial novelty in dress and figure, a glance at the pictures of persons and costumes in those ages when we suppose the customs to have arisen, shows how potently it raged. Look at the hair: not flowing in natural beauty, but tightly, drawn back from the brow, if not powdered, frizzled to the most fantastic appearance; the neck hidden by stiff, wide, frilled collars, darting out "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." A few more fantastic absurdities might harmoniously have been added—eyelids painted with vermillion, or purple, and pictures of flowers, dragons, and serpents tattooed upon the cheeks and temples.

Now, as man is imitative, the custom, once begun in society esteemed refined and elegant, is followed by the rising generation. Moreover, this fashion is not easily set aside, if to do so be the desire of those who yield to it. The hair may, in a trice, be washed of its powder and combed to a natural beautiful flow; the tattooing may in time wear off, and the lace be folded away in the drawer; but who can in a day, or a year, or ever (!) restore to it natural and healthful fulness and fine contour the form which Fashion in her Death-plighted hands has pressed? Hence those who began the custom apparently countenanced it, while they lived; and those who imitate, do the same.—The number of its devotees is larger than is supposed. Thousands *prevent the growth and development* of the waist by not giving freedom to nature in their youth, who imagine they are the living examples of a natural shape. The truth is, *they prevent development*. And as to many, "so insidious is the gain of those fatal cords," so unsuspiciously does the corset continue, from month to month, to intrude upon the sacred provinces of nature and health, that though they allow that there are victims decked for the sacrifice, they know not that they themselves are included among the number. But Nature will be avenged, and those who prevent her due development, as well as those who repress them, if the glow of the cheek change not soon; if the heart sicken not immediately with the decay of the fresh sensations of health, will eventually be obliged to pay the dreadful forfeit, at an hour, perhaps, when life, if health were theirs, will seem to promise its fullest harvest of pleasures.—*Evergreen.*

Love's Disappointment.

A TRUE STORY.

Near the large village of M———, in the County of Cork, there resided, some years since, a wealthy gentleman named Arden, whose only daughter and sole heiress was, at the time of which we speak, near her sixteenth year, having been educated in the seclusion of her father's house, by a governess of rigid principles; she was as little acquainted with the world as it is possible to imagine a young lady of her age to be.

Happy would it have been for her, had she been earlier taught the value of men's vows, and the danger that threatens the peace of mind of those who place too fond a reliance upon them; indeed, we might remark, *en passant*, the error into which too many guardians of the young fall, in keeping them so completely secluded, as to render them unfit, on their entrance into the world, to cope with the evils that surround them; they look upon it either as filled with care and snares, from which there is no escape, or trusting and believing all, they find themselves and their young hopes wrecked.

On a lovely day in June, 18—, a detachment of the — regiment marched into the town of M———, and, in the course of that and the following day, the officers were waited upon by most of the gentry of the neighborhood;—among the rest, by Mr. Arden, who piqued himself on the preservation of that hospitality for which his ancestors and their compeers were so famous.

One of the officers in command, was a young man named Walter L———, the son of a younger brother of a good family, whose whole fortune was his pay; unless, indeed, being of the weaker sex, we include a tall and handsome figure, fine blue eyes, and noble features, relieved from the charge of effeminacy by the hue of bronze that overspread them; an ardent sportsman, he soon became a favorite of Mr. Arden's, and a constant guest at his house, where, of course, he frequently met Louise, and, being also a draughtsman, his society soon became as agreeable to her as to her father, and he her constant companion in her walks and rides; together they sketched many of the lovely views of the charming neighborhood; and though he never spoke of love, nothing was wanting on his part to win the favor of the fair and wealthy girl; and, as the sequel will show, with too much success.

Some months passed in this manner, when a rumor was circulated that the regiment was ordered on foreign service, and at the thought of parting all else was forgotten. Walter declared his affection, was hesitatingly accepted by the daughter, and indignantly rejected by the father, who, while reminding him of his poverty and his position as a subaltern in a marching regiment, termed him "a presumptous fortune hunter;" enraged by this treatment, he rushed from the house, and on reaching his quarters found the route had already arrived, The regiment was ordered to proceed to Cork, whence it was to embark for Madras; he now wrote to Mrr Arden, entreating permission to take leave of his daughter—the answer to which was his own note unopened; but, accompanied by the few gifts, (principally drawings from the surrounding scenery,) she had formerly accepted. Many were the attempts he made to obtain a parting look from her (he believed) he fondly loved. We will leave him to pursue his voyage to the land of which so much is written, and, at the name of which, such glorious visions arise of all that is splendid and luxurious, some of which fall far, far short of the reality, (even though dimmed by the dismal reverse of want of health, the greatest of human blessings,) and follow the future steps of the loving, devoted Louise.

Never having known grief, the frantic excess of passion alarmed her father, who at last decided upon placing her temporarily in a convent, a few miles from her home; trusting that quiet, seclusion, and above all, the reasoning of the sisters on the folly of all earthly attachments, would restore her once more to peace of mind, and eradicate all thoughts of her banished lover. Lamentably was he mistaken! for a fortnight only had elapsed, when one morning the gate being unguarded, our heroine passed through and found herself on the road to Cork. We dare not occupy the space necessary to detail the manner in which she accomplished her wishes and arrival in that city, in time to find that the vessel had already sailed with Ulysses. With an energy wonderful in one of her age, sex, and former habits, she purchased the habiliments of a sailor boy, stained her face, hands, and throat; and having passed to Liverpool, presented herself to the captain of a ship about sailing for Madras: and strange to relate, was engaged as his cabin-boy.

Behold our heroine now transformed into that ill-used specimen of humanity—a sailor boy.—The captain with whom chance had thrown her, and who was accompanied by his wife, was far more lenient than usual; and although, of course, unaware of her disguise, allowed her many privileges, among the greatest of which, was that of being permitted to convert the bottom of the table to the purpose of a dormitory. For three months she fulfilled the duties of her new station, and preserved her secret inviolable: the ship laboring under a heavy sea, her foot slipped, and she fell, with a cry of pain so feminine, as to astonish all who heard it. Raising her, they found her ankle sprained; and while it was dressed, the agony it caused was sufficient to throw her off her guard, and she found herself compelled to reveal the deception she had practised, and acknowledge the sex other than she seemed. Every attention was paid to her by the kind-hearted captain and his wife; the latter, although blaming her for the steps she had taken, participating warmly in the feelings of the devoted girl.

A few more weeks witnessed their arrival in Madras; and Louise, with an indescribable mingling of feelings, found herself within sight of the haven of all her hopes; she pictured to herself the delight of their meeting; already in imagination heard his ardent thanks for so unheard of a proof of devotion; and with a buoyancy of temperament, for which she was remarkable, appeared to have forgotten the past, and to be totally unaware of the impropriety of the steps she had taken, further, than as an instance of disobedience towards her father, of whose pardon she assured herself.

On anchoring in the Madras Roads, the captain proceeded on shore; and returning soon after, announced that the regiment was still at Madras, that he had written to Lieutenant, now Captain L———, stating the circumstances, and requesting his presence at the agent's office, at a certain hour on the following day. The morning came after a sleepless night to Louise, and passing the surf in a Messallah boat, she reached Madras, and there awaited the arrival of him she loved. The time passed; but soon after she heard the approach of footsteps, and found herself in the presence of her lover; but how different the meeting to what she anticipated. Shall I describe it, or close our story truly and succintly in the words of the poet?

"Man is inconstant ever;
One foot on sea, and one on shore—
To one thing constant never."

Where were all her brilliant hopes of happiness? where her delightful anticipations? when the words, "How could you have acted so imprudently," reached her as the first salutation from the lips that had formerly breathed words only of love; and even they, not in the onset of fond reproach for the perils and trials she had undergone! but of cool and deliberate vexation. Her senses reeled, a dizziness passed before her, and she fell senseless. On her recovery, which did not take place for some hours, the following note was handed to her by the captain; who, imagining it might contain something to cheer her who had so sadly needed it, had watched anxiously for her return to consciousness that he might deliver it—

MADRAS, May 18, ——.

Dear Miss Arden:—I was both surprised and distressed to learn from Captain S—— the very imprudent step you had taken. You must be aware, after the very equivocal position you have so lately occupied, I could not for a moment entertain the idea of making you my wife, even were it otherwise possible; but you will remember, when first I knew you, I believed you would bring a sufficient income to render marriage prudent. Under present circumstances, it could only entail misery on both. Captain S—— returns to England in the course of the ensuing month; and should you feel disposed to place yourself under the protection of his wife, I shall be happy to defray the expenses; or should you prefer remaining here, I have no doubt you will be able to procure a situation as companion to some lady; and I have no doubt, you will marry both soon and well. With best wishes, I remain, yours truly, W. L.

Poor Louise! No home was needed for her; for ere one short week was passed, her heartless lover followed her to the grave.

ROGUE OUTWITTED.—A gentleman in Massachusetts, whose name we shall call Harden, once held a note against a knavish neighbor named Griffin, and which had become, as the phrase is, outlawed. Harden was unwilling to believe Griffin scoundrel enough to defraud him of the debt, and had neglected to compel him to pay it, although he was abundantly able. The law is, we believe, that if a man acknowledge himself to be indebted to a person before evidence after the expiration of the period allowed for the collection of a debt, then the claim is valid, otherwise it must depend entirely on the honor of Griffin the debtor. Griffin was aware that he held the staff in his own hand, and he determined to use it. He would speak of his obligations to Harden with perfect freedom, when no one was present, acknowledge that the debt was justly due, and declare his intention of paying it eventually! but maintained the most obstinate silence when they were in company with a third person. Experience is the profit of events. Harden was finally convinced that Griffin meant to cheat him out of the money; and with true Yankee sagacity, set about some plan to outwit his neighbor. He called on Griffin one morning with a sleigh, and invited him to take a ride. During their ride the old topic, the note, was introduced.

"Why, really, friend Griffin, it seems to me that you ought to pay that $500; it is no inconsiderable sum for a farmer to lose. To be sure I have no legal claim on you, but time has not removed the moral obligation."

"I will pay you as soon as I can make it convenient," said Griffin. "It is, as you say, a just debt; and you shall have the money."

"I intend to, and no thanks to your honesty neither," replied the other. "Mr. Derby, you have heard sufficient for your purpose."

As he spoke, a hogshead which lay in the bottom of the sleigh suddenly colapsed, and the person of a deacon of the parish presented itself to the swindling debtor. Griffin paid the note without further ceremony.

Much attention has lately been drawn, in London, to some new cabs, of which the chief novelty consists in the absence of all springs. A hollow tube about fourteen inches in diameter, composed of India rubber, and inflated with air, is made to encircle each wheel in the manner of a tire; and the carriage rolls along without the slightest noise.

From the Union Magazine

The Thriving Family.—A Song.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Our father lives in Washington,
And has a world of cares,
But gives his children each a farm,
Enough for them and theirs,—
Full thirty well-grown sons has he,
A numerous race indeed,
Married and settled, all, d'ye see,
With boys and girls to feed.
And if we wisely till our lands,
We're sure to earn a living,
And have a penny, too, to spare,
For spending, or for giving.
A thriving family are we,
No lordling need deride us,
For we know how to use our hands,
And in our wits we pride us;
Hail, brothers, hail,—
Let nought on earth divide us.

Some of us dare the sharp north-east,
Some, clover fields are mowing;
And others tend the cotton plants
That keep the looms agoing.
Some build and steer the white-winged ships,
And few in speed can mate them;
While others rear the corn and wheat,
Or grind the flour to freight them.
And if our neighbors o'er the sea
Have e'er an empty larder,
To send a loaf their babes to cheer,
We'll work a little harder.
No old nobility have we,
No tyrant king to ride us;
Our Sages in the Capitol
Enact the laws that guide us.
Hail, brothers, hail,—
Let nought on earth divide us.

Some faults we have—we can't deny
A foible, here and there;
But other households have the same,
And so, we'll not despair.
'Twill do no good to fume and frown,
And call hard names, you see,
And twere a burning shame to part
So fine a family.
'Tis but a waste of time, to fret,
Since Nature made us one,
For every quarrel cuts a thread
That healthful love has spun.
So draw the cords of union fast,
Whatever may betide us,
And closer cling through every blast,
For many a storm has tried us.
Hail, brothers, hail,—
Let nought on earth divide us!

Combat Between a Rat and a Ferret.

A striking proof of the sagacity, courage, and I may say *reasoning* powers of these animals, has been recently given me by a medical friend living at Kingston. Being greatly surprised that the ferret, an animal of such slow locomotive powers, should be so destructive to the rat tribe, he determined to bring both these animals fairly into the arena, in order to judge of their respective powers; and having selected a fine, large and full-grown male rat, and also an equally strong buck ferret, which had been accustomed to the haunts of rats, my friend, accompanied by his son, turned these two animals loose in a room without furniture, in which there was but one window, and the two philosophers determined to watch patiently the whole process of the encounter. Immediately upon being liberated the rat ran round the room, as if searching for an exit. Not finding any means of escape, he uttered a piercing shriek, and with the most prompt decision took up his station directly under the light, thus gaining over his adversary (to use the language of other duelists) "the advantage of the sun." The ferret now erected his head, sniffed about, and seemed fearlessly to push his way toward the spot where the scent of his game was strongest, facing the light in full front, and preparing himself with avidity to seize upon his prey. No sooner, however, had he approached within two feet of his watchful foe, than the rat, again uttering a loud cry, rushed at him with violence and inflicted a severe wound on the head or neck which was soon shown by the blood which flowed from it; the ferret seemed astonished at the attack, and retreated with evident discomfiture; while the rat, instead of following up the advantage he had gained, instantly withdrew to his former station under the window. The ferret soon recovered the shock he had sustained, and erecting his head, once more, took the field. This second rencontre, was in all its progress and results an exact repetition of the former, with this exception that on the rush of the rat to the conflict, the ferret appeared more collected, and evidently showed an inclination to get a firm hold of his enemy; the strength of the rat, however, was very great, and he again succeeded not only in avoiding the deadly embrace of the ferret, but also in inflicting another severe wound on his neck and head.—The rat, a second time, returned to his retreat under the window, and the ferret seemed less anxious to renew the conflict. These attacks were resumed at intervals for nearly two hours, all ending in the failure of the ferret, who was evidently fighting to a disadvantage from the light falling full on his eye whenever he approached the rat, who wisely kept his ground, and never for a moment lost sight of the advantage he had obtained. In order to prove whether the choice of this position depended upon accident, my friend managed to dislodge the rat, and took his own station under the window; but the moment the ferret attempted to make his approach, the rat, evidently aware of the advantage he had lost, endeavored to creep between my friend's legs, thus losing his natural fear of man under the danger which awaited him from a more deadly foe. The ferret by this time had learned a profitable lesson, and prepared to approach the rat in a more wily manner, by creeping insidiously along the skirting, and thus avoiding the glare of light that hitherto had baffled his attempt. The rat still pursued with unabated energy his original mode of attack, namely, inflicting a wound and avoiding at the same time a close combat; while it was equally certain that his foe was intent upon laying hold of, and griping his intended victim in his murderous embrace. The character of the fight, which had lasted more than three hours, was now evidently changed, and the rat appeared conscious that he had lost the advantage he originally possessed, and, like the Swedish hero had taught his frequently beaten foe to conquer in his turn. At last, in a lengthened struggle, the ferret succeeded in accomplishing his originally intended grapple; the rat, as if conscious of his certain ruin, made little farther effort of resistance but, sending forth a plaintive shriek, surrendered his life to his persevering foe.—*Jesse's Natural History.*

Hon. Zadock Pratt's Tannery.—The August number of Hunts Merchants' Magazine contains an article in respect to the Prattsville Tannery, from which the following is a brief extract:

"The Prattsville Tannery, furnishes one of the most striking examples of individual enterprise which our country, fruitful as it is in such examples, affords. A little more than twenty years ago, the district of country in which it stands was a perfect wilderness. Although just back of the well known Catskill range, and not more than thirty-six miles from the banks of the Hudson, the great thoroughfare of our interior trade, the depths of its hemlock forests, the solitude of its tumbling brooks, had been explored only by the foot of the hunter, and were as little known to the public as the slopes and valleys of the Rocky Mountains. In 1824, Col. Pratt visited this district, and with unerring judgment at once decided upon it as the proper location. With a man of Col. Pratt's energy from the conception of a project to its execution, is but a single step. With such men, to will and to do is one and the same thing. In less than ninety days he had a tannery erected, and ready to commence operations.

"This tannery is an immense wooden building 530 feet in length; 43 feet in breadth, and two stories and a half high. Within this area contained 300 vats, with conductors to draw the liquor to the pump, affording about 46,000 cubic feet of room for tanning purposes. A large wing 40 feet by 80, extending over the stream, contains 12 leaches, six of which have copper heaters, each 28 feet long. The cubic contents of the leaches amount to about 12,000 feet, and also the bark loft through which, in the course of the year, passes more than six thousand cords of bark. The mills through which it is ground, are capable of grinding over a cord of bark per hour, and it has connected with it a pump of sufficient capacity to deliver 1,000 cubic feet of 'ooze,' or water charged with tanning, in 30 minutes. The beam house contains thirty vats, equivalent to 7,640 cubic feet. It has connected with it three hide mills, for softening the dry Spanish hides, and two tolling machines, capable of rolling 500 dides per day. Outside of the building, but connected with the beam house by an underground communication, are eight stone sweat pits, with pointed arches and flues. The pits are of the most approved size, being in area 10 feet by 14, and in depth 8 feet, with a spring of water at one corner.

"The labor employed, directly or indirectly, may be set down at two hundred men daily.—The ramified branches of business and trade that it fosters, the comfort, refinement and intelligence of which it becomes the centre, and its final influence upon the growth and populousness of the surrounding district, cannot be too highly estimated."

An Association has been formed in Boston for the purpose of advancing and promoting the interests of the poor seamstresses.

American and Mexican Affairs.

LIFE IN MEXICO.

Correspondence of the N. O. Commercial Times.

CITY OF MEXICO, Dec. 1, 1847.

The weather here has been of late excessively cold; I do not know that I have ever suffered more from cold in the north of the United States. The houses have no fire places, and in winter one is obliged to take some violent boldly exercise, or, if the sun should happen to shine out and emit heat enough, to bask in his rays until he is warm. Our governor, as we call the Captain, has ordered a large stove to be made for our quarters, something like those extensive ones observed in the hotels at New Orleans. I was out yesterday with him on the Paseo, in one of the handsomest coaches in the metropolis. We brought with us from New Orleans a covered Jersey wagon, which cost a trifle more than $100, and for this and an old white horse, we have been offered $500. We shall, perhaps, sell them and purchase the coach, for which they want $700.—The Paseo is the Mall of Mexico: here, every evening, all the fashion of the city may be seen riding; some on horseback, some in buggies, with a single horse, and others sporting tandem; whilst the rich families exhibit themselves in fine coaches and landaus, sometimes drawn by four horses.

The aristocracy never fail making an imposing appearance, through the multitude of servants clad in rich liveries surrounding them, and their splendid horses. I was forcibly reminded by the spectacle yesterday on the Paseo, of Hyde Park, London, on a gala day, when the nobility throng its avenues with their magnificent equipages.—The position of the people here is a singular one; it exhibits an anomaly, such as the world never saw before. With their conquerors in the high seats of power, filling the capital with the echo of their military parade, they move on their course, of life, as if nothing had occurred to disturb their serenity. What is to become of Mexico? What are the government and people of the United States going to do with the country? These are questions which are daily asked, and are answered as many different ways as there are interrogatories. I believe, however, from attention I have paid to the tone of opinion here, that a majority of the United States officers in the Army of Occupation, think the best policy would be, to have an army of from 80,000 to 100,000 men quartered in the country, holding military possession, until our laws and institutions, customs and manners, have taken firm root. This mode of action, I have heard well sustained in argument, and based on the most benevolent feelings and intentions toward Mexico, which only by such a system, properly carried out, could be regenerated morally and politically. Among the plans suggested with this object in view, is the following: as the period of service of volunteers and regulars should expire, to locate them on certain tracts along the road from the capital to Vera Cruz, which should be procured for them by purchase or otherwise, and be granted to them as rewards for honorable conduct during their enrolment. In all the departments of Mexico this could also be done; and thus, by the gradual disbanding of three or four armies, with the establishment of proper encouragements to emigration, a sufficient quantity of healthy blood would be introduced into the decayed republic, to renovate her thoroughly. The Mexicans, at least those who are sufficiently enlightened to think, feel that they have been for years enslaved, under the captivating name of liberty; its sweets, its national blessings, they have never enjoyed, and there is no bond of union between them and their government. Indeed the latter would cease to exist altogether, if we were to cut off the resources which still remain to them. These are to be found in the rich mining districts of Zacatecas, Guanajuato and San Luis Potosi. We should take prompt steps to seize on these departments. A foreign gentleman here, largely interested in mining operations and a resident for twenty-seven years in Mexico, lately told me that the mines were never at any period so productive as at present. Taking the annual produce at $20,000,000, three per cent., the sum exacted by the government, amounts to $600,000. This is an important item, in a budget.

The mine of Real del Monte, 30 leagues from here, pays the government $5,000 monthly. The house of Macintosh & Co., in the city, exercised predominant influence on the powers that were in this country; they had the controlling of the mints in Mexico, Guanajuato, and Zacatecas, receiving the bars of silver from the mines at so much per mark, (8 ounces.) As this silver, in bars, contained 16 grains of pure gold to the mark, this house made a handsome profit by the arrangement, since no allowance was made for the purer metal. It is the custom, I believe, in every country, when bar silver is coined in any quantity, to give the owners the value of the gold, after the expenses attendant on separating it are paid. I have heard that the house above alluded to has represented to the Government of the U. States that it would be better for the latter to prevent the exportation of silver in bars, unless at a high per centage. I think sound policy indicates the propriety of taking the supervision of the mines into our own hands, if we contemplate making a long stay here.

Many respectable Mexicans fancy that the great commercial house above spoken of is playing a double game with Santa Anna and our Government. They say that Santa Anna, before leaving the capital, made over to the head of the firm his haciendas at Encierro, and Mango de Clava, with all the real estate he possessed in the republic. This same gentleman is not in the best odor, either with his own countrymen or Americans, for the conspicuous part he played in the armistice at Tacubaya. It is reported that the Mexicans are fortifying between this city and Queretaro. There are, unhappily, no precedents on record by which we can judge this singular people. A meeting of all people, without distinction of party or country, favorable to the construction of a railroad between Mexico and Vera Cruz, has been, for some time, announced in the daily papers. It is to take place, tomorrow evening, at the National Palace. Considerable interest is shown in the project. I know an officer of our army, who intends to take 500 shares. If the project is embraced with spirit, it is believed operations will commence within the next 6 months. What a great people are we! A gentleman here proposed to me, the other day, to take a trip from the other side of Real del Monte down a river which runs into the Pacific. It is the river Lerma, which falls into the Pacific at San Blas; and were I circumstanced differently, I would be off with him on a voyage of discovery, and cross the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Courts Martial have not yet been convened for the trials of Generals Worth and Pillow, and Colonel Duncan. The opinion is, that the two latter will be convicted, and that the sentences on them will be very severe.

A DELICATE DISTINCTION.—"Will you have me, Sarah?" said a young man to a shy young lady. "No, John," said she, "but you may have me if you like."

"The Face of the Dead."

"The dignity with which Death invests his victim inspires us with an awe no living thing can create.... We shrink with horror from the touch of that hand which but yesterday was firmly clasped in our own. – [Marriage; a Novel.

I.

We gaze with deep awe on the face of the dead,
As they lie in their solemn and dreamless repose;
And we shrink from their presence with feelings so dread,
That the heart in its terror seems suddenly froze.

II.

It little avails though the loved one now cold,
When life-warm was gentle as Music's own breath;
The arm that our infancy once could enfold
Has a touch how repulsive, when stiffened by Death!

III.

Ah! well I remember the morning in June,
Though twenty long years have since vanished away,
When first my young heart learned its dirge-notes to tune,
As my "Angel of Youth" in her winding-sheet lay!

IV.

The eyes whose mild light on my spirit first shone
For ever had ceased in their sweetness to beam,
And her smiles, which in sickness no dimness had known
Like tender young orphans, did hotter seem.

V.

Yet I could not approach her and touch her pale lips,
Though the first that my infantile cheek did e'er meet,
And though sweet as the dew that the honey-bee sips
Were the prayers I had caught there, and learned to repeat,

VI.

I thought as I gazed on her cold livid face,
That the Angel of Death, who the havoc had wrought,
Was lingering still in that sanctified place,
Which seemed with the presence of Deity fraught.

VII.

O God! must the child that now looks in my eye,
And smiles as its sweet little image it sees,
When the mirror is hidden, and pulseless I lie,
Behold me with awe which its feelings shall freeze?

VIII.

O call me away to the home of my hopes,
When afar from the few who may cherish my name,
And then, when the morn of their sorrowing opes,
No death-cloud shall shadow grief's love-kindled flame.

J. CLEMENT.

Jacob's Well and the Samaritans.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Our last view of Jerusalem was very fine. We looked back from a ridge on the northern road, and saw it lying, bright and stately, on its everlasting hills; but it looked lower than from most other points of view, from the Moab Mountains forming its lofty background. We descended the slope before us, and lost sight of the Holy City forever.

Again we were struck with the vivid coloring of the scenery. All this day, the hills were dressed in brilliant hues;—the soil, red, grey and brown; the tilled portions of the brightest green; and the shadows purple or lilac. All the hills show traces of having been once terraced; and they were still completely so in the neighborhood of our encampment this evening,—the terraces following the strata of the stone, which all lay slanting. This gives a singular air of wildness to the most cultivated spots. Here and there were basins among the hills, the red soil dropped all over with fig and olive trees, or full of corn; and the upland tracks winding among slopes all strewn with cistus, iris, cyclamen, and anemones, and bristling with tall flowering hollyocks. On we went, past deep old wells yawning in the hollows, or stone cisterns, few camels here and there, browsing in the dells; past groups of Arabs with their asses, carrying corn to the city; past stone villages crowning the steeps, till, at 6 P. M., we encamped beside a beautiful old pool. We were under the shelter of a rock whose moist crevices were fringed with delicate ferns. While dinner was preparing, I went back on our road—the narrow, stony road, which wound round the verdant promontory opposite to our rock—to find a honeysuckle which I had seen climbing and blossoming to a great height! and I brought back a charming handful of flowers.

While we were at dinner in the tent, a sound of scuffling was heard outside; and when our dragoman next entered, he was out of breath. We afterwards heard the whole story, and were amused to find how zealous our Mahommedan servants could be in the cause of Christians. Some Arabs, with their loaded mules, had come with the intention of encamping beside the pool; and, on finding the ground partly occupied, tho' there was plenty of room left, they became abusive, and wondered aloud what business these cursed Christians had in their country. Our dragoman resented this, and threw the speaker down over the tent-ropes. There was then a stout scuffle, and our cook coming to help, and the Arabs falling one upon another over the tent-pegs in the dark, they had the worst of it, and went off vowing vengeance. We heard no more of them, however.

The next morning we saw the Mediterraneau, like a basin of deep blue water between two hills. We were not going towards it, however, but to Nablous, the ancient Sychar; where lies that Jacob's well at which the woman of Samaria was wont to draw water.

Our road lay through a most fertile valley now called Hawarrah, where the crops were splendid for miles, and the villages were thickly planted on the hills. The ground rose in a series of table lands, of which there was a succession of three, when we were leaving to the Hawarrah valley.—The roads in this part of the Holy Land were mere lanes full of stones between walls, or tracks through olive grounds and meadows, or paths running along shelves of the rocks, with a bit of rocky staircase at each end, about ascending or descending which our good horses made no difficulty.

Before entering the valley where old Sychar lay, between the mountains Ebal and Gerizim, we came to the fine fertile parcel of ground which Jacob bought. The valley opens out into this wide basin; and near the junction of the valley and the basin is the old well which is the supposed scene of the conversation of Jesus with the Samaritan woman. Some of our party wound round the base of the hill to the well; and some (and I for one) rode by the upper path, over the shoulder of the hill, and came down on the other side. I had thus a fine view of the whole locality; of the valley where the city lies—a narrow valley, rich with fig and olive groves, and overhung by the rocky bases of Ebal and Gerizim, where the square black entrances of tombs dotted the strata of the rocks. From this height, Jacob's land looked a beautiful expanse. The well is a mere rough heap of stones, with a hole in the middle, nearly closed up. What there is below ground, I cannot say; but this is all that is to be seen on the surface. It is not a well likely to be in use now, for there are many springs and shallow cisterns (though no well) between this and the town, which lies about a mile and a half off.

Everybody knows that the Jews had no friendly dealings with the Samaritans in the time of Jesus. The quarrels had then lasted above 500 years. How many suns had gone down upon their wrath! The Samaritans had wished to assist the Jews in rebuilding the temple of Jerusalem; but the Jews hated them as a mixed race, and would not admit that they had any right to share in temple worship, or any other Jewish privileges. It really was a most serious objection to the Samaritans, that they were of a mixed race; not only because the Jews believed that they held the promises on the very ground of the purity of their race; but because the intermarriages of the former Samaritan Israelites with Assyrians and others disposed them to idolatry, or at at least to a worship as mixed as their race. So the Samaritans were excluded from the rebuilding of the temple, above 500 years B. C. And not being permitted to help, they did all they could to hinder!

About one hundred years, after, they obtained leave from the Persian court (to which both the Jews and they were subject) to build a second temple to Jehovah; and they built it on Mount Gerizim. This was a shocking impiety in the sight of the Jews; and it was the occasion of a number of lax minded Jews, who had broken the law, by marrying heathen wives, or otherwise, and who yet wished to worship Jehovah in the temple, resorting to Sychar, to join the Samaritans, and render their race yet more mixed.—This was the quarrel which the woman of Samaria referred to when she spoke of the question, whether "men ought to worship in this mountain or in Jerusalem!" and thus is explained her wonder that Jesus being a Jew, should ask water of her who was a Samaritan. There was also a quarrel about their scriptures; the Jews insisting to this day, that the Samaritans had altered two or three texts, relating to these two mountains, Ebal and Gerizim, in their own sacred copy of the books of Moses; the Samaritans insisting, of course, that theirs was the true copy.

From my early youth, I had always taken a strong interest in this old quarrel, feeling sympathy with both parties, and a keen delight in the wise and soothing words of Jesus concerning it. What a truth it was for both parties to hear, that God was now to be worshipped every where; and that all places were henceforth to be as sacred as the Jerusalem temple, or the mount of Sychar! And what a lesson in liberality it was to the Jews when he gave honor to the Samaritan in the parable, on account of his good works, above the sacred priest and the servant of the temple at Jerusalem. Both parties were, of course, wrong in their fierce anger; but each had much to plead on his own side. The Jews were bound to keep their race and worship pure; and held, as an essential matter of faith, that Jehovah would have but one dwelling-place; which was their view of their temple. And the Samaritans were surely right in persisting in their endeavor to worship Jehovah, in accordance with the laws of Moses, as they did not believe in strange gods; and, if the Jews could not admit them to worship in the temple at Jerusalem, they could not be blamed for building one for themselves.

Such was always my view of the matter; and such being my view, it was with indescribable interest that I looked this day upon Mount Gerizim, and remembered that somewhere in the city we were approaching, was treasured that sacred copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch, (Books of Moses) which the possessors believe to be the true one, and to be 3500 years old. The most learned men among the Christians do not believe it to be near so old as that; but they have a high opinion of its value, and would follow it sooner than any other, I believe, excepting instances where the disputed texts about Ebal and Gerizim are concerned.

The present inhabitants of the city hate the Christians as heartily as the old inhabitants used to hate the Jews. The present inhabitants are Mohammedans of the most bigoted character; and they would admit neither Jews nor Christians within their gates, till within a few years; when the government of the country (then Egyptian) compelled them to better manners. They dared not refuse us admission; but they behaved with great insolence. We had to ride from end to end of the city, our tents being pitched on a green on the other side. Our horses had to go as slowly as possible through the narrow street, which would not hold two abreast, and was paved with large slippery stones. As we rode along, one behind another, at this funeral pace, all the people came out to stare, and many to mock.

Three times things were thrown into my face; men and women laughed and sneered, and children thrust out their tongues. I felt what a lesson this was to intolerance about matters of opinion. These people hold a faith which is very noble and beautiful. Few of us know how noble and beautiful is the Mohammedan faith.—And there is no need to say what their visitors thought of the Christian faith as they hold it; and yet, what a scene of hatred and misunderstanding was here! And thus it is, but too often, in the streets of other cities, where men ought to know better than to despise each other for worshipping the same God in a different manner.—In the streets of other cities, men take upon themselves to pity and despise one another, with no better knowledge in reality of one another's views and feelings, than these Mohammedans had of ours, or we of theirs.

At last we were through! and glad I was to issue from the gate at the farther end. But a sad sight awaited us there. A company of lepers were under the trees, crying out to us for charity, and stretching out their maimed hands. It is a terrible sight, which we see too often in that country. It saddened us at Jerusalem, almost every day.

Our tents were pitched on a woody plot of ground, among gardens, orchards, and rippling streams, and looking up to Ebal on the one side, and Gerizim on the other. Ebal is still the sterner looking mountain of the two; but Gerizim has lost much of its fertility. Both have tombs and votive buildings on them, which show them to have been places of pilgrimage.

After dinner, we ascended a height, past the Mohamedan cemetery, whence we had a fine view, in the last sunlight, of this most beautiful city. It was once the capital of Samaria; and it is still, and must ever be, from its situation, a very striking place. It completely fills the valley, from side to side, and ascends a little way up the skirts of Gerizim. Its houses, with their flat white roofs, are hedged in by the groves which surround the town; vines spread from roof to roof, and from court to court; two or three palms spring up in the midst, and higher aloft still, a graceful minaret here and there.

Then, to my delight, we descended to seek the Samaritan synagogue: We were guided to it, and I saw nearly all the Samaritans of the place; goodlooking people, the men wearing the high, helmet-like turban which we see in the portraits of Josephus, and other old Jews. They said their number was sixty in this place, and about forty more elsewhere; only a hundred in the whole world. They declared their chief priest and the rest of their sect to be at Genoa. They

keep three great feasts in the year, going up to Gerizim as the Jews used to go up to the Temple.

The synagogue was a small, ordinary looking chapel, within a curtained recess of which is kept the old copy of the Pentatench. It was shown to us, after some entreaty on our part: but I found it was impossible that I could be allowed to touch it.

I felt it a great event to have seen it. It is written on a sort of vellum, in the Samaritan text, clear, small, and even. The vellum is tattered; but it is well mounted on parchment.—The priest himself, dares not touch the MS. without careful purification; and he holds it by the ends of the rollers on which it is fixed as a scroll, like the copies of the Jewish law in synagogues.

We were lighted through the archways of the street on our way home, and dow the hill, by a single candle which burned steadily in the still air.

Our employment this evening was reading aloud the history of the Jewish and Samaritan controversy, and the fourth chapter of the gospel of John. While we were thus reading in our tent, the jackal was in full cry on the slopes of Gerizim.

Parisian Gossip.

From the Boston Atlas.

Paris, Nov. 30.

The commencement of the season was sterile; no incidents occurred to break the monotony.—A sort of dull quiet succeeded the emotions which had agitated the city for awhile. This calm was not of long duration, the excitement has returned; two new catastrophes have broken the monotony which surrounded us, and the world, which was complaining of having nothing to say, can now talk, at its ease, of the suicide of M. le Comte Bresson, French Ambassador at Naples, and the murderous madness of M. le Comte Mortier, French Ambassador at Turin.

Always great names, always high stations, always aristocratic titles linked with these deplorable events! The spirit of madness has flown into lofty regions; it is a sort of moral cholera which has attacked the high classes of society.

The melodramatic fever is at its height. The Count Bresson cuts his throat in bed; the Count Mortier holds his razor an hour over his own and his children's throats. An hour of agony, in which a wife, a mother, is present, restraining her shrieks, not daring to move, enduring this terrible torture until the moment when the madman is seized and disarmed!

What was the stupor of the public when these two events were announced at the same time, the same day, one upon the other, as if they had given each other the cue!

The same mystery surrounds the causes of the suicide which was committed, and that which was intended, and the double madness which has at once destroyed two noble minds. The two dramas are both alike, except the denouement; there were two Counts, two Ambassadors and two razors:—singular coincidences!

Who can explain the predilection of statesmen for the suicide which consists in cutting one's throat? Lord Castlereagh set the example twenty-five years ago, and since then, the example has been followed by many of the political notables of England and Germany. A profound mystery envelops the causes which determined the celebrated English Minister to execute such a despairing act. He had arrived at the summit of greatness, and those who knew him were aware that he was insensible to the hatred and contempt which had been raised against him, by his persecutions in Ireland, his fury towards France, his servile devotion to the absolute ideas of the holy alliance, and his disloyalty toward Napoleon. The commentators were, therefore, reduced to conjectures; those who appeared to know the most, attributed his suicide to domestic trouble. Those statesmen who most courageously support the weight of public business, and who maintain, with the greatest vigor, party conflicts, are generally the most harassed by the petty troubles of private life.

Amiable and attractive in his social relations, as much as he was perfidious and depraved in the political ones, Castlereagh had obtained great success in the world, and was noted for the number and eclat of his adventures. Like most men addicted to the pleasures of love, who are sustained in their career by their renown and station, after youth and its advantages are flown, he reformed his life, and married at an advanced age, too late, indeed, for so old a man to marry, as he did, a young and beautiful woman. Perhaps he might have avoided the troubles of a mis-anion, if he had also given up, with his dissipation, all public business, and bade adieu to the turmoil of statesmanship, which absorbed a large portion of his time and intellect, to devote himself to the peaceable happiness of conjugal life; but the intoxication of power overcame him, and he wished to enjoy, at the same time, the sweets of ambition and domestic felicity; to follow the double avocation of minister and husband, as if he were only thirty,—and he was fifty-three. It was thus that he brought about the troubles which overpowered his reason. He saw plainly that the statesman was interfering with the husband; that his parliamentary occupation was but poor amusement for his young wife, too often neglected, and left to herself entirely, when imperious politics called for his presence. Jealousy soon came in to add new tortures; unfounded jealousy, indeed—the unjust suspicion of a heart prompt to suspect. The assiduities of the Duke of Cambridge were particularly disagreeable to him, and he forbade his wife to receive him, without thinking that common politeness and etiquette would render the execution of his wishes extremely difficult. In England, as everywhere else, a court lady is greatly embarrassed when called upon to shut her door upon a prince of the blood.

One evening the Minister entered the apartment of the Marchioness, (Lord Castlereagh had taken the title of Marquis of Londonderry, on the death of his father;) he found her alone, and asked her if she had not received a visit. The Marchioness appeared slightly embarrassed, and replied in the negative, to avoid a scene. But the Duke of Cambridge had called, and had been received. Unfortunately, the prince, who had just returned from the Epsom races, had paid his visit in his sportsman's costume, and had carelessly left his riding whip upon the chair. Lord Castlereagh had perceived this, with the penetrating and diplomatic glance of a jealous man, who allows nothing to escape him; he seized it and saw the prince's arms graven in gold upon the handle. He then broke out into reproaches and imprecations. The falsehood, which seemed to him an avowal, exasperated him to such a pitch, that, losing all command of himself, he raised the accusing whip to strike the Marchioness.

Then, his paroxysm of anger stopped. His fury had carried him so far that he was ashamed of his action. It was the arm of a clown which had raised the weapon,—it was the hand of a gentleman which slowly descended and tremblingly opened, to allow the vile instrument, with

which he had threatened his wife, to fall to the ground.

The Marchioness did not utter a word; Lord Castlereagh retired confused, humiliated, and with desolation in his soul. He had ordered his carriage to carry him to the House of Lords, and, as it was early in the evening, he went. His colleagues remarked his agitation. A violent attack was made upon the Ministry that evening, and he, generally so prompt to reply, so impatient of all opposition, remained silent and motionless in his seat. On leaving the House, he went to pay his respects to the King, and conversed a few moments with His Majesty, calmly and apparently unmoved. But the constraint which he had imposed upon himself had destroyed all his powers; he returned home, overcome with emotion, cast down, with his mind disordered and his soul despairing. He knew that his brutal action was one of those that were not to be pardoned, and for which he should never forgive himself on seeing the bonds, which were so dear to him, severed by his own fault. His reason gave way under the weight of these thoughts; he took a little penknife with a hooked blade, and with a sure hand cut his carotid artery, with the precision of the most skillful surgeon.

Thus ended the man who had done so much evil, and whose memory bears the indelible stamp of Lord Byron's revengeful stanzas.

Among the illustrious guests whom winter has brought, Paris possesses now one of Napoleon's brothers, Jerome Bonaparte, who was King of Westphalia, and whom the family proscription has for a long time exiled from France. We must acknowledge, in justice to public feeling, that the presence of this Prince has produced no symptoms of agitation or insurrection. It would probably be the same, if the Count Chambord came to reside in France. The residence of neither would occasion any fear. The exile of fallen royalty is therefore a useless as well as cruel precaution, which ought to be stricken from the code of State policy. The ex-king Jerome is accompanied by his son, who is reported to be a distinguished young man.

Paris lost last week one of its notables, M. Deschapelles, our most skillful player at all kinds of games of calculation. He excelled in whist, boston, reversis, trictrac, chess, checkers, and domino. He was a man of most singular organization;—the genius of Newton applied to games. His extraordinary aptitude exhibited itself in the rapidity of his conceptions. "I learned," said he, "the movements of the chess-men in one lesson; one day sufficed for the theory, the next day I tried the practice, and after my second game, I was an excellent player." He said this unostentatiously and without affectation, for he was not vain of his merit. He also practiced games of skill, and although deprived of one of his arms, he was an admirable billiard player. A profound theorician, M. Deschapelles was the arbitrator in all difficulties, the sovereign judge in all the doubtful cases, which play will often produce. He gave his advice willingly, and every time that he played, it was an amusement and study for the amateurs who assembled around his chair, and followed with a curious interest the calculations of his mind, so fruitful in resources. The circle of the boulevard Montmartre where M. Deschapelles generally took his game, should have adopted a three months mourning, by playing their whist with cards bordered with black.

A Street Barber in Canton.—At the distance of a very few yards from the landing-place, an object certainly worthy of record presented itself. This was a portable barber's shop, consisting of a stool, which was fitted up with drawers to contain all the necessary instruments of his vocation, and at the same time served for a seat, and a small chafing-dish, upon which was placed a small vessel containing water. This simple apparatus was readily transported from place to place by being slung upon a bamboo, the stool at the one end balancing the chafing-dish at the other. As soon as a customer was perceived, the stool was immediately set down, no matter where the situation might be, and there, in the open street, the operation was expeditiously performed, and the shop again in motion.—*Hutton's Five Years in the East.*

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Doing things Doggedly.

Reader, did you ever have the head-ache? Did you ever feel that the upper story of your pericranium, like the roof of an old building in a hurricane, had been blown off, and that a burning simoon was whistling through all the crevices of the brain, and thereby creating all manner of dissonant and painful sounds? Then you know how to sympathize with us to-night. And you will exercise due forbearance, should you discover any "short coming's" in perspicuity, on the subject which we have thought fit to briefly discuss in this, our leader.

There is such a thing as sitting down doggedly to work and performing a task in spite of disinclination and even greater impediments. If we are not mistaken, Dr. Johnson recommended such a practice in composition. Certain it is that some persons never would write, did they wait for the natural and irresistible flow of thought. While it is true that "those who write after their wit is exhausted, may be compared to those old maids who give us one cup of good tea, but all the rest of milk and water," it is also true that the person who is obliged to make up his wit by commencing to write, may not always fail in the first cup.—There is such a feeling as the glow of composition, which may be created on the same principle that a fire is made to burn. Thoughts *forced* into action, come in contact with each other, as flint meets flint, and in either case, sparks are emitted. A fire may be kindled even though the combustibles are in a somewhat unfavorable condition. It may not be roused so suddenly as it would be under more favorable circumstances; but if made with green wood, however slow in kindling, its heat is, in the end none or less intense.

Head-ache is sometimes engendered by dissipation of thought; and in such cases it is often prolonged for the want of mental application. The best way to cure it is to sit down doggedly to hard study. The most certain cure is a dose of mathematical problems. Euclid is an excellent physician to call home wandering and dissipated thoughts and to settle the stomach of an intellectual sensualist.

As is mental so is every other kind of labor, self-coaxing is, at times, indispensible in order to the accomplishment of any thing. If mankind should wait for a disposition to work before commencing, the majority, at least, would make their Sabbaths preponderate over their working days. Their "rest" would be a perennial day of *ennui*. Idleness is a disease which many court, but the consequences of which none covet. And since there is a "certain and infallible remedy" for it, we herein present the recipe to all our readers for their careful preservation and, if need be, their use: *Go, doggedly if it must be, at any rate,* GO TO WORK.

YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The lecture before this body last week on Thursday evening, was given by the Rev. DUNCAN KENNEDY, D. D., of Albany: subject, *Incentives and Aids to Mental Culture.* Among the *incentives*, the speaker mentioned the wonders which the mind itself reveals to its student; the power or influence which a disciplined mind has over mankind; the passport which, under free institutions, like ours, mental culture furnishes the young man, to eminence; and the favorableness of profound learning to virtue. As among the most important *aids* to mental culture, he spoke of a noble and fixed determination; of habits of manly and independent thinking; and of system and choice in reading. He recommended the study of human nature, as seen in *self*; of the natural sciences; of history; and of polite, or sound and elegant literature. The lecture closed with an elegant reference to the moral powers and the importance of their healthy training. The performance was an able, yet modest display of a strong, well-balanced and highly-cultivated mind; was very suggestive and instructive in its character, and was received with warm approval by a large and refined auditory.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We hope our friends are making strenuous exertions to increase the list of subscribers for the new volume. We are looking to them for aid, trusting that the premiums offered are sufficient inducement for them to lend a helping hand.

We have received a sweet and tender lyric from Mrs. SIGOURNEY, called "*The Flower of Scotia's Clime.*" I send to you," she writes, "almost the only unpublished poem in my possession, for a New Year's gift." A very acceptable "*gift.*" it is, and our readers shall share it mutually with us. It will grace the first number of next volume.

Many thanks to our new contributor at Utica, for the favor on our first page this week. Any thing, at any time, from his pen will be gratefully received.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE, is the name of a new monthly magazine of music, published by ZIEBER and Co., Philadelphia. The first number contains a large and choice variety of popular national aire, and cannot fail to please the class of individuals for whose benefit the work has been established. It is got up in superb style, and is afforded at the reasonable price of three dollars a year. Subscriptions received for six months, which makes a volume.

YOUNG AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE OF SELF IMPROVEMENT.—This highly instructive two-monthly periodical closes the first year of its publication with the issue for January. The second volume will commence in March. The price is reduced to one dollar a year. The last number contains a splendid steel engraving of "YOUNG FRANKLIN." GEORGE W. LIGHT, Boston, publisher.

MISSING NUMBERS.—We can supply subscribers with any number of the present volume except the *sixth*; and with most of the numbers of the last volume. Friends wishing to complete broken files; will please write, post paid, and we will cheerfully send any numbers wanted.

PRINCIPAL OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL.—We learn with great pleasure that Mr. GEORGE R. PERKINS has been appointed to succeed the late lamented Mr. PAGE as Principal of the Normal School.—Mr. PERKINS has been in the School, as its Professor of Mathematics, from the beginning, and an intimate acquaintanceship with him of several years, enables us fully to endorse the following commendatory remarks of the *Evening Journal:*

"Mr. Perkins is wholly a self-made Teacher. He knows, from long and large experience, just what is wanted in a Teacher. His associations have been, and his sympathies are, with those whom he is training up for usefulness. His appointment was desired by all who are connected with the institution, whether as Professors or pupils. He will take the business up just where Mr. Page left it, and carry it on, we are persuaded, with an ability and devotion which will transfer to him that grateful confidence which his estimable predecessor enjoyed."

BUFFALO MEDICAL COLLEGE.—A statement, from which a misunderstanding might arise, having appeared in some of the papers, we call the attention of those interested to the fact that the faculty have resolved the lecture session for 1848–9 shall commence on the last Wednesday of November, and continue *five months*, with a preliminary course of practical Anatomy for *one month*, making, *with this preliminary course*, a six months' session, which was recommended by the late National Medical Convention. The *new arrangement for* 1848–9 *does not interfere with the coming spring course, which will commence on February 24th, and continue sixteen weeks.*

☞ We had another break-up on Saturday. We are now in the middle of the usual season for winter and yet have had scarcely any severe weather. We keep looking for its approach, and the time for it is slipping away. We fear there will be a late spring if the severe weather should not commence soon.

☞ A Stolen Child.—The attention of Western and Canadian editors as well as of those residing in the counties adjoining our own, is directed to the following particulars. By their publication it will be seen that they may essentially serve parents who are in great distress.

On the 14th of December last, Alonzo, the son of Mr. William H. McElroy, aged about 3½ years, strayed from the house of his parents at Napanoc, a place 20 miles distant from Kingston, in Ulster County. He has not since been found. He had dark blue eyes, brown hair, and a fair complexion. About the middle of his forehead was a perpendicular scar, three-fourths of an inch in length and running up under the hair. He was dressed at the time in a check flannel suit, and cotton drawers, cloth cap, and thick boots. Every search that seemed likely to be useful, was made by the inhabitants of the village, for several days, but all was unsuccessful.

On the day when the child was missed, a stranger with a span of large bay horses and a rather light spring wagon with a blue or green box and something answering to the description of a dry goods box in the hind part of the wagon passed through the village. He was afterwards seen about a mile from the village with a child which the father has no doubt was the lost boy. He has been traced as far as North Boston, in this county. There he enquired the way to Black Rock, indicating that he wanted to go to Canada, but it is not improbable that he went in some other direction. No doubt exists in the minds of the father and those who assisted in the pursuit that the child was stolen by this man. It is unnecessary to enter into a detailed account of the evidence on which this opinion is founded. Any information in relation to the child can be communicated to Mr. John Stewart of this city, or to the parents.

The incidents connected with this affair aptly illustrate the romance of real life. Apart from the painful sense of manifest insecurity which the successful accomplishment of such a deed must produce in the minds of many parents, the sufferings of those who have been thus bereaved entitle the incident to public notice, as by it the child may be discovered and restored. The mother is in extremely bad health and from the mental affliction she now undergoes it is probable that her life will not long continue. Whoever may give information leading to the discovery of the child will be liberally rewarded, and the guilty party is reminded that the parents and their friends seek to recover the child, not to be revenged upon the perpetrator of this cowardly and most criminal act.

☞ Aurora Borealis.—There was quite a splendid display of this singular phenomenon last night, from about half past seven to eight o'clock. It commenced with a luminous appearance in the Northern sky, near the horizon. Soon afterward it assumed the shape of a low, long, and narrow arch. Then the streamers, shafts, or columns of light began to shoot upwards extending almost to the center of the sky. Their colors were less brilliant than we have sometimes seen on such occasions, but had a light silvery appearance which was exceedingly beautiful. Afterwards the hues varied from a violet or bluish tinge to a color nearly crimson. They might have been much more brilliant if the moon (the 'Cynthia Sue' of a cotemporary) had been more chary of her welcome favors. Take it all in all we seldom look upon the like of such a night as the last—clear, calm, and in temperature "kindly though frosty."

Danger in using Anthracite Coals.—Never neglect ventilation where this is used. About a week ago a physician narrowly escaped the loss of his life at Albany for want of such precaution.—He retired to rest in a small room with the door and windows entirely closed, and a grate full of burning anthracite. About half an hour after midnight he awoke in excessive agony, from violent strictures across the chest and forehead. He was instantly aware of the cause, and had just strength to get out of bed. After vain efforts to ring the bell and to raise a window, he staggered to the door, and was just able to open it, when he fell headlong into the hall. A servant happened to be within hearing, and came to his aid. Had he fallen inside of the door his death would have been inevitable.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

Frauds upon Immigrants.—We thought that the last Legislature might have had time to procure the completion of a bill to prevent the nefarious and cowardly frauds of the utterly unprincipled scoundrels who prey upon and enrich themselves by robbing honest, unsuspecting and ignorant immigrants, who seek a home in this country, and scarcely one of whom passes Westward without contributing, by the results of his labor, to the prosperity of this city and State. But there was so much else to be attended to, so many irons were on the fire, that this was not done.—Nor, on the whole, are we sorry for it. It is thought that a better practical measure will be the result. But the law-makers of the State will badly fulfil their duty if another season is allowed to pass without farther legislation on this subject.

Those upon whom the frauds are practiced, being strangers among us, are little noticed, and have no means of making their grievances known, except through the friendly efforts of the Press, which, throughout the State, has been strenuously exerted; and no public paper has dared even to apologise for, or palliate, these iniquities. The Committee appointed by the Legislature to investigate the subject, has made a report, of which we have received copies from Mr. Mills, Deputy Clerk to the Assemply, and Mr. Nelligan, Agent at Albany for the Commissioners of Immigration, who has made great exertions in this humane cause. The Committee has been astonished at the extent of the frauds committed.

The immigrant is robbed in almost all imaginable ways. It appears that, first, on his arrival, he is decoyed into boarding houses where he is charged double and thribble the fair and ordinary rates. These houses are usually kept by foreigners, mostly Irish and German, who easily gain the confidence of their customers, and often succeed in stripping them of their all. Next are the "*runners*," who sell fraudulent tickets at enormous prices, which prove utterly worthless beyond Albany. Thousands of immigrants during the past summer paid the regular rate of steamboat and railroad fare from New York to Buffalo to these bogus agents, and received therefor their "tickets!" On reaching Albany, the only means provided for forwarding them by the "house" to which they were directed, were the ordinary line boats. Next, according to the Committee, is a system of using *false scales* in weighing the immigrants' baggage, and certifying to false statements in reference to the amount forwarded.—

At Albany, these agents very often insist upon extra pay for luggage, when the terms of the bargain in New York expressly included that charge.

The St. Andrew's Society of Albany state a case where one JAMES HYSLER actually was made to pay one hundred and forty-five dollars, when the proper charge was $8 61. Suits were commenced, but the agents of *Smethurst* decoyed the dupe out of the city.

As a specimen of the falsehoods used to deceive the dupes, we publish the following extract from the testimony in the case of CHRISTIAN DUENSING, a German:

Forty-seven dollars were demanded for over weight of his freight. Mr. Smith—a runner—said, "you must not imagine we can carry you so cheap—great deal of this money is to go to the government of the canal, which has laid out *upwards of eighteen millions of dollars;* he said if he took a cent more than was due, 'may his wife and children become blind'—you must take me for an honest man, for I am your countryman—I also am German." Nothing else was said in reference to the money, but that he gave assurance that he should have a cabin passage. His luggage weighed he dont know how much himself, but it is put on the ticket (by Shoemaker, another runner) to be 1,000 pounds.

Mr. Brisk—the broker—*put on his ticket that his luggage should go free.*

A set of men are kept at Albany as a fighting gang. Of the profits made some idea may be formed from the attested fact that one of the runners employed has a salary of $2,000 for 3 months, *being at the rate of $3,500 a year more than is received by the Governor of this State!* Others are engaged at the rates of $2,500, or $1,200 a year. Another has been paid $1,500 for 3 months. How little of all this has yet been made public! Surely publicity will ensure an effort to prevent the perpetuation of such a system.

A MODERN OTHELLO.—Prince Puckler Muskau, in his new work upon Africa, thus describes a French Mameluke who reminded him of the noble Moor:

What was strangest, and to me most attractive, at the governor's dinner table, was an extraordinary handsome Turk, magnificently dressed in violet-colored satin and gold, a scarlet turban on his head, and adorned with the cross of the legion of honor. This was the celebrated Jussuf, commandant of the French spahis at Bona, who, suffering from the fever, had come to Algiers for his health. This man's origin is unknown, and he himself says nothing of it, perhaps because he knows that the enigmatic is always interesting. Some say he is a stolen christian child, others that he is the son of an European slave by a noble Turkish lady; all that is really known is that he was brought up as a Mameluke in the seraglio of the Bey of Tunis, and had a love affair with his master's daughter, in consequence of which he fled to Algiers, and entered the French service. Jussuf's behavior was as refinely courteous as it was impressive in its natural simplicity; not destitute of pride towards the men—confidential and flattering towards the ladies. Yet was there a something fearful, as in Othello, of whom he often reminded me. He one day said of a handsome and much-admired lady, "I durst not love her; how should I bear to see so many courting her?" He wore in his girdle a superb Persian knujar, which the company, after dinner, curiously examined. As the beautiful Countess Erlon held out her hand for it, he said, with the softest possible smile, "You may touch it boldly, madam; with that I have not yet cut off a head."

A singular incident occurred at the Bishop's Church in Montreal, lately, which is thus described:

During the celebration of the evening service, a poor idiot wandered, unobserved into the church, and her attention being attracted by the brilliant light of the wax tapers on the altar, she suddenly called out "Fire!" The alarm spread instantly, and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued; a general rush was made to the doors, which were speedily blocked up. Those in the gallery pews precipitated themselves in their fright down the narrow stair cases, which were already wedged up, and numbers were trampled under foot, and so severely injured by the frantic efforts of the crowd to escape, that they were afterwards taken away insensible. It was not until after some time, and by dint of great exertion, that the Bishop and the clergy succeeded in assuring the affrighted congregation that there existed no cause for alarm, and in restoring order for the conclusion of the service.

Arrival of the Missouri.

NEW YORK, January 18—4 P. M.

The Steamer *Missouri* arrived, bringing dates from Havre 22d, and from England to the 20th ult. News unimportant. Cotton dull and heavy at Liverpool. Money Market tight at London on the 20th.

At Havre, no demand for flour or wheat 33 francs offered for Genesee, 36 asked.—Revolutionary spirit awake in Greece and Sicily. Tripoli is in full insurrection against the Pasha. The French army was closely hemming in ABDELKADER.

The question of Ferara between Austria and the Pope has been settled. Party spirit has been raging strongly in Switzerland, and the adherents of the Sunderband are proscribed.

The arrival of the English mail in India with the account of recent commercial disasters, caused great stagnation in trade. Business in the manufacturing districts of England dull.

It is currently reported and generally believed that Gen. SCOTT will return immediately, and that the Court of enquiry is to be transferred to Washington.

NEW YORK, 7 P.M

New Orleans papers of the 7th announce the arrival of the Schooner Eleanor bringing papers from Vera Cruz to the 29th—four days later.

Gen. Scott had issued orders announcing that the United States army is about to spread over, and occupy the whole republic of Mexico, of which it will hold possession until Mexico sues for peace, on terms acceptable to the United States.

Col. Miller was about to leave Vera Cruz.

His regiment was entertained at Vera Cruz by a splendid supper.

The Mexican Government is silently taking measures for the suppression of an intrigue of foreign Monarchies. In consequence of the State Governments not fulfilling their promises to aid the General Government with such resources as they could command, the latter was much cramped for means.

Lieut. DeDonelly, of the 3d Artillery, and other officers, with a small party, left Puebla for Jalapa on the 15th, having charge of considerable money.

They were attacked in the night by fourteen robbers, and although only three of our countrymen had arms, they defeated the ladrones, and arrived safe at their destination.

Judge Wayne of the Supreme Court of the United States, in session at Washington, yesterday delivered an opinion in Mrs. Gaine's case, sustaining her claim to the vast tracts of land in the Western States.

FROM HAYTI.—The schooner Bridgewater, Capt. Mathews, 27 days from Aux Cayes, arrived yesterday.

Capt. Mathews states that when he left, an overthrow of the Government was about to take place. The President is very unpopular with the people.

LATEST CASE OF SUPPOSED SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—The *Gazette Medicale* relates the following facts in a recent number. On the 6th of January last, the body of a man was found lying in bed, and in a state of combustion, by some persons who entered his bedroom in the morning.—The chamber was filled with a dense smoke, and one of the witnesses asserted that he saw playing around the body of the deceased, a small whitish flame, which receded from him as he approached. The clothes of the deceased, and the coverings of the bed were almost entirely consumed, but the wood was only partially burnt. There were no ashes, and only a small quantity of vegetable charcoal; there was, however, a kind of mixed residue, altered by fire, and some pieces of animal charcoal, which had evidently been derived from the articulations. The deceased was in the habit of carrying lucifer matches in his waistcoat pocket and according to his usual practice, he had had a hot brick placed on his feet when he went to bed the preceding evening. Two hours after, his son and daughter-in-law passed by the door of his room, but there was nothing which attracted their attention. It was only the following morning early, that his grandson found his body in the state described. The deceased was seventy-one years of age. He was not fat, nor was he addicted to drunkenness. The temperature of the air was low, and there were no indications of electricity. The son and his wife were suspected of having murdered the deceased, and burnt the body, in order to conceal the traces of the crime; and a Dr. Masson was commissioned to investigate the case. The body, which had been buried, was exhumed and examined. The cravat, partially burnt, was still around the neck, and part of a sleeve of the night shirt was found. The hands, completely burnt, were only attached to the forearms by some carbonized tendons, which gave way on the slightest touch. The thighs were completely detached, so as to resemble a wilful mutilation, but for the discovery of animal charcoal about them. From the facts, Dr. Masson (considering it impossible to ascribe these changes to the effects of accidental burning, and that, under common circumstances, they could only be produced by a violent combustion continuing some time,) drew the inference that the burning must have resulted from some inherent cause in the individual, probably roused into activity by the hot brick placed at the feet of the deceased. The burning once commenced, would be easily supported by the state of the tissues.—Hence, the case was, in his opinion, to be referred to the class of spontaneous combustion. It is said that Orfila coincided with Masson in this opinion, and the accused were acquitted.—*Am. Jour. of the Medical Sciences.*

A TOUCHING SCENE.—A scene of an affecting and interesting character, was witnessed last evening in Canal street, near the corner of Camp. A young girl, pale and worn, accompanied by a little boy, seated herself on the stone steps of a house, evidently exhausted, and the little fellow knelt by her side and looked silently and sadly into her face. While they were thus resting together a comfortably dressed man and woman, with the flush of health upon their cheeks, who were passing down Canal street, stood before them, and it was painfully interesting to witness the changing countenances of all. The tide of feeling which surprise and happiness had stopped in its course, burst the barrier, and the young girl rushed into the arms of the woman, crying, "my mother." She was soon caught to the heart of a father, as also the little boy, and the happy couple told the persons who were present that the girl and her little brother were their children whom they left with their friends in Ireland, being unable to bring them when they emigrated, but had subsequently sent money to pay their passage to this happy land.—*New Orleans Mercury.*

CHOLERA.—The London correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* in his last letter says:

A more alarming piece of news is, that the *Cholera is undoubtedly in London*, and has broken out with extreme virulence in *Golden Lane*, and other densely populated parts of the city.—The police keep watch and ward there to interdict communication. The symptoms of the disease are of a very alarming nature, exhibiting itself in *plague spots* and other fearful characteristics. This is truly a melancholy close to my communication. I hope the matter is made the worst of, but have many fears.

Some of the English papers received by the last Steamer, make reference to this report, and positively deny the existence of Cholera in London.

It is possible that an individual case may have occurred, but it is certain that the disease does not prevail as an epidemic.

SEE WHAT THE GIRLS OF THE BAY STATE DO.—We have received the statistics of the various branches of industry in Manchester, for 1845, taken with the State census of that year. To show our young ladies, that it is no disgrace to work in the Pilgrim land, we give them the particulars of the straw bonnets and hats, and straw braids, and palm leaf hats, made there in one year:

	Number.	Value.
Straw Bonnets and Hats.....	1,047,954	$1,057,892
alue of Straw Braids.....		102,307
Palm Leaf Hats.....		450,337
		$1,610,596

All this by females, mostly farmers' daughters. Worcester, Hampshire, and Franklin cos. do the most. Are not such industrious girls worth going after? Instead of street yarn, they care for the dollars and cents. They don't constantly bother their parents or husbands with teasing for a new silk or $40 shawl. They have the money in their purse, from their own industry. There are lots of rosy cheeks who have their hundreds deposited in Banks, from the Straw Braid employment. We once knew two sisters who bought a farm for $1000 for their parents, from the savings of Braid.—*Roch. Amer.*

PRINTING IN CHINA.—According to the best authorities, the art of printing was known in China upwards of 900 years ago. In the time of Confucius, B. C. 500, books were formed of slips of bamboo; and about 500 years before Christ, paper was first made; A. D. 900, printing was in general use. The process of printing is simple. The material consist of a graver, blocks of wood, and a brush, which the printers carry with them from place to place. Without steel, or wedge, or screw, a printer will throw off more than 2,500 impressions in one day. The paper (thin) can be bought for one-fourth the price in China that it can in any other country. The works of Confucius, six volumes, four hundred leaves octavo, can be bought for ninepence. For a historical novel, of twenty volumes, one thousand five hundred leaves, half a crown is the price among the Chinese.—*Montgomery Martin's China.*

☞ The Happy Girl.—Ay, she is a happy girl—we know by her fresh looks and buoyant spirits.—Day in and day out she has something to do, and she takes hold of work as if she did not fear to soil her hands or dirty her apron. Such girls we always love and respect wherever we find them, in a palace or hovel. Always pleasant and always kind, they never turn up their noses before your faces or slander you behind your back. They have more good sense and better employment.—What are flirts and bustle-bound girls in comparison with these? Good for nothing but to look at: and that is rather disgusting. Give us the industrious and happy girl, and we care not who worships fashionable and idle simpletons.—*Anon.*

Persian Wisdom.—It is said that in the treasury of one of the monarchs of Persia, was found a vase, with the following lines tinged with humor, as well as philosophy, inlaid in gold:

He who has no wealth, has no credit; he who has not an obedient wife, has no repose; he who has no offspring, has no strength; he who has none of these, *lives free from every care.*

A Greek maid being asked what fortune she had for her husband, answered—"I will bring him what is more valuable than any treasure—a heart unspotted and virtue without a stain, which is all that descended to me from my parents." How beautifully expressed.

MARRIED.

In Franklin, Portage Co., Ohio, on the 26th Dec. 1847, by Rev. Ira Tracy, Mr. JOHN D. BOWLAND, of Akron, to Miss CORDELIA E. HOGAL, of Franklin.

On the 12th inst., by the Rev. Geo. W. Hosmer, Mr. GEORGE CHARLES, of Rochester, and Miss SARAH E., daughter of J. P. Needham, of this city.

In St. John's Church, on the 12th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Schuyler, Mr. LOCKWOOD BEARDSLEY, of Scipio, Cayuga county, and Miss CATHARINE MYER, of this city.

At Clarence, on the 1st inst., by Rev. D. B. Lawton Mr. HARRISON CORRUTH, of Lancaster, and Miss ELIZABETH VAN WIE, of the former place.

At Clarence, on the 19th inst., by the same, Mr. ALEXANDER McMILLAN, and Mrs. MAHETABLE PERRY, both of Batavia.

DIED.

This morning, 12th inst., at 3 o'clock, aged three years, HANNAH, daughter of Jefferson and Minerva Wilson.

On the 14th inst., at the Hydraulics, EMMA, wife of Edward Higgins, aged 28 years.

This morning, 17th instant, CHARLES HENRY, only only son of Charles and Judith Wormwood, aged 1 year, 11 months and 21 days.

This morning, 17th instant, of consumption, ELIZABETH, wife of Capt. Robert Williamson, aged 22 years.

In Hamburgh, on the 8th inst., FRANCES C., daughter of Chauncey and Charlotte Abbott, aged 3 years.

At her residence in Astoria, L. I., in the 63d year of her age, Mrs. CHARLOTTE MULLIGAN, mother of Mr. Eugene Mulligan of this city.

SPLENDID LITERARY PREMIUMS

WORTH CONTENDING FOR.

WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER

VOLUME TENTH.

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On the 5th of February, 1848, we shall commence the Tenth Volume of the Western Literary Messenger. It will appear in an entirely new dress and with an increased list of able contributors; and the publishers are determined to make it second in value to no family news and literary paper in the country. They will aim to render it alike the delight of the fireside, an ornament to the centre table and an honor to Western Literature.

Desirous of enlarging its circulation in all parts of the United States and Canada, and willing to give ample encouragement to agents, we herein offer the following flattering inducements to any person who will interest himself in increasing our list of subscribers:

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Persons sending over sixteen subscribers can have till the middle of April to make out their list, allowing each subscriber will take the back numbers of the volume.

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Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1848. NO. 1.

For the Western Literary Messenger

The Flower of Scotia's Clime.

To the Memory of a Lady, who recently died in New-York

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Where Elilden hills in beauty rise,
And Tweed's bright water's spread,
And the romantic Leader rolls
Along its pebbly bed;
While birds among the heather sang
At the sweet vernal time,
A youthful lover fondly woo'd
The flower of Scotia's clime.

Rear'd in the shaded manse, she bloom'd
Beneath fraternal care,—
Yet where old Dryburgh's turrets rise
With oriel windows fair,
A bridal train went wandering on,
'Mid summer's freshest prime,
For he, that ardent youth, had won
The flower of Scotia's clime.

He bore her to the broad, green West,
Across the billow's sheen,
And plac'd her in his garden fair
To be his Eden queen,
While tender plants of trusting love
Sprang round her matron-prime,
And well their ripening fragrance cheered
The flower of Scotia's clime.

But sorrow steals o'er earthly joy,
As winter strips the bower,—
Nor can affection's sleepless watch
Repel the spoiler's power,—
For when autumnal blossoms rare
Were in their glorious prime,
Low, on her death-cold pillow lay
The flower of Scotia's clime.

Yet grace like hers survives the tomb,
The immortal essence rose
To Him, on whose undying word
The pure in heart repose,—
And where unfading garlands bloom
'Mid harmony sublime,
She finds a home, whom here we called
The flower of Scotia's clime.

For the Western Literary Messenger

Scene in the Inner Temple.

I was sitting alone a short time since in my quiet room enjoying a very lawless revery of a very idle hour. My mind had strayed through all the faded paths of the long gone past, and wondered what the undeveloped shadows of the future might reveal, till, having wearied my more sober senses with its childish prattle, they gave it the reins of perfect liberty, and sank into a comfortable nap. My mind being free from the motherly watchfulness and restraint of the waking senses, went down into the secret council chamber of my soul and called up the following scene.

I suddenly saw the different faculties of my being, assume individuality and rise into human shapes; though of such diminutive stature as enabled them to operate in the circumscribed apartment of a soul as small as mine. At the farther end of this private council chamber, upon a raised seat, resembling a throne, sat in magisterial dignity, my Conscience. His eye, though somewhat near-sighted, was yet clear and piercing. His mouth was firmly closed, indicating firmness of purpose, and the veins in his forehead were large and superficial, intimating the stern energy of his character. He bore many deep scars, the memorials of awful battles with my headstrong passions; but yet his whole manner indicated his indomitable purpose to be heard and obeyed.

On his right hand, and before him, sat a calm philosophic little personage with the balances of *comparison* in his hand. In him I recognized my Reason. He was weighing little substances, of a very unsubstantial character, called *pros*, and *cons*. On the left hand of Conscience, and opposite to Reason, sitting very restlessly upon a splendid cushion, I saw one of my largest and strongest passions; full grown and muscular. At times his eye was fierce, and his brow clouded: and again the softest languor, and the gentlest humility, seemed to steal over his frame. He could storm and threaten in awful wrath; and he could plead with the most bewitching entreaty. One moment he was all made of frowns, and threats, and obstinacy: the next he was all made of sights, of tears and gentleness.

On the side of the room, reclining in supreme selfishness and complacency, with large, full-moon face, and portly body, I saw my Self-love. He was taking his pipe of comfort on a spacious sofa, and seemed to dread nothing so much as the breaking of his pipe, which had long been threatened.

In the corner, a half starved, lean, wild eyed Fear was glaring around, and muttering unintelligible threats. A pensive, mild eyed form, which I knew to be my *Memory*, was bringing in and carrying out, all sorts of past things as they were called for by Conscience, Passion, Reason or Fear.—The matter in hand was Passion's obstinate purpose to have his own way in a particular matter which seemed to be understood without being declared. He rose and made a long and eloquent speech. He tried to convince Conscience that it was right; and then labored to show Reason that it was prudent and wise. He promised Self-love abundance of comfort for his pipe; and soothed the shivering Fear with strong assurances that there was no danger. He threatened to murder them all if they did not let him have his wish, and concluded with a most pathetic appeal to their indulgence.

Fear came forward, and with solemn, mysterious manner, told them it was not safe. He pointed out the dangers of Passion's course, and lifting his long, bony fingers, and fixing his wild eyes upon Passion, said, in warning tone, "beware." Passion poured contempt upon his warning; and told him to go to his corner, and hold his silly tongue.—Self-love, without rising from his sofa, said he did not think it was best. It was running too great a risk; he should like very much the comfort which Passion promised; but he was afraid he should get more pain than comfort from the course Passion proposed. Passion called him an old fool, a miserable, lazy coward. But as he was indulging

himself in these pleasant epithets, he was interrupted by Reason, who, in his speech compared by his balances, the relative weight of all the arguments: and it was very evident, he said, from this candid comparison that there were far more considerations against Passion's request than for it, more *cons* than *pros*, and therefore it could be nothing but sheer folly to allow Passion to go on. Passion heard this speech with extreme impatience, determined not to admit the force of Reason's conclusion. He put his hands upon his face, and swung his body backward and forward with a great deal of energy.

But now, last of all, Conscience arose, and after calmly reviewing the danger and folly, and consequences of the course which Passion proposed to take, he sought to settle the question by declaring that it was *wrong*, and that Passion *must* yield his purpose. He said in his stern address, that Passion had ever been seeking to break the peace of the whole household, he had always resisted wholesome restraint, and would now, by his rash and presumptious course, bring them all into disgrace and suffering. Turning to Passion he said, "thou foolish and insubordinate child! can you think to indulge yourself at our expense, to set aside our dignity and disgrace it—can you think to govern us, who were set to govern you? Your request is unreasonable and *wrong*. In the name of God and Duty I require you to abandon it.

Passion for a moment seemed all humbled by the universal opposition which he met, his tears flowed rapidly down his agonized features. But suddenly assuming a determined energy, he rose and said: "It may be dangerous, but so is every thing else; dangers attend every enterprize, and this no more than others. And if we do only what is free from all danger, we never shall do anything. 'Nothing venture, nothing have.' It may seem foolish to a phlegmatic, heathen philosopher, like Reason; but what does he know of that world of feeling and impulse, upon which he passes his cold opinions He has no heart, he cannot judge those who have." And teeming with bold effrontry to Conscience, upon whose brow was gathering a dark and heavy frown, he said, "you accuse me of being ever rebellious and contentious, it is you, who, by your arrogance and eternal criticisms are marring all our pleasures. You have ever defeated and opposed my plans, and sought to render me the slave of your unsympathizing and iron will. But all my unseen impellings, press me on and I *will* go. Why do I possess these strong tendencies if they are not to be followed? I tell you I will not be governed: I will make my own bed, and I can lay upon it."

At this bold and rebellious language, my indolent Self-love groaned for his comfort, and Fear shivered with his gloomy apprehensions. Reason with folded arms, calmly sneered at his contempt; and Conscience rose to chastise the rebellious passion with his whip of scorpions. But at this moment my *Attention* came in and said the Senses were waking up. At this alarm the light was suddenly extinguished and the assembled dignities fled in great confusion. And to this day, Mr. Editor, I do not know whether that rebellious Passion was subdued, or succeeded in boldly defying all my graver faculties. The case I must confess looked rather hopeless in this closing scene of my mind's secret session. There may possibly be a new trial, and it is to be hoped that the authority and power of Conscience will, in all cases, be regarded and obeyed.

IRON FURNACES IN VIRGINIA.—Five are now in operation in Botetourt county, and others are springing up in various parts of the iron region, under Pennsylvania and eastern managers.

"It Grows as it Goes."—An Occurrence in Real Life.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

"There, sir, take that for your sauciness." cried the beautiful Ellen Stanley to her husband; accompanying her exclamation with a slap on his cheek, from the whitest and softest hand in the world.

The young wife had been exhibiting with great pride, a new baby-dress she had just finished, wrought with her own delicate fingers, and the work entirely of her own taste and skill. The neat pattern of embroidery which had cost her so much trouble to draw—the leaves and sprigs, so like nature in their form—the tiny wreaths which a fairy might have woven;—such an exquisite specimen of feminine art as it was! and such a Goth and Vandal as Mr. Stanley was, to answer her demand for his admiration, by making fun of it; and telling her, she might have laid out her month's labor in something better!

Mr. Stanly loved to tease his wife a little now and then; and when he saw the playful curl of her lip, he went on laughing at the dress still more unmercifully, till his naughtiness was punished by the accolade and the exclamation recorded.

Another personage in the group was an infant about eighteen months old, who, wakened by the talking, sat up in its crib, and looked from one to the other of its parents; when the father, pretending to weep bitterly at the chastisement he had received, appealed to the boy's compassion with a lachrymose, "Is n't my d:rling Henry sorry for poor papa?" The little one appeared to enter into the spirit of the joke; for, after a moment's attention, he burst into laughter, and clapped his hands with childish merriment.

A fourth occupant of the room, did not seem so perfectly to understand what was going on. Old Elsie, the colored nurse, was sitting quietly at her work in a corner, but dropped it, and looked up, when she heard the mock-sobbing, her large eyes dilating with astonishment. The voice of her mistress bidding her take the child down to give him his supper, roused her from her lethargic surprise, and she obeyed in silence.

Ellen Stanley was the ideal of a young wife. Taken when but a child in years, from the home of a father who idolized her, to be the presiding angel in the household of one to whom she had given her pure heart, she carried into the matron all the graces of the blooming girl. The goodness of her heart, and the sunny joyousness of her disposition, overflowed in a thousand acts of artless gaiety. She sang to every capricious melody as it came into her head; she laughed at all times, when there was cause and when there was not. Her motion was almost a dance when she moved through the house; and her smile, bright and cheerful as the sunshine, was nearly as constant. Ever active, because she found it tedious to be unemployed, and a most exemplary housewife, she was

> "The blithest bee
> That ever wrought in hive!"

and altogether the lightest, brightest, most graceful, most winsome creature, that ever man won to be the idol of his domestic sanctuary. Her husband called her his fay, and bestowed on her all poetical epithets of admiration and fondness; for, no name that was not poetical and melodious would have suited to express her innocent loveliness. With the gifts nature had bestowed, she united a rare cultivation; her father had trained her mind in all the studies which are the higher branches of female education; and of the accomplishments she was thoroughly mistress. Indeed, they came

naturally to her; and lessons were useful, chiefly, in repressing the wild gaiety she infused into everything she did; especially her musical performances — if such they might be called — which were outbursts as impulsive and spontaneous as the song of the mocking-bird of her native clime.

Sweet Ellen! As yet, she had known no sorrow; and if beauty and goodness could have turned aside the shaft that enters the bosom of every mortal, she would have passed her happy life in a perpetual round of joy!

But there is an arrow, swifter and more cruel than the shaft of woe: it is winged and barbed by hate, and its aim is ever the young, trusting and loving heart; it is sped bo the hand of envy!

The morning after the little occurrence we have mentioned, old Elsie might have been seen, with a basket on her head, entering a garden-gate belonging to a neat looking white house, with green blinds, overrun with luxuriant climbing roses, about half a mile from her master's residence. Passing through the yard, she ascended the steps of the piazza, and entered the house. In the back room were seated two middle-aged ladies, of spare figure and grave aspect; There was an asperity in the expression of both, and a primness of demeanor, usually associated with the idea of an old maid; yet, Miss Hannah and Miss Winifred Linwark would have highly resented being called such. They still recounted their conquests, and were indefatigable frequenters of balls, concerts and parties.

"Come forward, mom Elsie, and show us what you have in that basket," said Miss Hannah.

The old negress set down her load; and, removing a snow-white napkin, displayed with no little pride, a store of fresh figs and flowers, sent by her young mistress to Mr. Stanley's cousins, the Misses Linwark. It was a daily habit with Ellen, to send fruit and bouquets from her garden to her relatives; but these were far choicer than usual; for the Misses Linwark were to give a tea party that evening. At the bottom of the basket was a round box, which contained a large cake, covered with delicate icing, beautifully wrought in various devices: around its edge was a minute wreath of natural flowers.

Expression of surprise and admiration passed, as they always did in that locality, into searching questions, not only respecting the household management of Mrs. Stanley; but her goings out and comings in; her sayings and her silence; her commissions and omissions; her every word and action; nay, her thoughts; for in all these the Misses Linwark had a profound interest. The replies of the servant were delivered with an oracular air of mystery; and with divers nods, gestures and half-uttered sentences; which were readily interpreted by the ingenuity of the maiden ladies. They had kept up, by means of Elsie and some other servants, a regular system of *espionage* over Ellen, ever since her marriage.

Of course, the little incident of the preceding evening was not forgotton. The spinsters held up their hands, and uplifted their eyes, in one accord of amazement.

"A blow!" exclaimed the petrified Miss Winifred.

"Poor Henry!" cried Miss Hannah; "what did he do, Elsie?"

"Ki, Miss Hannah, he cry hard for true, an beg for mercy," answered the black woman.

"Dreadful! horrible!" exclaimed both sisters in a breath.

"To think of her proceeding to that! And he so slight and delicate; and she so tall and strong! I always had a kind of fear of her. She beat him several times you say, mom Elsie? And he cried for help! And she sent you out of the room with the child? How dreadful! She will kill him one of these days. Poor Henry! what shall be done to save him?"

The groans and exclamations of the Misses Linwark wrought powerfully upon the imagination of the old woman; and she expatiated to their heart's content, upon the horrors of the scene. "Young missus was an awful woman, for true; and made mass' Henry ac just as she pleased, Poor massa! enty him cry, and beg her hab pity, when she gwine kill him an beat him 'bout de head; un he face all swell up! He look like he bin murder dis mornin. Poor massa! he no long for dis wul'—dat de trute for true!

When mom Elsie departed on her walk homeward it was with a more stately gait, and a head more elevated than usual; muttering to herself, and gesticulating at intervals; and at other times closing her mouth with a forced compression, as an indication that she was in possession of some secret she was determined not to reveal. She strictly obeyed the injunctions of the Misses Linwark, to keep silence regarding what had passed between them.

The tea-party took place; and there was Ellen, looking like a fairy, in her dress of white muslin, falling around her symmetrical form, with an airy and floating grace, that rendered every movement a study for an artist. Her redundant hair was simply parted over her temples, and reposed in a massive braid; the bloom of youth and happiness was on her cheek; she looked exquisitely lovely and was the admired of all observers. She little dreamed, that while she was talking and laughing in the gaiety of her heart, with my acquaintance who chanced to be near, a tale of scandal was passing around the rooms: repeated to group after group by the Misses Linwark and whispered in turn by those who heard, until it was almost the sole subject of conversation. She heard not the exclamations of wonder and indignation; nor noticed the curious looks fastened on her. Nor did Henry suspect anything from the unusually tender attentions of his cousins; from their solicitous remarks that he did not look at all well; that he was growing thiner and paler every day; that his face appeared to be swollen, and his eye inflamed; and that Miss Winifred was going to send him a preparation of her own, for all manner of bruises and contusions.

The next day, the whole circle of the acquaintance of the Misses Linwark were in the full tide of talk respecting the information they had received at the party. The walks and drives that were taken, and the calls long due that were paid —to discuss the matter! It was curious to hear how many different versions the story received in its propagation—each "on the very best authority."

To mention the various versions of the tale, and the sundry embellishments it received in its progress, would be a task too great for our pen. It spread far and wide—as usual in such cases—before the parties most concerned heard a word of the matter. The anxious inquiries as to his health and hints that he had better travel, which were bestowed on Henry, caused no suspicion in his mind; while Ellen was too happy and too much occupied to observe the demeanor of sundry of her acquaintance. At length a letter from one of her old friends, who had heard and believed the story and wrote to remonstrate against such unwomanly and indecorous behaviour, and advise reformation for the future—roused Ellen from her blissfull ignorance. A few inquiries and explanations, and she was informed of the whole.

Not long after, invitations were issued for a large party. to be given in honor of Mrs. Stanley's birthday. Those who had been most violent

in their asseverations that they would not again visit Ellen, were most eager to accept her invitation. The rooms were crowded. The Misses Linwark in their rustling silks, were among the first arrivals.

Mrs. Stanley, with her accustomed grace and elegance, did the honors, dispensing courtesies and attentions to every guest. When the evening was nearly concluded, she led the way to the supper room. After the company had been served, and had returned to the drawing-room, Mr. Stanley called their attention, and observed that his wife had something to say.

Ellen felt it was not a time for embarrassment; and with a heightened color and a manner that showed both feeling and perfect self-possession, she entered at once upon the subject. Only in one matter, she said, was there any alloy to her pleasure in welcoming her friends on occasion of this, her eighteenth birth-day. This matter, she was resolved, should now be set right. She then detailed the story as it had come to her knowledge; and demanded, first of one, then of another, his or her authority for the various statements that had been made.

It was not difficult, with Ellen's dignity and determination, to trace the tale in its serpentine windings; and to fix it at least upon the Misses Linwark. The spinsters wriggled in their chairs, and looked the picture of uneasiness; but they resolved to put a bold face on the business; and accordingly declared, that old Elsie had given them the information.

Elsie was summoned. She came dressed in her best gown, of brown ground with crimson flowers; her head covered with a yellow turban. She curtseyed right and left to the company; and advanced to the spot where her mistress stood.

"Elsie," said Mrs. Stanley, "these ladies say you came to them, the morning of the sixteenth of July last; and said I had cruelly beaten your master the evening before. Is this true?"

The old woman opened her mouth and eyes, but made no reply. Miss Hannah and Miss Winifred rose indignantly; declaring they would not be confronted with a servant.

"Be seated, ladies," said Mrs. Stanley, calmly. "You did not scruple to make assertions on the authority of this woman, and must now submit to hear her questioned. Speak, Elsie, and have no fear; but speak the simple truth."

"May de Lor' hab mercy upon me!" ejaculated the negress. "I will speak the honest truth, massa; for old Satan bin hab me in his power ebber since I tole dat lie 'bout my missus You see, massa, dey ladies ax me big heap o' questions ebbery day, 'bout you and Miss Ellen, and put all sorts o' tings in my poor head. But dat no excuse for old Elsie, for tell wicked lie 'bout her good, kind missus!"

"This is too much!" exclaimed Miss Hannah —sister let us go."

"Go on, Elsie," said Ellen, while her husband stood in the way of his irritated cousins.

To be brief: the whole matter was explained to the delight of the penitent old nurse, and the confusion of those among the guests who had been most active in spreading the calumny. The Misses Linwark were highly incensed at this exposure of their malignity; and rejected the forgiveness offered by Ellen and her husband. But they dared not give vent to their vexation by any more slanders. For six months, they actually held their tongues; and the penance evinced such a depth of mortification, that Ellen pitied as well as pardoned them. Her presents of fruit and flowers were resumed; the spinsters were invited to her family dinner-parties; and all was again on a friendly footing between them.

I do not know that the Misses Linwark profited long by the severe lesson they received. But others took it to heart; and the foregoing record of unembellished facts, may be a warning to gossips in general.

Eugene Sue.

So much has been said and written, of late, concerning this remarkable writer, that we fancy anything fresh concerning him will be read with interest, by thousands. The Paris correspondent of the Boston Atlas gives a sketch of the author of the "Mysteries of Paris," which we slightly abridge.—*N. Y. Exp.*

One evening in Jan., 1828, two young men were walking up and down the *salon* of the Grand Opera at Paris, familiarly chatting as old friends do who meet after a long separation—one was the editor of a Literary Review, the other had just returned from the Mediterranean squadron, and was narrating the battle of Navarino, in which he had taken part. "Capitally told," said the editor; "you must write me some naval tales for my Review in the same spirit: I pay fifty francs the page." "Willingly—but upon what incidents shall I base them?" "Oh, you can recall thousands; if not, my coachman, who served in the navy when a boy, will give you any quantity.—No longer than yesterday, I remember, he told me that once his vessel having attacked a Barbary corsair, the pirate captain found himself destitute of ball and altogether the faster sailer of the two, loaded his pieces with dollars captured from a Spanish galleon the day previous, prodigally firing away his hard won plunder, in order to sustain an honorable combat." "It is a characteristic trait," replied the young man "and I will write you a tale introducing it. Fifty francs per page, I think you said." Eight days afterwards the tale appeared in print, and the young writer received his pay—signing the receipt Eugene Sue.

Who that had known him at school would have prophesied his becoming an author, confirmed dunce as he then was always at the foot of his class, and never receiving a prize? Unable to gain a degree, he studied drawing awhile in the atelier of Gudin, the marine painter; then read medicine under the direction of his father; scribbling meanwhile short theatrical articles for the *Figaro*, and composing two comedies now no longer in existence *Enfant de Paris*, he led a gay, licentious life, lavishing the intellect he possessed and the fortune he expected to have—making all round him laugh, and nevertheless bearing in his own heart bitterness and melancholy. When twenty-three his father, a worthy Paris physician, found that his course of life must be changed, and obtained for him the post of surgeon in the Navy. For six years his home was on the deep. He visited all the ports of the Mediterranean, fought at Navarino, and returned to Paris to call most accidentally, as I narrated in the preceding paragraph, the first floweret of his literary wealth.

The story was so popular that others were called for, and paid for liberally—so that Sue was enabled to resign his post, and reside in Paris, where he published his first novel, *Plik Plok*. It was replete with intrigue and interest, sea and shore, vice and virtue, pitch and poetry—of course it succeeded, and six weeks afterwards came another compound of interest, *Atar Gull*. This established Sue's reputation, for he was, the French critics say, the first of their writers who gave an interest to the mighty roar of the deep ocean, and the wild passions and frantic enjoyments of its shores—enclosing an entire drama between the

four sides of the ship. The ship is this world—he speaks its language—knows its streets—all the kinds of ambition which hide within it—and he tells you of all its unknown virtues—all its mysterious *self* devotion—all its thoughts, great and small. Into that frail edifice of wood and canvass, Sue introduced all the interest and variety which other romance writers had found with so much difficulty in drawing rooms, and hotels, and cottages, and palaces, and on all the highways of the ordinary world--establishing a new generation in French romance. Bold marines, sanguinary pirates, poor though merry cabin-boys, gentlemen of the epaulet, officers of fortune, admirals, fishermen, all appear one after the other,—and speak, and act, and smoke, and fight, and get drunk,—and greatly astonished would they be, had they either the ability or the time to read, to see themselves thus reproduced, to the life, in books written for fine ladies and idle wits.

La Salamandre, *Stello* and *La Vigie de Koat Vin* brought the writer much money, and yet Sue treated the liberal public with perfect indifference, treading all received ideas under foot, exalting vice, and scoffing at virtue. Does the tar and pitch of shipboard disgust you, you find the scene of the next chapter laid at the frivolous court of Marie Antoinette—one moment you read of low debauchery, the next momant mix with the gay crowd which flutter around the death-bed of the Bourbon monarchy, killed by the prodigalities of its adherents.

* * * * *

The French authors, when they strike a fortunate vein of literature, extract oil and everything from it—to use their current phrase, they cultivate it. Sue's marine romances had exhausted his nautical imagination, but ere leaving his favorite element he determined to gain a few thousand dollars more by clothing its history in a pleasing, fictitious garb.

The *History of the French Navy*, in four large volumes, it is a most interesting work, for one becomes acquainted with all the leading personages of the times. Where Anquetil says: "Louis XIV promised to send his fleet to the aid of the Dutch, but at last refused," Sue introduces d'Estrades and Colbert, who in a dialogue explain the motives which induced their sovereign thus to break his plighted word—a most attractive way of narrating history; but, after all, such history is but fiction. The book had an immediate sale, however; the author was received into the first Parisian society; he became involved in intrigue and debt—money was necessary. To procure it Sue wrote *Mathilde*, in which Lugarto, an Italian wretch, is balanced against the heroine and her devoted Rochegune. This is his best production despite its immoral improbabilities, and the publishers of the *Debats* saw that its author could write startling portraits of real life. They wished an attractive romance for their paper, made a very liberal proposition, and Sue commenced the *Mysteries of Paris*.

The viciousness and free style of this work gave it a fair popularity in France—nothing more—but it had an unprecedented circulation in the States, as a moral work. Clergymen recommended it to their people—fathers gave it to their sons—and young girls read to their mothers such scenes as the passionate temptation of Jacques Ferrand for Cicily! Fielding's works had been removed from the library shelves, only expurgated editions of Shakspeare were to be found there, and yet room was made on the drawing-room table for the *Mysteries of Paris*, a narration of passions, crime and corruption. Sympathy was excited for a girl sunk in the lowest scenes of infamy, who is finally raised to perfection—another has "been unfortunate, but not guilty," and vice is thus held up for imitation. This book made Sue rich; he purchased a country-seat at Beaugency, and relinquishing his gay life affected to be a Reformer, just as Dumas lavishes money, or Horace Vernet drives a Russian carriage—a sort of puffing advertisement, to attract the attention of the public. With all his pretended sympathy for the lower classes Eugene Sue is notoriously an imperious and severe master, who vents his ill temper upon his domestics.

* * * * *

His next work was the *Wandering Jew*, a long, tedious tissue of improbabilities, soiled from time to time by accounts of orgies and intrigues; the work disappointed the public. There were not as many hundreds sold of the last volume as there were thousands of the first. As for its successor, the *Memoirs of a Valet de Chambre*, I have never seen any one who had read it through.

Sue has a handsomely furnished house at Paris, but of late shuns society, and shuts himself up at Beaugency, where he has a fine country-seat. The grounds are said to be handsomely laid out, and the garden to contain many rare flowers. I never saw Monsieur Sue but once—that was at the office of the Constitutional. He is rather a good looking man, with dark hair, black whiskers framing his face, a piercing eye, and a voluptuous mouth. It was with apparent effort that he sustained a part in conversation; and the cynical view which he took of several topics was that of a satiated Parisian, who looks into his own clouded heart for pictures of life.

Sue has never sat for his portrait, and the engravings of him are from stolen sketches, taken at the theatre or some public place. Mr. Brisbane, of New York, ordered a young American artist who was in Paris year before last, to paint his portrait, and gave him a letter to Sue begging a few sittings. This letter was sent to the romancer, enclosed in one from the artist, who counted on the money he was to receive for the portrait, and stated that his daily bread depended upon it or charity. He never received an answer.

I began this "portrait" with a story, and shall close it with another. Not many months since, Sue used to visit almost daily one of the most fashionable ladies in Paris, Madame de——, and hold forth in her richly furnished boudoir on the condition of the poor.

"Do you ever relieve their distress?" asked Madame de——, at the close of one of these harangues. "To a trifling extent," answered Sue; "but though my gifts are small, they are always cheerfully bestowed—I give one-fourth of my income in alms." That afternoon, as he left the *Cafe de Paris*, where he had been eating a costly dinner, an apparently old woman, clad in rags, prayed for charity. "Go away," was the stern reply. "But I am starving—give me a single copper to purchase bread with." "I will give you in charge to a police officer if you thus annoy me." "You will?" said the beggar; "and yet, Monsieur Eugene Sue, you are the man who writes about the misery of the poor—you are the working man's champion—you are"—"Who are you?" exclaimed Sue. "Madame de——," was the reply, and the disguised lady stepped into her carriage which was in waiting, leaving the novelist to his reflections.

RAILROAD IN THE WEST.—A great Railroad meeting was called at Chicago on the 18th inst., for the purpose of taking into consideration the construction of a Railroad to connect the Upper and Lower Mississippi with the Lakes, and petitioning Congress for a donation of land to aid in that object.

SKETCHES IN THE LIFE OF HONORA SHEPARD. —The life of Honora Shepard has been one of crime for many years (she is now but thirty) and, although often tried at our Sessions courts for her counterfeiting propensities, she has, by her personal beauty, tact, and winning address, managed ever to escape—save only in one instance.—In February, 1843, she was convicted of passing counterfeit money, by a Sessions jury, and sent to Sing Sing for eight years and three months.—Honora—whose maiden name was O'Brien—the whole family from whence she sprang being addicted to a fatal dabbling in forged paper, several of her brothers and a sister, we believe, having been graduates of our State prisons, or those of other States, as was also her husband—was at that time younger than now, and on her way up to Sing Sing, after sentence, she very plainly indicated to Sherif Jones, who had her in charge, her plan of operations. Perfectly acquainted with human nature, she had measured the lady keeper of the institution and laid her plans accordingly. "Just now you keep still," said she, addressing the Sherif, during their ride, "and see how I will work it? I'll be the very devil for the first three weeks, and then I'll let Mrs. Farnham convert me! I'll be as meek and quiet as a lamb! I'll make her think me an angel, and I'll flatter the old woman until she will imagine that she herself is an archangel. Won't I do it? You see I am not going to stay in those stone walls long, now, I tell you." And Honora was right. On the 16th of April, 1845, she was pardoned, through the intercession of Judge Edmonds, Mrs. Farnham, and other mistaken philanthropists, by Governor Wright, and hurried off to the banks of the Mississippi, so that, with her supposed new and praiseworthy resolves, she might commence a new and praiseworthy career. We have no certain information of her course of life out west, but charitably presume that she lived as correct as the frailty of her nature would admit. She corresponded with Mrs. Farnham regularly until a year or so since, and her letters were frequently read before the members of certain philanthropic associations, as a proof of the vast benefit of the societies instituted for the amelioration of the condition of the erring ond unfortunate. Honora was a trump card in all their operations, and was ever referred to as a living proof of the good effects of their organization. The hour of trial came, however, and Honora Shepherd, the reclaimed counterfeiter—the regenerated Magdalen—the once almost irresistible Honora, fell from her high estate, and is again in the clutches of the law! What induced her to re-visit the city, we know not. She had been living in Alton, Ill. and in St. Louis, where, rumor said, her course was tolerably upright for the most of the time during her absence; but about two months since, unable any longer to endure her grievous exile, the once dashing lady convict re-appeared in her former haunts—faithlessly to her benefactors, took to her former criminal calling, and is now in an indisputable road to her former residence at Mount Pleasant. Mrs. Farnham will, no doubt, welcome her with open arms As we before stated, she is now about 30 years old—the traces of her youthful beauty are still discernable, but time and trouble have made sad inroads, and she has lost much of her attractions which were once to her as a shield and buckler against legal proceedings. Honora Shepherd is above the medium height, has an oval face, with dark hair and eyes, and extremely arching eyebrows. She appears somewhat *passe*, but is yet what may be termed a winning woman. She has great powers of language, and well understands the effect of female tears upon judge and jury. She has various *aliases;* her address in the Western States having been, Hannah Shepherd, Ann Forrest, &c. She is the most talented, sagacious, scheming and dangerous female counterfeiter in this country; and, after this present demonstration, any attempt to shield her will be fruitless. Her reform is among the impossibilities of earth.—*N. Y. Globe.*

A Ship on the Ocean.

Some years ago there was published in the *North American Review*, an article on some naval subject—we do not remember precisely what, but it opened with a very fine description of a ship. We were reminded of that description by reading the following which is an extract from an article on the Wonders of the Deep, written for the February number of *Godey's Lady's Book*, by the Rev. JOHN PIERPONT. It is very forcibly written:

That a fabric so gigantic as a first-rate ship, of traffic or of war, framed of ponderous timbers, compacted with bolts and bands of still more ponderous iron, holding in its bosom masses of merchandize, under whose weight strong cars have groaned, and paved streets trembled, or bearing on its decks hosts of armed men, with the thundering armament of a nation—that a fabric thus framed and thus freighted, should float in a fluid, in which, if a man fall, he sinks and is lost, is in itself a wonder. But that such a fabric should traverse oceans, struggling on amid the strife of seas and storms, that it should hold on its way like "a thing of life," nay, like a thing of intellect, a being endued with courage, and stimulated by a high purpose, a traveler that has seen the end of his voyage from the beginning, that goes forth upon it without fear, and completes it as with the feeling of a triumph, is, as it seems to me, a greater wonder still. Let me ask you to stand, as you perhaps have stood, upon the deck of such a ship,

"In the dead waste and middle of the night,"

now in the strong light of the moon, as it looks down upon you between the swelling sails, or now in the deep shadow that the sails throw over you. Hear the majestic thing that bears you, breasting and breaking through the waves that oppose themselves to her march! She is moving on alone, on the top of the world, and through the dread solitude of the sea. Nothing is heard, save, perhaps, the falling back of a wave, that has been showing its white crest to the moon, or, as your ship is ploughing her way, the rushing of the water along her sides. Yet she seems to care for all that she contains, and to watch, while they sleep as sweetly in her bosom as in their own beds at home; and though she sees no convoy to guard her, and no torch-bearer to guide her, she seems as conscious that she is safe as she is confident that she is going right. Is not all this a wonder? Is it not, indeed, *immediately*, one of "the works of the Lord;" nor do we see anything in all creation like this. All the wonderful works that we behold in the sea, or on the shore, are created and made through such instrumentalities and agencies, as to Creative Wisdom seems wise and good; and the coral reef, the beaver's dam, the Grecian temple, and the ship of war, are as strictly parts of creation, and in their respective places as truly works of God, as is the cloud, or the volcano, or the globe. In this view, all works of art are works of nature; for the artist has produced each of them by following the impulses of that nature which has been assigned to him by his Creator; and it is by such considera-

tions as these, that, whether we are contemplating things produced by the medium of lower instrumentalities, or those which have been effected by that of of higher agencies, we are led to exclaim with the apostle, "*All* things are of God!" This ship, then, which travels through the solitary deserts of the sea, is a part of God's great creation, and may be fairly named among the works of the Lord, and enumerated as one of "his wonders in the deep."

Youth and Influence of Washington.—After long years of strife, of repose, and of strife renewed, England and France solemnly agreed to be at Peace. The treaties of Aix la Chapelle had been negotiated by the ablest statesmen of Europe, in the splendid forms of monarchical diplomacy. They believed themselves the arbiters of mankind, the pacificators of the world—reconstructing the colonial system on a basis which should endure for ages—confirming the peace of Europe by the nice adjustment of material forces. At the very time of the Congress of Aix la Chapelle, the woods of Virginia sheltered the youthful George Washington, the son of a widow.—Born by the side of the Potomac, beneath the roof of a Westmoreland farmer, almost from infancy his lot had been the lot of an orphan. No academy had welcomed him to its shades, nor college crowned him with its honors: to read, to write, to cipher—these had been his degrees in knowledge. And now, at sixteen years of age, in quest of an honest maintenance, encountering intolerable toil; cheered onward by being able to write to a schoolboy friend, "Dear Richard, a doubloon is my constant gain every day, and sometimes six pistoles;" "himself his own cook, having no spit but a forked stick, no plate but a large chip;" roaming over spurs of the Alleghanies, and along the banks of the Shenandoah; alive to nature, and sometimes spending the best of the day in admiring the trees and richness of the land; among skin-clad savages, with their scalps and rattles, or uncouth emigrants, that would never speak English; rarely sleeping in a bed; holding a bearskin a splendid couch; glad of a resting place for the night upon a little hay, straw, or fodder, and often camping in the forests, where the place nearest the fire was a happy luxury—this stripling surveyor in the woods, with no companion but his unlettered associates, and no implements of science but his compass and chain, contrasted strangely with the imperial magnificence of the Congress of Aix la Chapelle. And yet God had selected, not Kaunitz, nor Newcastle, not a monarch of the house of Hapsburg, nor of Hanover, but the Virginia stripling, to give an impulse to human affairs, and, as far as events can depend on an individual, had placed the rights and the destinies of countless millions in the keeping of the widow's son.—*Bancroft.*

The Beggars of Paris.—Begging being prohibited, innumerable artifices are in use to evade the law. In the portals of the churches, old men and women sit with a brush wet with holy water, and expect a sou or two for their trouble. On the bridge called Pont des Arts, sits a blind old woman, with a roll or two of pencils before her. Give her a sou, and take or leave a pencil, as you please. She prefers the latter. Sometimes one is accosted a dozen times an hour by persons, who have a paper-cutter, which they pray you to buy for the love of Heaven, and in mercy for many starving wives and children at home.—Hand-organs, wonderful infantine prodigies, who play marvellously on wretched fiddles and harps, accompanying their instrumentation with voices, calling on the spirits of the high notes of a song, but which refuse to come when called. A few days ago, in the court of a respectable house, I heard a strange noise, which no fancy in fine frenzy rolling on my part was able to manufacture into music. On examination, I found it was a man who owned good lungs, if he had no ear. Unable to procure a crank-going instrument, and lacking skill to perform on any other, he had got a French horn, and through this he was blowing a hurricane, till the occupants of the chambers should be willing to capitulate.—*Old Wine in New Bottles.*

Courage in Women.—There is a branch of general education which is not thought at all necessary for women; as regards which, indeed, it is well if they are not brought up to cultivate the opposite. Women are not taught to be courageous. Indeed to some persons, courage may seem as unnecessary for women as Latin and Greek. Yet there are few things that would tend to make women happier in themselves, and more acceptable to those with whom they live, than courage. There are many women of the present day, sensible women in other things, whose panic terrors are a frequent source of discomfort to themselves and those around them. Now, it is a great mistake to imagine that hardness must go with courage; and that the bloom of gentleness and sympathy must all be rubbed off by that vigor of mind which gives presence of mind, enables a person to be useful in peril, and makes the desire to assist overcome that sickliness of sensibility which can only contemplate distress and difficulty. So far from courage being unfeminine there is a peculiar grace and dignity in those beings who have little active powers of attack or defence, passing through danger with a moral courage which is equal to that of the strongest. We see this in great things. We perfectly appreciate the sweet and noble dignity of an Anne Bullen, a Mary Queen of Scotts, or a Marie Antoinette. We see that it is grand for these delicately bred, high-nurtured, helpless personages to meet death with a silence and a confidence like his own. But there would be a similar dignity in women's bearing small terrors with fortitude. There is no beauty in fear. It is a mean, ugly, dishevelled creature. No statue can be made of it that a woman would wish to see herself like. Women are pre-eminent in steady endurance of tiresome suffering: they need not be far behind men in a becoming courage to meet that which is sudden and sharp. The dangers and the troubles, too, which we may venture to say they now start at unreasonably, are many of them mere creatures of the imagination—such as, in their way, disturb high-mettled animals brought up to see too little, and therefore frightened at any leaf blown across the road. We may be quite sure that without losing any of the most delicate and refined of feminine graces, women may be taught not to give way to unreasonable fears, which should belong no more to the fragile than the robust.—*Friends in Council.*

Knowledge.—One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years: they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart. With uneducated women when youth is gone, all is gone. A woman must talk wisely or look well. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth, nor the wisdom of age.—*Sidney Smith.*

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Modern Eve.

From the German of Langbein.
BY HORATIO GATES.

"Heavens! why should we fare so cruel,
Like the pack-horse toiling round,
Sawing logs and splitting fuel,
Till the sweat falls to the ground:
We, with every good believer,
Might have dwelt in Eden now,
Had Eve, spurning the deceiver,
Left the apple on the bough.

"Fond am I, as wives in common,
Of sweet fruits, in proper season,
But I'm not so weak a woman
As was Eve—so void of reason!"
So said Betty, grieved in spirit,
To her Walter—good old man—
But a rich one chanced to hear it,
And to chide he thus began:—

"Mother! prove before you censure,—
And your foolish boast recall:
If the same lot you should venture,
Much I fear you, too, would fall—
Yes; would fall like her! But, mind you,
For the trial come with me,—
Cast your saw and axe behind you,
And try boldly: we shall see!"

Well—she promised not to falter;—
And as glad as fish in brook,
Good old Betsy and her Walter,
Went the path the rich man took:
There he gave them room and bedding,
The best chamber in his hall;—
"Good folks,—here's no need of treading
Poor Eve's false steps to her fall.

"Daily shall my servants treat ye—
Seven rich dishes cooked to hand:
Of the six, unstinted, eat ye;
Let the seventh uncovered stand.
Happiness, concealed within it,
Will not bear the touch or light.
Lift the cover, and that minute
Happiness will take its flight."

In this Eden, Bet and Walter
Bore their comforts well and free:
But the eight day—(thus to falter!)
Mad with curiosity,—
"Daddy! how my fingers tickle!
Oh how strange! now don't you wish
Just to peep into the victual
Under that forbidden dish?"

"Hush!" said he; "will you give over
Ease and happiness, and all?
Lift but that forbidden cover,
And like Eve we surely fall!
Do you seek a lot as cruel
As a pack-horse, wandering round
Sawing logs and splitting fuel,
Till your sweat shall reach the ground?"

But his lecture was unheeded—
Betsy could not change her will:
More than Eve's restraint was needed
But to keep her fingers still.
Curiosity—the devil—
Tempted her to raise the lid,—
And a mouse,—not even so civil
As to thank her,—fled and hid.

Oh, what wringing hands and crying!
But it brought not back the mouse,
He—(and Eden, too,)—were flying
To his own deserted house.

Soon the patron learned the story
Of the prisoner's release,
And, in Eden's fading glory,
Bade them leave his house in peace.

Forth they shrunk—borne down with sorrow—
Through their Paradise's gate,
And, with tears, looked for to-morrow,
Toiling in their former state.
And as Walter walked behind her,
Thus he gave his spouse a hit:
"Any fool can be fault-finder,—
But will seldom purchase wit."

BUFFALO, January 31, 1848.

For the Western Literary Messenger

The Prose Writers of America.*

BY THE EDITOR.

Without literature a nation cannot be truly and permanently great. Her poets, her historians and her philosophers are the luminaries by which she is seen from afar, and which give elevation, splendor and glory to her name. Take from Greece a few such names as Homer, Thucydides, and Plato; from Rome such as Virgil, Sallust, Cicero and Polybius; from modern Italy such as Dante, Tasso, Lionardo, and Poggio Bracciolini; from Portugal such as Camoens, Barros, and Lobo; from Spain such as Herrera, Calderon and Cervantes; from France such as Corneille, Fenelon, Guizot and Laplace; from Germany such as Schiller, Goethe, Tholuck and Kant; and from Britain such as Shakspeare, Milton, Hume and Bacon; and how little of true greatness would attach to these several nations.

Depending on its literature for laudable fame and in a measure for the perpetuity of its institutions, with what interest should a young nation watch its rise and progress in her midst. How great the responsibility, how important the duty of the citizens of this—we are proud to say—"*Model* Republic." Of greatness in action, heroism of spirit, energy of character and the genius of invention, no nation can boast more than ours: we have but to strengthen the growth, encourage the nationality and preserve the purity of our *literature*, and we shall soon have no superior in any thing that gives honor and true glory to a people.

What the condition of American Literature *is*, and what are its *prospects*, may be readily seen in its concise yet comprehensive "survey," by Dr. Griswold. This work will be examined by thousands with pride and by multiples of that number with surprise. It shows that more has been done than many of our own people expected, or than could be reasonably looked for by other nations, when they consider the age of this Republic. In theology the writings of Edwards, Dwight and Barnes; in history those of Prescott, Bancroft and Sparks; in biography those of Marshall, Wirt and Wheaton; in politics and jurisprudence those of Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Story and Kent; in philology, philosophy and science, those

* The Prose writers of America; with a survey of the history, condition, and prospects of American Literature. By Rufus Wilmot Griswold. Illustrated with portraits and original pictures. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart. 1847.

of Noah Webster, Franklin, Bowditch, Silliman Hitchcock, Audubonand Wayland; in forensic debate those of Webster and Calhoun; in poetry those of Bryant, Halleck, Dana and Longfellow; in romance those of Cooper, Paulding, Bird and Miss Sedgwick, and in general literature those of Irving, Hawthorne, Brown, Poe, Sanderson, Stephens, Willis, Hoffman, the Neals, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Kirkland and many others, are amongst the standard works in our language; and no inconsiderable portion of them have been translated into German and most of the languages of Southern Europe.

Jonathan Edwards has been pronounced by Dr. Chalmers, "the greatest of theologians," and Sir James Mackintosh affirms of him that "in power of subtile argument he was perhaps unmatched, certainly was unsurpassed among men." Of the three historians mentioned above, Frederick Von Raumer says "that they have effected so much in historical composition, that no living European historian can take precedence of them, but rather might feel proud and grateful to be admitted as a companion." Lord Brougham says that the genius of Franklin "ranks him with the Galileos and the Newtons of the old world." Professor Wilson considers Audubon as "the greatest artist in his own walk that ever lived," and Cuvier pronounced his works "the most splendid monuments which art has erected in honor of Ornithology. "In noticing Mr. Cooper's novels, a writer in the Edinburgh Review says:—"The empire of the sea has been conceded to him by acclamation: in the lonely desert or untrodden prairie, among the savage Indians or scarcely less savage settlers, all equally acknowledge his dominion. 'Within this circle none dare walk but he.'"

Dr. Griswold does ample justice to Washington Irving, a name of which we feel more proud than of any other American writer. From a sketch of five pages devoted to an enumeration and criticism of his works, in the book under notice, we make the following extract as a specimen of Dr. Griswold's style and his critical acumen:

"Mr. Irving has a genuine poetical temperament, and unites to a peculiar sensibility to beauty, in all its manifestations, a quick observation of the follies of society, which he has the art of setting in the most comic and whimsical point of view, without ever sacrificing his refinement or delicacy. His humor is bold, original, and indiginous, but never offends the most fastidious by unchasteness or vulgarity. He has a great deal of common sense, and the most perfect candor; and as the true course is usually the middle one, and calls for no special subserviency or acrimony, his tone, which is manly, though gentle, conciliates all, while it shuts him from the sympathies of none. He has a very great variety of scenes and characters, to all of which his manner is adapted with singular skill and felicity. It would scarcely be supposed that the Spanish history, the English essay, and the American legend, were by one author, or the Fray Antonio Agapida, Geoffrey Crayon, and Diedrich Knickerbocker, had ever even read each other's works.

"His style has the ease and purity and more than the grace and polish of Franklin; without the intensity of Brown, the compactness of Calhoun, or the strength and splendor of Webster,—American authors who preceded him, or were in the strictest sense his contemplations. His words are selected with the most careful taste, and so arranged as to produce the effect of finished versification. He is not always correct: such unauthorized forms as "*from* thence," and others, occur frequently, and evince more regard for a nice modulation than for perfect grammatical accuracy; but his variously constructed periods, his remarkable elegance, sustained sweetness, and distinct and delicate painting, place him in the very front rank of the masters of our language. It may be said of him, that in whatever he has proposed to himself to do, he has been among the most successful of all authors."

The question, "who reads an American book," impudently asked by a British reviewer a few years since, has, we suppose, become obsolete. Foreign writers, as we have shown, praise our authors: hence we conclude they read their works. While our prose writers—and these alone we are mainly noticing—continue their present course, they are worthy of enthusiastic admiration at home and respect, at least, abroad. They have learned to think for themselves, and to despise English *models*; most of them are strictly American both in thought and expression; and understanding our necessities and sensible of our resources, they are rearing a national literature of which we may already be proud, and which, from the character of our institutions, will expand with our dominions, and be likely to assume the grandeur and stability of our mountains.

Dr. Griswold seems to have performed this work as a "labor of love," and he has certainly done it well. It exhibits extensive research; the profoundest knowledge of bibliography; perfect honesty of purpose; a candid, fearless, independent and patriotic spirit; the most cultivated taste and the highest abilities as a critic. We can think of no man in America who could have performed the task better; and let him have the hearty thanks of his countrymen for so rich and servicable a contribution to our literature.

For sale by Derby and Hewson.

For the Western Literary Messenger

The Family Jewel.

BY J. CLEMENT.

Radiant little household treasure,
Magnet of the ingle side!
Not a star in night's broad cluster
Shines with softer, purer lustre,
Fondest parents' hope and pride!

Words, though passion-lit, and burning,
Might not breathe the joy they feel
That their lives, in one united,
By thy smiles are daily lighted,
Love connubial's golden seal!

Pure as in thy primal setting
In thy parents' love enshrined,
Be thou long their spotless treasure,
Source of hope and sacred pleasure,
Pearl of truth, by grace refined.

Then shall He, the great Refiner,
When, ere long, his eye shall roam
Through the earth for "jewels," beaming
Fresh in light from glory streaming,
Snatch thee to his bosom home.

Rural Department.

Encouragement to young Farmers.

At the Cattle Show in Waldo county, a few days since, we made the acquaintance of an aged nd agreeable farmer, William Sibley, Esq., of Freedom, who is now one of the wealthiest farmers in that county, and who raises a large quantity of good table fruit, which he ships to foreign markets. His case furnishes much encouragement to young farmers in Maine, and we allude to it and give a few incidents in his life for their benefit.

Forty-five years since he made his way by means of spotted trees to his present home, there to make him a farm. His humble house, with its roof of bark, was constructed. and thither he took his wife to share his burthens and lighten his pathway by her smiles. As he first went through the woods to commence upon his present farm, he was not worth enough to pay for an axe. He has raised forty-four crops, and since his first crop he has not had in his house a quart of meal or a pound of flour not raised upon his own farm. He has in some seasons raised 500 bushels of corn and large crops of wheat. He made preparations for raising fruit, and has succeeded finely, and is still active in introducing into his acres the choicest varieties of fruits. He has given his children a good literary and a good business education, and they severally reflect high credit upon their parents. His property is now estimated at about twenty thousand dollars.

Mr. Sibley was one of the active contributors to the Fair, exhibited various specimens of fruit, &c., and manifested great interest in all that seemed calculated to advance the noble art to which he has devoted his life. He is a man of active habits and sound health, and is a worthy example of what farmers can do when they unite an active mind with an industrious hand in their pursuit, and where the culture of the soil and of the mind go forward together.

It may be thought that we have trespassed too much upon the personal history of Mr. Sibley, but our excuse must be found in the encouragement which is given to young farmers who are about commencing life as he did. For this purpose we think it well occasionally to point out the success of those who have gone forward in the thorny path, and from small beginnings, by their industry and skill have accomplished that which is praiseworthy and honorable.—*Bangor Whig.*

The Hog Concerto.—Gottfried Pepusch, leader of the band of oboe-players of the grenadier regiment in Pottsdam, having, on occasion of some circumstances that occurred in the king's smoking club, taken it into his head to compose a piece for six bassoons, which were called *porco primo, porco secondo,* &c., the king was much surprised at this conceit, and had the music performed several times, always laughing heartily at it. The crown prince, (afterwards Frederick the Great) came just at this time to Pottsdam, and as he disliked bass instruments, (the flute being his favorite, and on which he performed himself) and having a more refined taste in music, there were many jokes among his companions at this court about this piece.

One day, Pepusch crossing the parade while the prince was exercising his regiment, the latter called him, and said, with feigned seriousness, he had heard that he had composed a fine piece of music in six parts, and begged him to have it performed that afternoon in his apartments. Pepusch would have excused himself, saying it was a trifle, but the prince would take no denial.

In the afternoon accordingly, a large company was assembled at the prince's to hear the music and laugh at the composer. Pepusch made his appearance, accompanied by six of his band, and with great gravity spread his music on the desks, and when all six were full, he looked round as if in quest of something, holding another sheet of music in his hand. Little expecting the trap he had fallen into, the prince enquired if he was looking for anything? 'There is a desk wanting,' said the musician. 'Surely not,' said the prince, smiling, 'I thought there was only *six hogs*, in your music.' 'That was right up to this morning,' said Pepusch, 'but since then, in honor of your highness's commands, a *sucking pig* has been added, *Flauto solo !*'

Prince Frederick entered into the joke, though at his expense, and speaking of the manœuvre to Quantz, he added, laughing—"the old fellow completely took me in, and I was obliged to sooth him with fair words not to produce the "sucking pig" before my father.'—*Forster's Life of Frederick William I. of Prussia.*

Marrying Cousins.—Mr. Fowler, in his work on "hereditary descent," has a frightful catalogue of facts to show the evil consequences of marrying blood relations. We give a short extract:

C. W. has six children by his cousin, one boy and five girls; of whom three are deaf and dumb.

The King of Hanover, cousin of Victoria, and the offspring of cousins, is blind.

The noble families of the old world are fast running out, and their deterioration is generally ascribed to their aristocratic custom of marrying blood relations. It is doubtful whether the present royal nurslings of Albert and Victoria will ever astonish the world by their talents.

Mr. B. Meredith, of New Hampshire, married his cousin, and had eight children, four of whom are dead; one kept his cradle till he was five years old, when he died; three had moderate capacities; two are complete idiots; and one, the only bright one of the eight, has no legs, and only a stub of the right arm. Mr. B. by a second marriage, had two bright children.

Mr. N. and his cousin, both intelligent, married, and out of seven children three were crazy, two flats and simpletons, one barely passable, and one fair.

D. H.'s parents were cousins, and two of his brothers became blind young, while he had a small head and causality, and a sluggish organization.

W. G. of S——, Massachusetts, brother of Professor G. of New Hampshire, married his cousin, and all his children are lame, or some way out of joint.

Mr. B., a man of considerable sagacity, lived as a husband with his niece; and his children, numbering some eight or ten, were much inferior, physically and mentally, to either of the parents. Four were helpless, and two, a male and female, had uncommonly large but diseased heads. The male's measured about 36 inches in circumference, the female's a trifle less.

Mr. Foster, Teacher in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum of Philadelphia, says that of seven children of first cousins whom he knew, six were idiots, and one mute, but smart; and of another family, two were mute idiots, and three mute, but smart.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Letters on Chemistry.

CHEMISTRY, *and its application to Physiology, Agriculture, and Commerce.* By PROFESSOR LIEBIG. New York: Fowlers and Wells. 1848.

This is a work interesting and useful alike to the farmer, the manufacturer and the mechanic. It shows the importance of a knowledge of chemistry in these departments of labor; and imparts, in the familiar and modest style of letters, a vast amount of practical knowledge. The edition before us has been carefully revised by JOHN GARDNER, M. D., is printed on good material; and is offered, in paper covers, for the low price of twenty cents. The following extract touching the manufacture of soda will be found of peculiar interest:

The manufacture of soda from common culinary salt, may be regarded as the foundation of all our modern improvements in the domestic arts; and we may take it as affording an excellent illustration of the dependence of the various branches of human industry and commerce upon each other, and their relation to chemistry.

Soda has been used from time immemorial in the manufacture of soap and glass, two chemical productions which employ an immense amount of capital. The quantity of soap consumed by a nation would be no inaccurate measure whereby to estimate its wealth and civilization. Of two countries with an equal amount of population, the wealthiest and most highly civilized will consume the greatest weight of soap. This consumption does not subserve sensual gratification, nor depend upon fashion, but upon the feeling of the beauty, comfort, and welfare, attendants upon cleanliness; and a regard to this feeling is coincident with wealth and civilization. The rich in the middle ages concealed a want of cleanliness in their clothes and persons, under a profusion of costly scents and essences, while they were more luxurious in eating and drinking, in apparel and horses. With us a want of cleanliness is equivalent to insupportable misery and misfortune.

Soap belongs to those manufactured products, the money value of which continually disappears from circulation, and requires to be continually renewed. It is one of the few substances which are entirely consumed by use, leaving no product of any worth. Broken glass and bottles are by no means useless; for rags we may purchase new cloth, but soap-water has no value whatever. It would be interesting to know accurately the amount of capital involved in the manufacture of soap; it is certainly as large as that employed in the coffee trade, with this important difference as respects Germany, that it is entirely derived from our own soil. France formerly imported soda from Spain, Spanish soda being of the best quality, at an annual expenditure of twenty to thirty millions of francs. During the war with England, the price of soda, and consequently of soap and glass, rose continually, and all manufactures suffered in consequence.

The present method of making soda from common salt was discovered by Le Blanc at the end of the last century. It was a rich boon for France, and became of the highest importance during the war of Napoleon. In a very short time it was manufactured to an extraordinary extent, especially at the seat of the soap manufactories. Marseilles possessed for a time a monopoly of soda and soap. The policy of Napoleon deprived that city of the advantages derived from this great source of commerce, and thus excited the hostility of the population to his dynasty, which became favorable to the restoration of the Bourbons. A curious result of an improvement in a chemical manufacture.

Other passages are marked for insertion at a future period. The work is for sale by Hawks.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We trust the present will be an acceptable issue. Some improvement will be seen in the mechanical department; and the literary matter will speak for itself. We have only to say in regard to it that the original poem by Mrs. SIGOURNEY, is one of her many happy efforts; that the "*Scene in the Inner Temple,*" displays great power of imagination, and that the selected story, "*It Grows as it Goes,*" is one of the best articles in the Union Magazine for this month.

Our thanks are due to Mrs. SIGOURNEY, Mrs. EAMES, Miss HENDEE, Mrs. EDMOND, Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN, Messrs. HOSMER, ROCKWELL, KENDRICK and all others who have contributed of late to the Messenger; and we solicit a continuation of their favors.

Correspondents will oblige us by writing their articles on separate sheets of paper. We sometimes get two poems on the same half sheet, which has subjected us to some trouble in one or two instances. Three or four half sheets can be put in one envelope without inconvenience.

"*A Sketch,*" "*Lines,*" "*Elgiva,*" "*Song,*" and "*The Reformer and the Conquer,*" will have an early insertion. Who is the author of the long mislaid poem, "*The Mystic Star?*"

DEATH OF HON. GEORGE P. BARKER.—Just after our paper went to press last week on Thursday, the Hon. George P. Barker of this city, breathed his last. He was one of the most conspicuous politicians and ablest men in Western New-York. His funeral, which took place on Monday at the North Presbyterian church, was attended by a vast concourse of his fellow citizens, who sought in this way, to pay their respect to the gifted dead. An able discourse was delivered on the occasion, by Dr. LORD.

ST. JOHN'S (THE NEW EPISCOPAL) CHURCH, the most magnificent structure in this city, located at the corner of Washington and Swan streets, is completed, and was opened last Sabbath for religious services. It is built of gray lime stone; is of the Gothic style of architecture; and is 134 by 82 feet on the ground. The tower is 151 feet high. Rev. MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER is the pastor.

RIGHT SMART.—A lady in Chautauque Co., has sent us a club of eight subscribers accompanied with ten dollars, for which she chose, as her premium, *Frost's Pictorial Wonders of the World.* How many other ladies will "do likewise?" They can have two months in which to try.

THE DEAD OF 1847.—The following is an abridged list of the names of conspicuous individuals who died in 1847. Among them will be noticed several of the best American writers. Kent, Wilde, A. H. Everett, Colton, Neal, W. B. O. Peabody, etc., were *scholars* and men of genius.

Hon. James Kent, chief justice and chancellor of New York, author of the celebrated commentaries. Hon. Silas Wright, senator U. S., and Governor of N. Y. Chancellor Harper, S. C.; Hon. Richard H. Wilde, Lou., formerly M. C., Geo., Poet and Author of Distinction; George H. Proffit, M. C., In., Ex-Minister to Brazil; Alexander H. Everett, Minister to China; Richard Biddle, Pa; Joseph C. Neal, author of "Charcoal Sketches;" A. D. Patterson, Editor Anglo American; A. A. Phelps, Editor National Era; Thomas Newton, for thirty years a member of Congress, Va.; Professor Fiske, Amherst College; George H. Colton, Editor Whig Review; W. B. O. Peabody, Poet; Timothy Clowes, LL. D.; Peter R. Livingston, N. Y.; George Rapp, founder of Economy, Pa.; Peter G. Stuyvesant, N. Y.; Rev. Dr. Codman, Mass., a distinguished Presbyterian Divine; Hon. John Fairfield, Ex-Governor and U. S. Senator from Maine.

THE REV. CHARLES RICH, pastor of the North Presbyterian Church, was installed on the 27th ult. The sermon on the occasion, delivered by the Rev. G. W. HEACOCK of the Lafayette street church, is spoken of in high terms.

The new edifice where Mr. R.'s congregation worship, is a very large and elegant brick structure; and we are happy to learn that the society is in a prosperous condition.

LECTURES TO YOUNG PEOPLE.—A series of lectures, addressed to young people, is being delivered in this city. The first was given on Thursday evening at the Washington Street Baptist Church, by Dr. LORD. The next will be given by Dr. TUCKER, on Thursday evening of next week, at the North Presbyterian Church. We sincerely hope that the class of community for whose especial interest the series is designed, will be constant in their attendance.

REVIVAL IN BUFFALO.—There is a revival in the Methodist Episcopal Church on Niagara st.; in the Cottage Baptist Church; and in the Lafayette street Presbyterian Church. In the last two the work has just commenced, and though devoid of excitement, it is deep and bids fair to be powerful and extensive. Three or four—perhaps more—in each, give evidence of a change of heart; and others are in an enquiring state of mind.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Harper and Brothers: New-York. Complete in about forty numbers. No. 37.

The last number issued of this great work, brings the history down to the eighteenth century. It contains, as the numbers usually do, several well executed and valuable embellishments. For sale by Hawks.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT; and compend of the Constitution and Civil Jurisprudence of the United States. With a brief treatise on Political Economy. By ANDREW W. YOUNG. Fourteenth edition—Revised.—Buffalo: Derby and Hewson. 1848.

This book is designed and admirably adapted for the use of families and schools, and the fact that it has run through thirteen editions, speaks well for its usefulness. The work is divided into four parts, which treat of the principles of Government; the Government of the United States; Civil Jurisprudence of the United States, and Political Economy. This edition is from the press of JEWETT, THOMAS and Co, and in the language of the new publishers, "has been made to appear in a superior style, and in a more attractive form than former editions."

For sale by Derby and Hewson of this city and by book sellers generally.

NOW AND THEN: By Samuel Warren, F. R. S. New-York: Harper and Brothers. 1848.

A quaint title to a very interesting novel, which we would recommend all, including the most *fastidious* christian, to read. The style is chaste; the narative interesting; and the impression left upon the mind, highly salutary. Mr. Warren is known far and wide as the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," and "The Diary of a late Physician." Now and Then can be had of Hawks, in two parts for twenty five cents each, or in one elegantly bound volume, for seventy-five cents.

THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE for this month looks interesting, though we have not had time to examine it thoroughly. It has two excellent embellishments, "*Wordsworth*" and "*Antiock on the approach from Suadeak.*"

THE LITERARY WORLD, by far the best "gazette for authors, readers and publishers," in the United States, has just complete the first volume. It is published in New-York, at $3 per annum. C. F. HOFFMAN, ESQ., editor.

FIRES.—A fire broke out in the Sidway block on the creek, in that part occupied by Tiffany and Lockwood, a little before one o'clock on the morning of the 28th ult., but owing to the promptness and efficiency of our alert firemen the damage done was not extensive. All losses were covered by insurance.

Another occurred on Monday night, on Pine street near Swan, destroying the house occupied by Cross, the "popped-corn candy" man. It was a very cold night, and the corn, we are told, "popped" beautifully.

ETIQUETTE.—The editor of the Philadelphia *Evening Post* says that "if a gentleman attends a lady to an assembly, he not only has a right, but is bound in courtesy, to take a seat next to her, and there remain during the evening." So we think. It is n't *wicked* to do so, *except on Sundays!*

AGENTS WANTED.—The publishers of this paper wish for a good local agent in each of the towns where we are now sending copies. Persons willing to act and who will interest themselves in the work, shall receive ample encouragement by addressing us a line. Our patrons who are in arrears will oblige us by making remittances without delay. The Editor, who has been accustomed heretofore to travel much of the time, will hereafter devote himself more particularly to the literary interest of the paper, and will aim to elevate its character still higher. If our friends in the country will be prompt in their payments and aid in the circulation of the Messenger, they shall have a paper of which they may feel proud.

PARDONED.—Governor Young has pardoned "JOCKEY WOOD," who is well known—*too* well known to our citizens; and also POLLOCK, who attempted to take the life of Mr. JEWETT, last summer, and who was sentenced to Auburn State Prison for the term of five years.

We send this number of the Messenger to a few individuals who have never encouraged the work, for their examination. Should they wish to become subscribers, they will please apprise us of the fact.

MADISON UNIVERSITY.—The catalogue of this institution for 1847-8, exhibits the following summary: Theological department, 41; Undergraduates, 140; Grammar school, 35; total 216.

☞ FUNERALS.—One sincere regret or feeling of respect for the departed is worth more than all the pomp and pageantry of woe that has been since the world began—and so the dead must think if they are permitted to behold the events passing on earth. We hear of some singular instances in which persons have ridden to Black Rock in carriages provided for funerals, and when there, instead of attending the appropriate services spent their time in the comfortable occupation of visiting their living and chatty friends; and a worthy Justice of the Peace tells us that he knows of some children so much accustomed to enjoy a cheap ride on these occasions that they look forward to a death in their neighborhood as a season of especial festivity.

RAILROADS &C. FROM MILWAUKEE TO NEW YORK.—The rate of travelling on Railroads between Buffalo and New York may be expected soon to attain the maximum at which cars run on any Railroad. Gov. Young's message was carried on the Schenectady & Utica Railroad (78 miles) in 2 hours and 1 minute, and the first 43 miles were run at the rate of nearly 50 miles an hour. When the heavy rail is laid down the whole distance between this place and Albany, as is expected will be the case during the present year, the whole distance can be performed in 10 instead of 24 hours.

The "*Daily Wisconsin*" makes the following calculation, and expects that the works to which it refers will be fully completed in the course of four years:

When the *Canada* Railroad is completed to Detroit, and the *Michigan Central* Railroad to New Buffalo, with a fast steamer to cross the Lakes, Milwaukee will be but 50 hours from New York. The *Hudson river* Railway now building, and to be finished in 1849, will reduce the time between New York and Albany at all seasons of the year, to five hours.

The time of the route will be thus divided:
5 hours from New York to Albany.
1 hour detention there.
10 hours to Buffalo.
2 hours there or at Niagara.
10 hours on Canada Railway.
1 in Detroit.
9 on Michigan Central.
10 hours for Steamer from New Buffalo to Milwaukee.
48 hours for whole distance, leaving two hours for contingencies.

TORONTO, February 1st, 1848.

GREAT FIRE!—About twenty minutes past one this morning the alarm of fire was given through the city, the seat of which proved to be in the block bounded on the north by Colborne, on the west by Church, and on the south by Colborne and Front streets.

From some mismanagement, access could not be had to the belfry, and, in consequence, the fire had made great headway before the arrival of the engines at the scene of conflagration. On arrival, the best exertions of the Fire Department were given to stay the progress of the fire, and these were crowned with success, but not until the whole block, with the exception of the south-eastern angle, was destroyed. We note the destruction of 23 houses, of which some 16 or 17 were taverns. Among those destroyed are the "Edinburgh Castle,"—"Prince of Wales,"—the "Royal Standard,"—the "Exchange,"—"Renney's Hotel,"—the "Sir John Moore,"—the "Royal Saloon,"—the "Tam O'Shanter,"—the "Lion,"—and other taverns.

We have no means of estimating the loss, nor can we learn who were insured. The houses, we have reason to believe, were not covered by any insurance, with one or two exceptions.—*Com. Adv.*

☞ A meeting has lately been convened at Lockport, and a plan was submitted for a road from Niagara Falls to Rochester, intersecting the Tonawanda Road at Byron. The Lockport *Courier* advocates the construction of a line running along the Canal or Ridge route and connecting directly with the eastern road at Rochester.

SUICIDE.—Last evening, about 10 o'clock, R. Kewin, a carpenter by trade, residing at the corner of Lydius and Dallius streets, being intoxicated, threatened death to every member of his family. With razor in hand, he went about attempting to put his threat into execution, when his family became alarmed, and cried for help.—The Night Police being near at hand, immediately came to their rescue by bursting in the door of the house, but before they could get within reach of the maniac, he, instead of killing others, cut his own throat with a razor, and expired almost instantly.—*Alb. Eve. Journal.*

Arrival of the Acadia.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2—11½ A. M.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS, Jan. 14.

There is a limited demand for most articles of the trade. Western canal flour less demand; Indian corn and Indian corn meal but little inquiry. On the 7th inst. best samples of wheat and choice superfine flour maintained previous rates.

Yesterday, January 14th, wheat was 2d to 3d per 70 lbs. Flour, 6d per bbl. Indian Corn, 1s to 2s per quarter, and Indian Meal 1s per barrel cheaper than on the 11th inst. Bacon as well as Middles are dull—prices 30s to 40s per cwt., according to quality. Hams are not in request.

All other articles turned in favor of buyers. Superior brands American flour merely sustained 29s 6d to 30s per bbl. Indian meal declined further today. Quotations 2s per quarter and 1s per bbl. below terms this day week.

Lard moves off slowly at 60 to 65s per keg, and 59s to 60s in bbls. Transactions in beef, limited demand quite good, and fine 50s to 56s, and inferior and middling 30s to 45s.

Cotton without change—tendency downward. Money market favorable. Some farther failures.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2—3 P. M.

The news by the Acadia is not important. Farther failures in London, Glasgow, and on the Continent

The prices of stocks had advanced. Consols rose from 85 3-8 to 85 3 4. The Bank of England held over 12 millions in coin and bullion, and the money was easier.

The Princess ADELAIDE, sister of the King of France, is dead.

The ship *Helen McNab*, of and from Dundee to New York, went on shore on the 15th Dec., near North Ronaldshay. Six persons reported drowned.

Her Majesty's steam frigate *Avenger* lost off the Northern coast of Africa. 270 persons on board, all of whom it is feared were drowned excepting a Lieutenant and four men. Vessel commanded by a son of Admiral NAPIER.

Specie continues to arrive in London from various parts of the world. There was but little diminution in the extent and nature of crime in Ireland. The agrarian outrages have extended to the north of Ireland. The distress in the south and west was becoming daily more severe.

Abdel Kader has surrendered to the Duc Daumala at Algeria.

The Queen of Spain is in a most critical state, expected to be fatal.

A farther reduction of the army of occupation of Switzerland has been ordered. Austria, Prussia and France have determined to demand the withdrawal of the troops from the different Cantons, and to restore their independency.

Pius IX, progresses with his constitutional reforms to the great satisfaction of his subjects.—An immediate revolt was expected in Naples.

Reports of a collision between the military and the people at Milan, are confirmed. A sanguinary massacre has taken place.

DANGEROUS COUNTERFEITS.—We copied, a short time since, a notice of a counterfeit quarter eagle, purporting to be of the New Orleans mint, dated 1843, and so admirably executed that the best judges in New York pronounced it genuine, and even at the mint in Philadelphia, where it was submitted to the usual tests, it was thought to be good. Upon being sawed in two, however, it was discovered to be a mere shell of gold, the interior being filled with silver, or more probably an amalgam of siver and platina, as its specific gravity was equal to gold.

Counterfeit silver coin, scarcely less perfectly executed, has lately been detected in Cincinnati. The *Gazette* of that city says:

We were shown a few days ago, a couple of counterfeit Mexican dollars, which were paid out at one of the Banks in this city, to a broker, who received them without any suspicion as to their genuineness, and discovered their true character rather by accident than otherwise. In appearance they are fac similes of the genuine coin, in weight neither deficient nor too heavy, and in ring so true as to excite suspicion in only the most practiced ear, and even then a suspicion which would be quite as likely to vanish as to lead to further trial. The aquafortis, and all other tests commonly applied in banks, they set at defiance. This counterfeit consists of a thin silver case, a head and a tail part, joined together at the edges so nicely as to prevent detection, filled in with copper. The only way of detecting counterfeits of this kind is by the file, and that must be applied to every piece separately. A matter of very pleasant contemplation, we should think, to that class of politicians styled "the hards," who get up a regular storm of indignation every time a new counterfeit bank note appears.

In one respect this counterfeit is even more dangerous than that of the gold coin first mentioned, inasmuch as silver is generally taken with less scrutiny than gold.

MORE OF THE RUMORED PEACE.—The Albany *Atlas* of Thursday publishes the following extract from a letter dated Mexico, Dec. 26, 1847:

We have information this morning of the strongest prospects of peace. Capt. —— was at Headquarters yesterday, and says the General seemed to have full confidence in present appearances. He gave it as his opinion that we would go home in all the month of April. It seems that every branch of the new government that has been elected is in favor of pacific measures. Herrera, the chief advocate of peace, is elected President. This certainly looks like coming to terms, but it don't do to put too much confidence in appearances here; before matters have been brought to a conclusion, some one may make a successful pronunciamento, and turn the present government out of doors.

The Vera Cruz *Arco Iris* of the 7th instant has the following:

THE TREATY OF PEACE SIGNED.—In a letter received by us yesterday from our correspondent at Jalapa, he informs us that an individual holding a position in the American army, and whose assertions deserve entire credit, said publicly, and without the least reserve, that from letters received at Jalapa from Puebla, on the 1st inst., it was positively known that a treaty of peace had been signed in Mexico. On being told that it was strange that this should be the case, as Mr. Trist had not the power to sign such treaty, he answered that Gen. Scott had taken it upon his own responsibility to sign the treaty, in consequence of which the treaty had been sent to Queretaro for the approbation of the Mexican Government.

The *Free American*, also published at Vera Cruz, puts no faith in the rumor, and assigns the following reasons for its disbelief:

It is very strange, indeed, if this be true. Gen. Scott, if he is directed by his Government not to sign any treaty, would certainly not sign one. He is too well known for his obedience to superior orders to put himself in a position that his countrymen might not approve; he has too much at heart the friendly feelings of those whom he serves.

The last annual message of the President assures us that Mr. Trist's powers had been revoked, and that he was recalled. It is true that Mr. Trist has not yet left the city of Mexico; but this he may do to await farther orders from his Government relative to the propositions of peace lately made by the Mexican Commissioners, to which he could certainly not have received any answer from Washington *before* the first of the present month.

The Mexicans could not have been in such a hurry to make the peace, as they have always refused the propositions made by our Envoy, and we are certain that Gen. Scott is not so anxious for it as to grasp at the first shadow of an opportunity.

We wish to receive the news of peace from a better source before we give credit to it.

These extracts, and other accounts that we have published, relieve the rumor from the suspicion of its being a mere ruse to affect the stock market, but still leave the fact of a treaty having been negotiated, in a deal of doubt.

HISTORY OF GUTTA PERCHA.—The following is taken from the London *News*. The material to which it refers was first introduced into this country, as an article of manufacture, by S. T. ARMSTRONG, Esq.:

"This substance is of recent introduction to England, and was first brought under the notice of the Society of Arts in the autumn of 1843.—The history of its discovery is thus given by Dr. Montgomerie: "While at Singapore, in 1842, I, on one occasion, observed in the hands of a Malayan woodsman, the handle of a *parang* made of a substance which appeared quite new to me My curiosity was excited, and, on enquiry, I found it was made of the Gutta Percha, and that it could be moulded into any form, by simply dipping it into boiling water until it was heated thro'-out, when it becomes plastic as clay, and when cold, regained, unchanged, its original hardness and rigidity. I immediately possessed myself of the article; and desired the man to fetch me as much more of it as he could get. On making some experiments with it, I at once discovered that, if procurable in large quantities, it would become extensively useful." The discovery was communicated to the Medical Board of Calcutta, and subsequently to the Society of Arts in London.

Sir W. J. Hooker states the tree from which Gutta Percha is procured to belong to the natural order *sapotacea*, found in abundance in the Island of Singapore, and in some dense forests at the extremity of the Malayan peninsula. Mr. Brooke reports the tree to be called *Niato* by the Sarawak people, but they are not acquainted with the properties of the sap; it attains a considerable size, even as large as 6 feet in diameter; is plentiful in Sarawak, and, most probably, all over the Island of Borneo. The tree is stated to be one of the largest in the forests in which it is found.—The timber is too loose and open for building purposes; but the tree bears a fruit which yields a concrete oil, used for food.

Gutta Percha is contained in the sap and milky juice, which quickly coagulates on exposure to the air; from twenty to thirty pounds being the average produce of one tree. For collecting the sap, the trees are felled, barked, and left dry, and useless, so great is the demand for the Gutta, the importation of which already reaches many hundred tons annually. Hence, the forests will soon be cleared of the Gutta trees; whereas, it is believed that a constant and moderate supply might be secured by incisions in the bark, as in the case of caoutchouc.

The Gutta is received in scraps, or in rolls of thin layers. It is first freed from impurities by deviling or kneading in hot water, when it is left soft and plastic and of a whitish grey color.

When thus prepared, the Gutta has many curious properties. Below the temperature of 50 degrees, it is as hard as wood, but it will soon receive an indentation from the finger nail. When softened in hot water, it may easily be cut and moulded; and it will harden, as it cools, to its former rigidity; and it may be softened and hardened any number of times without injury to the material. Unlike caoutchouc, it has little elasticity; but, it has such tenacity, that a slip, one eighth of an inch substance, sustained 42 pounds weight, and only broke with a pressure of 56 lbs. When drawn out, it remains without contracting.

In solution, Gutta Percha is applied, like caoutchouc, for waterproofing cloth. It is likewise used for numerous purposes for which leather is used; in mastics and cements, &c. In short, it promises to become as important an article of commerce as caoutchouc itself.

The name is a pure Malayan one; *gutta* meaning the gum, or concrete juice of a plant, and *percha* the particular tree from which this is procured. The *ch* is not pronounced hard like a *k*, but like the *ch* in the English name of the fish perch. It has been suggested to Dr. Montgomerie, that the Gutta Percha would be found useful in stopping decayed teeth."

In February last, the London Company, in connection with the East India Company, took measures to stop the felling of the trees, and, at an expense of some ten or twenty thousand pounds sterling, introduced the mode of tapping the trees and drawing the sap, the same as caoutchouc is drawn, and in this way it is all gathered, and all Gutta Percha or Gutta Tuban collected in that country must pass through the hands of the Rajahs to the merchant.

NIAGARA FALLS SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—It is with great satisfaction that we have noted the increasing evidences of preparation for work on the Suspension Bridge. A force has been collecting on the ground during the past week, and lumber and other materials are going forward. Shanties and shops are beginning to spring up, and many tokens of business are now visible. It is a great work and requires extensive preparations to carry it on economically.

We are informed that it is the intention of the Engineer to erect a Foot Bridge as soon as the weather will permit—perhaps by the first of June—using the cables and other materials designed for the main edifice in suspending a temporary platform for the convenience of conducting the works.

This temporary structure will be of extreme lightness, vibrating in the wind, and bending under the weights of the loads which will cross it.

Considering its position—220 feet above a furious torrent—the sight of this frail structure swinging in the air must be awfully grand.—*Iris of Niagara.*

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25, 1848.

ANOTHER COURT MARTIAL.—Great excitement exists among the naval men here this morning, in consequence of a prevailing report that the officers of the Gulf Squadron, in reply to a circular from the Commodore requesting information upon the subject, have returned for answer that "the conduct of a Post Captain at the batteries before Vera Cruz was unbecoming an officer in the presence of an enemy."

THE VAN NESS CASE.—The Supreme Court dismissed the appeal of Mrs. Conner, who claimed to be the wife of Gen. John P. Van Ness, on the ground of a want of jurisdiction, which, in effect, confirms the decision of the court below, which settles the case adversely to the plaintiff.

☞ National Hymn of Italy.—To Pius the Ninth. Which has been set to music by Rossini. Translated from the Italian by Dr. Bowring, M. P.:

Italy is waking now,
Light upon her matin-brow:
And her Pontiff, heaven-inspired,
Leads her on her glorious way.
And the day so long desired
Dawns—the bright, the promised day.
Still of her salvation dreaming,
All her sleeping was but seeming.

Listen! how the snowy Alp,
As from Etna's blazing scalp,
Our united voice breathes forth,
Waking transports as it runs:
North to south and south to north
Calls Italia's noblest sons,
Not the tears of shame to drop,
But of glory, joy, and hope.

Hail! all hail! thou noble one!
Seated on earth's highest throne;
Scatterer of all evil, thou
Bounteous fountain-head of Good!
Not alone Italia now
Bends in fervent gratitude.
But the world—the world is pouring
Praise—and heaven and thee adoring.

Perfect thy majestic plan,
Thou of men the noblest man!
God is smiling on thy deed,
Earth is waiting thy decree!
Tell the fettered they are freed—
Smite the arm of tyranny.
How shall tyranny withstand,
If thou bless the patriot land?

Peace! shall be the patriot-cry!
Peace! and light and liberty!
Liberty! and peace and light!
Thou shalt give as thou hast given;
O'er thee, round thee smiling bright,
Crowd the messengers of heaven,
Pointing out thy pathway here,
And thy crown of glory there.

The flag and seal of the new republic of Liberia are described as follows:

Flag.—Six red stripes with five white stripes—alternately displayed longitudinally. In the upper angle of the flag, next to the spear, a square blue ground covering in depth five stripes. In the centre of the blue, one white star.

Seal.—A dove on the wing with an open scroll in its claws. A view of the ocean with a ship under sail—the sun just emerging from the waters. A palm tree, and at its base a plough and spade. Beneath the emblems the words "Republic of Liberia," and above the emblems the national motto, "The love of liberty has brought us here."

Baptist Statistics.—The Baptist Almanac and Register for 1848, gives the following grand total of Baptist organization, &c., in the United States:

Ministerial associations 564; churches 9888; ordained ministers, 5657; licensed preachers, 1,199; number of church members, 761,906.

In the entire world, there is said to be 15,364 Baptist churches; 3,469 ordained ministers and 1,031,836 church members.

Somebody, who writes more truthfully than poetically, says:—"An angel without money is not thought so much of, now-a-days, as a devil with a bag full of guineas."

Hon. John Davis, of the U. S. Senate, died at Washington on the first inst.

Pierce Soule, Democrat, has been elected to the U. S. Senate from Louisiana in place of Johnson, Whig.

MARRIED.

On the 27th inst., by Rev. S. R. Smith, Mr. EDWARD L. FURSMAN, and Miss ANN ELIZA CORBIN, both of this city.

DIED.

At 11½ o'clock this morning, 27th inst., Gen. GEORGE P. BARKER, late Attorney General of this State, aged 40 years.

This morning, 31st instant, ALMIRA, wife of Ralph Church, aged 36 years.

On the 29th inst., MARY A. BETTIS, only daughter of Wm. and Ann Bettis, aged 16 years and 22 days.

At Aurora, on the 29th ult., of scarlet fever, JULIA, daughter of Albert Sawin, Esq., aged 8 years and 1 mo.

Price Current—February 2, 1848.

Flour, bbl.	$4 75@4 87½	Turkeys, lb	8@9
Pork, bbl.	10 00	Chickens	5@9
Do slaugh. cwt.	4 75@5 00	Geese, each	25
Beef, cwt.	4 50	Clover seed, bu	5 00
Butter, lb	12@16	Timothy	3 00
Lard	7½@8	Flax	1 12½
Cheese	6	Grass	—
Hams	7	Whitefish, bbl.	6 50
Shoulders	5	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt.	1 50	Potatoes, bush.	62½@75
Wheat, bu	95@1 06	Salt, bbl.	1 00
Corn	50	Apples, bbl.	1 37½
Oats	35	Do dried, bu	92½
Slaughter hides, lb	4@4½	Onions	1 00
Dry do	9@10	Eggs, doz	13
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb	—
Sheep, slaughtered	62½@75	Soap	—
Lamb do	12½	Whiskey, gall.	19
Dry	44@50	Highwines	20
Hard wood, cd.	3 25@3 50	Lead, hund	4 00
Hemlock	3 00	Beans, bu	87½
Bit. (O) coal, ton	$5 50	Wool, lb	30@38
Blossburg		Hay	$7

QUOTATION OF UNCURRENT FUNDS.

Canada, (Toronto Hamilton, &c.	℔ ct. dis. 2	Baltimore	℔ ct. dis. 1
L. Canada	2½	Philadelphia	1
Ohio	— to 1½	New Orleans	3
Indiana	— to 1½	Missouri	2
Kentucky	— to 1½	Virginia	2
Pennsylvania	¼ to 1	Mich. State Bank	½
Relief notes	2	F. & M. Bk, Detroit	½
Pittsburgh Scrip	20	Mich. Ins. Company	½
Alleghany Scrip	20	Wis. F. & M. Ins. Co.	½
		East. Exch.	℔ ct. prem. ½

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Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1848. NO. 2.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Elgiva.*

Ah who could name them all, the ills of humanity, in their manifold, pale dispensations! There are crime and sickness, the shriek of despair and the long, deep, silent torture.—[Miss Bremer.

She stood on a wide and lonely heath,
Beneath a wintry sky;
Night too had flung out many a dusky wreath,
And the wailing blast went by.

The wailing blast from a leafless tree
Came chill to her forehead fair,
And the snow-like crystal jewelry
Lay white in her braided hair.

Yet heeded she not, and even did seem
As a form of chiseled stone,
Save that an earnest, soul-fraught gleam
From her dark eyes clearly shone.

The veiled moon mourned in the darkening west,
More wildly the storm-wind rose—
Ah! surely unblest was the youthful breast
That sought in such drear scene repose.

Why strayed she there I never may guess,
But strangely there, I ween,
Seemed a being of rarest loveliness
With the port of a sceptred queen:

And a queen she was, though none had wrought
For her brow a diadem—
Unless ye deem that a burning thought
Is bright as a flashing gem.

* This name will of course remind the reader of the melancholy story of the beautiful bride of Prince Edwy of England.

MAYVILLE, N. Y., January. 1848. THE RECLUSE.

From the Knickerbocker for January.

Aunt Patty Saltonstall.

Aunt Patty was my natural aunt. I was the only daughter of her youngest and favorite sister, and at my mother's death was adopted by her, and lived with her until my marriage. Although for many years she had been confined to her sofa, in consequence of an accident, yet her general health was so good, her mind so unimpaired by age, and her spirits so lively, that in leaving her for a month, in the heat of summer, to go into the country, I neither feared or anticipated the possibility of any change in her; more especially, as I had placed myself at so short a distance that I could see her from time to time. I was therefore much shocked by receiving a letter in the almost illegible hand of Aunt Patty's faithful maid Betty, informing me that she had died suddenly the evening before. I set off immediately for the city where she resided, and it was with mournful thoughts that I passed over the well-known road leading to her house; and the familiar objects were so painful to me, that I drew up the blind of the carriage and resigned myself to meditations and remembrances of my departed friend. The first feeling was a selfish one; how I should miss her, and where should I ever find such a friend and adviser; so sympathizing and yet so rational.

She was one of that much-abused class, Old Maids, who have the reputation (so often undeserved,) of being cross grained and selfish; but though she had suffered many severe afflictions and heavy disappointments, yet no one had more of the milk of human kindness than she, and none of the storms of life had ever turned it sour.—Nearly the last of an old and respectable family, she had a few aristocratic prejudices, a lingering reverence for the "good old times" (which, by the way, are thought no better while passing than any other, but only when past) and rather an anti-republican contempt for the new families that were gaining foot-hold in fashionable society, whose grand-fathers and grand-mothers she remembered in quite different stations. In vain I pleaded with her that in our country education and merit were all that should make difference of rank; and pointed out all those in high places whose talents had raised them from obscurity. All in vain; Aunt Patty was unconvinced, and met all my arguments with:

"Well, my dear, it may be so; and certainly in the cases you mention, there is some truth in it; but," she added, shaking her head, "when you've lived as long as I have, my dear, you'll find there is a great deal in *blood*; blood, my dear, is thicker than water."

This proverb was unanswerable, and finished the discussion. One or two such favorite ideas, and some little notions of rigid punctilio which the "hail-fellow-well-met" freedom of modern manners has abrogated, I may truly say were Aunt Patty's only failings, if they even deserved so harsh a name; for a better Christian or a kinder friend never "bade the world good night."

For many years, as I have said, she had been entirely confined to her sofa. She had seen every one of her family pass away excepting myself; and yet though often lonely, and always more or less a sufferer, her cheerfulness, and unvarying interest in the world around her, were always sustained. Every body who wanted sympathy was sure to find it in Aunt Patty. For every one who was happy, she had a bright smile, and a warm pressure of the hand; and for those who were in sorrow, a softened and tender tone of voice, and a tear of pity. Her face in fact seemed to say, "Come, ye disconsolate;" and I used to tell her she was like David in the cave of Adullam, "for every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto her."

But I loved her smiles best. Her teeth were still handsome, her eyes undimmed; and she smiled with both; not the cold uncertain smile of the mouth only, like the sun on an iceberg, but a warm glow shining in her eyes, and overspreading her face, like that same luminary when he sheds his ray over a summer landscape. You saw when she smiled that her heart was in it. And this was why every one loved her so much; with no weakness, no "sentimentality lachrymarorum," she had real heart, real sensibility, which, united to true Christian benevolence, made her, in my partial opinion, almost perfect. Occasionally there was a little proud curl of the lip, when any thing mean or disgraceful was spoken of, and a hearty, truthful relish of the ridiculous and absurd, which showed that Aunt Patty might have a little lurking satire about her; and there was now and then a

dash of it in her delightful stories of the Past and Present; just enough to make them spicy, and give them flavor, but not enough to make them tingling and biting. Indeed, she owned that she was sometimes severe in her youth, when beset by impertinence, or resentful of meanness, but it must have been rather indignation than sarcasm; and when I knew her, sorrow had taught its softening lesson, and she "had," as a modern poet so beautifully expresses it, "unlearned contempt." (Would that this same poet, though he may have "unlearned" it himself, had not taught others to feel it for him!)

To return to my character. Aunt Patty was a chronicle and a prophet; she "looked both 'fore and after.'" She was a chronicle, for she could tell as well as the parish-register how old every body was, and who their grand-fathers and grandmothers were, and who they married, and where they lived, and what business they did, and what relation they were to So-and-So, and if they had quarrelled, and why; and how much property they had, or if she did n't know exactly, "she could guess pretty near it."

She was a prophet, for she always knew what was coming to pass; she could foretel whether Mr. So-and-So would make his bow to Miss This or That, and whether Miss That or This would smile on Mr. So-and-So; love affairs, by the way, being always particularly interesting to Aunt Patty. She always could tell what the weather was going to be, and prophesied our deepest snows and heaviest rains, and brightest sunshines, and longest droughts, with much more than almanac fidelity. I never entered Aunt Patty's little parlor, but I was saluted with, "I knew you would be here today, my dear, so I told Betty to make some of her nice muffins for tea;" or "I knew we should have snow, and you could not came for a day or two;" and even when I informed her of my engagement, which I fancied was known only to Mr. Lacey and myself, she stroked my cheek slily, and said she knew it was to be, and she could even tell the very day when it must have taken place. Her sagcity was vexatious for one reason; you could never surprise her, never tell her any news; and had she lived a hundred years earlier, I am afraid she would have been burnt for a witch, had any one been ill-disposed enough to accuse her. But Aunt Patty could have had no enemies.

Having from her confinement to the house, comparatively few sources of amusement, she had become a keen observer, and a close student of character in its minuter and every-day developments, and thus her unfaltering discrimination might be accounted for. To one less benevolent, such a power might have been dangerous; but her mantle of charity was thrown over what her truth-seeing eye could not but discover, and hid a multitude of sins.

Aunt Patty was a great maker of pin-cushions and needle-books and those old-fashioned articles, "house-wifes" and "reticules." She always had one of the former, made of red morocco, with its store of thread, needles and silk, for any young gentleman-friend who was going from home; "for men never knew how to take care of themselves, poor things;" and one of the latter for every young lady that was fitted off for boarding-school, for "girls are always scolded for leaving their handkerchiefs about, dear young creatures; and there was generally with the latter gift an addition of "a pair of warm gloves, my dear" and "don't tell any one."

These reminiscences brought me to Aunt Patty's; a pleasant, small two-story house, in a little retired court; and sad was the look that her queer little withered maid, Betty, gave me as she opened the door, the tears rolling down her cheeks. As nearly as I could gather from her incoherent account, broken by her sobs, these were the circumstances of her calm departure: She had seemed quite as well as in general through the day; in the evening, when Betty was reading the newspaper to her as usual, she sighed very heavily, and complained of some oppression for breath, but told her to go on, as she might fall asleep. After finishing the paper, she began as was her custom to read a chapter in the Bible. It was from St. John: "In my father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." A heavy sigh from Aunt Patty attracted her notice, but she read on, after a moment's pause, and when she had finished, on looking at her, she thought her asleep. She left her, to close the house for the night, and on returning, after a considerable time, alarmed by the length of her sleep, tried to waken her and found she was dead. Her spirit had passed away with that long sigh to the mansion prepared for her. "She died," said Betty, "with the poetry of real feeling, "like the autumn leaves that fall with their bright colors on, before they grow brown and shrivelled and faded."

A Startling Fact.

The principal incident in the anecdote I am about to relate is so startling and singular, that I must, at the outset, assure the reader of its absolute truth. As the persons concerned are still living, I have, for obvious reasons, adopted a form in which the real circumstances are disguised, and only the important experience is preserved. The story was told me at dinner by one of the medical men engaged in the affair.

"We live surrounded with mystery and horror," said Captain Hurst, "and, by George! the more we strive to explain the mystery, the more does its dim ghastliness reveal itself."

"What reference has that magnificent aphorism so magniloquently expressed, to mesmerism?" I asked.

"Little enough. Mesmerism brings one of the mysteries of our being into evidence, viz., the power of inducing a complete insulation of one part of our organization from the other; so that the mesmerized patient shall be absolutely insensible to pain, and yet not insensible to other sensations."

"And the mystery?"

"The mystery is how, in an organization so marvellously complex as ours, wherein the parts are so inter-dependent, there should be a violent interruption of one portion of the organic action, without a corresponding interruption of the other. Men have stupidly talked of the vital mechanism, as if the frame of man where like the works of a watch. But you cannot so interrupt the action of the watch.

"Well, captain, I grant that you have made out a mystery; but what of it? Is not every thing about us a mystery? And wherein lies the peculiar horror of which you spoke?"

"Did I never tell you my famous story of Death-in-Life?" he inquired.

"No. But let us have it now."

"Ay, let's have it!" exclaimed the other guests.

"And we drew closer round the fire as Captain Hurst, filling his glass and placing it on the mantel-piece, passed the claret round.

"Our conversation about mesmerism," he began, "recalled to me one of my early experiences, and it was so horrible that I seldom think of it without some prosy reflection, such as I favored you with just now. In the mesmeric state—as in that induced by the inhalation of ether—the sensations of pain are wholly deadened. I have

experienced the reverse. I once had paralysis of the nerves of motion only. Every nerve of sensation was uninfluenced; but every nerve of muscular action was completely deadened.

"I was with my regiment at the time. The attack was so sudden, that, seated on the sofa, I fell back as one asleep. I tried to call for assistance; but it was in vain. I could not stir; I could not move my arm; I could not even open my eyes. I heard the sounds of merriment above me; I heard every footstep on the stairs; but I was as if perfectly lifeless, except as to my sense of hearing. It was most horrible! I might perish there, if no one came unasked, without a chance of getting assistance. The sense of imprisonment was absolutely overwhelming!

"How long I lay thus, I know not. Time was 'leaden-footed' indeed to me. Every footstep I heard was interpreted into a lucky omen of speedy assistance. But not a soul came into my room. The footsteps all passed my door with cruel indifference. After many 'a hope deferred,' I heard at last, to my infinite satisfaction, the noisy ascent of my cousin Charles, and a brother-officer, named Thresher. They, at least, were coming to me! Yes—the lock was turned—and the two came boisterously into the room.

"'Now, then, Harry!' exclaimed my cousin, 'up with you! Ullo! pretending to be asleep—won't do!'

"'Trim his mustache!' exclaimed Thresher.

"They shook me. Of course I gave no signs of waking. They pulled my hair; I was immovable. They ran pins into me; I should have winced if I could, but I was fixed in immovability. They began at length to suspect that something was the matter with me. But I was warm. Could I be shamming! After many ineffectual attempts to rouse me, they sent for the army surgeon. He came, examined me, and to my horror, I heard him say,—

"'It's very extraordinary. I'm afraid he's no more.'

"Then I should be buried alive! Conceive my feelings at such a thought; conceive my struggles to tell them I was not dead—that I heard all they were saying—these struggles being totally ineffectual, because I could not move a muscle!

"All sorts of remedies were applied, but I remained as insensible as before. A second surgeon was called in, who thought that I had, possibly, only an attack of paralysis. I had hopes again!

"Vainly should I endeavor to convey to you any idea of the moral and physical torture to which I was subjected. The surgeons thought it necessary to stimulate my nerves, and restore them to their sensibility; but their sensibility was frightfully acute! and the pain I suffered in the attempts to restore my sensation of pain was indescribable. One proposing a mustard bath; another saying—'Oh! that will not be half strong enough!'—and I unable, even by wincing, to express that their remedies were not only already too violent, but absolutely applied to an imaginary evil. It was the nerves of muscular action which needed stimulating. But they could not know it.

"For two whole days—they seemed years—did I remain in this insensible state. I despaired of being rescued. I knew not how my medical men were to discover their mistake and my malady; and the fear of being given over and buried alive still haunted me.

"A still more ghastly thought pursued me. I began to ask myself, 'Is this death? Am I really alive? Do the dead hear and feel?'

"I then thought of the imperishable nature of my soul. It, of course, preserves itself through all bodily decay. Is it imprisoned in the body as long as the body holds together? and shall I be liberated only on the utter falling away of those fleshy walls that encompass me? Am I to be buried, sensible of all that is going on around me? And this soul which survives, how long is it to remain on earth? Is the grave its purgatory?'

"Such was the nature of the thoughts which harrassed me. Neither sleep nor cessation of my fears had I. The weary hours slowly rolled on, but to me they brought no repose; one incessant rush of horrible ideas tormented me, at those times when I was not suffering agonies from the attempts to restore my sensibility.

"Suddenly I opened my eyes.

"My rapture was so great, that, fearing it might be some illusion, and anxious not to dispel it, I continued for some moments to look steadily, and with intense pleasure, at the furniture of the bed, and the bottles on the mantle piece. I then moved my hand. It obeyed me, although feebly. I moved my head, I opened my lips. I spoke!

"The astonishment of the nurse, the astonishment of every one, except the surgeon, who, with professional coolness, took my recovery quite as an expected occurrence, was unbounded. And the surgeon also deigned to be surprised when I repeated to him certain things I had heard him say to his colleague respecting my state!

"I recovered. My illness interested the 'faculty' very much; because it was to them a novel case. But, as usual, they pretended to see no mystery in it. They *explained* it by saying that the nerves of motion had been paralysed, and the nerves of sensation had been untouched. Yet that is surely no *explanation*. It is simply a technical expression of the fact. But men always fancy when they have named anything they have explained it. Like a friend of mine, who, on his child asking him how it was that crystal, which was heavier than wood, could be seen through? exclaimed somewhat patronisingly, 'Why, my dear boy, you can see through the crystal because it is a *transparent substance*.' Of this sort seems the explanation of my case."

Captain Hurst finished his story with an anecdote, like an accomplished narrator who is unwilling to leave a painful effect on the minds of his audience.

We laughed at his adecdote, and the laugh certainly took away some of the unpleasant effects of his story. But we all remained silent and thoughtful for some minutes.

I broke silence, at last, by saying—"Doubtless the many instances of persons being buried alive, which we read of, especially in the Italian anecdotes, are to be mostly explained as the fate of persons affected as you were, Captain. The horror of the unfortunates aware of what was coming must have been terrific. Conceive also the feelings of a man in that state overhearing the undisguised sentiments of those who, while he was alive, treated him with such hypocritical tenderness! Now he would curse his inability to awake and confound them!"

"I don't put much faith in those cases," observed my right hand neighbor. "People *have* been on the point of being buried alive, we know; but authenticated cases are few."

"But remember," said I, "that of all those who have been buried alive, none have come back to tell the tale."

"Yes, in *some* cases, they have escaped. In the *Observatore Florentino*, there is a story told of a lady who was buried, and who awoke in the vault and escaped. Leigh Hunt dramatised the story in his *Legend of Florence*."

"There's a good anecdote," said the Captain, 'in Tallemant des Reaux, of a man whose wife was supposed to be dead, but who was brought to life again by the shock of the bier, against a house, the bearers having stumbled in turning a corner. Some time afterwards, she died in earnest. As the funeral procession was about to set forth, the disconsolate husband approached the priest, and between his sobs said, 'Be careful in turning the corners, will you!' "

The following extract from a letter in the *Commercial Advertiser*, touching the storming of Chapultepec, will be found very interesting. After mentioning the manner in which Gen. PILLOW's division became master of the place, being "the first that put feet inside the Castle," the writer proceeds:

Extract from the letter of an Officer in Mexico.

We had scarcely formed again upon the parade of the castle, when we got farther orders to move. We were to take part also in the fight before the Capital. Having led in the morning we were to act as reserve, and sustain the artillery in its advance upon the works along the road. On the right of my sketch, you will see part of the aqueduct that leads from a spring at Chapultepec to supply the town with water. On either side of the aqueduct, as it runs along the causeway, the track is perhaps three rods wide, and there were three breast works across the whole, to be carried before getting into the city. They were built of sods and mud and were very thick and strong.—I need not tell you they commanded the way most perfectly. Added to the rest, the whole road was flanked, in its entire distance, by the lakes whereof you have heard.

One of the works had been carried by QUITMAN's men just by the foot of Chapultepec hill, and against the next one, our artillery was now advancing. Some *ricochet* shot bounded along by us as we went up, but we soon learned a good trick, and every time we saw the smoke from the enemy's guns, we just dodged under the arches of the aqueduct.

So far however as actual fighting was concerned, we did nothing more that day, nevertheless, we were most uncomfortably situated.—As the artillery went forward, we kept up at a certain distance in the rear, pausing sometimes an hour or two under the arches. But the enemy had found us out, and while the road was raked from their batteries, the citadel deliberately began a shell practice in our direction, both mortar and howitzer. The infernal missiles would sometimes burst in the air, sometimes upon the very edge of the aqueduct over our heads, sometimes along the road, scattering their fragments at every point of the compass. As illustrative of their power, I saw one plunge in at the root of a large tree by the the road side, and, bursting, tear the whole trunk bodily from its hold, and cast it ten feet from its position, prone upon the ground.—We lost more men by these shells than at the storming—a single one of them killed three men and shattered the legs of two others.

In the afternoon we got so near the scene of action as to be in range of the enemy's musket balls, which now and then hit upon the jutting piece of the aqueduct and fell down as flat as a dollar. In despite orders to the contrary, the men would at times leave their safe concealment and dodge out to see what was going on, and one of those, who was eating a piece of bread at the moment, was pierced through the temple and fell dead, with the bread in his mouth. Lieut. JACKSON, passing up for orders, was hit and saved only by a testament in the breast pocket of his coat—We have all read of such instances; I never expected to see it happen exactly so, but I assure you it took place before my own eyes—and JACKSON staggered up against the arches like a drunken men.

But the dangers were most dreadful that met the brave men in advance. I should have said that a number of regiments had passed us during the day and were now hotly engaged. Foot by foot, as it were, they won their way, and work after work, they carried before them. Never men displayed more dauntless courage, especially too our artillerists, who almost crossed guns with the enemy through his embrasures.

Across the lake at our left, about a quarter of a mile away, ran the causeway, up which WORTH was sternly urging his path toward the city. How we gazed over, watching the flashes of his cannon, and counting every inch of ground, as he fought slowly onward against the odds that met him. Towards evening WORTH's infantry had a terrible fight about the Garitas, but a cheer that came at length, though faintly heard, assured us he had effected an entrance inside the walls and made good his hold. We had learned from the wounded, that continually passed us on their way to the rear, that the fellows on our side of the lake were doing well, and another cheer that now made the arches ring about our ears, convinced us that they too, had carried their object and were safe in their position.

We lay that night in the arches of the great aqueduct and under the lee of the last breastwork taken from the enemy, excepting that at the Garita itself. The cannon and howitzers were generally left, for the time, as they were found, for we had heavier pieces, taken at Contreras and Churubusco. There were dead men lying all aroune us and among the rest five Pennsylvanians said to have been killed with a single ball from the battery. The heads of three were shot entirely off and the other two were torn all to pieces in the breast.

A good deal of ammunition went up in wagons during the night, and some additional pieces of cannon of the heaviest calibre. Everything, indeed, looked like another day of fighting. But I need not tell you what took place on the morning of the 14th September. For ourselves, we

got news of the surrender just as we were entering the gates of the city.

Our quarters are now in an old Convent. We have regular live monks here, and a queer looking set of folks they are too. They go about in long frocks about as fine as a door mat, and with cowls upon them very like the hoods on the overcoat of a Canada Frenchman. Over these frocks they wear a sort of flannel half-gown, resembling a petticoat exactly. Their shoes are of white goat skin, with holes cut in at the toes—probably for ventilation, or to let out the water. They don't step off like men, but have a kind of sly, cat-like pace, and to hear them go pit, pat, at night, along the old corridors of the Convent, you might imagine yourself carried back to past centuries. The old fellows are almost always fat, with thick, bull necks, and have shoulders that would fit them for porters, or some other useful members of society. The priests are the only fat men in Mexico, and well they may be, for, as Newman Noggs said in contemplating Squeers' children in comparision with Squeers' scholars, "they get it all." Still, I won't be too hard upon them, for there's an old fellow just by my quarters that keeps a bottle of the best brandy for such of his friends as like it. He is a rare one, and buries you in fat every time you get caught in his loving embraces. He has taken a great fancy to my guitar playing, and waddles out every time I touch a chord, listening with his head on one side, and a greasy sort of smile that is quite flattering.

Earthquakes would seem a superfluous horror to introduce to the scenes I have been describing, though, perhaps, you are aware we have had an uncommonly severe one since entering the city. It nearly destroyed some towns in the mountain districts: in one place alone forty persons are said to have been crushed by the falling buildings. I presume the shock was lighter here,—and if earthquakes be attributed to electricity, it may be accounted for by the great body of water in the valley. It was sufficiently strong, though, all about, and the walls of our quarters are rent with cracks full an inch in width. As we rushed out,—monks and all, from the old Convent—it was a strange sight to see the hackster men and women in the principal yard, all down upon their knees: the priests, also, came down in an instant, and began praying and telling their beads, as if they were as accountable as other folks. For myself, the movement of the earth produced a sickening sensation with me, and I could hardly keep my footsteps. The motion was so strong from side to side that some water in a deep stone basin in the yard was thrown half of it out upon the ground. It was an awful occurrence—and made men feel their littleness—when the firm set earth went to and fro beneath them. I never in my life experienced an alarm that took such hold of me.

But there is a joke in everything if you only get hold of it. Even an earthquake failed to terrify some of the spirits of the 9th. While the earth swayed beneath their feet, some of the more hungry of the men just occupied themselves in grabbing the fried potatoes and pancakes from the stalls of the absent venders. Let them appropriate as many as they might, they would not more than make the account even, for the Mexicans cheat them like the cunning scamps they are.

A Demon in Man's Shape.—The Warsaw (Ill.) Signal, of the 15th ult., says: "We have heard of a case of parricide, near Mendon, in Adams county, which, for demoniacal spirit, exceeds anything we recollect to have heard before. It is that of a man starving his own mother to death!

The man's name is Jesse R. Hull—and the statement is, that, for some cause, supposed to be merely to release himself of the burden of keeping her, he shut his mother up in a cold room, and kept her without food, until she literally starved to death—having first gnawed the paper from the walls and eaten her own excrement! Her deplorable situation was accidentally discovered by some of the neighbors, and measures taken to have her cared for—but their kind attentions came too late—she died.

What is the most astonishing, the neighbors still allow the fiend to go at large—waiting the tardy operation of law through the action of the Grand Jury. A man who could thus treat the mother that bore him, and sustained him in his infancy, should have no opportunity to escape the justice which the law would meet out to him.—We hope, for the sake of humanity, that there are mitigating circumstances.

A similar case to the above, we are told, took place at Richmond Grove, in Mercer co., about the 25th of December, but not being in full possession of the circumstances, we refrain from giving particulars.

Negotiations for Peace.—The President, in reply to the resolution of the Senate, has transmitted to that body the correspondence between Mr. Trist and the Mexican Commissioners during the suspension of hostilities which followed the battles of Contreras and Churubusco. It contains nothing new, as the general character of the letters on each side and the final result, were known already: and we have nothing whatever concerning the negotiations said to have taken place subsequently. The latest letter in the correspondence now transmitted, is Sept. 6th: some time previous to the capture of the Mexican capital: whereas negotiations are said to have been renewed very late in December.

These documents have, therefore, but little interest, except from their connection with the history of the war. In this respect they may be of value hereafter.—*Cour. & Enq.*

Anti-Rent Outrage.—Sherif Tyler, and his deputy, Mr. Ferguson, and a clerk from the office of Teunis Van Vechten, went out to Bern, yesterday morning, to sell some property belonging to a man named McIntosh. The sale attracted the attention of about two hundred of the inhabitants, who, when anything was offered, set up a hooting and hollowing.

The party were snow-balled and maltreated in various ways. Mr. Younglove, the clerk from Mr. Van Vechten's office, was tripped up with a rope and rolled down a bank. He escaped without injury. The Sherif was obliged to abandon the ground without selling anything.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

Letter from Gen. Taylor to the War Department.

We give below the letter of Gen. TAYLOR to the War Department, transmitted to the House of Representatives by the President, in accordance with a resolution of that body. It will be read with great interest, being written in the usual bold and forcible style of the General:

HEAD QUARTERS ARMY OF OCCUPATION,
AQUA NUEVA, March 3d, 1847.

I have had the honor to receive your communication of Jan. 27, enclosing a newspaper slip, and expressing the regret of the Department, that the letter copied in that slip, and which was addressed by myself to Maj. Gen. Gaines, should have been published. Although your letter does not convey the direct censure of the Department and the President, yet, when it was taken in connection with the revival of the paragraph in the regulations of 1825, touching the publication of private letters concerning operations in the field, I am not permitted to doubt that I have become a subject of Executive disapprobation. To any expression of it, coming with the authority of the President, I am bound by my duty and my respect for his high office, patiently to submit; but lest my silence should be construed into a tacit admission of the grounds and conclusions set forth in your communication, I deem it a duty which I owe to myself, to submit a few remarks in reply.

I shall be pardoned for speaking plainly. In the first place, the published letter bears upon its face the most conclusive evidence that it was intended only for private perusal, and not at all for publication. It was published without my knowledge and contrary to my wishes. Surely, I need not say, that I am not in the habit of writing for the newspapers. The letter was a familiar one, written to an old military friend, with whom I have been for many years interchanging opinions on professional subjects. That he should think proper under any circumstances, to publish it, could not have been foreseen by me. In the absence of proof, that the publication was made without my authority or knowledge, I may be permitted to say, the quotation in your letter of the 650th paragraph of the superseded regulations of 1825, in which the terms "mischievous and disgraceful" are employed to characterise certain letters or reports conveys, though not openly, a measure of rebuke, which, to say at least, is rather harsh, and which many think not warranted by the premises.

Again, I have carefully examined the letter in question, and I do not admit that it is obnoxious to the objections urged in your communication.—I see nothing in it which, under the same circumstances, I would not write again. To suppose that it will give the enemy valuable information touching our posts or respective line of operations, it is to know very little of the Mexican sources of information, or of their extraordinary sagacity and facilities in keeping constantly apprised of our movements. As to my particular views in regard to the general policy to be pursued towards Mexico, I perceive from the public journals that they are shared by many distinguished statesmen; also, in part, by conspicuous officers of the navy, the publication of whose opinions is not, perhaps, obstructed by any regulations of the department. It is difficult, then to imagine how the diffusion of mine can render any peculiar aid to the enemy, or especially disincline him to enter into negotiations for peace.

In conclusion, I would say it has given me great pain to be brought into the position in which I now find myself in regard to the department of war, and the government. It has not been of my seeking. To the extent of my abilities and the means placed at my disposal, I have sought faithfully to serve the country, by carrying out the rules and instructions of the Executive; but it cannot be concealed, that since the capitulation of Monterey, the confidence of the department, and I too much fear, of the President, has been gradually withdrawing, and my consideration and usefulness correspondingly diminished. The apparent determination of the department to place me in an attitude antagonistical to the government, has an apt illustration in the well known fable of Æsop. I ask no favor, I shrink from no responsibility, while entrusted with the command in this quarter. I shall continue to devote all my energies to the public good, looking for my reward to the conscientiousness of pure motives, and to the final verdict of impartial history.

I am sir,
Your very ob't. Servant.
Z. TAYLOR.
Major General U. S. A. Commanding.
For Hon. W. L. Marcy, Secretary of War,
Washington, D. C.

Mr. BARROW immediately moved that 10,000 extra copies be printed.

Mr. HOLMES, of S. C., moved that 15,000 extra copies be printed.

The motion lying over, the usual number was ordered.

MADAME ADELAIDE.—Among the items of news brought by the *Acadia*, was the announcement of the death of Madame ADELAIDE, sister of the King of the French. Her death at this time, says the N. Y. *Express*, awakens apprehension for the health of LOUIS PHILIPPE. He is older then his sister was, and, as he was sincerely attached to her, his period of life is not calculated to resist very powerful grief, and the thoughts that must inevitably accompany it. The death of the King cannot, in the nature of things be very remote.

Madame ADELAIDE's history forms a romance, to which reality gives a deeper interest than could be imparted by fiction. Nursed in a palace, a fugitive in youth, she spent long years in exile, but ultimately returned to live honored and beloved in the shadow of a throne. She had suffered persecution, and had learned the value of goodness. Though with much more than a woman's strength of mind, and equal to great occasions, her ambition was disinterested. She taxed her intellect for her brother's benefit, but sought happiness herself in the exercise of the domestic virtues.—Her pure affections overflowed upon the family of LOUIS PHILIPPE, and her influence was directed to make them respected abroad and beloved at home. She was, perhaps, the only adviser behind the throne who excited neither suspicion nor malevolence. The people respected her motives, and confided in her prudence.—*Com. Adv.*

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—A man named Sherman, fell from one of the cars of the Housatonic train yesterday, at West Cornwall, Conn., while they were on their way to this city, and was run over and cut in two, causing his death immediately. He has left a wife and family at Bridgeport—*Alb. Eve. Jour.*

An old Family in New Hampshire.—The Dover *Inquirer* says that *Eben Leathers*, and his sons *Eben Leathers* Jr. and *Richard Leathers* of Barrington, have lately been sentenced to punishment for Manslaughter, and adds that the prisoners received their sentence with the indifference which they had manifested through the trial.—The old man is between sixty and seventy years of age, and the sons from thirty to forty. They belong to the well known '*Leathers Tribe*,' which has been settled in Barrington for the last hundred years, and are said to be the descendants of a gipsy family, which came over from England with some of the early settlers of Portsmouth, as their servants or retainers. At almost every session of the New Hampshire Legislature more or less of them petition for an alteration of their names. This is looked upon as a great offence by those of the tribe who take pride in their descent. Stephen Freeman, the victim in this fight, was one who had thus abandoned the name of his 'illustrious sires'—and from this cause, in part, probably, arose the differenecs which resulted in his death.—*Com. Adv.*

☞ Geneva Medical College.—The *Genesee Evangelist* gives an account of the Anniversary exercises of this College, a part of which will interest many of our readers—the College being already, substantially a "Home Matter" for us of Buffalo:

Another course of lectures has closed, and a fine class of graduates, about thirty in number, has received the honors of the institution, and, this day been dismissed to their homes. The address, by Prof. Hamilton, tho' eminently practical in its aims, was, particularly in its opening and concluding portions, of a high literary order.

Then followed a recommendation of the inductive system to the students—advice to keep a record of the facts which they should observe in their professional practice and carefully to analyze them and seek out the principles they involve—urging the sound rule of logic that no man should start with a conclusion and seek facts which may appear to support it, but should first observe, then generalize and make inferences.

The professor also took occasion to vindicate the noble science which he cultivates, from alleged skeptical or dehumanizing tendencies. The surgeon does not use the knife, as the soldier does the bayonet or the sportsman his fowling-piece, to *take* life for honor or for pleasure's sake.

Substituting the word Buffalo for Geneva the concluding remarks of the *Evangelist* are so perfectly applicable to our own College that we have much pleasure in publishing them. We omit a portion which might appear to be fulsome praise of our fellow-citizens:

These college commencements appear to be among the proudest days for Geneva, and bring together large and brilliant audiences; and it may become one who has no peculiar interest in her literary institutions, to say that if they are not appreciated abroad, it will not be from any deficiency in faculties or boards of instruction. The medical college has probably never afforded a more able or satisfactory course of lectures than that which has just closed. Under the auspices of such men as Lee, Coventry, Webster, Hadley, Hamilton and Flint, we may not only wish but anticipate for it, continued prosperity.

☞ Lieut. Burke, of the Bombay Engineers, has published a pamphlet, in which he states, that one of the salt beds of Scinde contains an area of 300 miles of salt, on an average thickness of 3 feet, or a supply equal to the consumption of 100,000,000 of people for 1600 years.

Quick.—A telegraphic despatch was forwarded a few days since, from the office in Pittsburgh to St. Louis, and an answer received in five minutes.

Rural Department.

Buffalo Horticultural Society.

Annual Report of the Buffalo Horticultoral Society for the year 1847: to which is added the address of Lewis F. Allen, delivered before the Society, September 30th, 1847. Buffalo: steam press of Jewett, Thomas & Co., 1848.

This is a beautifully printed and an able report of an important and, we are happy to say, thriving association. "This Society," says the report, "was organized in January, 1845, by a few enterprising gentlemen, who, seeing and feeling the necessity of awakening our citizens to a subject at once momentous in its results,—of utility to our rapidly increasing population, by securing an increased supply of culinary vegetables, and the introduction of the more choice varieties of fruit,—in improving the taste and skill in floriculture,—and by the advancement of the science of Horticulture generally."

At the time of its formation, as we learn from Mr. Allen's address, it was the second in the State. "A little Society existed in a small but beautiful village, Aurora, on the bank of one of our loveliest inland lakes, in and around which dwell people of cultivated taste in Horticulture. Now more than half a dozen flourishing Horticultural Societies are scattered over our State, in the success of which, our best men—our wisest statesmen—our active politicians—our merchants—our mechanics—our clergymen, lawyers, physicians, in fact all professions are engaged, for the promotion of scientific and practical Horticulture."

"Ere this society became existant, three years since," says the report, which was prepared by our friend and contributor, W. R. Coppock, "the common Garden or June Roses, with very rare exceptions, were the only roses known here. The present season, however, has demonstrated that we are not behind our suburban friends in this beautiful class of plants; all or nearly all the leading *Hybrid Perpetual*, *Tea*, *Bengal*, *Noisette*, and *Bourbon Roses*, that have attained celebrity either in this country or Europe, have bloomed with us. These Hybrid Perpetual and Bourbon Roses are a truly magnificent class, and are fast driving away all competitors. They prove themselves hardy with us, with a very slight winter protection, and bloom abundantly in the garden throughout the summer, and, indeed, until the frost cuts them off in November; their flowers are finely formed, often very large, very double and very fragrant, with a peculiarly rich foliage."

This Society is deserving of high commendation for the valuable services it has rendered to the cause of taste during the short period of its existance, and we most heartily wish it continued and still greater prosperity. For it is a fact—to quote the conclusion of the report—that "wholesome vegetables, fine fruits, and beautiful flowers, conduce as much to the health and happiness of a community, as any of the other productions of a rich and teeming soil." J. C.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

A Sketch.

I knew a boy, a fair and lovely boy
As ever blessed a parent's heart and shed
Bright gleams of joy, like sunshine, round his way.
And he was blest, for love was ever near
To bind his brow with flowers, and whisper words,
Such words of peace and hope as soothe the soul,
And make us joy to live.

'Twas thus with him—
The proudest bird that wings its boundless flight
Above the threatening clouds, was not more free—
His spirit soared above this lower world
And drank heaven's nectar dew of blessedness.
Perched on some crag that overhangs the deep,
He loved, alone, to watch the warring winds
Do battle with the waves; or list the sound
Of booming thunders near and nearer come;—
To see the vivid lightnings play about
Some hoary mountain-top, and rend old trees
That centuries have dared the wintry storms
And laughed at wind and frost. He loved the awe
Such scenes inspired his soul with, for it bore
Him nearer to his God.

The calmer scenes
Of Nature's beauty won his love. The rose
Had brighter tints for him—the violet
A softer eye, and gentle breezes touched
Their hidden harps, when fairy-like, a gush
Of low-toned melodies arose for him.
For him alone—no other ear had caught
The spirit voice of song that swelled upon
The evening air, then sunk, then rose again;
Then fell in low bewitching cadences,
Thrilling the soul of him who drank its might,
With visions of a bliss he knew not yet
But in his happy dreams.

Oh! beauteous boy!
I see thee now with flushed and rosy cheek,
Chasing the rolling hoop or bounding ball,
And ringing back half-mockingly the while
With merry shout the echo from the wood.
Play on! — Thy day of joy like this is brief—
But yet a spirit beams from every glance
Of thine, which tells the looker-on that thou
Canst not be less than happy in thy life.
Peace with thee, then,—and may she ever dwell
Within thy soul, and keep thee as thou art
"Blessing and blessed."

ROYALTON, N. Y., Jan. 10, 1838. IDA.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Reformer and the Conqueror.

Some centuries ago there appeared in Asia Minor a person of extraordinary character. He was born of humble parents, in a city of small distinction; but the remarkable events which transpired at his birth, and which were known to many, fortokened the greatness of his nature. At an early age he gave evidence of the most wonderful powers of mind. When but twelve years old, he astonished the wisest doctors of his time by the wisdom and shrewdness of his questions. As he advanced in years he "increased in wisdom," although deprived of all the ordinary advantages of education; and before he arrived at the age of manhood, he was found able to exert a miraculous control over the agencies of nature.

But if the powers of his mind were wonderful, the goodness of his heart was still more so. In him was perfected every moral grace. Though eminently qualified for the society of the great, his associates were principally the humble and the poor. Unassuming and free from ambition, he sought not the honors of the world. He was peaceful and law-abiding — always submitting cheerfully to those in authority, and choosing rather to yield even to an oppressive law than to sanction, by his example, a spirit of insubordination. A prominent trait in his character was his uncommon piety. He habitually spoke, with the deepest reverence, of his Father in heaven, ascribing to him the power which he possessed and the glory of his wonderful works. But perhaps his most striking characteristic was his universal benevolence. Human misery of whatever form, elicited his strongest sympathy; and the most of his miracles were performed to aid the needy, to relieve the distressed. O! what a generous heart was his! Through his short but eventful life, he literally "went about doing good." Wherever were poverty and suffering, there was he to be found, supplying the needy, healing the sick and comforting the afflicted.

But the *physical* necessities of those around him called not forth so anxious a solicitude as did their moral. He was emphatically a "teacher of righteousness." He saw the race of men shrouded in moral darkness and strove to pour into their minds the light of Heaven. His precepts were pure and his example was perfect. They were such as met an instinctive response in the moral sense of every human being; such as, if universally followed, would transform earth from a desert of sin and suffering to a Paradise of joy, and men from a crowd of miserable mortals to a company of blissful angels. O! surely such a teacher must have been welcomed with joy by all classes of men. The poor and the lowly must have hailed him as their greatest benefactor, gladly receiving his precepts as their rule of life. The rich and the great, in the honesty of their hearts, in their generous desire for the happiness of their fellows, must have gathered anxiously around him, to learn of him and to assist him in accomplishing the great object of his mission. Alas, no! Few only of the lower classes sought to know and follow his precepts; while the great and the powerful joined together to vilify his character and abuse his person. He was dragged before a mock tribunal to be tried for imagined offenses. Every kind of indignity was there heaped upon him. He was spit upon and smitten on the face. A crown of thorns was placed upon his brow and a reed for a sceptre put in his hand. Men were suborned to testify against him—he was condemned to death and led away amid the scoffs and jeers of a factious multitude. By those whom he came to bless he was nailed to the cross; and while he died in agony, the thoughtless world passed by, wagging their heads!

Not many years ago a person of remarkable character appeared in Europe. He was born of a somewhat distinguished family, on a mountainous island in the Mediterranean. His childhood was marked by an inordinate love for sports of a martial character; and he gave early evidence of a great capacity for those sciences which are requisite for the commander of armies. Following the natural bent of his mind, he devoted all his energies to the cruel art of war; and at the early age of seventeen was entrusted with a somewhat important command. From that time his advancement was rapid, and he soon found himself at the head of one of the most powerful armies the world ever saw. The wildest ambition took possession of his mind. Visions of universal empire flitted before him, leading him on to conquest. Strange indeed was the charm in which he held his blind, deluded followers. The scenes of carnage through which he led them were, beyond description, revolting to a generous heart. The countless thousands, whom, at his command, they wantonly murdered, had never offended them; and yet, as if bound in a satanic spell, they adhered to their despotic leader, although the misery, which, to gratify his caprice, they every where inflicted, recoiled with terror upon themselves. Wherever he went ruin and desolation followed in his footsteps. Vast cities vanished before him —their arts, their wealth, their inhabitants buried in the flames. Fields were laid waste and all the great resources of life destroyed. Husbands and fathers were slain in battle, and widows and orphans sent out homeless and naked to perish of cold and famine. Governments of long standing were overthrown, and the blessings of wise and cherished institutions abolished forever.—Whole territories were depopulated. Rivers were dammed up by the bodies of the slain and fields were drenched in human gore.

Surely the wretch who could wilfully cause all this human suffering, must have become an object of universal execration. The great and the good must have joined to make his name every where a reproach; and he must eventually have been driven out from civilized society to herd with monsters, whose nature he emulated. In life he must have been shunned and abhorred, and in death his name and his memory must have perished together!

Ah! no. Men were charmed by the splendor of his achievments. The learned and the noble delighted to do him honor. His name became the theme of eloquence and of song. On the canvas of the painter and the marble of the sculptor his lineaments were traced to receive the adoration of future ages. A powerful nation hailed him as chief with shouts of "Long live the Emperor!" and the whole world passively bowed the head and did him reverence!

Thus has it always been. The world has seldom known its friends. Those who, with honest hearts and sinewy hands, have labored for the good of mankind, have by mankind been despised and abused: while the most cruel oppressors have, by the oppressed themselves, been deified as heroes. Men, prostrate and bleeding in the dust, have cursed the hands that were extended for their relief, and shouted hallelujahs to those whose iron heels were crushing them to the earth!

Alas for the blindness and ingratitude of fallen men! Unless an influence from the Eternal shall lead them upward, their case is dark and hopeless

C. S. Percival.

Franklin College, Tenn.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Laughter.—A Scrap.

Nature hath formed strange fellows in her time,
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper.

Merchant of Venice.

Few persons are more to be dreaded than the long-visaged and tight mouthed — those whom Shakspeare has pictured as

"Of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable."

Their presence is like a sunless November day, when it is neither fair nor foul, yet bleak, cheerless and forbidding, and very nourishing to a suicidal disposition. They are more to be dreaded than the fever and ague, for while they give one the "fever" of uneasiness and petulence, they also subject him to the worst kind of chills,—those of the heart. Laughter is the warm overflowings, the surplus waters, of a sympathetic heart; in other words, the out-gushings of inward melody; and the individual who has no ear for it, and who refuses to cultivate it, is a dissonant strain in the great orchestral performance of life.

Though an advocate of laughter, let no one take it for granted that we are a professor of horse-laughter, or believe in it as an every day exercise—unless it be in livery stables and such like places. It may be indulged in, at times, elsewhere, but only on "great occasions," such as when a mechanic offers voluntary regrets that some neighboring mechanic of the same trade, cannot do work as well as himself, or when a politician expresses a willingness to sacrifice himself for the interests of "the dear people."

It is the temperate, yet free, soul-full laugh which we love to hear. It falls on the ear like the voice of many waters, with a balmy and sweetening influence which makes one forget, for the time, that there is such a thing in existence as a heart out of tune. A good wholesome laugh is the diapason of a congenial spirit—or more properly speaking, the key-note to the song of Cheerfulness. The man whose laughing capacities are like a full-charged revolver, and whose go off has a "snap" to it, is as handy as a pocket pistol, as a self-defence against the blue devils. *How* sure a defence against robbers!—robbers of pleasantry and kindred rarieties which load at times, the table of the inner sanctuary. Let the reader

keep one of these self-charging, sentient and *sensible* revolvers by his side, and deacon-faced despondency will receive many wounds which, if not mortal, will keep him laid up most of the time. In conclusion we have only to hint that one of the best pictures to hang up in the chamber of the mind is

"LAUGHTER HOLDING BOTH HIS SIDES."

EDITOR.

Legislature of New York.

SENATE—Jan. 31.

PETITIONS PRESENTED AND REFERRED.

By Mr. Smith, of stockholders of Buffalo and Hamburgh Turnpike Co., against being compelled to make a draw in their bridge over Buffalo Creek.

THIRD READING OF BILLS.

The committee of the whole took up the bill to authorize the formation of Bridge Companies. Progress.

The same committee, Mr. Clark in the chair, passed the bill to authorize the Canal Commissioners to drain certain lands near Black Rock. Third reading.

The same committee, Mr. Wilkin in the chair, reported progress on the bill to amend the act establishing the State Lunatic Asylum. [Giving to the Superintendents of the poor authority to send indigent lunatics to the Asylum, or county poor house, upon the decision of a jury that the person is insane.] Adjourned.

ASSEMBLY—Jan. 31.

PETITIONS.

By Mr. Spaulding, for an appropriation to complete the Ohio and Erie basin in Buffalo; by Mr. Irish, of the board of supervisors of Erie co., to reduce the fees of the county clerk.

REPORTS.

By Mr. Butrick, a general bill for the incorporation of Gas Light Companies.

ASSEMBLY—Feb. 2.

REPORTS.

By Mr. Ransom, favorably on the Senate bill, to incorporate the Clinton Monument Association.

Also, a bill to incorporate the association to improve the dwellings of the laboring classes in the city of New York.

By Mr. Pruyn, by bill, providing for the election of City Superintendent of Schools in Rochester.

THIRD READING OF BILLS.

To authorise the formation of Gas Light Companies. Passed.

GENERAL ORDERS.

The House, in committee of the whole, Mr. J. V. Peck in the chair, rose and reported on the bill appropriating $30,000 to the Buffalo City Hospital, for the purchase of a site and the erection of suitable buildings thereon.

SENATE, Feb. 3.

PETITIONS PRESENTED AND REFERRED.

Mr. Bush, for an agricultural school, &c.; affidavit of Isaac Sherman, relative to the bridge across Buffalo creek.

MOTIONS AND RESOLUTIONS.

By Mr. Fine, that the Literary committee be instructed to inquire into the propriety of making a yearly appropriation to the several counties to aid in the education of teachers of common schools, of $100 for each member of Assembly, on condition that a like sum be raised by the county,—the supervisors to designate the academy to which the money shall be paid. Agreed to.

THIRD READING OF BILLS.

For draining certain lands near Black Rock.—Passed.

The committee of the whole, Mr. Treadwell in the chair, took up the bill to provide for the incorporation of Charitable and Religious Societies.

The committee reported progress.

ASSEMBLY—Feb. 3.

PETITIONS.

By Mr. Irish, (8) to extend the Buffalo and Hamburgh turnpike Co.

To allow the supervisors of certain towns to collect tolls on the Cayuga creek road.

MOTIONS, RESOLUTIONS AND NOTICES.

Mr. J. V. Peck, on notice, brought in a bill to establish free schools.

BUFFALO CITY HOSPITAL.

The House went into committee of the whole, Mr. W. Sidney Smith in the chair, on the bill making an appropriation to the Buffalo City Hospital.

Without taking any question, the committee rose and reported progress.

ASSEMBLY—Feb. 4.

PETITIONS PRESENTED AND REFERRED.

By Mr. Spaulding, in relation to the White's Corners and Buffalo Plank Road Co.

REPORTS.

By Mr. Spaulding, with amendments, the bill in relation to the office of Chief Engineer and Surveyor and the Engineer's Department.

[There are but two amendments proposed to the Bill. First, giving the Chief Engineer the same power with the Commissioner of the section, to suspend an Engineer for delinquency, until the case is reported and acted upon by the Canal Board; and, secondly, providing that "the several division, resident and assistant Engineers shall perform such other duties not inconsistent with the previous sections of this act, as shall, from time to time, be presented by the Canal Commissioner in charge of the division where such Engineer may be located."

By Mr. Upham, a bill to incorporate the Troy and Boston Railroad Co.

By Mr. Pray, against the petition to require the Buffalo and Hamburgh turnpike Co. to maintain a draw in their bridge.

The annual report of the Buffalo Savings Bank was received.

ASSEMBLY—Feb. 5.

THIRL READING OF BILLS.

To amend the act in regard to the commencement of suits against foreign corporations. Passed.

GENERAL LIEN LAW.

The House, in committee of the whole, Mr. Brigham in the Chair, resumed the consideration of the bill for the better security of mechanics erecting buildings and furnishing materials therefor.

The question pending was the motion to strike out "cities," the word towns having been previously stricken out.

Mr. Spaulding opposed this motion. It would entirely defeat the bill. There should be some such law as this passed. He believed it was earnestly desired by the mechanics in his city.

Mr. Upham moved to strike out the first section of the bill. As the bill had been amended, it was an absurdity. It contained the muck talked of "Oriskany clause;" it makes the contractor liable for twice the amount he agrees to pay.

Mr. Spaulding was opposed to this motion, although he did not think the bill went as far as it should go. It should be so amended as to secure the laborer as well as the builder. He would deprecate the defeat of the bill.

The motion to strike out the first section prevailed.

The committee then rose, and in the House Mr. Coe moved to indefinitely postpone the bill.

Mr. Upham did not wish to kill the bill. He thought an acceptable bill might be fixed upon.—If this motion carries, the subject might be called up at any time.

The motion to indefinitely postpone prevailed —ayes 54—noes 22. Adj.

Congressional.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.

SENATE.—The Senate convened at the usual hour, and after the transaction of the ordinary business, Mr. Rusk of Texas submitted a resolution, which was laid over, for the purchase of maps of Mexico for the use of Senators.

Mr. Johnson of La., gave notice to introduce a Pre-emption bill.

Mr. Sevier defended the President, declared himself in favor of prosecuting the war, and denied the receipt of any treaty propositions through Mr. Trist. He said he would be glad to hear from that gentleman whether the citizens were urging Gen. Scott to propose terms of peace, regardless of the President.

Mr. Bell of Tenn., replied that we had no right to answer for another; it is news to us, and that is sufficient.

Mr. Sevier said he considered it a farce and a hoax, to think that the annexation of Texas had caused the war, when, after a brief and spirited speech, he concluded.

Mr. Foote interrogated Mr. Bell, as to whether he knew of any treaty having been made by Gen. Scott or Mr. Trist.

Mr. Bell replied that he had merely heard from rumor, that a treaty had been received, but knew nothing positively.

Mr. Foote desired to put another question, but Mr. Mangum objected, and said that such catechising was not only irregular, but improper, and he wished they would let it drop.

Mr. Foote insisted that the system commenced on the other side of the hall.

Mr. Foote then asked Mr. Bell what amount of indemnity he would require, and what kind of security, did he favor either?

Mr. Bell considered the Rio Grande the boundary, and was not opposed to indemnity under proper circumstances honorable to both countries.

Adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE.—A message was received from the President in relation to Gen. Taylor's answer to the War Department.

☞ CONDITION OF HAVING THE EXHIBITION OF THE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY HERE.—The following resolution was adopted at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the New York State Agricultural Society, held January 21st, 1848, as an indispensable preliminary:

Resolved, That the Fair for the ensuing year be held at the city of Buffalo, on the 12th, 13th and 14th of September next, *Provided* the citizens of Buffalo deposit the original subscription list for defraying the expenses of the Fair (a copy of which has been deposited with the Secretary, with the certificate of the Mayor of Buffalo as to its availability,) with the President of the Society. And also furnish an agreement of the keepers of public houses, that the prices during the Fair shall be the ordinary charges of such houses, stating the price of each.

CHANCE FOR SPORTSMEN.—The St. Louis *Republican* of the 24th ult. says: "We are told that the islands between the mouth of the Missouri and St. Charles are literally swarming with wild turkeys. Our informant states that he saw upwards of *one thousand* on one roost.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Evangeline Again.

Most of our readers will recollect that we lately found fault with this new hexameter poem (!) of Longfellow's, objecting to its measure and its silly affectations. A much higher authority finds the same faults with it. A writer in the *American Review* for this month, after making an extract and then asking if the same is natural poetry, proceeds as follows:

"Where was the necessity of choosing such a form? It cannot be that the idea of its appropriateness rose up spontaneously in the author's mind in his first conceiving the piece, and that he used it because he felt *it to be the best*; at least it is to be hoped it did not. That motive which Coleridge calls the life of poetry, is here a very melancholy life indeed. It is 'a body of this death.' Was it because it was a new form and the author wished to show that 'some things can be done as well as others?' Then he should not have attempted it for three reasons: *first*, the motive is unworthy of a poet: *secondly*, the same thing or others very like it had been tried before it a hundred times, and it is evident to any student that it has never succeeded, because it does not accord with the structure of our language; and, *thirdly*, no one has a right to try such novelties without being, like Collins in his ode to evening, successful. Was it because the old forms were exhausted? How much richer would be an imitation, were it necessary to make such, of the melody of Comus, than such a monotonous tune as this! We have tried all ways of reading it, now minding accents and pauses, now reading it as prose; but *is neither one thing nor the other*, and whether as prose or verse, is equally *cold, affected and unnatural.*"

We have taken the liberty to italicise the most truthful parts of the above, because we wish the reader to remember them. Speaking of the two following lines,

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels,"

the reviewer says: "This is altogether *too* fine. It is sickening. We cannot away with it. A writer who feeds American boarding school misses with such *bon-bons*, is fair subject for mirth. He ought to be laughed out of the folly. Next thing his bust will appear in some barber's window in Broadway—if indeed the ideal is not there already. One would think this should suffice for the stars in one poem; but no:—

"Over her head the stars; '*the thoughts of God in the heavens.*"

This is *naughty*, we fear we shall never meet Mr. Longfellow in the place he mentions, if he allows himself to use such expressions."

We refer the reader to the article. He can find it at Hawk's.

REVIVALS.—In addition to those mentioned last week, revivals are now going on in the Washington street Baptist Church and the Swan street Methodist Church.

BRYANT.—We have no recollection of having ever read a *tame* poem from the pen of WM. C. BRYANT. As he is the best American poet, we have, during the last four years, published every new effusion eminating from his brain. His last appeared in Graham's Magazine for this month, and is called

THE SAW MILL.

In yonder mill I rested,
And sat me down to look
Upon the wheel's quick glimmer,
And on the flowing brook.

As in a dream before me,
The saw with restless play,
Was cleaving through a fir-tree
Its long and steady way.

The tree through all its fibres
With living motion stirred,
And, in a dirge-like murmur,
These solemn words I heard—

Oh, thou who wanderest hither,
A timely guest thou art!
For thee this cruel engine
Is pressing through my heart.

When soon in earth's still bosom,
Thy hours of rest begin,
This wood shall form the chamber
Whose walls shall close thee in.

Four planks—I saw and shuddered—
Dropped in that busy mill;
Then, as I tried to answer,
At once the wheel was still.

IMPROVEMENTS IN OUR EXCHANGES.—The Boston Saturday Rambler, an excellent weekly literary and newspaper, and the New-York Baptist Register, published at Utica, have been enlarged of late and otherwise improved. The Register is the organ of the denomination in this State, and is deserving of a wide circulation.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.—The number of this popular musical companion for February, contains The Men of Churubusco, Black-eyed Susan, My Heart and Lute, Rory O'More, Heaving of the Lead, My Heart's in the Highlands, The Battle of the Kegs, Uncle Sam and Texas, What Fairy Like Music, Old Dan Tucker and Home, sweet Home. Published by ZIEBER & Co., Philadelphia, and to be had of Hawks at twenty-five cents a number.

EDGAR A. POE.—We learn, from the *Home Journal*, that this gentleman is delivering lectures at the "Society Library" in New-York, for the purpose of raising funds to establish a magazine to be called "THE STYLUS." We wish him success. Mr. WILLIS say that "if there be in the world a born anatomist of thought, it is Mr. Poe." Nothing more true.

THE HORTICULTURIST, an excellent monthly periodical, devoted to rural art and rural taste, may be obtained of Hawks. He has the February number.

WATER CURE IN AMERICA: Two hundred and twenty cases of various diseases treated with water; with cases of domestic practice; with notices of water cure establishments, etc. Edited by a water patient. New-York and London: Wiley and Putnam. 1848.

In this book is very fully told, to use the language of the poet Shelley,

"—— the hidden powers of *springs*."

Mr. "Water Patient" should have taken liberty enough with the reports of the two hundred and twenty cases, to have made them read grammatically, which, as it regards some of them, has not been done. For instance, "his flesh was completely wasted away, strength gone, dry cough," etc. is a bungling use of language. Were the words "dry cough" transposed, the verb *was*, might be understood and then the sense would be good. If a fourth part of these "cases" are correctly reported, and we are not prepared to deny that they are, the book is well worth fifty cents, the price for which it may be obtained—at Breed's.

HARPERS' PUBLICATIONS.—Hawks has received Nos. 27 and 28 of the Pictorial History of England, and "Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains," by Geo. F. RUSTON, Esq. The latter is in two parts at twenty-five cents each. We shall have more to say of it anon.

NEW CHURCHES.—The Pearl Street Presbyterian and the Second Universalist Societies are about erecting new churches. Notwithstanding the many large ones in this city, the editor of the *Commercial Advertiser* says that there are not enough to hold more than one third of the inhabitants.

THE SUPREME COURT commenced the regular term in this city on Monday. Seventy-five cases are on the calender for trial. Judges SILL, HOYT, MULLETT and MARVIN are on the Bench.

BUFFALO MEDICAL COLLEGE.—We omitted to mention last week that the dissecting course of this Institution had commenced. The regular term will commence in about three weeks.

☞ DEDICATION OF THE NEW GERMAN MISSION HOUSE.—This Church, situated on the corner of Sycamore and Ash streets, was dedicated to God yesterday afternoon. The exercises consisted of prayer by Rev. Mr. SEAGER, of Rochester, reading of Scriptures by Rev. Mr. WRIGHT, of Swan street Church, and dedicatory sermon, by Rev. Mr. SEAGER. It is intended that services shall be held in this house every Sabbath, under the superintendence of the Pastor, Rev. JOHN SAUTER, appointed by the Parent Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, from which, as we now learn, he receives his support.

☞ For the White's Corners and Buffalo Plank Road, upwards of 20,000 are now subscribed. A meeting of the Stockholders, and others interested, will be held at the house of DANIEL BUCHLAN, White's Corners, on the morning of the 16th inst.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

Census of this City.

We have been politely favored by Mr. E. W. PALMER with the following tabular statement of the census of our city, taken under the direction of the School Superintendent, by order of the Common Council. The primary object of this undertaking was to ascertain the number of children in the several School Districts; but as it was but slight additional trouble to make the census complete, Mr. PALMER has done so. By the census taken by the same gentleman last winter, just about a year ago, our population was 30,993—showing an increase of nearly 10,000 in twelve months. The census, an abstract of which we now give, it should be borne in mind, has been taken at the dullest season of the year, when navigation is entirely suspended, and when most out-door operations that give employment to large numbers, are necessarily interrupted, and cause a considerable diminution of our population, as compared with the spring, summer and fall months. The loss from these causes cannot be estimated at less than 1,500 or 2,000. We are glad that the census has been taken at this season for by presenting the worst show that can be made, it prevents misapprehension or exaggerated notions respecting the growth of our city:

No.	White infants under 5 yrs	Col'd Infants	White sch'l over 5 and under 16	Col'd School.	Whites Adults.	Col'd Adults.
1	295	2	389	2	695	4
2	686	4	985	4	2635	88
3	295	1	433	1	1340	21
4	237	1	295	1	925	2
5	261	3	455	2	893	7
6	546	33	842	19	2000	60
7	466	9	736	2	2579	19
8	215	—	376	—	1517	10
10	441	—	637	—	1773	2
11	374	27	558	29	1496	88
12	870	26	1231	26	2237	68
13	733	24	993	30	2854	72
14	445	1	748	1	1227	2
15	920	4	926	10	2068	13
	6484	135	9496	126	23820	450
	135		126		450	
	6619		9622		24250	
					9622	
					6619	
					40321	

NEW YORK, Feb. 8—3 P. M.

The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* says that Col. BURNETT has been or will be appointed a Brigadier in place of HOPPING, deceased. The same correspondent says that the current report is that FREMONT has been cashiered by the Court Marshal. It is thought that the President will not sanction the decision.

☞ ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.—This unusually handsome and substantial building was consecrated to Divine service yesterday, in the presence of a crowded audience. The Right Rev. Bishop DELANCEY, with the Rev. Messrs. SHELTON, SCHUYLER, IRONSIDE, BOLLES of Batavia, and several other clergymen, officiated in these impressive ceremonies. Bishop DELANCEY delivered a polished and appropriate discourse, selecting as his text the words, "Holiness becometh thy house for ever."—*Commercial of Monday.*

Congressional.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.

The P. O. General was directed to report the causes of the frequent failure of the Southern mail, also what Legislation is necessary to prevent the mails being beaten by private expresses.

Mr. Benton's resolution instructing the President to inform the Senate, why the article relating to the promotion of Cadets was inserted in the army register, was adopted.

Mr. Douglass from the Committee on Territories reported a bill to establish a territorial government in Oregon. The bill extending the provision of the act granting half pay to the widows of volunteer militia dying of wounds received in battle, to widows of soldiers of the regular army was taken up and passed.

The consideration of the 10 regiment bill was resumed. Mr. Hunter addressed the Senate in opposition to the policy of the Administration.—He advocated Mr. Calhoun's project of a defensive line. Adj

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—The joint resolutions of the Legislature of New York, voting thanks to General Scott and the army in Mexico, and urging the presentation of a gold medal to the former, was presented.

Mr. Houston, of Alabama, moved to amend so as to include all other Generals engaged in active service from the commencement of the war.

Joint resolutions were presented by Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, complimenting General Taylor and the army under him for the victory of Buena Vista, and directing the presentation of a gold medal to General Taylor, which were read three times and passed.

The vote on their passing was, yeas 181, nays 1. Mr. Wilmot made a personal explanation in relation to an article which had appeared in the Union newspaper, accusing him of having thrown another firebrand into Congress, because he had recommended direct taxation. He denied the accusation indignantly, and castigated the editor of the Union with great energy.

He spoke against the nomination of Buchanan for the Presidency, and charged that the Pennsylvanian which opposed the proviso, did so for the purpose of obtaining government patronage.

Mr. Thompson of Pennsylvania replied and defended Mr. Buchanan from the charge made by Mr. Wilmot.

DUTIES RECEIVED AT BUFFALO.

The following statement of the amount of duties received at the port of Buffalo in the District of Buffalo Creek, New York, from 1843 to 1847 inclusive, has been kindly furnished us by H. W. ROGERS, Esq., the Collector of the port. The increase, it will be observed is very great, and is an evidence of the growing importance of the foreign trade of this point. This is the first district off the seaboard that has ever paid its expenses. This year the amount collected has not only been sufficient to defray all expenses of the office but to leave a surplus of $2000, to be paid into the treasury.

Statement of amount of duties accrued at the Port of Buffalo in the District of Buffalo Creek, New York, from 1843 to 1847, inclusive:

1843	$4,346 34
1844	8,129 18
1845	12,047 45
1846	13,369 49
1847	24,302 58

H. W. ROGERS, Collector.

CUSTOM HOUSE, BUFFALO, N. Y., February 7, 1848.

☞ THE BRIDGE AT THE FALLS.—On Saturday a half inch cord was hung across the river, and a foot bridge will be completed by the 1st June. Major FISK and his men are laying out the town of Bellevue, where it is intended very soon to erect a large Hotel.

From Mexico.

A telegraphic despatch from Baltimore, says that tolerably reliable reports had been received in that city from Washington, that peace has been arranged with Mexico.

An arrival at New Orleans brings later accounts from the Rio Grande. Lieut. Franklin's Topographical engineers, who left Monterey on the 18th, report that just as he left, an express was received from Saltillo, stating that a report had reached there from Col. Homtramick to the effect that 10,000 Mexicans under Gen. Bustamente, were marching upon Saltillo. Very little credit was attached to the report.

Our forces were in good condition, and willing to be attacked whenever the enemy think best to make the experiment.

The latest accounts from Queretaro by the Edith, at New Orleans, state that Anaya had gone out of office by the expiration of his term, and that ¿Pena y Pena, by right of his office as Chief Justice, had succeeded to the Presidential Chair again.

One account states that he has been elected President, but this is probably a mistake. He declares that he will pursue the policy of Anaya, and is supposed to favor peace. The letter which brings this news is dated at Queretaro, 8th ult., and says the Cabinet has been re-organized by the appointment of Rosas as Minister of Foreign Affairs and temporary Secretary of the Treasury, Salacio, Minister of Justice; and Pedro Maria Anaya, Secretary of War.

The Iowa legislature has adjourned *sine die* without electing a U. S. Senator or Judges.

A German woman was burnt to death at a fire which occurred in Baltimore on Saturday last.

A forgery to the amount of $20,000, is stated to have been committed in Philadelphia last week.

The store, No. 108 Wall street, destroyed by fire yesterday morning. Loss $10,000 or $15,000.

Gen. Scott's order, issued at the City of Mexico on the 15th had been received at Matamoros, and Capt. Chapman, upon its receipt, at once sent out a circular requiring that all duties levied upon animals, goods, wares, or merchandise entering the city from any part of the State, or any other State within the Republic of Mexico, should immediately cease; and that all such duties, paid since the 1st of January, should be refunded, upon presentation of the certificate of payment at the Collector's office.

Gen. Wool issued an order from Monterey, of the 6th, requesting all persons arriving there to report themselves to the Governor, and give their names for registration. Also requiring merchants to exhibit their invoices, and a failure to comply with the regulations will subject their goods to seizure and confiscation for the benefit of the U. States.

New York, Feb. 8—7 P. M.

A letter from Monterey says that three privates, Galbraith, Nucente, and D. D. Loun, had been sentenced to suffer death; the first for mutiny and the others for murder.

Arrest of Mr. Trist.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Enquirer learns from a very reliable source that orders have been forwarded to Maj. Gen. Butler to arrest Nicholas P. Trist, and send him home.

The New Orleans Picayune learns that Col. Carasco, a Mexican officer who has rendered himself rather conspicuous, is at Monterey, proposing to enter into negotiations with Gen. Wool for a Pronunciament against the existing Government of Mexico and in favor of the U. S. on the part of the States of Tamaulipas, Nueva Leon, and Coahuila. He also proposes to bring in Gen. Canales, that cowardly chief of guerrillas, who has given us so much trouble on the Rio Grande.

Col Carasco has been for a long time residing in Matamoros with his family, and appears friendly to the Americans. We know not what degree of credit to attach to this report.

The following is an extract of a letter to the Picayune dated Mexico, Jan. 12, 1848:

At last accounts Santa Anna was at Tequacan, in the state of Puebla. He has with him a large number of chiefs and officers, and appears to be awaiting the action of the Mexican Congress.

A soldier belonging to the 1st dragoons was hung on Wednesday at the Penon Gate, for murdering a Mexican. The murder was a most unprovoked one, and there is no doubt he deserved his fate.

Canal Appointments.

Rochester.—Nathan H. Blossom, Collector.

David H. Richardson, Superintendent.

Porter Taylor, Weigh Master.

A. E. Pardee, Boat Inspector.

D. D. Spencer, Superintendent Genesee Valley Canal.

Brockport.—E. T. Bridges, Collector.

Scottsville.—John Dorr, Collector.

John Ryan, of Medina, has been appointed Superintendent on the 12th section of the Erie Canal.

Mr. Usher, of Little Falls, Superintendent of the Herkimer section.

Railroad Accidents—A Coincidence.—One of the brakemen on the Housatonic road, last Friday slipped off, and fell lengthwise between the cars. The train passed over him, cutting off one of his legs, and dividing his body completely in half from his head down, and of course killing him instantly. In connection with this accident the *Albany Argus* says it has heard the following curious incident:

Some time ago, one of the conductors sold to a brakeman a watch, to be paid for at a future time. Shortly after, this brakeman was killed through some accident on the road, and the watch returned to the possession of its former owner. At the commencement of the winter, the same watch was sold on the same terms, to this brakeman, and now we are called upon to note a similar unfortunate accident. There certainly seems to be a strange fatality attached to this watch.

A Roguish Trick.—A man whose business led him to buy often ten or twelve bushels of fine sand at one purchase, had good reason to suspect that he did not receive quite as much as he paid for. For a long time he did not detect the fraud, although the sand man passed close by him with every bushel, which seemed to be a fair measure and properly filled. At the seventh or eighth time however, the rogue carried his apparent burden a little too much elevated on one side, betraying the fact that he had inverted the measure and filled only the half inch cavity at the bottom of it. This being done twice or thrice in each delivery made a tolerable extra profit.—*N. Y. Com.*

☞ A careless countryman ran both wheels of his wagon over a small child yesterday, near the corner of Swan and Ellicott streets. He seemed perfectly unaware of what he had done. Such carelessness may be less wrong than intentional brutality, but is in itself highly criminal.

A Curious Piece of History.—About the year 1785, Alderman J. Boydell, of London, conceived the project of establishing a "a Shakspeare Gallery," upon a scale of grandeur and magnificence which should be in accordance with the fame of the poet, and at the same time reflect honor upon the state of the arts in Great Britain, and throughout the world. Mr. Boydell was at this time a man of great wealth and influence, and a patron of the fine arts, being an engraver himself, and having accumulated his fortune mostly by dealing in works of that character.

He advertised for designs from artists throughout Great Britain, and paid a guinea for every one submitted, whether accepted or not; and for every one accepted by the committee, a prize of one hundred guineas. The committee for selecting these designs was composed of five eminent artists, Boydell himself being the president. The first painters of the age were then employed to paint these pictures, among whom were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Benjamin West, Fuseli, Romney, Northcote, Smirke, Sir William Beechy and Opie.

Allan Cunningham, in his "Lives of eminent British Artists," mentions that Sir Joshua Reynolds was at first opposed to Boydell's project, as impracticable on such an immense scale, and Boydell, to gain his approbation and assistance, privately sent him a letter enclosing a £1000 Bank of England note, and requesting him to paint two pictures at his own price. What sum was eventually paid by Boydell for these pictures was never known. A magnificent building was erected in Pall Mall to exhibit this immense collection, called the Shakspeare Gallery, and was for a long time the pride of London.

The first engravers of England were employed to transfer these gems to copper, and such artists as Sharp, Bartolozzi, Earlom, Thew, Simon, Middiman, Watson, Fyttler, Wilson and many others exerted their talents for years in this great work. In some instances the labor of more than five years was expended on a single plate, and proof impressions were taken for subscribers at almost every stage of the work. At length in 1803, after nearly twenty years, the work was completed. The price fixed (which was never reduced) was two guineas each for the first 300 impressions, and the subscription list was then filled up at one guinea each, or one hundred guineas a set, of one hundred plates.

Besides these subscriptions, large donations were made by many of the noblemen of England, to encourage the undertaking and to enable Boydell to meet his enormous outlay. The cost of the whole work, from the commencement, is said to have been more than one million pounds sterling; and although the projector was a wealthy man when he commenced it, he died soon after its completion, a bankrupt to the amount it is said of £250,000.

After these plates were issued, Boydell petitioned Parliament to allow him to dispose of his gallery of paintings by a lottery. The petition was granted, and the whole collection was thus disposed of. One of the finest of these pictures, King Lear, by Sir Benjamin West, is now in the Boston Athenæum.

One fact in relation to these plates gives great value to them. All the principal historical characters are genuine portraits of the persons represented in the play; every picture gallery and old castle in England was ransacked to furnish these portraits.

After a certain number of copies had been taken from the plates they were laid aside, some of them having been worn but little, while others required much labor to restore them to their original beauty. A few copies of the work have been brought to this country at different times, and are now to be found in the hands of amateurs, and in public libraries. Many of the single prints have been sold in this city at from 15 to 25 dollars each. But it is now almost impossible to procure them at any price, and nothing but the occasional breaking up of a public, or extensive private library, gives any opportunity of procuring them.

By some means which cannot now be accounted for, all the plates have found their way to this country, and the one hundred, weighing nearly 4000 pounds, have been purchased by Dr. S. Spooner, of this city. This gentleman, who has long been conversant with works of art, has been for many months silently but steadily pushing on the work of restoring the plates, and has been peculiarly fortunate in securing the services of Mr. George Parker, an engraver of no ordinary merit. It is a little singular that this gentleman was a pupil of the celebrated "Thew," when the latter was engaged on these same plates originally, and as Thew was considered almost the inventor of the art of stipple engraving, it will be seen that there is every reason to suppose Mr. Parker well qualified to do justice to the work. Dr. Spooner spares no pains or money in the prosecution of the labor, and has succeeded in restoring a number of the plates to such perfection that proofs from them cannot be distinguished from the original impressions. Some two years will be consumed in accomplishing the entire restoration and publication, and although he will be obliged to expend a large sum of money, there can be no doubt that he will be compensated by the admirers of the arts in the United States.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Later from Mexico.

Two American deserters were taken with Torejon and Minion.

A Mexican company, with one hundred stand of arms in the city of Mexico, was captured on the 12th of January.

There was a rumor in Tampico on the 19th, that Guadalajara had pronounced in favor of Santa Anna and the Dictatorship.

A Mexican officer had been detected in endeavoring to induce American soldiers to desert. A military commission was in session at the city of Mexico, trying him for the offence. If found guilty he would be executed.

Col. Riley's brigade was at Tacubuya and Cushing's at San Angelo.

Young Men's Association.—The lecture before this society on Monday evening, was delivered by R. W. Haskins of this city. The subject was *Philosophy of History.*

Navigation Open.—The United States, Capt. H. Whitaker, left Buffalo on the 8th instant for Detroit, taking, with other freight, fourteen tons of wire for the Telegraph. It is a very unusual thing for a Steamboat to cross lake Erie in February.

The Whigs are to hold a National Convention at Independence Hall, in Philadelphia on the 7th of June, 1848. The Democrats hold one in Baltimore in the month of May.

Bring Music.

Bring music for earth's children—
For the beautiful and young;
For the strong of hand and the silver-haired,
Let the sounding chord be strung!
For the woodman in his cottage,
And the lordling in his hall,
Bring the liquid notes of harmony,
With their measured rise and fall.

Bring music for the joyful—
For the gay and wild of soul,
When the heart leaps up for pleasure,
And the pulses spurn control;
A softer charm outflowing,
Bears the sunny thoughts along,
And more gladly gleams the fancy,
In the Orphean tide of song.

Bring music for the tearful,
O'er whose sky a night is hung—
From whose brow the withered crocus
On the very winds is flung;
Lo, the syren call comes softly,
On that sweet and winning strain,
'Till the moon and stars of glory
Gild the path of hope again.

Bring music for the lover,
When his vows his passions speak,
And his answer is the roses
That hath blossomed on her cheek;
Then the song, in distance swelling,
By a magic undefined,
With a sense of dreamy beauty
Fills the palace of the mind.

Bring music for the mourner,
As he bends above the tomb
Where the loved and lost are lying,
'Neath the buds of vernal bloom.
Oh! as he fondly listens,
He lifts his yarning eyes,
And he thinketh of those angel-harps
They touch beyond the skies!

Bring music for earth's children,
In every scene and hour—
At festival and burial,
In battle and in bower;
Enhancing joy and pleasure,
And soothing care and pain,
The Beautiful is throned in sound
By music's glorious strain!

☞ The Play Things.—

CHILD.

Oh, mother, here's the very top
That brother used to spin:
The vase with seeds I've seen him drop
To call our robin in:
The line that held his pretty kite,
His bow, his cup, his ball,
The slate on which he learned to write,
The feather, cap, and all.

MOTHER.

My dear, I'd put the things away,
Just where they were before:
Go, Anna, take him out to play,
And shut the closet door.
Sweet innocent, he little thinks,
The slightest thought expressed
Of him that's gone, how deep it sinks
Within a mother's breast.

Albany, Feb. 8—3 P. M.

The Canal Board have appointed Uriah Dayton Canal Superintendent, L. A. Burrows Canal Collector, G. B. Gates, L. E. Harris, C. B. Morse, Andrew F. Lee, Inspectors of Boats.

Death of ex-Senator Jones.—The Hon. John W. Jones, formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives, and who recently resigned his seat in the Virginia House of Delegates, of which he was also Speaker, died at his residence in Chesterfield last week.

A Resurrectionist Shot Dead.—On the 28th ult., at Cincinnati, a resurrectionist who was in the act of removing a body from the grave for the purpose of his unholy traffic, was shot dead. He was found next morning, lying by the body he had attempted to steal.

Price Current—February 9, 1848.

Flour, bbl	$4 75	Turkeys, lb	6@9
Pork, bbl	9 75@10 00	Chickens	5@9
Do slaugh. cwt	5 00@5 25	Geese, each	25
Beef, cwt	4 50@5 00	Clover seed, bu	5 00
Butter, lb	12@16	Timothy	2 16
Lard	7½@8	Flax	1 12½
Cheese	6	Grass	—
Hams	7	Whitefish, bbl	6 50
Shoulders	5	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt	1 50	Potatoes, bush	62½@75
Wheat, bu	95@1 00	Salt, bbl	1 62½
Corn	50	Apples, bbl	1 37½
Oats	35	Do dried, bu	62½
Slaughter hides, lb	4@4½	Onions	1 00
Dry do	8@10	Eggs, doz	12
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb	—
Sheep, slaughtered	62½	Soap	—
Lamb do	12½	Whiskey, gall	19
Dry	44@50	Highwines	19
Hard wood, cd.	3 25@3 50	Lead, hund	4 00
Hemlock	3 00	Beans, bu	87½
Bit. (O) coal, ton	$5 50	Wool, lb	30@33
Blossburg		Hay	9@10 00

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Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1848. NO. 3.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

To Miss H.

A CANDIDATE FOR MEDICAL HONORS.

Maiden of earnest thought, heroic heart!
God speed thee on thy way to win the prize,
And well reward thy struggle *to be wise*:—
Heed not detraction!—for thou hast a part
On the wide, shifting stage of life to play
That will confer renown on thee for aye.
When gentle woman learns the healing art—
Studies the moulding of man's frame of clay;
And from the elements—*earth, water, fire*
And *air* draws power to make disease retire,
While baffled Death throws down his blunted dart,
Brush should the *painter* seize, the *bard* his lyre;
And on a tablet fair, with pen of flame,
The Muse of History inscribe her name.

Avon, N. Y. W. H. C. Hosmer.

A Story of Mount Etna.

Giuseppe, a young vine-grower in a village at the foot of the mountains looking towards Messina, was in love with Maria, the daughter of the richest bee-master of the place: and his affection, to the great displeasure of the father, was returned. The old man, though he had encouraged him at first, wished her to marry a young profligate in the city, because the latter was richer and of a higher stock; but the girl had a great deal of good sense as well as feeling, and the father was puzzled how to separate them, the families having been long acquainted. He did everything in his power to render the visits of the lover uncomfortable to both parties; but as they saw through his object, and love can endure a great deal, he at length thought himself compelled to make use of insult.

Contriving, therefore, one day to proceed from one mortifying word to another, he took upon him, as if in right of offence, to anticipate his daughter's attention to the parting guest, and show him out of the door himself, adding a broad hint that it might be as well if he did not return very soon. "Perhaps, Signor Antonio," said the youth, piqued at last to say something harsh himself, "you do not wish the son of your old friend to return at all." "Perhaps not," said the bee-master. "What," said the poor lad, losing all the courage of his anger in the terrible thought of his never having any more of those beautiful lettings out of the door by Maria, "what! do you mean to say I may not hope to be invited again, even by yourself?—that you yourself will never again invite me or come to see me?" "Oh, we shall all come, of course, to the great Signor Giuseppe," said the old man, looking scornful, "all cap in hand." "Nay, nay," returned Giuseppe, in a tone of propitiation, "I'll wait till you do me the favor to look in some morning, in the old way, and have a chat about the French: and perhaps," added he, blushing, "you will then bring Maria with you, as you used to do; and I won't attempt to see her till then." "Oh, we'll all come, of course," said Antonio, impatiently, "cat, dog, and all; and when we *do*," added he, in a very significant tone, "you may come again yourself."

Giuseppe tried to laugh at this jest, and thus still propitiate him; but the old man, hastening to shut the door, angrily cried. "Aye, cat, dog, and all, and the cottage besides, with Maria's dowry along with it; and then you may come again, *and not till then*." And so saying, he banged the door, and giving a furious look at poor Maria, went into another room to scrawl a note to the young citizen. The young citizen came in vain, and Antonio grew sulkier and angrier every day, till at last he turned his latter jest into a vow: exclaiming with an oath, that Giuseppe should never have his daughter, till he (the father), daughter, dog, cat, cottage, bee-hives, and all, with her dowry of almond-trees to boot, set out some fine morning to beg the young vine-dresser to accept them.

Poor Maria grew thin and pale, and Giuseppe looked little better, turning all his wonted jests into sighs, and often interrupting his work to sit and look towards the said almond-trees, which formed a beautiful clump on an ascent upon the other side of the glen, sheltering the best of Antonio's bee-hives, and composing a pretty dowry for the pretty Maria, which the father longed to see in the possession of the flashy young citizen.

One morning, after a very sultry night, as the poor youth sat endeavoring to catch a glimpse of her in this direction, he observed that the clouds gathered in a very unusual manner over the country, and then hung low in the air, heavy and immoveable. Towards Messina the sky looked so red, that at first he thought the city on fire, till an unusual heat affecting him, and a smell of sulphur arising, and the little river at his feet assuming a tinge of a muddy ash color, he knew that some convulsion of the earth was at hand. His first impulse was a wish to cross the ford, and, with mixed anguish and delight, to find himself again in the cottage of Antonio, giving the father and daughter all the help in his power. A tremendous burst of thunder and lightning startled him for a moment; but he was proceeding to cross, when his ears tingled, his head turned giddy, and while the earth heaved beneath his feet he saw the opposite side of the glen lifted up with a horrible deafening noise, and then the cottage itself, with all around it, cast, as he thought, to the ground, and buried for ever.

The sturdy youth, for the first time in his life, fainted away. When his senses returned, he found himself pitched back into his own premises, but not injured, the blow having been broken by the vines. But on looking in horror towards the site of the cottage up the hill, what did he see there? or rather, what did he *not* see there? And what *did* he see, forming a new mound, furlongs down the side of the hill, almost at the bottom of the glen, and in his own homestead? Antonio's cottage:—Antonio's cottage, with the almond-trees and the bee hives, and the very cat and dog and the old man himself, and the daughter (both senseless), all come, as if, in the father's words, to beg him to accept them!

Such awful pleasantries, so to speak, sometimes take place in the middle of Nature's deepest trage-

dies, and such exquisite good may spring out of evil. For it was so in the end, if not in the intention. The old man (who, together with his daughter, had only been stunned by terror) was superstitiously frightened by the dreadful circumstance, if not affectionately moved by the attentions of the son of his old friend, and the delight and transport of his child. Besides, though the cottage and the almond-trees and the bee-hives had all come miraculously safe down the hill (a phenomenon which has frequently occurred in these extraordinary *landslips*), the flower gardens, on which his bees fed, were almost all destroyed; his property was lessened, his pride lowered; and when the convulsion was well over, and the guitars were again playing in the valley, he consented to become the inmate, for life, of the cottage of the enchanted couple.

From the Young American's Magazine for January.

The Literature of Humbug.

In our age of universal intelligence and universal education; when war and industry are rapidly passing from the sphere of the sinews to that of the soul, from the bones to the brain, it would be strange indeed if the knaves did not feel and follow the general impulse. Pickpockets, highwaymen, burglars, pirates, the time-honored professors of stealing and stabbing, are of the past, and, like other forms of antiquity, may be profitably idealized and represented in novels; but, in themselves, they do not meet the great wants of the age. It is a philanthropic age, in which more is thought of human life than of human nature; and thieves therefore must contrive to make medicine do the work of murder, and pill the fool they formerly pistolled. By this method also, they may not only obtain the money he has about his person, but likewise what he has in the bank. It is an intellectual age, and why capture a ship on the high seas when you can do it more comfortably on 'change?—why drain blood from a man by a dagger when it can be done more securely by a discount?—why knock out his brains with a cudgel when you can bamboozle them in a bargain, or addle them with a fanaticism? It is an age of peace, and words must therefore perform the office of bullets, and blarney do the work of bludgeons. And above all, it is an age of activity and enterprise, an age of new discoveries and new deviltries, an age of magnetic telegraphs and Mississippi bonds, and it would be indeed odd if, in the swift race of progress, the rogue did not keep his natural station in the van of the movement.

Humbug, therefore, expresses the method by which avarice, deceit, theft, piracy, all grades of sin and folly, may gain their objects of plunder in a legal and peaceful way. And as its essence is pretence, as it drives its trade under a cloak of seeming benevolence, patriotism, or philanthropy, it gets gratitude as well as gold from the intelligent public it bamboozles. Its relation to mankind is like the relation of Iago to Othello. The former was not content with ruining the Moor; but his villany would have wanted its finest zest, if it had not been honored with the thanks of its victim for making him "egregiously an ass."

The genius of Humbug has many modes of compassing its designs, and it would be impossible to limit its energies within any one sphere of operation. But its most influential assault on the human head and pocket, is by a species of written composition which we take the liberty of calling its literature. This literature of Humbug, in some cases compounded of brass and brains, in others wholly brazen and brainless, runs through various degrees of talent and turpitude, and runs into many departments of thought and action. But whether it invades medicine, metaphysics, politics, theology, reform, trade or philanthropy, its one object is to bring all men under the despotism of King Quack; and its one mode of procedure is to tickle the conceit or flatter the ignorance of mankind, by the declaration, inscribed in shining characters on its brazen brow—EVERY MAN HIS OWN EVERYTHING. This magnificent puerility, this ingenious nonsense, is the most admirable device ever invented by craft to lure men from the old tracks of wisdom into the slavery of error and folly. Every man his own physician, his own statesman, his own priest, his own lawyer is but another form of expression for—Every man under the dominion of the quack, every man his own fool, every man his own ruin. And this messenger of Humbug, proclaiming universal liberty, and breaking all the bonds which bind the weak to the strong, will be found at last to be of that democracy of rascality whose sway is the most galling and remediless of tyrannies.

First, let us refer to the literature of quack medicine, the most remarkable literature ever spun from the brain of Impudence. The country is flooded with quack doctors,

"Rained down from heaven in a shower of pills,"

whose cunning of mind and fingers is incessantly occupied in preparing doses of death or delusion for "the most enlightened nation on the face of the earth." They are unmatched for the skill with which they develope and stimulate the credulity of the public through the press. Their great engine is the newspaper advertisement. It is needless to describe the character of this, and the peculiar extravagance of falsehood it embodies. It is commonly a tissue of lies, more or less ingeniously woven, which could only provoke a roar of laughter from a man in health; but it is so managed as to strike directly at the volitions of the sick. Its palpable absurdity only indicates the depth of its practical cunning. The quack's advertisement, indeed, is one of the most sagaciously ridiculous products of the literature of Humbug. The test of its excellence is in its influence. It induces the sick to purchase the small compact death-dealing pills it celebrates, and no one in the custom of visiting graveyards can fail to acknowledge its perilous efficacy.

The humbug of medicine is of two kinds—the vulgar and the genteel. The former is most universal; but the latter is growing fast. The literature of genteel quackery is of course more Addisonian in its diction, and more blandly insinuating in its style of thought, than its "rough and ready" companion; but its object and "grand idea" are the same. It operates on clergymen, lawyers, the literary and educated classes, who, as they are learned in their own professions, and as they are known under the general name of intelligent men, are apt absurdly to be set up as judges of medicine. The opinion of a clergyman or lawyer, on the treatment of a disease of which he knows nothing, is commonly considered more valuable than that of a physician who has made it a special study. The folly of this would be instantly seen if a physician should dogmatize on theology and law. Because a man's opinion is good in some special department of science he has made his own, people are prone to imagine that it has authority on subjects of which he is as ignorant as other men. From not considering this plain distinction, a large number of the "upper ten thousand" and middle ten hundred thousand, are daily delivered over to quacks as avaricious, ignorant and impudent, as ever paraded universal panacea in newspapers or bullied the unintelligent into pill-taking. The cemeteries, doubtless, have a story to tell of genteel as well as vulgar

quackery. Many persons have found a watery grave without risking a voyage on the ocean, and doses have been found none the less efficient from being as infinitesimal as the honesty of the dosers.

As a benevolent concern for the bodily health is the motive of the medicine quack—as it would be ungracious to suppose he was actuated by any impulse having its spring in the pocket—so we must suppose that philanthropy is the great source of the lies and blunders of the reforming quack. Reform is a noble thing in itself, and Reformers are among the noblest specimens of the species; but as all good things have a shell as well as kernel, an appearance as well as a substance, and as everybody can distinguish appearances while few can detect substances, every good thing is liable to gross perversions. Quack philanthropy is the product of perverted reform and its operations in the present age are among the most astounding marvels of humbug ever witnessed. Under the cover of a love for mankind, a love which, when genuine, is accompanied by a charity for all men, it enables its disciples to glut their appetite for defamation and detraction; to dignify their vituperation with the name of moral courage; to set up their little clique of wordy fanatics as the Sir Oracles of wisdom; and to prank out their ignorance, conceit, rancor, and unreason in the guise of universal philanthropy and pure religion. The written and spoken compositions, in which they embody their frenzied fooleries, are whisked and hawked about all over the land to direct the moral and intellectual judgments of the people. Their great cry (and it may be added, their little wool) is "oppressed humanity;" and certainly we should be inclined to echo it, if we supposed that any large portion of "humanity" read the windy diatribes, in which such aspiring mediocrity asserted its phenomenal existence. Of the best of this class of pseudo reformers, charity can only say, in the words of Bacon, that they have "small matter and infinite agitation of wit." Most of them are mere repeaters of tortured commonplaces and stale frenzies, about liberty, slavery, free air, chains, whips, lashes, and the like, which they have caught from some excitable gentleman laboring under an opulence of clanking words and a poverty of striking thought. And yet this galvanized imbecility goes under the name of fine writing, and is deemed be some wiseacres to be unmatched for vigor and eloquence.

Such furiously verbal love of mankind is bad enough when it is the natural expression of the boiling conceit of the writer. But bad as it is, "worse remains behind." This humbug philanthropy has become a trade as much as making nostrums; and its disinterested benevolence, in all the glories of its strained expression and strangled thought, is manufactured to order.—After a man has failed in everything else, he is apt to turn reformer, and convert the wealth of his vocabulary into the more substantial coin of the pocket. He becomes accordingly a dealer in slander and vituperation, makes merchandize of railing, and regales himself on the profits of his rancor. As every man who is not a natural fool who has sufficient intelligence to be a rogue, can command the cunning and shamelessness necessary to make him a trading hack of reform, the business, in these hard times, does not lack activity.

This debauchery of intellect as displayed in a carousing in words, is especially seen in political compositions. The subject is a tender one, but no essay on the literature of humbug would be complete which omitted to notice the literature of politics. Here we have a field as wide as free government. The object of quack politicians is to gain under the forms of liberal institutions the same objects which courtiers intrigue for in a despotism. Servility, trickery, fraud, falsehood, nonsense, they accordinly set to the tune of the Declaration of Independence; and try hard to make it appear that the primal object of a free government is to reduce its citizens to a vassalage to King Quack. Each has some universal panacea for the cure of every malady of the state, and for the filling up of every vacuum in his own purse; and to compass both objects, all of them address flatteries to the people which would disgust the Grand Lama or Russia's autocrat, and which an experienced courtier of a despot would have too much sagacity to employ. The written and spoken compositions which contain the principles, both obvious and latent, of the quack politicians, are too familiar to need quotation or analysis. They ever suggest the image of a slippery knave, pouring praise into the public ear while he is quietly engaged in picking the public pockets.

There is another department of political literature which almost equally deserves the honor of being stamped with the broad seal of Humbug. This is political abuse, which consists in using fierce language having no applicability to its objects, and springing from no enthusiasm or passion in the writer. It is denunciation on mechanical principles, and has no more heart in it than if it proceeded from Babbage's calculating machine. Men of straw, named after some prominent statesmen, are set up, and pommeled with the pet epithets of party; and no pretension is made to nicety of touch or felicity of application. All individual traits are lost sight of in a mass of wildering vituperation. Hyperbole is placed upon the rack, to wring strong epithets from its agonies and contortions, and these are used by men who are in the blandest temper in the world, and who affix no meaning at all to the sounding expletives they send rattling over the page. Such writing requires no talent, and indicates poverty rather than opulence of langnage; but still is taken as evidence of a great genius for politics, and is read with profound attention by all whose feeble bigotry it gratifies and stimulates.

The most influential deception in politics is practised by party catch-words and cant phrases. A few captivating rallying cries will often carry the day against reason and truth. They are addressed to the ear rather than to the mind, and though instantly resolved by analysis into follies—though they are bubbles which break into suds at the slightest touch of argument—they are still wonderfully effective. They commonly neither express the objects nor opinions, good or bad, of the parties who use them, and depend altogether for their existence on an immunity from examination; and yet they constantly pass from mouth to mouth as embodiments of principles. It would be impossible to calculate the amount of popular delusion they represent. In selecting a party cry, the universal custom is to invent one which shall operate on popular prejudices or desires, not one which shall express the principles and intentions of the party leaders. The consequence is, that the rank and file of a party are always more disappointed when they triumph than when they fail. To obtain their votes, pledges have been given which cannot be redeemed. When people wish foolishly, politicians have no resource but to promise recklessly. These promises, whether directly expressed or only implied, constitute a rich department of the literature of deception.

☞ We learn from the Union that the Surgeon General of the Army of the United States has forwarded a supply of Chloroform to the Armies of the United States for hospital purposes.

The Dying Boy.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

SARATOGA Co., Jan. 1848.

I may have somewhat singular ideas on this matter, but such as they are, they have been many years deeply impressed on my mind, that the death of a child is not only a release of the soul from chains that would ere long have proved galling, but is in every respect one of the lightest afflictions, when viewed in the light of its accompanying consolations, that the hand of God ever deals to his wayward children. Nor have I ever looked on the eyelid which hides forever from a mother's gaze, the earthlight that once gladdened her in her infant's eye, without the thought that if there was a winning voice calling from heaven to one on earth more melodiously than any other, it must be that voice which has never been heard here in other than tones of innocence and affection, as it calls the dear one (dearest on earth!) to come up and behold the rest which the child is taking on the arms of its Father.

I am apt to linger longer in a grave yard, by the little mounds that are between the larger ones, and to fancy the astonishment which will fill the eyes that have wept countless tears thereon, when they behold their little one grown glorious in the Sabbath land. And while I have never doubted that the affections of earth would be sanctified, and thus stronger in heaven, I have wondered by what tone, or feature, or smile, the mother would recognise there the long lost idol child, she buried once so sadly.

I was standing in the recess of a deep window, looking towards the west. The sun was gone, but the summits of the Kayderoceros mountain, were not cold after his last kiss. Without interruption, I stood thus watching the sky, till a star peered stealthily out, and then shrunk back, as if a wandering twilight ray had brightened it, and I sought vainly to discover it again. The cold gray of the sky contrasted forcibly with the white mantle of the earth, which has become whiter since I last wrote you, and fences and fields were alike dressed in the robe of purity. Would to God, that the taints of earth might as easily be covered with a spotless garb. Would to God, that the stains of guilt on the soul of man might as easily be hidden from the all-seeing Eye.

"They may be, just as easily, my dear sir."

I had unconsciously been thinking aloud, and was startled by the interruption of my quaint but most excellent friend Dr. Williams, who had entered unperceived, and turning, joined in a conversation, which continued until the entrance of Miss M—, for whom he had asked. The object of his call was to ask her to Mr. T—'s, whose little boy was dying. Miss M— instantly consented, and I agreed to drive over with her. Dr. W. proposed to meet us at the Grove in two hours from that time, but yielded at length to an urgent invitation to remain to dinner, which was now on the table. I learned while sitting at the table, that Mrs. T— was a friend of my companion Miss M—, whom I introduced to you in my last letter. She was a few years her senior, but of much the same cast of mind, and in the country you are aware how very close an intimacy will grow between ladies of similar tastes and pursuits. They had been companions at school and at home since the days of their mere childhood, and hence the readiness with which Mrs. T— had sent for her friend in her hour of affliction. Is it not a pleasant sight, that dependence of friend on friend? Had she wished to borrow a book, she would have had no less confidence in sending for it, than she had, when Dr. Williams told her that her child was dying, in asking him to call as he drove by and ask Miss M— to come and stay with her. I may be wrong in supposing that this contrasts forcibly with the relations existing between neighbors in some parts of the country I could name, but I find here that this is no solitary instance. Every family feels a sort of bond connecting it with every other, and that bond grows stronger (not weaker) when the hour of need is at hand. Dr. Williams informed me that little Harry T— had been running about merrily three days before, but had fallen and injured his head, and had remained insensible since then. That he had been called instantly, and was alarmed at the outset, but that Mrs. T— had refused to believe that he was so seriously hurt, and until this evening would not allow the neighbors to be told of it. "I do not think," added the kind physician, "that she yet believes it, or realizes fully that her boy is so near his end. I wish, Miss Jean, you would try to prepare her for the result. I do not believe it possible that he can live until tomorrow night. Indeed I feared the approach of death within the next five hours, and therefore desired to return instantly."

In a half hour the horses were at the door, and Dr. W— led the way, while we followed. It was a bitterly cold night. I had no conception of the state of the air, but we were well protected and drove swiftly. The three miles were passed in a little more than twenty minutes, and at the door I met Mr. T—, who insisted on my coming in. Sending the horses around to his stables, I entered.

The stillness that is the characteristic of a house in which the fear of death prevails, was here most profound. No footstep could be heard. No door made audible opening or shutting. No one spoke aloud or whispered, (for whispering is more painful to the ears of the sick than loud voices,) but each one who spoke used that low suppressed murmur, which falls upon the ear of one who is at a little distance, only as the sound of the wind out of doors.

Taking my arm Mr. T— led me to the room in which his boy lay. A dim light shaded from the bed, made the room appear sombre and gloomy, but a scene by that bedside made it appear instantly afterwards rather as an abode of beauty and of the holiest affection. Mrs T— was kneeling with her face buried in the covering of the bed, her right arm wound around my friend Miss M—, who knelt by her, and was murmuring in her ear words of most heavenly consolation. As my eyes became somewhat accustomed to the light, I saw the occupant of the bed. He was a noble boy, of five years, or thereabouts. A high and very broad forehead was half hidden by luxuriant curls of dark brown hair, and his full lips were matchlessly chiseled. But he was pale and white now as the pillow on which his head lay, and it was with difficulty that we perceived any indication of breathing. Yet as he lay there, so still, so pale, so very pale, he was eminently beautiful. A boy around whom a mother's love might be supposed to entwine its strongest cords. I never saw a fairer. But it was the wreck of golden hopes, the wreck of glorious fancies, that lay before me. A breaking heart was yearning to hear again his prattling, to see again the merry eye of rejoicing infancy. But he heeded not that heart. Never before had he been silent if she called. In his bright sleep, sweet sleep of childhood, watched by angels, did she even stand by his side and look at him, he smiled a holy smile, and if she pressed her lips to lips, his tiny arms were round her neck, and he was wide a wake, and giving back his warm caresses, murmuring with many a laugh "Dear Mama." Did she look into his eyes, it was brimful

of gladness and fun, and if she wept he wept with her, albeit he knew not why nor cared, only that he knew she grieved. But now—another hour, young mother, and his cold forehead will be colder yet, and his dear limbs rigid for the grave.—Another hour, and you will have one less, and God one more within his fold. Another hour, and the big heart of your bright boy will cease to throb even with these heavy painful pulsations, and you will look to heaven as the home of your long cherished one.

"Oh Mr. W—," said she, at length, looking up and seeing me standing by the bedside, fixedly regarding the face of her boy. "Oh Mr. W—, Harry is dying." "I fear that he is Mrs. T—. I fear for your sake, but for his I am glad."

"Jeannie has been telling me all that. But it is hard to listen, harder to believe it necessary. I cannot realize that he is dying. I cannot realize that I need such comfort. But yesterday he was so full of life."

"You forget, Mary;" calmly said Mr. T——. "You forget. It is three days since he was hurt."

"And what have days been to me? It has seemed but one long hour."

"It will be more difficult, my dear madam," said I, "to realize the time that will have passed when you meet him again."

"Shall I meet him again? It seems to me I was losing him forever. I shall meet him. Jeannie, why didn't you tell me this?"

"I did, again and again, but you would not hear me."

By a careful leading of the conversation thus, we at length succeeded in calming the excited mind of the mother, and she listened and joined in a low toned conversation, in which Dr. Williams proved himself as good a physician to the mind as to the body. I had been in the room nearly an hour, and had sent for the horses to be brought around preparatory to starting, when I observed a motion of the lip of the boy. His watchful mother had seen the same, and in an instant her head was bent down over him. Five minutes passed in perfect silence.

All eyes were directed to the bed, and all hearts beat in the first return of hope. All save one.—The calmness of Doctor Williams's face was unchanged, as he said in a low tone to Mr. T——, "You must prepare yourself now, my dear Sir." "Is this an indication of death?" exclaimed Mr. T——. "It is one of many indications."—"Then God be with his mother. She has not yet given up hope." "Not yet—oh not yet, Doctor. He is not dying yet. You said he might live till the morning, dont say he's dying now." "He is dying Mrs. T——. Every effort has been vain to excite any action of his brain, and there are indications of the close approach of the end."

A sob of agony was the only reply, as she turned her face to that of her boy. And at that instant, he opened his eyes. It was too dark to see their blue depths, yet she—oh, she needed no light to catch the look of love she knew was there. We saw a smile. I know the brave boy smiled, for it stole across his face like a gleam of the sunshine he was passing into. He did not move, or hand, or foot, or lip, but only fixed that holy gaze of earnest love on the face of her he had known as fondest, faithfullest. from the first day of his short life—then closed his blue eyes dreamily, as if to sleep. But he was dead.

One instant—only one—the mother strained the lifeless form of her boy to her heart, and then the almost instinctive conviction that what she held was clay and nothing more, overpowered her, and she fell into the arms of her husband. W.

A Good Sermon.—We have heard a story of the elder Dr. Beecher, now of Cincinnati, that is said to be true, and is worth putting into type, as illustrating the truth that we never can tell what may result from an apparently very insignificant action. The doctor once engaged to preach for a country minister, on exchange, and the Sabbath proved to be one excessively stormy, cold and uncomfortable. It was in mid-winter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts, till he reached the church, put the animal into a shed and went in. As yet there was no person in the house, and after looking about, the old gentleman—then young—took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about and took a seat. The hour came for commencing service, but no more hearers.

Whether to preach to such an audience or not was now the question—and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long in deciding. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no right to refuse to do it, because only one man could reap the benefit of it; and accordingly he actually went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching and benediction, with only one hearer. And when all was over, he hastened down from the desk to speak to his "congregation," but he had departed.

A circumstance so rare was referred to occasionally, but twenty years after, it was brought to the doctor's mind quite strangely. Traveling somewhere in Ohio, the doctor alighted from the stage one day in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up and spoke to him, familiarly calling him by name. "I do not remember you," said the doctor. "I suppose not," said the stranger; "but we spent two hours together in a house alone, once, in a storm." "I do not recallect it, sir," added the old man, "pray when was it?" "Do you remember preaching, twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?" "I do, indeed—and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since." "I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church!—The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio!"

So striking a result made no little impression upon the old veteran's mind. He learned that the man was at the time a lawyer, who was in town on business; and, tired of a Sunday morning at a country hotel, went, in despite of the storm, to church, to hear that sermon. The doctor often tells the story, and adds, "I think that was about as satisfactory an audience as I ever had.—*Boston Bee.*

A Singular Case.—The Easton Argus of the 20th, has the following account of a very mysterious transaction: Sometime in the beginning of last September, two men came to this place, representing themselves as the Sherif and his Deputy from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, with a warrant from Gov. Shunk, made out upon a requisition from the Governor of Wisconsin, for the arrest of a German named Simon Schweitzer, charged (as they said) with the crime of forgery. They arrested him and confined him for several hours in our county jail, when they appeared before one of our Associate Judges, and procured the proper authority to take him off. Mr. Schweitzer had formerly been a resident of Easton, but went out to Wisconsin, remained there some time, purchased considerable land there, and then returned to this place. The pretended Sherif and his aid took him away the same afternoon, and since

then, nothing has been heard of him. Being a member of Fatherland Lodge of the Odd Fellows of this borough a motion was made to expel him from the order for misconduct, but milder councils prevailed, and a committee was appointed to enquire into the facts. This committee addressed a letter to Milwaukee Lodge, No. 2, in Wisconsin, requesting its officers to inquire into the facts of the case. They did so, and received a reply from Governor Dodge, of that state, that he had never made any requisition upon Gov. Shunk for said Schweitzer, and that if he had been arrested, it was done without authority. It is thus evident that Mr. Schweitzer was not taken by any real officers from Wisconsin, and the suspicions are strong that he has been foully dealt with. The members of Fatherland Lodge are making diligent enquiry into this mysterious case, and if the truth can be obtained, they will surely get at it. Mr. Schweitzer was always considered a worthy and respectable man, and he was perfectly thunderstruck at his arrest, declaring his entire innocence of the crime imputed to him.

"Hanging up the Stocking."—Major Jones, of Pineville, is a 'cute old fellow, and is always saying something racy. The *Western Continent* contains an article from the Major, in reference to the good old custom of children of hanging up their stockings on Christmas Eve, an extract from which we give below:

But there's more hanging up of stockings in this world than goes by the name. Older people who laughs at the children's innocent superstition, don't forget to hang up their stockins, tho' they don't always go to bed with as quiet, trust-in hearts, nor as *clean* hands and faces, and of course don't always git their stocking as well filled.

The politician hangs up his stockings for Buncomb, and waits to see 'em swell with popularity. There's four or five pair of stockings, hung up now for the next Presidency, sum bran new ones and sum that's been darn'd up for the occasion before; and ther'll be more old stockings hung up this winter at Washington than would hold all the offices of the government for half a century to come. I'd jest like to be old Uncle Sam instead of old Santa Claus for a little while—sum of 'em would find empty stockings, I'll be bound.

The lawyer and the doctor hangs up their stockings when they stick up their shingles.—Sometimes, they're a long time getting 'em full of clients and patients, but if they do succeed, they're very apt to keep up the practice.

The merchant hangs up his stockings over his door, and sometimes you'll see 'em hangin in the winder and all around the door. So, if they don't always git fortin enuff in 'em, it aint because they don't have a fair showin in the world.

Editors hang up their stockings, and if any people deserves to have 'em well filled it's them. But, poor fellers, most of 'em is no strangers to hope deferred. They know what it is to give their lives to a labor of love, and are contented to see the stockings of others filled with the good things of this world, though their own swings empty in the chill winds of adversity.

Miniature of Benjamin West.—We have just been shown an extraordinary relic. It is a miniature of Benjamin West, aged 18, as painted by himself in the year 1756, and presented to Miss Steele, of Philadelphia, to whom he is said to have been engaged. The painting is beautifully executed on ivory, and is enclosed in a silver case. Miss Steele was the daughter of James Steele, Surveyor General of the Province of Pennsylvania under William Penn. This relic was among the effects of the late John Cook, of this city, No. 298 Chesnut st., and will be sold by public auction on Friday, at the house, by Mr. Ewing, the administrator. Surely there will be many bidders.—*Phila. Enquirer.*

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

Addition to Gray's Elegy.

Perhaps no poem in our language has been more universally read and admired than Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard. It is as familiar to the reader of this day, as it was to the contemporaries of the writer—indeed it is probably more so. Its exquisite sentiment reaches every heart, while its unaffected simplicity and purity charm alike the accomplished scholar and the unlettered reader. It has passed through a period when to revile it was the fashion with some critics whose fame it has now long survived. To attempt to add to or amend it would seem, at first thought, almost a literary sacrilege. Yet the author of the following lines, published anonymously many years ago in a Rhode Island paper, from which we take them, was inspired by the same high spirit that guided the pen of the immortal author of the Elegy. We think these verses—extravagant as this praise may sound—quite equal to any part of the Elegy and a valuable addition to it. The author believed "that Gray had not given to the subjects of his muse enough of religious character to make the charm complete." Who was their author? Can any one of our readers tell us? He is believed to have been an American and these lines alone should stamp him as a poet of extraordinary genius and highly cultivated mind.

The verses were intended to follow the Stanza in the Elegy beginning with the words—

"Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife."

No airy dreams their simple fancies fired,
No thirst for wealth, nor panting after fame;
But truth divine, sublimer hopes inspired,
And urged them onward to a nobler aim.

From every cottage, with the day, arose
The hallowed voice of spirit breathing prayer;
And artless anthems, at the peaceful close,
Like holy incense charmed the evening air.

Though they, each tome of human lore unknown,
The brilliant path of science never trod,
The sacred Volume claimed their hearts alone,
Which taught the way to glory and to God.

Here they from Truth's eternal fountain drew
The pure and gladdening waters day by day;
Learned, since our days are evil, fleet, and few,
To walk in wisdom's bright and peaceful way.

In yon lone pile, o'er which hath sternly passed
The heavy hand of all destroying Time,
Through whose low mouldering aisles now sighs the blast,
And 'round whose altars grass and ivy climb;

They gladly thronged, their grateful hymns to raise,
Oft as the calm and holy Sabbath shone;
The mingled tribute of their prayers and praise
In sweet communion rose before the Throne.

Here, from those honored lips, which sacred fire,
From Heaven's high chancery hath touched, they hear
Truths which their zeal inflame, their hope inspire,
Give wings to faith, and check affliction's tear!

Whenn life flowed by, and, like an angel, Death
Came to release them to the worlds on high,
Praise trembled still on each expiring breath,
And holy triumph beamed from every eye.

Their gentle hands their "dust to dust" consign;
With quiet tears the simple rites are said;
And here they sleep till at the trump divine,
The Earth and Ocean render up their dead.

THE RUINS OF NINEVEH.—Mr. Azariah Smith, in a letter to Prof. Silliman, an extract of which is given in the last number of the Journal, remarks that it was his rare fortune to travel, a few weeks previously, in company with Mr. Layard—the English gentleman who, aided by a scientific Society in Great Britain, has been employed for the last year or two in making excavations about the Ruins of Nineveh. His main work has been done at Nimrood, at or near the junction of the Zab and the Tigris, some twenty miles south of the excavations made by Mons. Botta, at Khorsabad. From inscriptions, partially deciphered, it would appear that one of the three places disentombed at Nimrood, and that at Khorsabad, were built by father and son, or other near relations; and from other inscriptions disentombed by Mr. Layard from the mound of Zoyunjonk—the mounds of long repute directly opposite the city of Mosul—it would appear that that also sustains a similar relation to the others. From this fact, the view formerly assumed that Nineveh was lately made up of several collections of houses interspersed with gardens, receives additional support, and *all doubt* is now removed from those passages of Sacred and Profane History which make it an exceeding great city of three days' journey.

Among other most interesting stones, sculptured and carved, sent to England from the disentombed Palaces of Nimrood, there is an obelisk of considerable size—containing, as appears from the partially deciphered inscription, a Chronological List of the Kings of Assyria—beginning with Ninus, and it would seem that it agrees with authoritive Egyptian Chronology. But space forbids farther detail. The public will soon have all the inscriptions, translated, before them.

Rural Department.

The Delights of Gardening.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS BY LAMARTINE.

From Downing's Horticulturist.

God, in his changeless works, heeds not our chimeras. Nature has no complaisance for our false systems. She is sovereign and absolute as her author. She resists our foolish attempts; she overthrows, sometimes rudely enough, our illusions. She seconds our efforts, aids them, and rewards them abundantly if directed in the right sense; but if we make a mistake, or attempt to force her, to compel her out of her course, she at once asserts her power, and blasts our labors with sterility, by the wasting away and the death of everything we have attempted to effect in opposition to her laws, and in her despite. We and others may with impunity make mistakes, and for ages at a time, in history, in philosophy, in religious and in social systems, even in astronomy.—We may devise on these heads the most absurd chimeras, and impose them upon the world for a long time as truth. That cannot you do, gardeners and agriculturists. Your longest error cannot outlast a single season, (applause,) the period of a crop, one spring, one year at most.—Such is the term of your error, for it is the term of your experiments. That once past nature prevails and sets you right. She reveals her will to you that you may make haste to conform your labors to it. You interrogate her unceasingly, respectfully, experimentally; and she always makes true and prompt replies. You register those replies in your memoirs, in your books, in your manuals; and from this intercepted dialogue between man that questions and nature that replies, you form those catechisms of the farmer and the gardener which become the science of vegetation.

Thus it is through these elementary books, and the congresses of cultivators of nature, such as this now assembled, that your science is deep-rooted, extended, improved and wide spread.—Thus it has been since Pliny, who made a catalogue of all the plants within the Roman empire; since Charlemagne, who in his Capitularies, which were in some sort his character or constitution, particularised the sorts and the number of vegetables he wished cultivated; since Cato, the most severe of statesmen, required that each Roman citizen, however poor he might be, should cultivate some flowers in his plot, in order that the elegance of such culture should contribute elegance and refinement to the manners of the people; for, though he aimed at correcting the excessive luxuriousness of the Republic, he desired no sumptuary law in vegetation—down to the various maritime and plant-seeking expeditions of the Crusaders, the Dutch, the English, to gather, one by one, from all parts of the globe, those ninety-eight vegetables or flowers with which your kitchen garden or flower beds are now enamelled—the art of gardening, rudely sketched by the Romans;, greatly extended and carried almost to marvellous perfection by the Chinese; taking, in England, the character and proportions of an aristocratic luxury; depreciated and belittled in Holland, down almost to the adoration of a tulip; elevated in Italy to the dignity of a splendid art associated with statuary, sculpture, and architecture; rendered useful in France by its alliance with the higher walks of agriculture, of which it is the path-finder—has finally, thanks to our efforts, reached in various parts of Europe the condition of a national industry, giving employment to millions of men, and the aliment of a commerce in fruits and flowers worth millions of money.

Thus it is, and I pray you to consider it, gentlemen, that gardening, which heretofore was only a sort of amusement or domestic luxury, an adornment of the soil, has become now-a-days a new and magnificent object of commerce. At a time when labor fails for man more than man fails for labor—at a time when to invent a new industry is to invent wealth, occupation, wages, life itself for numberless workmen—is not this a view fitted to impress the statesman, to touch an intelligent minister of agriculture and of commerce? Do not, gentlemen suppose this is mere hyperbole—exaggeration. I am just returned from the South, and have seen on the shores of the Mediterranean a very considerable coasting trade in flowers! Tuscany and Genoa exported to the amount of several millions of money, from their flower beds. And one art gives rise to another. After the art of successfully cultivating flowers, has come that of gathering and assorting them according to their shades, odors, colors. This art has made such progress at Genoa, for instance, has been so studied there, that they can combine, intertwine, plait, and, as it were, so weave together roses, pinks, dahlias, and ranunculuses, that the bouquets prepared to decorate tables on gala days, bouquets often a yard in circumference, resemble Turkey carpets, vegetable stuffs, odorous velvets, mosaics of plants. There are there vegetable weavers of flowers who turn out their perfumed fabrics; the flower girls there, as at Athens, form a class apart. The bouquets which you admire you inhale at the *fetes* of Toulon, Marseilles, Bourdeaux, and even of Paris are woven at Genoa or at Florence. Hence the gardening of luxury becomes each day more and more a regular business. Go on and render it more perfect, and it will one day become a fine art—a school of painting of which the pallet will be the garden.

For the Western Literary Messenger

Lines.

My heart is straying backward to the time
When on the scenes of other days there fell,
Like brightness of some pure and better clime,
The gentle beauty of thy love-wrought spell.

It was the summer of my soul: thy smile
Made bright its long and lingering sunny days,
And O, my soul did swim in music, while
I listened to those yet remembered lays.

But ah! the blight of autumn's power now
Has breathed on all those scenes a baleful breath;
Beneath that blight the smitten heart-flowers,
And all is songless as the cave of Death.

For thou art changed. Thy smile, and tone, are cold—
Cold as the moonbeam upon winter's snow;
Amid such tones the heart would soon grow old,
Beneath such smiles no gentle heart-flowers grow.

Yet I do love thee still; no time, no place
Can ever change the impress of the Past on me;
I see thee not, yet time will ne'er efface
The record that my heart contains of thee.

JANUARY, 1848. * * *

For the Western Literary Messenger

"My Leanness! my Leanness!"

There are three kinds of leanness, physical, moral, and intellectual. Physical, may be induced by various causes; such as improper diet, food taken at improper times, an insufficiency of it, indigestion, etc.; moral, is the result of the indulgence of deprated passions; and one or two causes of intellectual leanness I propose to notice more particularly.

The language of the prophet just quoted, is simply expressive of the lamentation of every humble aspirant after true excellence. The inspired writers, though "men of like passions" with others, by the exercise of a living faith, and an earnest devotion to the study of God in his works and oracles, obtained that apprehension of His character, whereby, in their spiritual breathings, they bear us to the foot of the throne, and often into the very presence-chamber of Jehovah himself. Their glowing imaginations seemed touched with a "coal from off the altar;" and as forms radiant with heavenly beauty start into life from almost every page of the Holy Book, we become, if I may so speak, enshrouded in the same cloud of glory, and wish, with the disciples on the mount, to remain there forever. The keen eye of prophecy measured not the limits of its vision by mortal compass, but piercing the dark veil of futurity, saw the captive daughters of Zion weeping by the "cold streams of Babylon," and the day-star of hope arise over Judea's hills to gladden, by its cheering beams, a darkened world, groping its way amidst the scattered objects of a mystic faith, down to eternal death. Such was the result of the prophets' knowledge. Though we may not, with them, possess the gift of inspiration, yet by a diligent study of the past, and a careful observation of the present, we may obtain that which shall enable us to look with much certainty for events in time to come. But knowledge comes not by instinct; it is the fruit of steady, persevering, self-denying toil; and by this term, I mean not merely the facts we have gathered from books and piled up in the storehouse of memory as the miser heaps up his gold, to look at, not to use, but knowledge well digested by thought, and properly appropriated in the various relations of life.

One of the most prominent reasons for much of the intellectual leanness that exists, may no doubt be found in the spasmodic, ill directed efforts that are put forth to obtain knowledge. Impelled by some extraneous circumstance, instead of a deep-felt, intellectual necessity, we seize whatever presents itself in the form of a book, read and study indiscriminately and without purpose, till the mind is filled with all the confusion of Babel. We have gained something, to be sure—but a something which we know not how to use, and scarcely what it means; for it has been learned without reflection, and as bearing no relation to our fellow beings and the various phenomena by which we are surrounded. Consequently it soon loses all definiteness, and the mind is as barren as before the acquirement. More particularly is this the case, though I am pained to say it, with women. Impressed with the false idea that the duties and responsibilities of their sphere, require less thought, and knowledge, than the sterner one of the other sex, their acquirements are generally made by spasms, during the earlier period of their lives, before they become wives and mothers. By this training they are wholly disqualified to make "life's cares," its most refined "joys." Sidney Smith observes, that "With uneducated women, when youth is gone, all is gone. A woman must talk wisely or look well."

Another reason for the leanness of which we are speaking, exists in a lack of self-discipline. No one can be truly great without it. A general on the field of battle would have little prospect of conquering his foe, were his forces in confusion, and he, undecided as to the chief point of attack; no more can we hope to conquer a difficult subject, unless the forces of the mind are under such discipline that just those which are needed can be called out and brought to bear upon it in all its relations and dependencies. This was the distinguishing feature in the character of Dr. Chalmers. He would conceive some profound idea, and like the sculptor, who, from the rough block, chisels the "breathing marble," trace it out in all its bearings, till there was neither beauty nor strength that he did not lavish upon it.

The desire to avoid study and thought has generated a class which may be termed *intellectual skeletons*. Scorning to make a workhouse of their own brain, or shrinking from the task of scourging the poor drones to labor, they pick a little from this and that author, and by a kind of tact,

patch up a garment to cover their leanness, and pass themselves off among the multitude for giants. When listening to, or hearing the *productions* of these *soi disant* great men, I have seen, in fancy, these picked authors coming up in a body, each selecting his own patch, till there was not enough left of the choicely woven fabric, to serve the poor skeleton for a winding sheet. But as the great secret of all true knowledge is evolved, and men—and *women* too—learn to think for themselves, we trust this class will become extinct; and that instead of the leanness which now exists to a greater or less extent in every class of society, will be found the healthy, well-developed mind.

BUFFALO. ELIZABETH.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Popular Education.

LOCKE AMSDEN, or, the Schoolmaster: a tale. By the author of May Martin, The Green Mountain Boys, etc. Boston: B. B. Mussey. 1847.

The author of this book, D. P. THOMPSON, Esq., of Vermont, always writes with a good object in view, and we are not aware that he has ever made a literary failure. One thing is certain, the work before us, is not only above the ordinary run of romances, but is deserving of a place in the library of every family in the United States. The author says it is "written less with the hope of gaining literary fame, than of awakening an interest, and imparting useful hints on an important, and, with all our boasts, a still sadly neglected subject;" and the service it renders to popular education and to self-culture, commends it at once to the attention of all classes, old and young, parents and children. Though strictly a romance, it is devoid of sickly sentimentalism; takes a correct view of human society; shows the true exaltation of honest poverty and worth above self-conceited and aristocratic affluence; and, in short, most happily accords with the instructions of Pope:

> "In every scene some moral let us teach,
> And, if we can, at once both please and preach."

Locke Amsden, the hero of the story, is a mathematical genius, who struggles with adverse circumstances, poverty, envy, slander, etc., and manages to triumph over foes, get through college, and into Congress. The reader might not thank us, should we give the plot, so let it pass. Perhaps, however, he will pardon us for publishing an account of a law-suit, which happily illustrates the importance, to a merchant, at least, of being able to read and write. Locke Amsden is in search of a school to teach, and on the way to a place called the *Horn of the Moon*, where he has heard of an "opening," he meets a man belonging there, who, on inquiry informs him that Bill Bunker is the committee-man, that he lives "right on the road about a half a mile ahead," and that his place of residence may be known from the fact that his name is "chalked on a sort of a shop looking building, which he uses for a store." The narrative proceeds as follows:

"He rode on, and soon reached a rough-built, but substantial-looking farm-house, with sundry out-buildings, on one of which he read, as he had been told he might, the name of the singular occupant. In the last-named building, he at once perceived that there was a gathering of quite a number of individuals, the nature of which was explained to him by the hint he had received from his informant on the road. And tying his horse, he joined several who were going in, and soon found himself in the midst of the company assembled in the low, unfinished room which constituted the interior, as parties, witnesses, and spectators of a justice's court, the ceremonies of which were about to be commenced. There were no counters, counting-room, or desk; and a few broad shelves, clumsily put up on one side, afforded the only indication, observable in the interior arrangement of the room, of the use to which it was devoted. On these shelves were scattered, at intervals, small bunches of hoes, axes bed-cords, and such articles as are generally purchased by those who purchase little; while casks of nails, grindstones, quintals of dried salt fish, and the like, arranged round the room on the floor, made up the rest of the owner's merchandise, an annual supply of which, it appeared, he obtained in the cities every winter in exchange for the products of his farm; ever careful, like a good political economist, that the balance of trade should not be against him. The only table and chair in the room were now occupied by the justice; the heads of casks, grindstones, or bunches of rakes, answering for seats for the rest of the company. On the left of the justice sat the defendant, whose composed look, and occasional knowing smile, seemed to indicate his confidence in the strength of his defence, as well as a consciousness of possessing some secret advantage over his opponent. On the other hand sat Bunker, the plaintiff in the suit. Ascertaining from the remarks of the bystanders his identity with the committee-man he had become so curious to see, Locke fell to noting his appearance closely, and the result was, upon the whole, a highly favorable prepossession. He was a remarkably stout, hardy-looking man; and although his features were extremely rough and swarthy, they yet combined to give him an open, honest, and very intelligent countenance. Behind him, as backers, were standing in a group three or four of his sons, of ages varying from fifteen to twenty, and of bodily proportions promising any thing but disparagement to the Herculean stock from which they originated. The parties were now called and sworn; when Bunker, there being no attorneys employed to make two-hour speeches on preliminary questions, proceeded at once to the merits of his case. He produced and spread open his account-book, and then went on to show his manner of charging, which was wholly by hieroglyphics, generally designating the debtor by picturing him out at the top of the page with some peculiarity of his person or calling. In the present case, the debtor, who was a cooper, was designated by the rude picture of a man in the act of hooping a barrel; and the article charged, there being but one item in the account, was placed immediately beneath, and represented by a shaded, circular figure, which the plaintiff said was intended for a cheese, that had been sold to the defendant some years before.

"Now, Mr. Justice," said Bunker, after explaining, in a direct, off-hand manner, his peculiar method of book keeping, "now, the article here charged the man had—I will, and do swear

to it; for here it is in black and white. And I having demanded my pay, and he having not only refused it, but denied ever buying the article in question, I have brought this suit to recover my just due. And now I wish to see if he will get up here in court, and deny the charge under oath. If he will, let him; but may the Lord have mercy on his soul!

"Well, sir," replied the defendant, promptly rising, "you shall not be kept from having your wish a minute; for I here, under oath, do swear, that I never bought or had a cheese of you in my life."

"Under the oath of God you declare it, do you?" sharply asked Bunker.

"I do sir," firmly answered the other.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the former, with looks of utter astonishment, "I would not have believed that there was a man in all of the Horn of the Moon who would dare to do that."

After the parties had been indulged in the usual amount of sparring for such occasions, the justice interposed and suggested, that as the oaths of the parties were at complete issue, the evidence of the book itself, which he seemed to think was entitled to credit, would turn the scale in favor of the plaintiff, unless the defendant could produce some rebutting testimony. Upon this hint, the latter called up two of his neighbors, who testified in his behalf, that he himself always made a sufficient supply of cheese for his family; and they were further knowing, that, on the year of the alleged purchase, instead of buying, he actually sold a considerable quantity of the article.

This evidence seemed to settle the question in the mind of the justice; and he now soon announced, that he felt bound to give judgment to the defendant for his costs.

"Judged and sworn out of the whole of it, as I am a sinner!" cried the disconcerted Bunker, after sitting a moment working his rough features in indignant surprise; "yes, fairly sworn out of it, and saddled with a bill of cost to boot! But I can pay it; so reckon it up, Mr. Justice, and we will have it all squared on the spot. And, on the whole, I am not sure but a dollar or two is well spent, at any time, in finding out a fellow to be a scoundrel who has been passing himself off among people for an honest man," he added, pulling out his purse, and angrily dashing the required amount down upon the table.

"Now, Bill Bunker," said the defendant, after very coolly pocketing his costs, "you have flung out a good deal of your stuff here, and I have bore it without getting riled a hair; for I saw, all the time, that you—correct as folks generally think you—that you did n't know what you was about. But now it 's all fixed and settled, I am going jist to convince you that I am not quite the one that has sworn to a perjury in this 'ere business."

"Well, we will see," rejoined Bunker, eying his opponent with a look of mingled doubt and defiance.

"Yes, we *will* see," responded the other, determinedly; "we will see if we can't make you eat your own words. But I want first to tell you where you missed it. When you dunned me, Bunker, for the pay for a cheese, and I said I never had one of you, you went off a little too quick; you called me a liar, before giving me a chance to say another word. And then, I thought I would let you take that name back. If you had held on a minute, without breaking out so upon me, I should have told you all how it was, and you would have got your pay on the spot; but ——"

"Pay!" fiercely interrupted Bunker, "then you admit you had the cheese, do you?"

"No, sir, I admit no sich thing," quickly rejoined the former; "for I still say I never had a cheese of you in the world. But I *did* have a small grindstone of you at the time, and at jest the price you have charged for your supposed cheese; and here is your money for it, sir. Now, Bunker, what do you say to that?

"Grindstone—cheese—cheese—grindstone!" exclaimed the now evidently nonplussed and doubtful Bunker, taking a few rapid turns about the room, and occasionally stopping at the table to scrutinize anew his hieroglyphical charge; "I must think this matter over again. Grindstone—cheese—cheese—grindstone. Ah! I have it; but may God forgive me for what I have done! It *was* a grindstone, but I forgot to make a hole in the middle for the crank."

Upon this curious development, as will be readily imagined, the opposing parties were not long in effecting an amicable and satisfactory adjustment. And, in a short time, the company broke up and departed, all obviously as much gratified as amused at this singular but happy result of the lawsuit."

Whilst so much trash in the shape of novels, is in circulation, it is a luxury to meet a fictitious work possessing so much stamina as Locke Amsden, and replete with so many valuable hints on subjects of the utmost importance; and we sincerely hope the pen of so healthy and able a writer as Judge THOMPSON, will not lie idle.

For sale at Peck's Bookstore. EDITOR.

DANGER ATTENDING PRECOCIOUS DEVELOPMENT. —There can be no doubt that many a child has been sacrificed in early youth to the pride of parents, who, delighted with the intellectual activity of their children, have striven to make them prodigies of learning. But in these cases of early and undue employment of the brain, inflammation of the hemispherical ganglion, or of the lining membrane of the ventricles, with serious effusion, has usually been the cause of either a fatal issue or of subsequent mental imbecility. The late Mr. Deville related to me an interesting case of this kind.

An extremely interesting boy, of about twelve years of age, was brought to him for phrenological examination by a parent who was very proud of the intellectual endowments of his child. Mr. Deville gave his opinion of the boy's character, at the same time cautioning the father of the dangerous course he was pursuing. But the father's reply was, "All that other boys considered labor and hard study are mere child's play to him; that his studies could not be hurting him, he enjoyed them so much." Again Mr. Deville endeavored to save the child, but the father would not attend to the warning. Two years from that time the father again called on Mr. Deville, and in reply to his inquiries after his child, the father burst into tears: his child was an idiot.—*Solly on the Brain.*

A DEAD SHOT.—The man who a few days ago was bitten by a mad dog in Euclid, and who expects to be mad himself in a few days, is now in this City taking vengeance on the whole canine race. He has already shot about thirty dogs under the Mayor's Proclamation.—*Clev. P. Dealer.*

CHLOROFORM IN DYING.—The Boston Transcript has heard of a case where Chloroform was administered to relieve the sufferings of a dying person. The success of the application was complete, and the patient's last moments were tranquil and void of pain

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Mexico and the Rocky Mountains.

ADVENTURES IN MEXICO AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. By GEORGE F. RUXTON, Esq., member of the Royal Geographical Society. Complete in two parts. New-York: Harper and Brothers, 82 Cliff street. 1848.

In mentioning the reception of this work last week, we promised to refer to it again. This, after examining it more thoroughly, we do most cheerfully, for, unlike some sketches by English travellers on this continent, it is not only candid but sprightly and instructive. The author says in his preface, that "faults the Americans have—and who have not? But they are, I maintain, failings of the head and not of the heart, which nowhere beats warmer or in a more genuine spirit of kindness and affection, than in the bosom of a citizen of the United States."

Mr. Ruxton does not speak so well of the Mexicans. He traversed that Republic the whole distance from north to south, and did not, he says, referring to the males, "observe one commendable trait" in their character. Of the Mexican ladies he speaks as follows:

"The Mexican ladies are totally uneducated, and in the presence of foreigners, conscious of their inferiority, are usually shy and reserved. This, of course, refers only to general society. In their own houses, and among themselves, they are vivacious, and unaffectedly pleasing in their manners and conversation; and in all classes is evinced a warmth of heart and sympathy which wins for the women of Mexico the respect and esteem of all strangers. As for their personal attractions, I will say, that, although not distinguished for beauty, I never once remember to have seen a really ugly woman. Their brilliant eyes make up for any deficiency of feature, and their figures uninjured by frightful stays, are full and voluptuous. Now and then, moreover, one does meet with a perfectly beautiful creature; and when a Mexican woman does combine such perfection she is "some pumpkins," as the Missourians say when they wish to express something superlative in the female line."

Most of part second is devoted to a recital of adventures in the Rocky Mountains, many of which are of the liveliest interest. The author's account of trappers and trapping, of wolves, bears and mountain sheep, prairies on fire, buffalo hunting, etc., etc., is very graphic and often full of thrilling excitement. We have marked several passages to be transferred to our columns, but this week have room only for an account of *Rube Herring and the lost trap.*

"A trapper on Arkansas, named Valentine Herring, but better known as 'Old Rube,' told me that once, when visiting his traps one morning on a stream beyond the mountains, he found one missing, at the same time that he discovered fresh bear 'sign' about the banks. Proceeding down the river in search of the lost trap, he heard the noise of some large body breaking through the thicket of plum-bushes which belted the stream. Ensconcing himself behind a rock, he presently observed a huge grizzly bear emerge from the bush and limp on three legs to a flat rock which he mounted, and then, quietly seating himself, he raised one of his fore paws, on which Rube, to his amazement, discovered his trap tight and fast.

"The bear, lifting his iron-gloved foot close to his face, gravely examined it, turning his paw round and round, and quaintly bending his head from side to side, looking at the trap from the corners of his eyes, and with an air of mystery and puzzled curiosity, for he evidently could not make out what the novel and painful appendage could be; and every now and then smelled it and tapped it lightly on the rock. This, however, only paining the animal the more, he would lick the trap, as if deprecating its anger, and wishing to conciliate it.

"After watching these curious antics for some time, as the bear seemed inclined to resume his travels, Rube, to regain his trap, was necessitated to bring the bear's cogitations to a close, and, leveling his rifle, shot him dead, cutting of his paw and returning with it to camp, where the trappers were highly amused at the idea of trapping a b'ar."

The reader will certainly have one or two more extracts from this work, the whole of which, by the way, may be obtained in paper covers, for fifty cents—of Hawks.

THE POET-SEER.—Long before the annexation of Texas was talked of, BRYANT wrote that transcendently beautiful poem, "The Lapse of Years." In it, after praying that

> "The rapid flight
> That makes the changing seasons gay,"

might be left him, he also asks for length of days to behold

> "The years that o'er each sister land
> Shall lift the country of my birth,
> And nurse her strength till she shall stand
> The pride and pattern of the earth;
>
> *Till younger commonwealths, for aid,*
> *Shall cling about her ample robe,*
> And from her power shall shrink afraid,
> The crowned oppressors of the globe."

A HINT ON PLOUGHING.—A gentleman farmer in Ontario County married a very wealthy lady from the city of New-York, and moved her home to his country mansion. A short time afterwards, before the good lady had learned much about the science of agriculture, one of the hired-men, in the absence of her husband, broke a plough; and it being in the early part of the afternoon when the accident happened, he was at a loss to know what to do the remainder of the day. Repairing to the house and making known his trouble to the mistress, and asking her what he should do, she gravely proposed that he should plough the rest of the afternoon, *with the cart!*

THE GENESEE FARMER, which entered in its nineth volume in January, is a very useful work, and cheap at fifty cents a year. It is published monthly at Rochester.

HON. JOHN DAVIS, whom we reported as dead two weeks ago, is still alive and convalescent.

Young Men's Association.—A lecture was delivered before this society last week on Friday evening, by A. P. Nichols, Esq., on *The Golden Age*; another this week on Monday evening, by Dr. Lord, on *The Star Aldebaran*; and another on Wednesday evening, by James L. Barton, on *Reminiscencies of Western New York and the Lake Region*. We regret that we have not room to speak of these several productions more fully.

The Democratic Review for this month contains an engraved likeness of Henry M. Shreve of St. Louis, Missouri, and the following original papers:

The Elective Franchise; The origin, justice and consequences of the Texican War; Adventures of Christopher Columbus, a poem, canto I; Phaedon, or, the Immortality of the Soul; Daniel Webster—his political philosophy in 1830; Adventure at an Opera Ball; Heart Joys; Chalcahual, a Tale of Mexico; The Chesapeake, a poem; Sketch of Henry Miller Shreve; French Critics and Yankee Foibles; Financial and Commercial Review; Gossip of the Month, etc.,

For sale by Hawks.

The Knickerbocker for this month is spicy as ever. The late Geo. H. Colton, Hon. H. W. Ellsworth, R. S. Chilton, Esq., Francis Parkman, Jr., and F. S. Cozzens, Esq. are among the contributors. For sale by Hawks.

Gov. Briggs of Massachusetts is lecturing in different parts of that State on the subject of Temperance. At the close of a late address at Lawrence, upwards of two hundred signers were obtained to the total abstinence pledge. Good!

Peace.—According to late rumors, the prospects of immediate peace with Mexico, are somewhat dubious.

Georgia United States Senator.—Governor Towns has appointed Herschell B. Johnson, Esq., to fill the vacancy in the Senate of the U. States, in the place of Walter T. Colquitt, resigned.

New York, Feb. 15—3½ P. M.

There have been two or three arrivals in New Orleans, bringing accounts from Tampico to 31st, Vera Cruz to 29th, and the city of Mexico to 18th ultimo.

The courier who was sent to the capital by Mr. Peoples for the American *Star*, was on his return drawn into the bushes, stripped and shot by the guerillas.

Fifteen cases of small-pox had occurred at Vera Cruz. The *Free American* of the 26th ult., says that Capt. Whipple had arrived from the Capital, and reports the capture of Orizba, and is being in the quiet possession of a body of American troops.

A Dispatch from the Capital.—The train which left the Capital on the 18th, consisting of about 200 wagons arrived at Vera Cruz in safety on the 20th, and without molestation. This train met General Marshall and Col. Miller, with their respective commands, at Puebla.

Legislature of New York.

In Assembly—Feb. 8.

REPORTS.

Mr. Spaulding, favorably on the Senate bill for draining lands near Black Rock.

THIRD READING OF BILLS.

To incorporate the Clinton Monument Association.

MOTIONS, ETC.

Mr. Spaulding, a bill to amend the charter of the city of Buffalo.

Mr. Schermerhorn introduced bills—to provide for the incorporation of telegraph companies—to amend the act of '46 relative to the fees of county treasurers.

Senate—Feb. 9.

PETITIONS.

By Mr. Hawley, against draw on Buffalo Creek Bridge.

REPORTS.

Mr. S. H. P. Hall, by bill, making appropriation for Western House of Refuge.

Mr. Wilkin offered a resolution setting forth that whereas the Normal School was established in 1844, as an experiment, and as that experiment was about expiring, and as it was important that the operations of the school should be known, with a view to future legislation—therefore, resolved, that a committee of three be appointed to enquire into the constitution and operations of said school, to report at the present or ensuing session, as to the expediency of continuing the same, and if in favor of its continuance, to suggest some plan for the same. [Agreed to.

Bills were read a third time and passed.

Assembly—Feb. 9.

PETITIONS.

By Mr. Pray, for a railroad from Buffalo to Fredonia, and thence to the State line.

REPORTS

Mr. Raymond reported against the petition for a continuance of the offices of Chancellor and the old Supreme Court, to July, 1849.

Mr. Coe, against the petition to equalize representation in Boards of Supervisors. [Agreed to, and committee discharged.

Mr. Severance, a bill to amend the Charter of Springville.

MOTIONS &c.

Mr. Benedict reported a bill to consolidate the several acts in regard to the city of Buffalo.

Assembly—Feb. 12.

REPORTS.

Mr. Raymond, in favor of the bill appointing referees in Equity cases.

Mr. Schermerhorn, a general bill for the incorporation of Savings Banks, of which five hundred copies extra were directed to be printed.

Mr. Upham, by bill, to extend the time in which the Tonawanda Railroad shall lay down heavy rail.

The Secretary of State communicated his report relative to Surrogates who had not made their returns.

The Manufacturing Law came down from the Senate with amendments.

Mr. Butrick moved a concurrence, and the House did concur. *So the bill is before the Governor.*

Cotton Works in Georgia.—From a report laid before the Legislature of Georgia, we learn that there are thirty-two Cotton Factories in operation and in construction in that State. In the working and building of which, two millions of dollars are employed. From 18,000 to 20,000 bales of cotton were consumed last year, and the amount of manufactured goods produced was equal in value to a million and a half of dollars.

Foreign Items.

IRELAND.

DISARMING THE PEASANTRY.—In various directions government agents are actively engaged in disarming the peasantry. A large body of police, whose movements are kept secret, generally meet at a given place at midnight, spread themselves over a given district, and at early morn commence the search for fire arms in the huts and dwellings within the district. Tipperary, Kings County, parts of Clare and Limerick, the Barony of Clonlisk, Nenagh and other parts, have thus been pounced upon, sometimes with success, sometimes without. In Nenagh and its vicinity fifty stand of arms were seized. It is suggested in a London paper that by "subjecting some of the parties already in custody to the full penalty of two years' imprisonment by way of example, it may be relied upon that the people will soon acquire a distaste for the secret possession of fire arms."

Cases of death from starvation in the South and West continue to be reported. Tipperary is said to be greatly distressed.

It is said, by a Cork paper, that no lamentation or expression of sorrow has been heard in Court or elsewhere, from the relatives and friends of the prisoners convicted and condemned to death under the special commission.

The Tipperary Constitution says that the conviction of Frewen—sentenced to transportation for life for harboring the murderer Ryan (Puck)—has been already attended with most salutary results, causing the peasantry to close their doors against another murderer, named Cody, who had for some time been harbored by them, but who was now compelled to surrender himself, or starve.

A Meath paper says that numbers of small farmers, holders of 20 acres and under, both in Meath and in the adjoining county of Cavan, have already commenced to make preparations for the spring emigration, by disposing of whatever interest they may possess in their farms for ready money.

The late Mr. O'Connell's friends are very indignant that, at a late civic banquet at the Mansion House, Dublin, the "dead lion's" name and memory were passed over in "contumelious silence."

The Times says:

"From every side we hear that the proceedings of the special commission have been attended with a beneficial result. It is true, indeed, that outrages have been committed close to the very town where the special commission was for the time, during and after its sittings, but at least we find that the peasantry have given up the harboring of offenders. To the crew of dastardly assassins who have so long infested the country, this is the beginning of the end. It may be terror of the punishment which in the first instance may deter them, but all along they would have been willing enough to refuse them harborage had it not been for terror of an opposite kind. Fixed between the two they must make their election, and there is no doubt they will find it their wiser as well as their safer course to side with the law."

In England, all is tranquil. The only meeting of the week was one held in London on the window-tax. Abroad, there is a revival of apprehensions and of discontent. The state of the health of the sovereigns of France and Spain causes uneasiness, for there are various conjectures afloat as to the probable consequences of the deaths of Louis Philippe and Isabella. In one case, the accession of an infant sovereign might encourage reform agitations sufficiently serious to compromise a regency; in the other, the succession to the throne could hardly fail to embarrass alike the governments of England and France.

The bullion in the Bank of England continues to increase. From the 14th to the 17th £250,000 in gold arrived at London.

The Bank had not reduced the rate of interest, but in the street money could be had at 3½ per cent.

Consols were improving, and the bankers and bill brokers were full of money, which the commercial demand was not sufficient to employ.

Corn had slightly declined and Cotton was steady.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF POWIS.—This nobleman was shooting on the 7th of January, at his estate in Montgomeryshire, with his brother and two of his sons. A pheasant rose, at which one of the sons fired, but the contents of the gun struck the Earl in the thigh. The wound was not thought very dangerous and for some days recovery seemed to be almost certain, but an unfavorable turn came on and the Earl died, somewhat suddenly. The Earl was 63 years of age, a high Conservative in politics, and sat for 33 years in the House of Commons, as member for one of his father's boroughs. He was a grandson of the celebrated Lord Clive, the conqueror of India.

A letter, received from Italy, announces that a sanguinary collision had taken place at Pavia, between the students and the Austrians. A number of persons were wounded, and several killed.

The Paris papers publish the protest of the Pope's Nuncio to the Swiss Diet, read by Mons. Guizot, in his speech to the Chamber of Peers, on Saturday. It appears, from letters received from Berne, that the Diet will not answer or otherwise notice the despatch, on the ground that the subject, being a purely religious one, does not fall within the province of a political assembly like the Diet.

Letters from Rome say that the popular assemblages in that city and the general excitement have given much uneasiness to his holiness and to the government; in consequence of which an article was published in the official journal, the Diario di Roma, on the 8th, remonstrating against the noisy and turbulent demonstrations in which the people had indulged.

The Swiss Diet, in its meeting of the 14th of January, perseveres in its resolution not to notice the protest, of the Pope, charges the Papal Nuncio with having kindled the civil war by his intrigues with the Sonderbund, and flings back upon the Court of Rome the charge of sacrilege.

The Austrian troops in Italy number 70,000.

The fourteen Roman newspapers have quietly, since Jan. 1, submitted to the stamp-tax of half a bajocchi.

Public prayers have been ordered in all the churches of Belgium on account of the contagious disease which is now prevalent in Flanders.

According to the *Italia*, Pisa journal, of the 8th inst., a number of Piedmontese bishops have protested against certain reforms accomplished by King Charles Albert.

A large fire broke out on the 28th of Dec., in the city of Drontheim, and destroyed twenty-three houses.

DISCONTINUING THE FRENCH MAIL STEAM PACKETS TO NEW YORK.—The following notice was issued yesterday at the General Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand:—"Information has been received from the Director General of the French post office that it has been found necessary temporarily to suspend the packet service which has been recently established between Havre de Grace and New York. No letters, newspapers, &c.,

will therefore be transmitted from this country for despatch by this line of packets, until farther notice." This unexpected notice of the Government has caused general disappointment to the merchants on the other side of the channel, as it either proves that these steamers are defective for a long voyage across the Atlantic, or that the expense of a regular packet service is more than the Minister of Marine is willing to incur.

From Spain the accounts are favorable to the liberal party, the popular leader Espartero, having returned from his exile in England. Crowds of the people surrounded his residence in Madrid, waiting to catch a glance of their favorite. Espartero had a long interview with the Queen, and her reception of the Ex-Minister was not merely kind but affectionate. Her eyes filled with tears as she looked on the man who had saved her crown. She entreated Espartero to come often to see her.

Letters from Turin of the 15th say that the Piedmontese people have responded with enthusiasm to the demand of the government for the extension of the armed force of the country. Orders have been issued to the foundries of cannon and to all the arsenals, for the preparation and supply of munitions of war. A letter says that the despatch of artillery and supplies to Alexandria and Navara was incessant. A camp was to be formed between Navara and Vigerano. It was also intended to call under arms the contingents which had not yet been summoned, and to put the entire army on a war footing.

The students of the University of Turin had put on mourning for a fortnight for those who had fallen in the conflict with the Austrians at Pavia.

The Universal Gazette of Prussia publishes the following letter from Vienna, dated Jan. 12:—"The arming here continues, and creates a certain agitation in society, where these threatening symptoms are seriously discussed. The purchase of cavalry horses amounts, up to the present moment, to the enormous sum of 1,500,000 florins. The Government is anxious to have ten or twelve thousand horses at once.

The reign of terror, in the most literal sense of the word, has commenced in Lombardy. According to the most recent advices, the inhabitants of Milan were the objects of the most atrocious menaces on the part of the Austrian commander, Radetski, who, not limiting his threats to words, gave much more significant indications of his purposes. All military officers, whether in actual service or in retirement, were forbidden to appear, except in uniform and armed. The artillery were kept night and day, with the guns loaded, and horses harnessed to them, stationed on the boulevards of the city, in the square of the chateau, and other commanding posts. The unfortunate inhabitants were in terror from hour to hour that the soldiers, who had been confined to their barracks, except when on duty, since the massacre on the night of the 3d, would be again set loose upon them.

The owner of some spinning-mills at Berlin has lately brought into the market a new species of flaxen thread, which is extremely long and silky, white in color, and spun and died with extraordinary facility. This preliminary material, which possesses, even in a superior degree, all the qualities of silk, is likely to compete with it from its simple and rapid fabrication, and from its price being very low as compared with that of silk. The appearance of this new article of commerce has caused a general sensation among the dealers at the fair of Leipzic, and an Englishman has offered the inventor £20,000 for his secret, but this was refused, as the owner intends to reserve to himself all the benefits of his discovery.

Congressional.

On Tuesday, in the SENATE, the joint resolutions from the House, giving the thanks of Congress to Gens. Scott and Taylor, were referred to the Military Committee.

Mr. Baldwin offered a resolution, calling on the President for the first project of the Mexican Commissioners, prior to their counter project offered to Mr. Trist. It was adopted.

The Ten Regiment Bill was then taken up.

Mr. Miller addressed the Senate in opposition to the bill. He referred to the President's message and argued that the war was not prosecuted now for the accomplishment of the objects laid down in the acts of the 13th May, 1846, recognizing the existence of the war, and peviding means for carrying it on.

Mr. UNDERWOOD obtained the floor but yielded it to Mr. Niles, who addressed the Senate in support of the bill.

Mr. Cass intimated that he would tomorrow introduce a resolution providing for evening sessions until the bill shall be disposed of

Mr. Berrian was strongly opposed to the course suggested by Mr. Cass. The measure was too important, and involved so many questions connected with the welfare of this country and Mexico, that he must object to pressing it through without mature deliberation.

HOUSE.—Mr. J. R. Ingersoll reported a resolution to give the widows of deceased members of Congress, the sum usually allowed by the house for the burial expenses of a member. It was finally referred. Ayes 79, noes 64.

A bill was reported from the Senate to extend the existing pension laws to the ordnance department. It was referred.

The loan bill authorizing the government to borrow $18,500,000 to meet the expenses of the war was then taken up.

The question before the House was an amendment to substitute 16 for $18,500,000.

Mr. Vinton of Ohio, spoke at great length on the fiscal regulations of the government.

Mr. Ligon of Maryland, followed in support of the bill.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.

SENATE.—Mr. Dix presented resolutions passed by the Legislature of New York, instructing the Senators and Representatives from that State to vote in favor of the application of the Wilmot Proviso to all territory hereafter annexed to the United States. They were ordered to be printed.

The House bill confirming the boundary between Missouri and Arkansas, was passed.

The Ten Regiment bill was then taken up.

Mr. Niles addressed the Senate in reply to Mr. Bell's accusations against the Democratic party of being actuated by a reckless desire for the organization of territory by conquest. Mr. Niles blames both parties for their conduct in regard to the war. The country desired peace.—He would support the bill only to strengthen our military position for a short time, he was in favor of negotiation, and with that view he had no objection to vote for this bill, with the hope that it might hasten the termination of the war.

The Government of Mexico desired peace on terms not unreasonable. Now is the time to make peace; there is no justification for prolonging the war: hostilities ought to be brought to a close, which could be done on the basis of our original claim to the Rio Grande, as the boundary, and receiving as indemnity lands now in our possession. Adj.

HOUSE.—A bill appropriating $500,000 for discharged soldiers who disembark at new Orleans and other places, was passed.

A bill to provide additional quarters for troops of the regular and volunteer force going to Mexico was passed.

A bill to establish a suitable Government in Oregon was made the special order for Monday, the 15th of March.

A war loan bill was then taken up. Mr. Fisher of Ohio, addressed the House against the bill. He reviewed the history of the annexation of Texas and contended that annexation was the original cause of the war, while the immediate cause of hostilities was the marching of the United Stated army across the Neuces to the Rio Grande.

Mr. Johnson of Tennessee, followed. He alluded to the power of the President to use his discretion in giving or withholding correspondence in all cases, as well as in the case of Slidell. He ridiculed the idea of the Whigs voting men and money, on the 11th of May, 1846, and now calling the war unconstitutional and unjust.

The House then went into committee of the whole on the state of the Union—transacted some important business and then adjourned.

THURSDAY, Feb. 10.

HOUSE.—A discussion took place between Mr. King, of Mass., and Mr. Cobb, of Ga., Henley and Palfrey, on a motion to receive and print a memorial from the Society of Friends, praying the speedy termination of the war. Rejected, 87 to 83.

The War Loan Bill was then taken up. Mr. Marsh, of Vt., spoke at some length against it, and against the annexation of New Mexico and California.

Mr. Brown, of Miss., defended the bill and the Administration at some length. The committee then arose and the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.

The Ten Regiment Bill, was taken up.

Mr. Turney spoke in favor of the bill. He contended that the whigs had shifted their position in regard to the cause of the war. In 1847 the whigs held that the annexation of Texas had produced the war. Now, they allege that annexation was not the cause. The President, they said was chargeable with bringing on the war by his own act. He went on at great length to show that the annexation of Texas was the cause of the war. Mr. Breese obtained the floor, and the Senate adjourned to Monday.

HOUSE.—The House went into committee o the whole on private bills.

The bill for the relief of the heirs of Paul Jones coming up,

Mr. Starkweather, of New York, opposed it. He said that the vessels captured by Paul Jones were surrendered to Great Britain, having been taken into Denmark, and were, therefore, of no use or pecuniary benefit to the United States after ten months had passed.

Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, spoke in support of the claim.

Mr. Rockwell, of Con., said that the whole amount was only a share of the prize money to which Commodore Jones was entitled—$24,000 and interest, and not the enormous sum represented by some gentlemen. Adjourned.

SAD CASUALTY.—On Friday evening last, the 21st inst., a sleigh, containing Messrs. John F. Lessey, Edward Oathwaite, and Michael O'Connor, was precipitated into the river, by the breaking of the ice, a short distance below the Fort.—After a severe struggle, the first two extricated themselves, and were found nearly insensible.—Mr. O'Connor perished before assistance could reach him. His body was recovered on the 24th and buried on the 25th. The deceased was a native of Tipperary county, Ireland. His age was 28 years. He had been in this country but a few months, having left Liverpool, last September, partially upon a tour of pleasure. Chance brought him to this place, some few weeks since. He was engaged in locating Land Warrants, and upon the day of his death had been examining lands. Mr. O'Connor had the manner and conversation of the well-bred and thoroughly educated gentleman. He came here a stranger, but has left many friends to mourn his premature death. He remains were interred in the Catholic burying-ground, of which church he appeared a consistent member.—*Green Bay Advocate.*

POSTAL ARRANGEMENT BETWEEN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES!—Our Montreal Telegraph Report of last night contained the following important announcement:

"We learn that his Excellency the Governor General has received a despatch from the Home Government, announcing that a new and satisfactory postal arrangement has been effected with the United States of America, to come into operation in April next. The Colonial despatches forwarded to his Excellency by the last mail, were permitted to pass unobstructed through the United States."—*Toronto Globe.*

HORRIBLE DEATH.—Dr. Isaac Hamberlin, a worthy man and old citizen of this county, came to his death, a few days since, in a most shocking manner. One day last week, Dr. Hamberlin, with two other gentlemen, left Satartia for a bear hunt, and proceeded to Lake George, where it forms a junction with the Sunflower River. A short time after they landed from their boat, the dogs entered the cane and immediately struck a trail, and Dr. H. followed them but a short distance, when he came up with them and a very large bear in the thick forest.

Dr. H. fired at him, the ball entering his head at the upper part of the nose, without doing much injury, other than to infuriate him, and he turned and made at Dr. H. The doctor endeavored to get out of the animal's way, but the cane being very thick, he could run but slowly, and had proceeded but a short distance when the bear overtook him, seized him by the thigh, and jerked him to the ground, and completely stripped Dr. H.'s leg of flesh and muscles. By this time the dogs again seized the bear and got him off.

Dr. H. then began to rise, but could not, being so badly torn. He then got out his hunting knife; the bear left the dogs and attacked Dr. H. the second time, and tore him very much. This time Dr. H. succeeded in cutting one or two gashes in the throat of the bear, but not deep enough to do him any material injury. The dogs again diverted the attention of the bear from his victim, and he left Dr. H. and engaged with the dogs; but, in a few moments, the bear came at him the third time, when Dr. H. made a stroke at him, but the bear seized the knife by the blade, wrenched it from Dr. H. and threw it some distance from him, and seized Dr. H.'s arm and mashed it into jelly. By this time the cries of Dr. H. brought one of his companions to his rescue, and he, seeing the awful situation of his friend, fired and struck the bear in the neck, which caused the beast to leave his victim and take to flight; but another of the company coming up, in an opposite direction, encountered the bear and shot him.

Dr. H. had his wounds tied up, and was then carried to the boat, to be conveyed immediately to Satartia, but he expressed his unwillingness to

return without having his formidable antagonist with him. His desire was gratified, and he and the bear were taken to Satartia, where eminent medical aid was brought to his assistance, but he died on the fourth day after, suffering during the time most excruciating pain. The bear was very large, though poor, weighing 340 pounds with his entrails out.—*Yazoo Whig, Jan.* 21.

LAWYERS AT A DISCOUNT.—It appears that there are no lawyers in the British Colony of Honduras, except an Attorney General, and that none others are permitted to exercise that vocation. An effort is now making to introduce a "limited bar;" but there is so much opposition to the measure, that it will hardly succeed. A writer in the Honduras Observer asks:

"What is now proposed? Why, to introduce 'a limited bar,'—or to fasten upon us a set of hungry lawyers, who by their briefs, their pleas in bar, their pleas in abatement, their declarations, their disclaimers, their demurrers, and re-demurrers, their legal fictions, and their sophistry, will render that which was plain and simple complicated and obscure—prolong the decision, defeat the ends of justice, set neighbors who have lived in peace at open strife, entail ruin upon many, do good to none but themselves, and who, after having plucked us clean, will leave us to get re-fledged as we may, and laugh at us for our folly in having allowed them to obtain a footing among us."

THE TAGHKANIC INDIANS—IMPORTANT DISCLOSURES AND ARRESTS.—Truth will out, and justice sooner or later is sure to overtake the guilty. The truth of this is fully illustrated by the important disclosures which have been made in relation to the outrages which have taken place in the Anti-rent district in this county. Although we do not feel at liberty, at the present time, to give all the facts which have come to light in relation thereto, still we can say, that enough is known to reach all, or nearly all, who have been engaged, either as actors or abettors, in the shooting of cattle, and other acts of violence and outrage. Warrants have been issued against several of the principal actors, and undoubtedly they will soon be arrested.

On Wednesday morning last, Geo. I. Finkle and Joseph his brother, of Taghkanic, were both arrested and committed to jail. On Thursday, the Sheriff and some of his deputies proceeded to Taghkanic to make other arrests, but succeeded only in taking two, Van Tassel and Van Wagman, the rest succeeded in escaping. On Sunday Wm. Wheeler was arrested in Chatham, by deputy Sheriff Allen, and brought in and committed to jail.—*Hudson Gazette.*

ATTICA AND BUFFALO RAILROAD.—We are informed on the best authority that this company, with the enterprize that has characterized their operations from the first, have closed a contract for the heavy T rail for their road, and that the whole of it is to be delivered between the 1st of May and the 1st of September next. The company will commence relaying the track as soon as the iron arrives, and will have the whole road re-laid within the present year.

It is the intention of the Tonawanda Company to re-lay the road with heavy iron between this place and Attica the present season. From here to Rochester it is in excellent order—in better, perhaps, than any wooden road in the country.—*Batavia Times.*

KILLING HORSES BY POISONING RATS.—According to the Pennsylvania *Inquirer*, a Mr. CRAIGE, who kept a stable in Philadelphia, lost six fine horses in an unaccountable manner.—When the seventh died, the cause was discovered Poison, to kill the rats which had infested a stable adjoining, had been scattered about and the rats had brought it and scattered it among the feed of Mr. CRAIGE's horses, and caused their death.

Price Current—February 16, 1848.

Flour, bbl.	$4 75	Turkeys, lb.	5@6
Pork, bbl.	@10 00	Chickens	5@6
Do slaugh. cwt.	5 00@5 25	Geese, each	25
Beef, cwt.	4 50@5 00	Clover seed, bu.	4 75
Butter, lb	12@15	Timothy	1 75
Lard	7@8	Flax	1 12½
Cheese	4@6	Grass	—
Hams	7	Whitefish, bbl.	6 50
Shoulders	5	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt.	1 50	Potatoes, bush.	22½@25
Wheat, bu.	95@1 06	Salt, bbl.	1 62½
Corn	50	Apples, bus.	25@27½
Oats	33@35	Do dried, bu.	62½
Slaughter hides, lb.	4@4½	Onions	1 00
Dry do.	9@10	Eggs, doz.	15
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb.	—
Sheep, slaughtered	62½	Soap	—
Lamb do.	18½	Whiskey, gall.	19
Dry	44@50	Highwines	20
Hard wood, cd.	@3 00	Lead, hund.	4 00
Hemlock	3 00	Beans, bu	1 00
Bit. (O) coal, ton.	5 50	Wool, lb	30@32
Bloosburg		Hay	@9 00

MARRIED.

At Akron, on the 27th ult., by the Rev. S. Smith, Mr. GEORGE L. KNIGHT, of Newstead, and Miss JANE ELIZABETH, daughter of H. Cummins, Esq., of Akron.

At Forestville, on the 6th inst., by Rev. H. W. Beers, Mr. SAM. K. J. CHESBRO, of Pawtucket, R. I., and Miss ANN E., eldest daughter of the late John Morrison, Esq., of Forestville.

DIED.

On the 8th inst., ADALINE, wife of Chauncy Bartholomew, aged about 40 years.

At Holland, on the 10th instant, LEWIS ORR, aged 41.

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Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1848. NO. 4.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Star Aldebaran.

A LECTURE BY JOHN C. LORD, D. D.
Delivered before the Young Mens' Association Feb. 14, 1848.

This is a fixed star of the first magnitude situated in the eye of Taurus. It is the largest star of the groupe, and with four others in the face of Taurus composes the Hyades; it is commonly called the Bull's Eye. The Hyades is a cluster of stars situated about eleven degrees South-east from the Pleiades, consisting chiefly of small stars so arranged as to form a figure like the letter V. "At the left," says an astronomer, "on the top of the letter is a star of the first magnitude called Aldebaran, which is distinguished from most of the other stars by its ruddy appearance." Palilicium is another name of this star, and the usual cognomen of Aldebaran is supposed to be of Arabic origin. The parallax of this star is not known and of course its distance from us cannot be determined, that it is immense and almost beyond the power of numbers to compute is obvious from the ascertained distances of those fixed stars which are more within the range of our observation. The distance of sixty-one Cygni is found to be about 592,000 times that of the earth from the sun, and light travelling at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second is more than nine years in passing from this star to our planet. Vast as this distance is, there are observable stars, and Aldebaran is probably one of them who are perhaps a hundred times farther from us and from whom the passage of light to the earth may be reckoned by centuries. But it is no part of our design to enter upon the details of the vast subject of Astronomy. There are those here far more competent to such a task than the speaker, some of whom have won a degree of deserved celebrity in this department of science. The Star Aldebaran is simply our motto; we use it as some preachers improve passages of Holy Writ merely by way of accommodation. This is a convenient mode when one is desirous of having no very close connexion between his text and his sermon, of hanging a great variety of topics upon the thread of his discourse like beads of different sizes and material strung without form or order. But though we intend to be discursive we hope not to be tedious. The Star Aldebaran is not so comprehensive a topic as the one selected by an old author who wrote in Latin and who entitled his book "De Omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis," "concerning all things and some others," which at least was giving his readers fair warning of the Herculean task they were about to enter upon. Some may condemn us as presumptive in selecting so *high* a theme. What can he tell us of this star, upon whom no man has laid the measure, or stretched a line upon it? Will the wings of his imagination carry him over that impassable solitude of space that separates the Earth from the Star Aldebaran, will not his pinions melt like those of Icarus before he has fairly taken his departure from this planet? With the writer of the aforesaid book upon "all things and some others," the speaker is likely to fall into the condemnation of unpardonable presumption. On the other hand it will be said that the topic is unworthy this enlightened age in which there is so much to admire and applaud, that a man is a fool to talk about any other stars than those which began to shine in the 19th century, and before whom Aldebaran and all the ancient lights must "pale their ineffectual fires." What presumption is this, says one, to bring before us an insignificant star whose twinkling is only noticed by a few visionaries who are behind the intelligence of the age, unmindful of those glories which have newly risen to drive away the darkness of antiquity. What utility is there, says another, in discussions about stars?—what money is there to be made out of such investigations?—what impetus can be given to that progress which is the glory of the modern generations and the shame by contrast of the past? How can any man have the face to leave the *beaten* track of glorification to go into the forbidden paths of ancient and forgotten things? How much better these themes whose popularity is as exhaustless as is the appetite of the vanity to which they minister, which are sure of success, which never fail of that applause which the law of reciprocity demands agreeably to the Scotch proverb "some thing for some thing," or "flatter me and I'll flatter you." But notwithstanding these anticipated criticisms we hope that our star will meet with favor, that Aldebaran being a fixed star may be allowed to shine without the aid of borrowed light. We hope the Press, if they condescend to notice our Star at all, will be favorable, and being native and "to the manor born" we may expect at least that stereotyped compliment with which most of our predecessors and all the lecturers from abroad have been gratified, to wit: "that the distinguished gentleman fully sustained his high reputation to the gratification of the numerous and intelligent audience," &c., &c. This saves all details and that particular criticism which we confess we fear Aldebaran could not safely encounter. We have no expectation of shining as a bright and particular star, and desire no greater encomium than the usage demands. We ask no brighter coloring for Palilicium pictures from the press than that which is used at every sitting and for the common portrait, which in the poetic and elegant phraseology of the West "is as large as life and twice as natural."*

We hope the antiquity of Aldebaran will be excused, for he has continued to shine while many lesser though apparently brighter lights have gone out. Many a Meteor has startled the nations and filled the horizon with light which has only left behind it darkness more intense; but Aldebaran began to shine when the "morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." From that day to this, with uniform and steady lustre he has looked out upon the mutations of human affairs. Upon Eden the garden of God

* The equanimity of a Sub-Editor of a Daily Paper in this city seems greatly disturbed by our remarks; he looks as solemn as an Owl upon our pleasantry, and shoots us Indian like from every bush and over the shoulder of every new Lecturer. A good hearty bark at us in the outset, instead of this stealthy snarling would perhaps have freed him from those *flatulent* points! which seem, notwithstanding their windiness, to have pricked him. Most humbly do we assure the learned gentleman that we did not mean *him* either in this place or in our general remarks upon Progress and Self-reliance.

shone the Eye of Taurus, whose light was shed upon the primitive and happy pair who sat by the tree of life, and saw its silver leaves glimmer in the rays of Palilicium. He looked pitifully out upon the ruins of the fall and saw those generations who filled the Earth with violence. The light of this star gleamed upon the waters that swept away the inhabitants of the old world and covered the earth as with a garment. Upon Aldebaran and his constellation Noah and his household gazed from the Ark with hope, seeing that God had not disturbed the heavenly bodies, the stars yet shone in their courses, though he had smitten the earth with a curse. His rays played scornfully upon the towers of Babel which sought to lift themselves among the stars and were thunder-smitten. He looked into the eyes of the star gazers who in the plains of Chaldea first sought to mark the laws of the heavenly bodies and to map their courses. Upon that night of fear when the Angel of the Lord smote the first born of Egypt in every house, looked out Aldebaran.—His beams fell upon that company who wandered through the wilderness and heard the voice of God from the precipices of Sinai. Upon the shepherds who watched by night in Galilee and heard the annunciation of a Saviour's birth, beamed Aldebaran—his eye rested upon the Sepulchre of the Lord of Life and upon the Roman guards that watched its portals. He saw the wolf nurtured founders of ancient Rome, and shone upon the Kingdom, the Republic and the Empire. His light was reflected from the Pagan altars and from the Christian temples of the Eternal City. Her Kings and Consuls, her Dictators and Tribunes, her Senators and Emperors passed in succession before Aldebaran. He saw her rise and fall and the broken fragments of her empire out of which the modern kingdoms of Europe came, and he shines on with the same calm and holy light which beamed from him at the beginning. Think not the less kindly of Aldebaran for his age, if he has made no *progress* he has at least lost none of his pristine glory. If he does not glow the more and shine the brighter in view of the amazing advances of the nineteenth century, think what an apology he has before whom so many generations, with the same bright hopes, the same fond anticipations, the same expectations of progress and the same certainty of success, have passed and been broken on the rock bound shores of time. Consider how he is bewildered in his conclusions by his experience of the past, not perceiving *as we do*, that our pride has any better foundation or our progress any more certain result than that of other ages whose expectations have perished and over the broken monuments of whose magnificence, Aldebaran now shines as he did in their day of promise and glory.

Perhaps the stars are offended because we have departed from the faith of their ancient votaries. We hold up to scorn the pursuits of the old Astrologer who saw, or fancied he saw, connexions infinite in the universe, who ignorant of the sublime discovery of modern times that men are born under *bumps*, believed that they were born under *stars*, and watched the conjunctions of the heavenly bodies and marked those which were predominant in the house of life. He cast a horoscope of the heavens (the *benighted* man) instead of drawing a chart of the head. If Mars was in the ascendant he predicted the characteristic of fiery carnage for the child born under the influence of the blood red planet, while with a wisdom which excites astonishment among the heavenly bodies the moderns predict combativeness from a particular protuberance of the brain. Nor should it be forgotten that our Aldebaran has a red and fiery appearance like Mars, and is possibly a vehement and passionate star and the more readily angered to see the Astrologer driven from his tower, his Astrolabe broken, his lofty conceptions ridiculed, his high imaginings of connexions between the immortal soul of man and the glorious orbs that preside over his birth cast down before the earthly and sensual speculations of modern philosophy. Possibly he has incited the other stars to join in a conspiracy not to honor this gifted and remarkable, this unsurpassed and unsurpassable age with any extraordinary degree of shining or unusual commotion, on account of this dishonor cast upon the ancient votaries of the heavenly host. The stars have the presumption to think that the old delusion was more pardonable than the new, more honorable to them and more agreeable to the analogies and connexions of the universe. They have the hardihood to believe that there are higher significances in them than magnitude, motion and distance, and that God created them and suspended them in space not only that they might be measured, their motions ascertained, their revolutions counted and their distances observed, but to teach great moral lessons of the Being and glory of Him who made them, and of the immutability and accountability of the creatures who are able to survey and comprehend them, and the foolish stars, think that even judicial astrology fanciful as it was and false in its application, was yet a nobler and more excusable error than some of the philosophies of this *enlightened* generation.

Possibly the stars blinded by ancient prejudices have an idea that the old exploded Alchemy, the parent of our modern Chemistry, is not without a counterpart in our times which we *know*, thanks to our freedom from all prejudices, are the days of progress and perfection. It is highly probable that Aldebaran, that old fashioned star, has a notion that the search after the philosopher's stone, the effort to transmute the metals to gold, based upon a true philosophy that all metals and all forms of matter having a common basis being resolved by fire into certain gases, and failing only because our chemistry is not as perfect as that of nature, was as respectable a pursuit as that which seeks to demonstrate a universal animal attraction which transmutes souls and passes them out of their own natural bodies to those of others. He might argue, if stars reason, that the partial success which has attended the efforts of the French chemists to form diamonds from carbon, proves that the attempt of the Alchemyst to manufacture metals was not really so absurd as this enlightened age imagines or at least is no more ridiculous than some things which characterize a generation which so easily discover the *mote* in the eye of the former generations without perceiving the *beam* in its own. If our star has such notions it certainly is an explanation of his extraordinary equanimity in view of our progress, and an apology for him and the other stars for not holding a jubilee over the 19th century.

Besides the stars are prejudiced in favor of that old gospel, the proclamation of which they heard in that hour of sorrow when condemnation, depravity and death became the sad inheritance of our race. They heard its annunciation in that day of doom, they saw its light break upon the darkness, they have watched its course and progress through successive dispensations for more than six thousand years, and they believe in it yet! They do not *see with us* that whatever is old is necessarily false, and whatever is novel is for that cause to be received as true. With the suspicion common to age, and they are old enough to be in their dotage, they regard the new gospels which *we discover* to be the forerunners of a grand political and philosophical millenium, with little favor,

they think the old is better and will finally work its divinely predicted end. They have seen a great many failures of similar inventions in their long watch as sentinels of the sky and they foolishly conclude that those of our projection are no better. Unhappy stars who because they have themselves made no advances, but shine with the same light and revolve in the same orbits as at the beginning, who for the reason that they see no law of progress in that vast mechanism of Almighty God in the natural universe which moves in the same grand order, obeys the same laws and fulfills the same end as in the day when GOD said "let there be light and light was;" who because the Creator has endowed the different orders of his creatures with powers which distinguish them as angels or men; as greater or lesser lights are known among the heavenly bodies, and as one star differeth from another star in glory, conclude that men are likely to continue men while in the body, characterized in every age by similar powers and wholly unable to usurp the thrones of the Cherubim. Because they have never seen a star leave the orbit for which it was made to pass into another, or a planet become a sun, they reject the doctrine of progress, and with an inconclusive reasoning marvellous in our eyes, they judge that the men of the 19th century are of like passions and of like intellectual endowments with those of former generations whose passage over the stage of life they have marked for so many centuries.

But while the *benighted* stars have watched, and the red eye of Aldebaran has been looking out upon the generations of men, what human eyes have marked the constellations and returned the gaze of Taurus? Who was it in Arabia that seeking the cool night to traverse the burning desert inflamed by the sun, and charmed with the aspect of the great star in the Hyades gave him the poetic and magnificent name of Aldebaran?—How many travellers in that cloudless and arid climate have watched for the appearance of this star and hailed him and his fellows with joy; as Southey makes his pilgrim in the desert exclaim

"How beautiful is night!
See what a balmy freshness fills the air—
How beautiful is night."

In the plains of Arabia in the days of the Patriarch Job, within a few centuries after the flood, men looking at the stars heard voices from the heavenly host—"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus and his sons? Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth?" Some of the Arabians saw God in the stars and said "He commandeth the sun and it riseth not and sealeth up the stars which alone spreadeth out the Heavens which maketh Arcturus, Orion and the Pleiades, and the chambers of the South." Others in that early and primitive age profanely worshipped the Host of Heaven, "kissing their hands" to the moon walking in her brightness, and adoring the stars shining in their courses. Our star is named in the ancient and sacred book of Job whose Chimah and Chesil are Taurus and Scorpio; and Dr. Hales reckons the time of Job by the allusion made to Aldebaran and his position. Distinguished among his fellows, the chief in his constellation, how many eyes in every generation have watched Aldebaran. Some in the ignorant yet beautiful simplicity of the child who fancied the stars were openings to let glimpses of the heavenly glory through. Others in the dawn of science perceiving something of the truth, observing the revolutions and motions of the heavenly bodies, and though ignorant of the true astronomy, yet conjecturing what is now demonstrated that all "are but parts of one stupendous whole," perverted the great and just idea of mutual influences and dependencies to the uses of judicial Astrology, which though false in its details was still a grand and poetic imagination which had its foundation in truth. How many eyes who have watched the stars have since, it may be, fathomed their mysteries, having been clothed upon with the spiritual body and permitted to inspect the universe as we now survey the planet we inhabit. As it is now demonstrated that thought may be communicated upon the lightnings wing, as messengers swifter than those creations of the great dramatist who at their master's bidding

"Trode the ooze of the salt deep,
And ran upon the sharp wind of the north,"

and "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," are now performing the business of men and passing their messages without the perceptible passage of time—the doctrine of a spiritual state and a spiritual body ought no longer to appear incredible to the most skeptical philosophers. A glimpse of the powers of the world to come seems to be given us in this mysterious agency, which breaks over the barriers of time and space, and is not amenable to the laws which ordinarily regulate all material things. As in the gradations of creature existence there are links connecting the different orders of being, from an insect to an angel; so there may be between the various modes of existence; between the natural body and the spiritual body, between the life that now is and the life to come, an agency which, while belonging to the one manifests something of the powers of the other. Who can with any consistency impeach the doctrine that the soul in another life may be clothed upon with an organization, in which it shall pass with a rapidity exceeding that of light, seeing that it can employ an agent here whose motion is independent of time, whose speed is unlimited by space?

It would be no unfounded and visionary speculation, then, if there were no warrant from sacred scripture, which would transport in an other organization to this distant star, those who in time gazed into the eye of Taurus, in the watches of the night, desirious to know the secrets of that glorious galaxy.

"Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

To them Aldebaran is now seen a glorious sun around whom revolves a vast planetary system—a world filled with life, to whose inhabitants our planet is invisible, and who behold the sun of our system a twinkling star adorning their night, as ours is illuminated by the Hyades, in that beautiful system of reciprocity and mutual dependence which characterises the material universe, and is analagous to that great law of love that binds all intelligences in the moral government of God.—Perhaps those to whose vision the secrets of Aldebaran have been exposed have found this law unbroken there, and discovered in that great world a race who have never been corrupted by the mad ambition to become as Gods knowing good and evil, who have never been bewildered by proclamations of a law of progress from that arch rebel who is 'King over all the children of pride,' that 'Covering Cherub' who once sat 'amid the stones of fire,' but fell from his high estate because he would be higher, and now

"Prince of the fallen, around him sweep
The billows of the burning deep."

Perhaps the temptation ye shall be as Gods, and 'ye shall not surely die' was resisted in Aldebaran,

whose *simple* inhabitants yet rejoice in their original holiness, content with their Eden, and knowing neither sin, sorrow or death. We may suppose that they who now with angel's flight pass round the mighty orb, which was once seen by them as a twinkling star, behold an unbroken law and a perpetuated paradise. They survey an innocent world, creatures uncontaminated by sin, happiness unmingled with the alloy of transgression. No curse has entered there, no cry of violence is heard, no voice of brother's blood ascending to the heavens, calling for vengeance. No warring elements contend for mastery, emblems of the unruly passions they are commissioned to chastise, no ministers of death, pale visaged and remorseless pursuing with hot haste the fallen and condemned, whose life for their sins is made as a vapor, and whose 'days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.' The king of terrors has no dominion where sin has had no entrance, and the shadow of his fearful power has never fallen on Aldebaran. Those who dwell in that fortunate world know nothing of evil and have no more thought of becoming Gods than has Aldebaran himself of leaving his sphere to revole in the eccentric orbit of a comet. Pride, passion, envy and revenge are unknown; covetousness, ambition and cruelty are words not found in their language, and having fulfilled their day in peace and happiness they pass from that form of life which confines them to their particular world to become citizens of the universe, as Enoch was translated that he should not see death, and "was not for God took him," so in the unfallen worlds, the change from the first and inferior form of life to the second and superior, may be without pain, surprise or fear. In the entire frame-work of the universe there are two manifest designs, two distinct ends, the one is found in the isolated world intended for the first form of life and observation to the rational creatures, in which they are confined by the impassable barrier of an atmosphere, and from which they cannot escape, but by a radical change in their mode of life, by passing from an animal and natural into a spiritual body subject to different laws; the other is seen the entire system, designed for the second and higher order of life, in which released from its former and limited organization the soul enters upon the Universe and becomes a citizen of the commonwealth of the entire material creation and is at liberty, unless prevented for transgression, to range over the whole and to inspect it with the same freedom with which a single planet, or world, was surveyed in the first and inferior form of existence. We think that this is indicated in the *structure* of the Universe, and that knowing that our world, and all single and particular worlds were made for the inspection of rational creatures, we are bound to infer, that all suns and systems in the ascending series to the whole vast, and to us infinite creation, which is yet one in the correspondence and dependance of its parts and the unity of its plan, are designed to be seen and comprehended, surveyed and examined, in a higher form of life.—To doubt this is to disregard the obvious analogy which is presented by our own position and powers, in respect to our world and the present existence. Has God made planets to be inhabited by rational creatures, who are capable of surveying and mapping its parts, calculating its powers, of measuring its dimensions, of enjoying and admiring its beauties, and has he not made the entire system for the same purpose, to be seen and known in a higher form of life, as its parts are in an inferior? Is there really any thing incredible or even difficult, in this on philosophical principles? Are there not changes in the inferior forms of life and within our own inspection, as marked and marvellous? The water worm that in its dark and slimy bed, apprehends only the few inches of sand in which it makes its circuit, and the few shells which lie within its observation, having fulfilled its first mode of organic life rises to the surface, casts off its skin, which it leaves a dead thing floating on the water, and rises into the atmosphere and looks upon the sun, still an insect indeed, but an insect now with wings, beautifully apparalelled and capable of a flight and of a survey, which by contrast with its former condition is as remarkable, as a transfer from a planet to a Universe.

But it is time to forbear, for some of you may suspect me of a design to preach, rather than philosophise, a thing unpardonable before a literary association, and when dealing with so fanciful a subject as a star. Yet we must be allowed to magnify Aldebaran, that he may shine among the other stars which have attracted your attention this winter, and won so much deserved applause. Every man for himself, is the motto of our world, whatever is the maxim of the Aldebaranites, of course every man for his own star, to do the best he can to make it twinkle among its fellows.—Besides, have not progress, self reliance, self improvement, and other matters of glorification been the great themes of the winter ably urged, powerfully vindicated, so that those of the contrary opinion, hide their diminished heads, with the sole consolation that if the doctrine of progress be true, they belong to the movement, and if self reliance be the grand secret of success, they have only to put a good face on affairs, and make up by a commendable self esteem for the slights and neglects of the public. By the law of progress ought not the *new* invariably to surpass the *old*, and should not the *last* lecture be always reckoned the best? While upon the popular principle of self reliance is not a man justified in standing to his own opinions, right or wrong, if all the world were against him?

But as one popular fallacy sometimes destroys another we would respectfully suggest, that some future lecturer take up the subject of the omnipotence of public sentiment. It would be easy to show, in the first place, that majorities are always right; and secondly, that they should always rule; and thirdly, that he who refuses to follow their lead ought to be forthwith hung up, being worthy of death, as a terror to evil doers, unless, indeed, that long desired law abolishing the death penalty should be enacted, which is to constitute the crowning demonstration of our progress. The lecturer might show that all the responsibilities of individual opinion are avoided by adherence to majorities—all the trouble of thinking, and all the odium of singularity. He might add, that the age of heroes and prophets has passed, that in the progress of human affairs it had come to be seen that the only just dominion is that of public sentiment, and that the multiplication of cyphers whose product was formerly thought to be nothing, is now demonstrated to give a grand sum total in the new arithmetic; or in other words, while the individual (by the supposition) is a mere cypher, whose opinions are of no importance, the judgment of individuals in the *aggregate* are the perfection of wisdom and knowledge. But is self reliance compatible with a proper submission to popular opinion? Is it not swallowed up as were the little serpents of the Egyptian sorcerers by the serpent rod of the new prophet, whose name is LEGION?

But if there are Philosophers in Aldebaran, which is highly probable, if literary associations and lectures are established in that distant orb, it is possible that their views might differ altogether from ours on the subject of self-reliance. In their ignorance and simplicity, they might give utter-

ance to such sentiments as the following:—"We are happy in having escaped the fate of the apostate angels who fell from their high estate, as it has been revealed to us, by the sin of pride, forgetting their dependance upon God, in whom all creatures live and move and have their being, they set up for themselves and lost their thrones in heaven; it is intimated in our Scriptures also that in an obscure and distant world, a similar ruin resulted from a similar cause, beware then O ye dwellers of Aldebaran of a like presumption trust not in yourselves, but in Him who made you, rely not upon your own wisdom, but upon *His*, whose understanding is infinite, glory not in your own strength for there is no power but of God, in your most arduous efforts seek his aid, without whom we can do nothing, and who when we work in this necessary dependance of the creature upon the creator works in us to will and to do so that we can do all things through the divine assistance. The security of all the innocent and holy is in their *felt dependance*, the misery of all fallen beings is their self-reliance. In this ignorant and simple way, it may be the Philosophers of our star speak to their admiring, because unenlightened congregations. It is a remarkable fact that there is an old book in our world which contains similar antiquated sentiments, which says among other things that, "he that trusteth in his own heart is a fool," and it is upon record that a stalwart old fanatic by name Oliver Cromwell, who believed in this book, told his soldiers on the eve of a great battle, which he won, as he strangely enough did the most that he fought, "to put their trust in God and keep their powder dry," placing self-reliance in a secondary and inferior position, while our progressive philosophy has made it the first, if not the sole means of success. But no better light has beamed on Aldebaran, no new philosophies, no social systems of human invention, they go along the old beaten track of duty, and obedience and dependance and if ever our rare inventions enable us to communicate with this unfortunate world, and who can limit our progress, we ought at once to send missionaries to its benighted inhabitants that they like us may become as Gods knowing good and evil. We might transfer to them political apostles from the extremes of both our great parties without any irreparable loss to ourselves who should teach them the principles of progressive democracy.

We might also spare without great damage to our world, a few of those renowned discoverers who invent new gospels every year, to instruct the Aldebaranites in the mystery of a progressive religion and to inform their ignorance in regard to the causes of apostacy and transgression, resulting not from sin, as their musty old books declare, but from the defective social systems under which God placed angels and men, a remedy for which, thanks to our progress, has now been discovered. In fact we might colonize a portion of our political and religious reformers and of our progressive philosophers with high advantage to ourselves, whatever might be the result to Aldebaran, and as charity begins at home, their exodus as missionaries from us would wear a highly philanthropic and benevolent aspect.

Possibly this scheme might result in annexation, as did the early emigration of a band of Reformers to Texas, and if Aldebaran should prove refractory and our means of communication would enable us to transport the munitions of war, we might reform them as we have the Mexicans, by the eloquence of cannon, and convince them by the gentle persuasives of powder and ball, and enlighten their darkened understandings with bombs and burnings.

Unhappily it is not demonstrable that these desirable results can be immediately accomplished, or that our communications with Aldebaran will be speedily opened. One hates to question any thing in the line of progress, but candor compels us to say that there are difficulties of distance and atmosphere to be overcome, which lead us to conclude that this achievement will be reserved for a future and *of course* a more enlightened generation.

But unconscious of these machinations against the peace and prosperity of his inhabitants, Aldebaran shines on happy in his comparative ignorance of our remarkable world, esteeming us only as one of the lesser lights made to revolve around and depend upon those great luminaries, who, with himself are centres of systems, suns, in whose light and heat the inferior planets rejoice.

Perhaps Aldebaran and the other Stars if they were fully advised of our improvements, and advances, and could be made to appreciate them, would say to the earth as the Cedars of Lebanon are represented in the Scriptures to have said to the the bramble: "come thou and reign over us," to which, with the briar we might be supposed to make the like magnificent reply: "come and put your trust under my shadow."

But other than fanciful or satirical thoughts are suggested by the night watchers—those glorious sentinels who indicate the vast and yet undiscovered army who lie back of them in the profound depths of space.

How immeasurable is that Omnipotence which fashioned these vast bordies which communicates and continues their motions, which holds them in their courses, which works their grand and complicated mechanism without disruption, disorder, or confusion.

What contrasts of permanency and continuance with change and decay, arise in the mind from the contemplation of the fixed stars from this world of ours. The red eye of Taurus, that looked out upon the fresh wrought capstones of the greatest of the Egyptian Pyramids, raised to their lofty position amid the voices of shouting millions, which like the noise of many waters, celebrated the completion of a monument which was to perpetuate the fame of their king and the glory of his subjects—now shines upon its time worn summit with the same lustre, though the name of the monarch is forgotten, and the dust of the people by whose labor it was erected, has covered and conceaied its base.

The beams of Aldebaran rested upon the towers of Babylon in her day of pride, and gleamed on the gigantic image in the plain of Dura, to whom all nations and tongues were commanded to do homage by the proud Prince who filled the throne of the first Universal Monarchy:—the same star now glistens on the waters of the Euphrates which have long since buried beneath their marshes the last memorial of the golden city which sat a queen among the nations.

That race of giants who founded the hundred-gated Thebes, ages before the wing of the Roman Eagle was fledged for conquest, who built the temples which Homer celebrated, which mock the efforts of succeeding generations, who designed and elevated that wonderful statue of Memnon which the morning sun made vocal, who wrought the mysterious and massive features of the Sphinx —saw Aldebaran gild their yet unrivalled monuments of art, genius and mechanical power:—their pigmy successors, barbarous and hunger smitten, wander by the light of the same star among ruins, the grandeur of which has hardly been im-

paired by the flight of thirty centuries—for Memnon and the Sphinxes still keep watch and ward ever "Thebais Hecatonpylos."

The soldier who watched by night upon the Walls of Tyre, the ancient Mistress of the Sea, when Alexander was thundering at her gates, saw the beams of Aldebaran cast upon the fleets and armies, which girt in their deadly embrace the Emporium of the Commerce of the East, 'whose merchants were princes;'—no wall, no sentinel, no towers or ships, or hostile legions—sees Palilicium now, he shines on a bare rock where a few poor fishermen spread their nets to dry.

Upon a collection of rude huts on an island in the Seine, and still ruder fortifications of the wild Gauls, looked the Star Aldebaran two thousand years ago—now the same light rests upon a city of a million of souls, to which the civilization, the arts, the literature, and the *profligacy* of Athens and Corinth have been transferred, and flourish with something like their pristine vigor.

Upon Druidical rites and human sacrifices shone Palilicium once in a distant and petty isle of the Northern Atlantic, which the imperial Cæsars thought hardly worth their conquest—upon the same spot the modern Babylon now rears her Christian Temples, sending her fleets to every sea, her colonies to every continent, the Star of Dominion rests upon the ancient Brittannia—soon to dawn upon the dwelling place of her sons in the New World, for "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

Less than four centuries since upon the bleak inhospitable coasts of an unknown continent, roamed a few savage hunters and warriors in the wilderness, who thought the stars shone to light the brave and virtuous Indians to the happy hunting fields in the sky. That wilderness is now occupied by the teeming millions of a vast confederacy of States before whom the forests and their tenants have disappeared, who have leveled the mountains and filled up the vallyes—who have chosen their emblems from the heavenly host and spangled their banner with stars — That banner now visits every sea and floats triumphantly over conquered cities, continually adding new States to that Galaxy, which symbolizes a power that already casts the dawning light of its destined preeminence upon the startled monarchies of the Old World. And the flattered nightwatchers follow the star spangled banner with earnest gaze along its destined path of conquest, and Aldebaran gazes out on all those changes with the same calm and conscious smile.

And over the ruins of the new Dominions shall Palilicium shine; upon their broken power and departed glory, shall the eye of Aldebaran gaze and this young Empire, like its eagle emblem, spreading its wings for conquest, shall fall like its predecessors in the paths of progress and be broken forever and the pitiful stars shall look down upon the wreck of our glory, and say, alas, alas, how art thou fallen, O son of the morning, and made thy bed in the dust, and become like to those who have gone before thee into the sides of the pit.

Thy grave, O Hearer, shall Aldebaran watch, when the fire of thine eye is quenched, when the bloom on thy cheek has faded, and guard the portals of thy grave until the day when the Master of Life shall cast down the throne and break the dominion of death. Thy spirit will soon leave its house of clay, and pass out upon the universe, and perchance to this distant star, thou mayest wing thine uninterrupted way, and bethink thee, as thou surveyest its glories, that its light is resting upon the remote planet of thy birth, and glistening upon the marble that affection has reared to thy memory over the deserted and decaying tabernacle that once enshrined thy soul, and which is again to receive it when raised a spritual and incorruptible body by that word of power, that from emptiness and nothingness, from darkness and chaos, summoned at the beginning, matter and motion, light and life.

What an image of immutability and eternity is a fixed Star pointing us to a future and endless existence to another and a better life—*a lighthouse* of the skies directing the mariner on the Ocean of life to a haven of eternal rest—*a window* in the heavens revealing glimpses of a glory which eye hath not seen, which ear hath not heard,—*an orb*, the magnitude of which teaches that true and divinely appointed progress which consists in the expectation of, and the preparation for, another and higher organization when the walls of our earthly house shall be broken,—*an eye* beholding all things, penetrating the secrets of night apt emblem of that Omniscience with whom the darkness and the light are alike.

Happy will it be for us if we learn the lessons which are taught by the heavenly Host. Fortunate will the speaker to night esteem himself if Aldebaran meets with your favor, and is allowed to take a humble place behind those stars of the first magnitude which have shone upon this congregation from evening to evening in this place from whom if our star differs, it is with all respect. None will be offended who are lovers of truth which is always more readily elicited by discussion, and, if any are disturbed by our comparatively feeble and unequal advocacy of old fashioned opinions, they will only manifest their own want of confidence in the popular dogmas which they uphold.

Govs. Tompkins and Lewis and Camel-driving.

We copy the following from the Correspondence of the N. Y. *Home Journal*. If not true, it ought to be:

Very soon after the elevation of Tompkins to the chair of state, after his triumphant success over Governor Lewis, the latter was elected to the Senate from the middle district, and chosen a member of the Council of Appointment. At one of the sessions of this council, Governor Lewis introduced the subject of the recent election, and expressed his surprise at the result—more especially marvelling at the change of popular opinion in a particular town in Otsego, where, his friends had assured him, there was but one man in it, who would vote for the "Farmer's Boy." "Don't you know how that was brought about?" asked Tompkins. "Not I," replied the ex-Governor; "but should like to know the cause." "Well, then," said the other, "it was thus: The solitary voter you mention, did, for a long time, stand alone—the butt and ridicule of all his townsmen, for his staunch adherence to the "Farmer's Boy;" and one day, at a large meeting, they began, as usual, to roast him for his singular predilection. Says your particular friend, Judge S.: 'Is it possible that you mean to vote for Daniel D., the 'Farmer's Boy?' Why! he was sold, ten years ago, by his father, for twenty bushels of potatoes! Really! it is disgraceful to stick to a fellow who was held so cheap by his own relations.' 'Well, Judge,' was the reply, 'I don't know anything about the story, but, if you say it is, it must be, true; but, I've heard tell, that, since that time, he has been a member of the State Convention—a member of the Assembly—and a member of Congress; is that true?' 'Yes,' said the Judge, 'but what of that?' 'Why, just this: I know,

beside all these, he has been a Supreme Judge, for I saw him at Cooperstown, at the circuit; and, for a young man who was sold so cheap, he has got up the ladder pretty fast, and, to my notion, must be a confounded smart chap; but, before you spy motes in the eyes of our candidate, you had better take the beam from those of your own. I tell you, I'd rather go for the *Farmer's Boy*, than to vote for a fellow that went about the State with a camel for a show!'

This was like the explosion of a bomb-shell.—The whole room was in an uproar. 'What's that you say?' asked half a dozen at a time, and Judge S., with great solemnity, exclaimed: 'Do you dare to say that Governor Lewis ever kept a camel for a show? That's actionable!'—'Well, I said what I did say, and you may make the most of it,' was the rejoinder; 'and I ask you, Judge, and every man here, if, when he and Solomon Van Rensselaer came out here to review our brigade, if there was not a camel came along at the same time?' 'Well, what of that?' they all roared out, 'you have not the impudence to say that was Governor Lewis's camel?' 'I say what I say,' said my friend, 'and I ask you all, if, when we went over the next day to the muster of the other brigade, was not the camel there?' It was admitted. 'Well, was not it so in Chenango, when their troops were paraded?' he continued. This was also accorded. 'Well, now,' said my friend, triumphantly, 'here is a Utica paper, giving notice of a general review in Oneida, and here, just under it, the camel is advertised to be shown for a shilling!' 'But, Mr. ———, now you don't seriously think the money for the show went into Governor Lewis's pocket?' they asked. 'Well, I won't say all I think,' says my friend, 'but this I will say, I don't think he was much out of pocket by his journey; but, if anybody thinks differently, he may, and that's all I shall say about it, and so, good bye.' These were 'strange coincidences,' and my friend having infused the *leaven*, took his leave. 'I declare," said one, 'there is something in this.' 'I think so too,' said another. 'You don't catch me voting for a camel-driver!" said a third. 'Nor me, neither,' said a fourth. The whole mass was in a ferment; Judge S. was left alone in his glory, and I carried the town; his vote alone against me!"

The quondam Governor was rather fidgetty during this narration, and made frequent applications to his snuff-box, and, taxing a pinch extraordinary, he arose and walked across the room, exclaiming: "You did lie me out of that election, most infernally!"

Wages of Labor

The Report of the Commissioner of Patents contains an extended statement of the prices paid to farm laborers and to mechanics in the various counties of the different States of the Union.—The facts thus presented must be interesting to our readers generally, and we give the substance of them in condensed form:

Farm Laborers.—Maine, northern parts, $12 to $15 per month.

New Hampshire and Vermont, $12 per month.

Massachusetts, eastern, $12 to $14 per month.

Massachusetts, western, $11 per month.

New York, mostly $10 per month, often $12 per month, a very few $8 per month.

New Jersey, $15 per month, and not boarded.

Pennsylvania, mostly $10 to $12 per month.

Maryland, $8 to $10 per month; 37 to 50 cents per day.

Virginia, southern, $5 per month; north-western $10 per month.

North Carolina, northern and central, $7 to $8 per month; western, 50 to 75 cents per day.

South Carolina, western, $5 per month; north western, $6 to $10 per month, north-eastern, 28 cents per day; central, $8 to $10 per month; white laborers, $15 per month.

Georgia, north-western, $15 per month, or 75 cents per day.

Alabama, southern, 30 cents per day; northern, 25 cents a day; central, 50 cents a day.

Mississippi, colored, 50 cents a day; white $12 to $15 per month, and found; newer parts, 50c per day.

Tennessee, western, $8 to $13 per month; eastern, $10 to $12 per month.

Ohio, mostly $10 per month, rather higher in the southern parts.

Indiana, $9 to $10 per month.

Illinois, central and southern, $8 to $10 per month; northern, $15 to $20 per month.

Michigan, very variable, average about $11 per month.

Iowa, about $12 50 per month.

As a general average, wages are higher, in more newly settled regions, especially where emigration is rapid and enterprise considerable; in older country places the wages are lower, except near cities, where they are high. In the slave-holding States wages are generally considerably lower than elsewhere, with the exception of the sugar region in Louisiana, and the more southern, newer and cotton producing portions. To these general remarks there are of course exceptions.

Mechanics.—In the more northern and eastern States the daily wages are from one dollar to one dollar twenty-five cents, being higher in cities.—In the more northern slave States wages are not quite so high. In the newer slave States the wages of mechanics are higher, varying from one to two dollars. In the Western States the price is generally variable, being from 75 cents to two dollars per day; scarcity in a supply tending to advance the price; while the low price of provisions, and consequent higher rates of money, has a contrary tendency.

In England the average wages of a laborer are forty cents per day, but the standard varies greatly. The Nottingham stocking weavers, in an address to the public, stated that after toiling from fourteen to sixteen hours per day, they could earn only from one dollar to one dollar and twenty-five cents per week; and were obliged to subsist on bread and water, or potatoes and salt.

In Ireland, the average price of common labor is from ten to twelve cents per day. In France, the common wages of a hired laborer are thirty-seven dollars fifteen cents for a man, and eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents for a woman, annually; the taxes upon which are equal to one-fifth of the net product. In some parts of India, where the laborers want but a little rice and salt, the common wages are as low as five cents a day.

A strong shock of an earthquake was felt in various parts of Nova Scotia on the 1st inst.—The ice at Porter's Lake and Lawrencetown was shivered into fragments, and the doors of the houses in many places were shaken open.

Important to Batchelors and Widowers.—The House of Delegates of the Maryland Legislature, on Saturday, adopted an order imposing a tax on batchelors, between the ages of 26 and 50 years, and widowers of two years standing. A motion to include widows and old maids was rejected.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Song.

BY C. S. PERCIVAL.

I stood on the bank of a fairy stream,
By the side of a fairy maiden,
While the stars sent down their placid beam
With a tremulous beauty laden.

And sweetly up from the mirrored skies
Those stars were smiling on me—
But I saw alone two star-like eyes
Whose ravishing light had won me.

The fairy stream went murmuring on
While the spell of beauty bound me,
And sweetly the while its melting tone
Was floating soft around me.

But I heard alone, in my witching dream,
Those tones with music laden,
That fell, as I stood by that fairy stream,
From the lips of that fairy maiden.

FRANKLIN COLLEGE, Tenn.

For the Western Literary Messenger

The Streamlet in the City.

BY GUY H. SALISBURY.

Many years ago, ere the ground on which this busy, populous city stands, had felt the foot of the white man, there flowed a small streamlet from what is now the northerly part of the city, and, meandering through the ravines that then diversified the ground, lost itself in the marsh where the terminating section of the Erie Canal has since been located. It gurgled out from the side of a quiet, secluded nook, on whose sunny banks the earliest wild-flowers used to bloom, and its crystal current seemed of most refreshing coolness, as it trickled among the semi-transparent pebbles, that huddled together in the little basin formed by its restless flow. Where it rambled musically along, there were clumps of bushes that bent gracefully beside it, and tall trees that waved their wide-spreading branches over it, in whose lofty tops the twittering birds sang, while many a modest floweret amid the turf that sloped quite down to the waters' edge, saw its own humble beauties in the glassy eddies, and seemed thus, in its loneliness, to have something of its kind to hold communion with.

And thus the Streamlet ran, as wild and free as such things love to be—of little use, in that solitary world, save that the savage Indian drank of it, when wearied with the chase, or panting in pursuit of his flying foe, and that the wild animals of fierce or harmless nature, alike paused to slake their thirst, as they ranged their trodden haunts through the solemn woods. The glorious sun lit up its line of sparkling light, as he glanced down upon it through the over-arching shades, and the gentle moon and the placid stars shone as brightly on it as on the broader, grander rivers, and lakes, and seas, and their imaged orbs were as faithfully reflected back to the bending heavens. And thus the merry Streamlet kept tripping on its murmuring way, amid the wild forest, for years.

At length came the white man, through the savage war paths—in the track long trodden alone by the panther and the deer. Through the thick woods—the wind-swayed leaves brushing his very cheeks—pushed onward the hardy Pioneer whose bold footstep disturbed the solitude. As he made his toilsome, difficult way, his quick glance caught the gleam of leaping waters, and he hasted to lave his brow, hot with fatigue of travel, in the running Streamlet. Then first it mirrored the strange features of our adventurous race, whose grasp is ever for empire—and it babbled noisily to itself, as it stole timidly away, for there are

"Tongues in the running brooks,"

or SHAKSPEARE's no authority. We know not what it babbled of, but it might have been of the wondrous changes so soon to come over those sylvan scenes—over the wide blue waters that rolled up to the very margent of that tangled wood—over the vast untrodden regions that lay beyond.

But onward pushed the determined intruder, and the wilderness-spell was broken. The time had come, when the great Prophet of Progress was to do his miracles, and the Apostles of Improvement were abroad. The first rude cabin—the first hearth-stone—the nucleus of civilization—were planted there.

The infant settlement enlarged its borders—the tall trees sank before the axe, and huts and dwellings rose, scatteringly in their stead. Then the upward curling smokes of the hamlet were shaddowed upon the surface of the Streamlet—another phase in its hitherto uneventful existence.

There was a fearful winter day, in December, 1813, when those graceful curling volumes were merged in one vast murky atmosphere of mingled smoke and flame! The barbarous enemy had given the young village to the torch, and its scattered roofs went down in common ruin. Then the glare of the fierce, red light shimmered over the shuddering Streamlet, whose thread-like current, stealing along through the melting snow, was faintly tinged, at intervals, with human gore. A sadder phase was this desolation, that it still faithfully reflected to the cold, gray, wintry skies.

A few years, and among the urchins of the rebuilded village, I used to play around the bright spring, and loved to bend my thirsty lips to its cool surface, when tired with sport, to drink of the delicious waters. Ah! when shall earthly fount yield half so sweet a draught as that nectar of Nature to the unpalled lip of Childhood! It was a lovely spot, that little sunny dell, shaped like a huge sea-shell, on whose warm, sheltered sides the flowers were thickly sprinkled—around which the clustering bushes wore a fresher green. It was in the fields then, with a narrow, winding path leading to it, through wild roses, over mossy banks and bosky knolls.

Time flew swiftly by—Boyhood had changed to Manhood—the cares of the world had crushed

many a dear recollection of those young days—and my roving feet had sought Fortune—as we too often seek for Happiness—away from Home. But, a few eventful seasons rolled along, and I had visited again the scenes of early years, led by the strong hand of "Circumstance, that unspiritual God."

Amid the ever-changing, growing city, the old landmarks are swept ruthlessly away, until a few years of absence seem to have obliterated almost the memory "that such things were." I had forgotten the Streamlet of my boyhood, and knew not whither it had gone, amid the crowding wilderness of brick and mortar that had usurped the green places of that which Nature planted. Indeed, I deemed that it must have been choked, or dried up, or drawn away by the drains and sewers that run through the many streets which have cut up the beautiful fields.

But, as I was sauntering musingly along, one lovely Autumn day, the recollection of the little Streamlet that used to meander thereabouts, flashed upon my mind, and I resolved to while an idle hour in seeking to trace the long forgotten fountain. I soon spied a clearer current than usually fills the city ditches, purling along the roadside, and, pursuing its course, as it methodically turned the square corners of the streets—flowing still in the straitened channel of the paved or unpaved gutters, I followed it to its source. It welled out from beneath a broad flagstone, in the crosswalk, of a recently paved street.

A few moments of busy reflection served to convince me, that *this* was the merry, gurgling Spring of the olden time! Yet, what a change! The flowery dell of those early days was gone—gone, too, the clustering bushes, the singing birds, the broad green fields of lovely verdure—the winding path that led through clumps of wild-roses. All had long since vanished, and before me was the paved street, and the paved side-walks, glaring in the sun. Before me still gushed out the bounteous waters, as freshly as of yore, but I could not stoop to quaff them, as I did thirty years ago! There were thronging passers-by, wondering at my simplicity in gazing at a simple spring, that ran but to fill the gutters, and whose overflowing current was only a nuisance, flooding the adjacent streets. Could it have been done, they would have had the Street Commissioner seal up the useless waters, and so have repressed them forever.

I turned away, in sadness—almost in tears. But, as I turned, I caught the reflected images of tall piles, and lofty spires, in the yet mirroring surface of the neglected Streamlet, as it ran along its unwonted, artificial course, and it presented another—the last—phase in its changeful history. A busy interval had been there, since its waters glanced back the waving forms of the primal wilderness!

So gush out, in our young life, the feelings, hopes, affections, of the soul—pure and unsophisticated, they flow along Youth's flower-strewn pathway. So, in after life, are they thwarted and turned aside, and choked by the cares and circumstances that environ us. So, too, they *will* flow on, as freshly from the fountains of feeling as ever, though to be alike diverted into strange, unnatural channels. Hope for the heart, whose human affections are as irrepressible as the still gushing waters of that neglected, uncared-for Spring!

From the Democratic Review.

Upward!

Cease your wild fluttering, Thoughts that fill the soul!
Silence awhile, 'tis but the hour of birth!
Spurn not impatiently the mind's control,
Nor seek the clouds ere ye have looked on earth!
Still your strong beating till the day has gone
And starry eve comes on!

Why would ye sweep so proudly through the sky,
With fearless wing the snow-crowned hills above,
Where the strong eagle scarcely dares to fly,
And the cloud-armies thunder as they rove—
Make in the solitude of storms your path
And tempt the lightning's wrath?

Will ye not linger in the earth's green fields
Till the first feebleness of youth is o'er,
Clasp the fresh joy that young existence yields
In the bright present, and desire no more?
Lulled among blossoms, down Life's morning stream
Glide, in Elysian dream!

Throb not so wildly, restless spirit, now!
Deep and undying though thy impulse be,
Would not the roses wither on thy brow,
When from thy weary chains at last made free?
In such hot glare, would not the proud crest stoop,
And the scorched pinion droop?

I pause. In might the thronging thoughts arise:
Hopes unfulfilled and glory yet afar,
Vague, restless longings, that would seek the skies,
And back in flame come like a falling star.
I hear ye in the heart's loud beating seek
A voice wherewith to speak.

"Say, can the children of a loftier sphere
Find on the earth the freedom they desire?
Can the strong spirit fold its pinions here
And give to joy the utterance of its lyre?
Can the fledged eaglet, born where sunbeams burn,
Back into darkness turn?

"Must not the wing that would aspire to sweep
Through realms undarkened by the breath of sin,
Dare in its earliest flight the trackless deep,
Nor faint and feebly on the earth begin—
Mount as a soaring lark, in Morning's glow,
And leave the mists below?

"We feel in heaven's own ether, calm and high,
A god-like strength, the storms of earth to stem;
The volleyed thunders from our pathway fly—
We twine the lightning for a diadem!
Far, far below, the clouds in darkness move—
The sun is bright above!

"No soul can soar too loftily, whose aim
Is God-given truth and brother-love of man;
Who builds in hearts the altars of his fame,
And ends in love what sympathy began.
Spirit, ascend! though far thy flight may be,
God then is nearer thee!

Rattlesnake on a Steamboat.

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF A LOUISIANA SWAMP DOCTOR.

From the New York Spirit of the Times.

Shortly before the usual time for wending my way North to the medical lectures, an opportunity was offered me by an ingenious negro, who had caught the reptile asleep, of exchauging a well worn blanket coat and two dimes, principally in cash, for as fine a specimen of the Rattlesnake as ever delighted the eye or ear of a naturalist; nine inches across the small of the back, six feet seven-eighths of an inch in length, eyes like globular lightning, colors as gaudy as an Arkansas gal's apron, twenty-three rattles and a great propensity to make them heard, were the strong points of my purchase.

Designing him as a propitiatory offering to one of the professors, my next care was to furnish him with a fitting habitation. Nothing better presenting itself, I made him one out of a pine box, originally designed for shoes, by nailing thin slats transversely, so as neither to exclude air nor vision, but sufficiently close, I thought, to prevent him from escaping. The day for my departure arrived, and I had his snakeship carried on board the boat destined to bear me to Vicksburgh, where I would take an Ohio steamer.

Unfortunately for the quietude of my pet, on the Yazoo boat was a young Cockney lady, who, hearing that there was a live rattlesnake on board, allowed her curiosity to overcome her maiden diffidence sufficiently to prefer a request, that the young doctor "would make his hanimal oller!" a process which the proverbial abstemiousness, when in confinement, of the "hanimal," was accomplishing rapidly without any intervention on my part. Politeness wouldn't allow me to refuse, and as it was considerable of a novelty to the passengers, his snakeship was kept constantly stirred up, and his rattles had very little rest that trip.

The steamboat at length swung alongside of the wharf-boat at V——, and transferring my baggage, I lounged about until the arrival of a boat would give me an opportunity of proceeding. The contents of the box were quickly discovered, and the snake had to undergo the same inflictions as the day previous, until thoroughly vexed, I made them desist, and resolved thenceforth I would conceal his presence, and allow him to travel as common baggage.

"The shades of night were falling fast" as the Steamer "Congress" came booming along, and after a stay of a few minutes for passengers, proceeded on her way, obtaining none however, but myself. The snake-box was placed with the other baggage, on the cabin deck in front of the "social hall," jam up, as luck would have it, against one of the chimneys, making the location unpleasantly warm.

It was one of those clear, luminous nights in autumn, when not a cloud dims the azure, and the heavens so 'beautifully blue,' (alas! poor Neal,) are gleaming with their myriad stars, and the laughing breeze lifts the hair off the brow and presses the cheek with as soft a touch as the pulpy lips of a maiden in her first essay at kissing. The clear croupy cough of the steamer was echoed back in prolonged asthmatic strains from the dark woods lining the river like an army of cowled gigantic monks, come from their cells to see a steamboat. Supper was over, and the beauty of the night had enticed the majority of the passengers from the cabin to the open decks.

A goodly number, myself among the rest, were seated in front of the social hall, smoking our cigars and swapping yarns of all climes, sizes, nations and colors.

Sitting a few yards from me, the most prominent personage of the group, smoking his regalia, and regaling the crowd with the manner which he choked a "cobra de Capella" to death, that crawled into his hammock in India, was an old English sailor, who, from his own account, had sailed over all the world, and through some parts of it.

Weighing the words down with a heavy ballast of oaths, he said he wasn't afraid of any thing in the snake line from the sea serpent down to the original snake that tempted Eve. I asked him if he had ever met the rattle-snake since he had been in America, thinking I would put his courage to the test on the morrow.

"Seen a rattlesnake! Yes, enough to sink a seventy-four! Went to Georgia on purpose to kill them! Pshew! To think a man that had killed a boa-constrictor, fair fight, should be afraid of a little noisy flirt of a snake that never grew bigger round than a marlin spike."

At this moment the boat was running a bend near in shore, and the glare of a huge fire at a wood-yard was thrown directly under the chair of the braggart, when, to my utter amazement, I saw there, snugly coiled up, the huge proportions of my *snake!*

I was so horrified and astonished I could neither speak nor move. I had left him securely fastened in his cage, and yet there he was at liberty in his deadly coil, his eyes gleaming like living coals. The light was intercepted, and the foot of the sailor moving closer to the reptile, it commenced its warning rattle, but slowly and irregularly, showing it was not fully roused.

"What is that?" exclaimed a dozen voices.

The foot being withdrawn, the rattling ceased before its nature or source could be clearly traced.

"'Twas the steam escaping" said one.

"A goose hissing," said another.

"The wind."

"A trick to scare the sailor," thought a good many; but *I knew it was a rattlesnake in his deadly coil!*

The horror of that moment I shall not attempt to describe, every second I expected to hear the shriek of the sailor as the deadly fangs would penetrate his flesh, and I knew if a vein were stricken no power on earth could avail him, and I was powerless to warn him of his danger.

"It sounded monstrous like a rattlesnake!" observed a passenger, "but there is no doctors or fool students on board, and no body but cusses like these would be taking snakes 'bout. I was gwine up the Mississippi wanst when a rattlesnake, belonging to a medical student on board, got out and bit one of the passengers; the poor critter didn't live ten minutes, and the sawbone's 'prentice not much longer I reckon."

My hair stood on end, for there was an earnestness about the man that told me he was not jesting.

"You didn't kill him, surely?" asked some one.

"Oh, no! we didn't zactly kill him, sich as cuttin' his throat, or puttin' lead in his holler cimblin, for that would have bin takin' the law inter our own hands; but we guv him five hundred lashes, treated him to a coat of tar and feathers, made a clean crop of one ear, and a swallow-fork-slit under-bit-and-half crop of the other, and put him out on a little island up to his mouth in water, and the river risin' a plump foot an hour!"

Not knowing but a similar fate might soon be mine, in agony, with the cold sweat streaming over me, I listened to this infernal recital, of an

instance of the summary punishment termed "Lynch Law," which the unavailibility of the proper law so often drove the early settlers to, and which unfortunately is not yet entirely abolished.

The sailor must again have moved his foot closer to the snake than agreeable, for his infernal rattling recommenced, and *this time* clear, loud, and continuous, to the tutored ear indicating great danger, the prelude to a fatal spring.

I shook off my lethargy, and shrieked out—"Don't move, for your life! A light! for God's sake bring a light! Quick! Quick!"

No one moved—thinking I was jesting. "Mister," spoke the sailor, "if it's a trick to scare me you'll miss the figure with your child's rattles: jest bring one of your real rattlesnakes along, and I'll show you whether he can frighten an English sailor or not."

Hearing me calling so loudly for a light, the mate, a stalwart Irishman, came running up with a large torch, but hardly had he reached the deck which he discovered the monster, his head drawn back ready for striking.

"Snake! Snake!" yelled he, punching at him with his glaring torch.

"Whereabouts you lubber?" still suspecting a trick, the light blinding us all.

"Under your feet!"

The sailor looked down and beheld the hideous reptile, right under his chair! With a loud yell, he made but one spring over the guards into the river.

"Rattlesnake!" "Man overboard!" "Stop her!" "Out with the yawl!" Fire! Snake! She's sinking! Shoot him! Snake! Whose is it! Lynch him! Kill the rascal!" swelled on the air, mingled with the crashing of broken doors and chairs, the oaths and rushing of terrified men and the screaming of still more terrified women, who knew not what to fear, while clear and distinct above the infernal melee arose the piercing rattle of the snake, who writhing his huge proportions about, and striking at every thing near him, seemed to glory in the confusion he had created.

A shot was heard and then the coil collapsed, and the rattling slowly ceased. The snake was dead.

"Who brought him on board?"

"Let's lynch the scoundrel!"

"Are there any more of them?"

"Here's the box he got out of."

My name was on it in large capitals!

"Throw it overboard!"

"Throw it overboard!" I yelled out, "it may have more in it! Throw it over!

No sooner said than done, and as the only evidence of my participation floated away over the wave, no one was louder in his denunciation, no one wanted to be shown (in order that he might whip him) the rascal that brought it on board more than I did, except, perhaps, it was the sailor who, now thoroughly humbled, stood shivering in his wet clothes by the furnace, ready to acknowledge that American snakes were "some snakes," certain. TEXAS.

MADISON, PARISH, La., Jan., 1848.

POSTAGE ARRANGEMENT WITH GREAT BRITAIN.—We learn from a source which admits of no question, that at the time of the *Hibernia's* sailing, the basis of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States had been agreed upon, which would place the Post Office arrangements between the two countries on terms of perfect reciprocity.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Mrs. Welby's Poetry.*

How beautiful are the creations of the pure and simple-hearted poet. Having no fellowship with the votaries of sordid passion—no congeniality with sophisticated natures, the Muse, prompted by an innate sympathy for the Beautiful and the Good, forms a world of her own, peopling it with beings radiant with virtues which exalt their possessor, and glowing with innocency which rivets the eye and ravishes the heart of the beholder. The reader, by introduction to such beings, is not only delighted, but his thoughts receive a purer tinge and the noblest emotions have full dominion over his soul.

Such is the character and such the influence of the poetry of AMELIA B. WELBY. Tutored by nature and with a heart instinct with moral beauty, she warbles like a wild mountain bird, with heaven in her eye and her "heart upon her lip." She says of herself in one of her early poems,

—"bright thoughts to me are given
As many as the clustering leaves of June,
And my young heart is like a harp of heaven,
For ever strung unto some pleasant tune."

The "thoughts" and the "heart" of her younger years are with her still. Her later poems possess the unaffected simplicity of childhood. How naturally, in one of them she writes to Lucy:

"Dear Lucy in your absence, where'er your wanderings tend,
You must keep within your pure heart a sweet thought for your friend
Till you sit once more in beauty within your father's hall,
With a soft smile on your lip and a pleasant word for all.

Alas! the breeze is balmy and the hushed waves deeply blue,
And flowers are in my pathway, but no light-hearted Lu!
O the summer months without you such a lonely time will be!
I am sighing for you, Lucy—do you ever sigh for me?"

No American poetess possesses so delicate a fancy as Mrs. WELBY, nor have any of her sister minstrels approached nearer rhythmical perfection.—Moore never wrote four sweeter or more melodious lines than these, from "The Rainbow:"

"There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose."

Let us not be understood to say that she has *reached* perfection in the *art* of poetry. Though scarce, there are blemishes in her versification. The line

"Her thin pale arms, nestling her young head,"

found on page 166 wants another syllable; and there is *something* wrong in these lines on page 196:

"When far below the waves outspread
Glide swiftly on with liquid hue;
When winds are low—and skies o'erhead
'Are beaming *bluely beautiful!*.

Probably the last line was written,

Are beaming *beautifully blue*,

for that would make better sense and "orthodox rhyme." Furthermore, *compositors* are sometimes uncourteous even to females.

Mrs. WELBY is somewhat careless in her rhymes. The pairing of such words as *brow* and *low*, *years* and *hers*, *glow* and *brow*, is hardly justifiable; and *stirring* and *appearing* is an intolerable match. But these are minor offences which one can easily forgive, when an author's effusions, like Mrs. WELBY's, are invariably replete with the most exquisite sentiment of poetry. Since

"Sweet thoughts, like honey bees, have made their hive
Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there;"

she cannot send too many of her beautiful creations abroad in the world. Wherever they go, they refine and exalt society, and tend to make mankind live

—"With heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair."

For sale at Pecks' Bookstore.

* Poems by Amelia. Second Edition, enlarged. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We have been kindly furnished with the manuscript of Dr. LORD's late lecture before the Young Men's Association, and the production may be found entire in these columns. It will furnish a rich treat for the admirers of beautiful composition. To accommodate our city subscribers and other friends, a few hundred extra copies of the Messenger have been struck off and are for sale at the counting room in Peck's Bookstore.

Those of our local subscribers who are interested in the matter, may find the streamlet so beautifully written about by our friend and fellow townsman, Mr. SALISBURY, by going to the corner of Pearl and Chippewa streets.

"*The Valentine*," "*To Ellen*" and "*Tricklings*," are accepted; and probably the "*Lines on a Favorite Tree*" (unexamined) *will* be.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for March is ahead of every thing else in promptness, and is truly a magnificent issue. The embellishments are most admirably done, and the literary contents are spicy. The Treasury is very choice. This magazine and the Lady's Dollar Newspaper are offered for three dollars a year. L. A, GODEY, Philadelphia, publisher.

YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION.—HON. A. A. PORTER, of Niagara Falls lectured before this society on the 19th—subject, *English History*; and PHOCION HOFFMAN, Esq., of this city, on the 21st—subject, *Humbugs*.

THE COMPLETE FARRIER, by J. C. KNOWLSON, a well printed pamphlet, which may be found at the Literary Depot in the Post Office, is well worth twenty-five cents.

THE WORKINGMAN'S ORGAN, published in this city and edited by an association of practical mechanics, is not only devoted to a good cause, but contains original articles of a finished style of composition.

Later From Mexico.

NEW YORK, Feb. 18, 7—P. M.

Accounts from Mazatlan to Dec. 1st, give the particulars of the capture of the Guaymas, Mazatlan and San Jose, by the Congress and Portsmouth. They entered Guaymas on the 19th Oct., and a surrender was demanded and refused. The town had a fort and three water batteries erected for its defence, and was said to have 800 men with new arms from Chili. By daylight, on the morning of the 20th, the town was bombarded forty minutes, when a white flag was displayed.

The troops had retreated during the night with all their arms and ammunition, and after the town had been much injured by shot and shell, the people concluded to surrender. The Congress soon left Mazatlan, and the Portsmouth was relieved by the Dolt, the town having been deserted.

No garrison was kept on shore, and on the 17th of November, 400 of the enemy got into the town. Capt. Selbridge landed with only 65 men; he found the Mexicans in strong position, engaged and defeated them, killing 40 or 50, and driving them from the town. Capt. Selbridge was wounded in the foot which was the only casualty to our forces.

On the 18th of November the enemy from the mountain with 2 six pounders, and 200 or 300 men attacked Lieut. Haywood of the Navy, who was posted at San Jose, with 25 Americans and 30 Californians. The Mexicans made several charges up to Haywood's works which were nobly defended. The enemy finally retured with the Majores, their chief, and 20 to 30 men.

Haywood did not lose a man, and only 2 wounded. On the 20th and 22nd ult., the N. Y. volunteers were hotly attacked at La Ray by 300 men, under Penando, who was repulsed with 50 or 60 killed and wounded.

On the 25th, the attack was renewed with cannon and small arms; result not known.—The N. Y. boys will be likely to take care of themselves.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—All right in Upper California to the end of October; Gov. Mason at Monterey; Col. Stevenson commands the southern department at Los Angelos.

RUMOR OF PEACE.—The Tribune has also a telegraphic communication from its Washington correspondent with an important rumor of Peace, namely: a Senator has received a letter from N. Orleans, announcing the arrival, in that city, from Mexico, of Maj. Van Buren, with a Treaty of Peace.

INTERESTING DUTCH COLONY.—The Holland Immigrants recently settled in Iowa, have named their new settlement "PELLA," from Pella beyond Jordan, to which the early Christians fled upon the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. It is two or three months old, and numbers 800 inhabitants. Large numbers are to join them in the Spring, when their Pella will suddenly become a populous prairie town. It is a singular sight, says a correspondent of the Ch. Intelligencer, the velvet jackets and wooden shoes of these Puritans of the 19th Century, in the midst of the prairies of the New Purchase, that stretch from the Des Moines to the Gheesque, in Central Iowa. They are living in camps cov-

ered with tent-cloth, or grass and bushes—the sides barricaded with all sorts of odd-looking boxes and chests from the Netherlands.

These people are respectable and intelligent.—When they took the oath of allegiance to the United States, a few weeks since, but *two* made their *marks*. Many of the leading men possess unusual refinement and education.

Horrible Inhumanity.

A case of barbarity unprecedented, we would hope, in a Christian land, is revealed in the last Montreal papers—involving the worse than brutal treatment of a wife and mother—who was doomed to a pig-pen for an asylum in the midst of winter. The case is thus summarily stated:

On the 3d inst., James Goodwin, a resident on the Ottawa river, near Montreal, was tried in that city, before the Chief Justice, for the murder of his wife, to whom he had been twenty years married, who was the mother of his seven children, and against whose conduct or character nothing whatever appeared, except that her brutal partner had beaten and ill-treated her until she is supposed to have become partially insane.

The depravity of human nature, under bad example is made manifest in the facts that this poor sufferer was allowed by her sister and her children to remain three months in a pig-pen, never once cleaned, in the midst of a Canadian Winter, the neighbors and clergymen also knowing and allowing it. The evidence fills two columns of the Montreal Herald. Some graphic sentences in the evidence of the witnesses convey an idea of the truth, which must impress the coldest imagination. 'Did your mother walk or crawl to the hole where you put in her food,' asked the Queen's Counsel. 'She did not walk: when she was warm she did not like to be getting up,' replied the daughter. The poor wretch, with all her members drawn together to keep alive the poor remaining sparks of vital heat, wrapped up in the two old quilts which were her only clothing, did not dare to rise lest she should expose a large surface of her attenuated frame to the piercing air.

Day after day did her extremities become more dreadfully injured, till mortification, at length, left only the raw stumps. Then, even, death delayed to end her misery; and yet such was the indifference of her husband *and her children*, [and her husband's sister] that we do not even know the period when the loss of an entire foot took place, nor how long she existed after that horrid amputation.

Dr. Sturgeon swore that he found the body in the pen, a mass of ice; it was put on a door, for the purpose of being removed to the house, but Godwin objected, having resolved never to let her enter, dead or alive! "The night when she was said to have died was fearfully cold—the only way in which he could account for her living so long in such weather, was that she was insane. Insane people are less sensible to cold than others. He thought that in the state in which she must have been before death—frozen stiff up to the middle—it would have been impossible for to get out of the pig-pen. One foot was gone altogether; and half of the other was off. The stomach was empty and drawn up toward the backbone; and there was a vessel in her hands which had a hole as big as a pin and another as big as a pea."

Other witnesses were examined, but their testimony is of such a revolting character, as to render it unfit for publication. A tailor called to give evidence said that, while working at the prisoner's, he had once taken food to the deceased, *out of curiosity to see a woman in a pig pen.* The children of the deceased appear to have exhibited the same savage indifference as their father. The prisoner was convicted only of manslaughter, but we should say there never was a clearer case of murder than against him. The sister and children might have been convicted of manslaughter.

Foreign Items.

We give below some items of general intelligence brought by the *Hibernia*, as we find them summarized in the New York papers:

The influenza has been very busy with all on the other side of the Atlantic. It is said that the last week but one, 60,000 persons were afflicted with it at Madrid. Christian VIII, King of Denmark, after long suffering from this disorder, died on the 19th ult. at Copenhagen.

Letters from Vienna, of the 10th ult., state that Prince Metternich is dangerously ill.

The critical position of the West India Colonies still continues to engross the attention of all the influential London journals. Each successive day brings forth some striking statements, all tending to show that some effective measure of relief must be speedily resolved upon, in order to rescue those possessions, once deemed the brightest jewels in the British crown, from absolute ruin.

In addition to the late excesses at Milan, in Pavia there seems to have been considerable bloodshed, fifty persons having been killed or wounded in a collision with the Austrian soldiery. In the Sardinian States a wide spread conspiracy appears to have been detected; and letters from Leghorn state that large sums of money have been expended to promote the intrigues of a foreign power to advance the cause of the representative of a fallen dynasty. The Prince of Canino is reported to be deeply compromised. In Sicily affairs appear to be in a frightful state. At Palermo the people are in actual rebellion. The streets are barricaded, and 60 of the cavalry have been killed. Women are said to have poured hot oil on the heads of the soldiers as they passed. The insurgents seem to have been hitherto successful.

By the latest accounts it is reported that a serious revolt had broken out in Naples, and the King had become so much affected as to require to be twice bled. The two Sicilies are in a state of insurrection. In the meantime accounts from Vienna represent that vast military preparations are in progress for strengthening the Austrian forces in Italy; and the King of Sardinia is adopting similar measures to place his army on a war footing.

Constantinople dates to the 17th ult. have been received. The Sultan had evinced a most favorable disposition towards Reischild Pacha and Ali Effendi, granting to the former a pension for life of £6,000 a year, and has raised the latter to the dignity of a Pacha of three tails.

The Jesuits, driven out of Switzerland, have been ordered to quit Bavaria within two or three days. The Diet at Frankfort had not agreed what steps to take respecting Switzerland.

Accounts from St. Petersburgh of the 14th instant state that the Emperor and the Imperial Crown Prince were convalescent.

Letters from Greece to the 10th ult. refer to the late insurrection at Patras, which was completely put down.

The Madrid journals of the 22d are as uninteresting as those of preceding days. The ex-Minister D. Francisco Zavier de Burgos died on the 21st.

The editor of the Presse (Paris paper) states that he had seen a letter, written from on board an American ship of war, dated the 16th, off Messina, which states that a fire of artillery had been opened on that place.

It is mentioned in advices from Berlin, that a state of business approaching panic had been witnessed on the Bourse, in consequence of the nature of operations, arising from the general aspect of political and commercial affairs.

The King of Sweden has taken umbrage at the conduct of France, Austria and Prussia, neglecting to consult him on the proposed intervention in the affairs of Switzerland, his Majesty having been, as he alledges, a party to the treaty.

The state of the public health, not only thro'out the United Kingdom, but in almost all of the continent of Europe, is in an unsatisfactory state The prevailing diseases are fever, influenza, grippe, &c. Few have escaped an attack from some one of these unwelcome visitors. All classes, old and young, rich and poor, have suffered to a greater or less extent. At the present moment no less than five of the crowned heads of Europe are invalided. The King of Sardinia is at present used up; and the attack under which he is suffering requires great care. The Emperor of Russia labors under an attack of fever, though convalescent. A letter from Copenhagen, of the 12th, states that the amelioration which had taken place in the King of Sweden's health, did not continue. When the last accounts were issued, he was under the influence of a violent attack of fever. Two bulletins were issued each day. The Queen of Spain is said to be still suffering, and under the care of her medical advisers.

India and China.—The political intelligence from India and China is not of great interest.—Tranquility prevails throughout India. The Governor General had passed five days in the capital of Oude, and had parted with the King on friendly terms. No arrangement had been made to take the government under British management. In the northern provinces every thing remained quiet. At Canton and the suburbs a better feeling prevailed towards foreigners.

France.—The debates in the Chamber of Peers of France have closed by a signal majority of 121 in favor of M. Guizot's ministry. The French government have transferred their prisoner, Abd-el-Kader, to Fort Lamaigne, near Toulon, his future destination being yet undecided.

Italy.—Despatches confirm to the fullest extent, the report of the insurrection in Sicily, which has been most energetic. The French government has ordered one of their largest war steamers to sail immediately for Naples, where the position of the King seems not a little critical.

Letters from Turin announce that the King had ordered an entrenched camp to be formed on the heights of Velenza, upon the Po, in erder to defend the country against any attack of the Austrian troops, and to hold also the government of Milan on the *qui vive* against a possible invasion of the Milanese by the Piedmontese troops.—This camp is to consist of 30,000 men. The Count de Rochefoucald, Minister of France at Florence, has arrived at Marseilles, on his return to his government, to inform them of the exact state of Italy.

It was reported that the Austrian Ambassador, in compliance with instructions he had received from his Court, in case any serious disturbances took place in the kingdom of Naples, had demanded a passage through the Roman dominions for an army of 30,000 men, to assist King Ferdinand in putting down the revolt. His Holiness had peremptorily refused that permission, and declared that he would, in conjunction with all his allies, resist by force, all invasion of his States.

Accounts from the Cape of Good Hope, record three or four victories obtained over the Kaffirs, but without any conclusive effect. We have this week received intelligence of the murder of five British officers by the savages, who fell upon them while bathing, and cut the throat of every one.

A league is forming in England, to procure a reduction of the duty on tea. Several important meetings have been held in Liverpool, Manchester and elsewhere, and deputations have waited upon Lord John Russell. He promises no present acquiescence in their views.

The political news from Canada has not caused much excitement here. Probably it is in a great degree owing to our sense of alarm being fully absorbed by the subject of national defences. A large portion of the people of this country, believe not only in the possibility, but the eminent probability of an invasion by the French.

Considerably dissatisfaction prevails in France from the resistance of the legislature to the demands of the people for additional measures of reform. Great hopes are placed upon the anticipated demise of Louis Phillippe from his age, and the infirmity of his health. Whenever he *does* die, an immediate outbreak may be looked for.

The weather had become extremely cold in Paris, and particularly in the south-eastern department of France. The Rhine was partially frozen.

On the 11th, at Hamburg, there were sixteen degrees of Reamur of cold. The Elbe was frozen, even to its mouth, so thickly that laden wagons were able to pass over it.

Evidence of a great change in the level of the land has recently been discovered in the Island of St. Michaels, in the Azores. The old sea-beach has been traced from Achada to near Fayal, at a hight of 300 to 400 feet above the present level of the sea.

Col. Fremont.—A Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Patriot*, after stating that the Court Martial had sentenced Col. Fremont to be cashiered, says: but for the weakness of Gen. Kearney in tacitly acknowledging for a season, the authority of Com. Stockton in California, which furnishes an excuse to a certain extent for the conduct of the accused, the Court, as I am informed, would have made the sentence "death by shooting."

Death by Hydrophobia.—About five weeks ago as a small girl was drawing water at a pump on the corner of Fulton and Clason Avenues, Brooklyn, she was attacked by a dog; when a lad about 11 years old, the eldest son of a man named Dowd, interfered to protect her. The dog immediately left the girl and flew at the boy, seized him by the nose, and held on till forcibly removed. The lad continued in his usual health till 12 o'clock last Friday noon, when the dread symptoms of hydrophobia set in, and continued with increasing violence till 12 o'clock on Saturday night, when they terminated in death.—He is spoken of as being a very superior child, being esteemed of all who knew him. The girl, before spoken of, received a slight scratch on her forehead, but whether inflicted by the tooth or claw of the dog, is not known. Of course much anxiety is felt concerning he..—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

DEATH OF THOMAS COLE.—With sincere grief we announce the death of Thomas Cole, Esq., the distinguished Painter. He expired at Catskill, his place of residence, on Saturday, of a pleurisy, after an illness of about a week.

Mr. Cole may be said to have stood at the head of his profession. In Landscape Painting he had no superior; if an equal, in America. In Moral or Epic Painting, if we may use the phrase, he was unrivalled; as he was preeminent in worth and all mental and social qualities.

The death of such a man, in the midst of his high career of Art, is a loss to the Country and the Age. Although the creations of his mind and pencil are numerous, and in many directions grace our public depositories, and the collections of the opulent or liberal lovers of art, he was scarcely in the meridian of a life which, though it had performed much, promised so much more.—He leaves several unfinished pictures. Alas, who will carry to the canvass the final touches upon works so well begun!

But if he was great as an artist, he was truly beloved as a man. In the village in which he lived, and which exhibits, in all directions, the touches of his refined taste, clear intellect, and classic mind; the church, of which he was a devoted member, and the interests of which he delighted to advance; and above all, the family and immediate friends, by whom he was a cherished object of regard and affection; his death is deplored, by all classes, (as a letter justly says,) as if they had lost a common friend and brother!

The memorials of his high mental culture, of his rare talent, and his admirable skill, will live after him, and will be sought for and cherished, not only for their intrinsic merit, but as a remembrance of him, who, having completed his "Voyage of Life," has gone to the enjoyment, we cannot but hope, of the fruition of Art and Truth.—*Albany Argus.*

A COURAGEOUS WOMAN.—On Tuesday, Feb. 1st, about four o'clock in the afternoon, as Mrs. Henry Outcalt was proceeding home in her carriage, about two miles from this city, on George's road, a man, with a blue coat and black pantaloons, and of a gentlemanly exterior, walked up to the horse's head, and after putting some questions demanded the lady's money, which she refusing, he thereupon pulled forth a pistol and threatened to shoot her, unless she complied with his modest and reasonable request. The pistol being a short one, the lady saw down the barrel, that it was not loaded; she therefore again refused him, with the additional information, that if he did not leave her she would blow HIS brains out. Why, said he, do women carry pistols nowadays? She replied, that it was high time, when they could not go along a public road without being molested. The man then asked her if she was married; to which question she replied affirmatively. He then said she was an honor to the man that married her. After which remark he left her, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him, in the opposite direction. He has not been arrested.—*New Bruns. Union.*

OLD RICE.—A gentleman who has resided for many years in India, fourteen hundred miles up the Ganges, says that the people there who are able to keep their rice, do not eat it until it is two years old and the soft part has been eat out by the worm. Then they winnow it clean, and eat it. Rice is the common food, and the poor people are obliged to eat new rice, as rich people do here. This gentleman says that during his residence in India, there have been famines in the districts around him, in which "millions of people perished." The famines result from the entire absence of rain for six months, and scorching winds, which destroy all vegetation. The British Government are building a canal of great capacity, from the mountains in which the Ganges rises, down into the country seven hundred miles, at an expense of fifty millions of dollars, for the purpose of irrigating the land. The cost of the canal is to be paid from the revenues of India.—*Jour. of Com.*

AN EXECUTION AT BUENA VISTA.—In a recent letters from La Encantada, Mexico, published in the New Orleans papers, there is the following description of a military execution:

Our battalion was ordered to the General's encampment, well known by the name of Buena Vista, where it was said all would undergo a general inspection. On arriving there we discovered all the troops arrayed and waiting as if to witness the enactment of some melancholy scene.—Nor were we deceived by their appearance, for no sooner had we been assigned our places in the ranks, than we heard the music of a drum and fife, and immediately discovered a small procession moving slowly and silently along—a few paces in advance of which were four men bearing a coffin, and in the rear of them, but following hard by, was a man by himself, whom we immediately recognized as the individual for whose sake the coffin had been prepared—having reached a place which all eyes could see, they called a halt, and the coffin being placed on the ground a few paces in advance, this lone man in question was brought forward and seated thereon; I was not sufficiently near to hear what was said, but I could plainly see what was going to be done. A file of some half dozen men who were armed for the occasion, formed a straight line in front of the aforesaid lone man seated on the coffin. They simultaneously brought their guns to bear—took aim and fired A little before I heard the report of the guns, I saw the man fall from his coffin. He was executed, I understand, for having threatened to take his captain's life, together with several other minor misdemenors of which I am not in possession. I never was called upon before, to witness such a solemn scene, and never wish to be again.

SUPPRESSION OF THE MONASTERY OF ST. BERNARD.—The Alpine Hospice, famous alike in history and romance for its benevolent monks, whose sagacious dogs have rescued so many hundreds of travellers from the whelming snows of Mount St. Bernard, has, to the shame of Protestant Switzerland, been violated by the authority of the Helvetic Confederation. It appears by the English papers, that on the 2d of December last the Landsgemeinde of the Valais deprived the monastery of its ecclesiastical patronage and inflicted upon its inmates a fine of £5000. On the 18th of the same month, officers were sent to the monastery, under whose *surveillance*, doors and strong boxes were broken open with crow bars, forty Vaudois soldiers were quartered in the building, and sentinels with loaded muskets were stationed at the windows for the purpose of firing at any one who should endeavor to escape with the consecrated vessels, or with any other valuables of the institution. In a dignified protest the Prior and thirteen monks of the monastery remonstrated against "this unjust and illegal seizure of an establishment wholly devoted to the objects of beneficence, constantly protected and supported by benefactors of all nations, by most of the Swiss cantons, by ancient and modern princes, who have all contributed to maintain the general hos-

pitality of this house—of an establishment which Napoleon himself respected, notwithstanding the laws of the Emperor."

At the last accounts the famous monastery of St. Bernard was deserted. The monks with their noble dogs, had disappeared. All was desolate in that region of perpetual snow.

☞ Mothers, will you read these lines, which were sent by a Lady to her Son, with a present of a Bible? They were first published in a book called "My Early Days,"—one of the most beautiful and simple stories that we have ever read; and the connection in which they were introduced added to their interest. The son left his home, never to return during the life-time of his mother, and to him as they might be to your own children, the verses gave through all his future years additional interest in the instructive volume which they accompanied. We know of nothing more suitable as an inscription for a Bible presented by a Christian mother to her son, and it would give us pleasure to learn that, through our means, they had been so used in even one additional instance.

Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come;
When she who had thy earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home.—
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son;
And from the gifts of God above,
She chose a goodly one:
She chose for her beloved boy
The source of light, and life, and joy.

And bade him keep the gift, that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In an eternal home?
She said, his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to scorn;
And bid him cast the pledge aside
That he from youth had borne;
She bade him pause, and ask his breast,
If he, or she, had lov'd him best!

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling:
Remember! 'tis no idle toy,
A Mother's gift—Remember boy!

Beautiful use of Chloroform.—A correspondent says he met a hen-pecked friend late the other night, and on asking him how he expected to escape a *curtain lecture* when he got home, the little fellow's eyes sparkled luminously as he held up to view a little speck of *sponge* and a small *phial!* "Oh, ho! *Chloroform*, eh?" "Yes sir-*ee!*" replied the chuckling husband, "I become insensible in five minutes after lying down."—*Albany Express.*

The Horse Thieves.—There are still farther developements in relation to the gang of Horse thieves who have been *taking* horses from the Seneca Indians, near Buffalo. The persons who had been in pursuit of the horses that had been stolen from the Cattaraugus Reservation, have found one in Dansville, one in Rose, Wayne County, and one in Geneseo. They have heard of several more, which had been sold by one John Allen and Henry Hyslop. Hyslop was convicted at the Allegany General Sessions last week, of grand larceny, for stealing three other horses from the Indians, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment at Auburn. Allen is now under arrest at Hume, Allegany co, charged with stealing the horse which was found at Dansville, and officer Smith, of Lockville, Wayne County, is now in waiting for Allen, with a warrant, for grand larceny.

The Indians have lost thirty horses within the last two years, and it is supposed that they all, or nearly all passed through the hands of Allen and Hyslop.—*Rock. Amer.*

Price Current—February 23, 1848.

Flour, bbl.	@4 75@4 81½	Turkeys, lb	8@9
Pork, bbl.	@10 00	Chickens	8@9
Do slaugh. cwt.	5 00@5 25	Geese, each	25
Beef, cwt.	4 50@5 00	Clover seed, bu.	4 75
Butter, lb	12@15	Timothy	1 75
Lard	7½@8	Flax	1 12½
Cheese	4@6	Grass	—
Hams	7	Whitefish, bbl	6 50
Shoulders	5	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt.	1 50	Potatoes, bush	62½
Wheat, bu.	95@1 06	Salt, bbl	1 62½
Corn	50	Apples, bus	25@37½
Oats	33@35	Do dried, bu	62½
Slaughter hides, lb	4@4½	Onions	1 00
Dry do	9@10	Eggs, doz	14
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb	—
Sheep, slaughtered	62½	Soap	—
Lamb do	16½	Whiskey, gall	19
Dry	—@—	Highwines	20
Hard wood, cd	@3 00	Lead, hund	4 00
Hemlock	3 00	Beans, bu	1 00
Bit. (O) coal, ton	5 50	Wool, lb	20@30
Blossburg		Hay	@0 00

MARRIED.

At Clarence, on the 20th instant, by James N. Stevens, Esq., Mr. JACOB ROADES, and Miss SUSAN WENNER, both of Clarence.

At Cass, Ill., Mr. NATHANIEL H. WEAVER, of Will county, and Mrs. SARAH COLBY, of Holland, in this county.

DIED.

At Colden, on the 16th inst., ELECTA BURR, wife of Levi C. Burr, in the 28th year of her age.

T. S. HAWKS,

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Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1848. NO. 5.

For the Western Literary Messenger

To Ellen.

BY MARIANNA HENDEE.

Fair Child! along life's sunny way full many a flower is springing!
And bright-eyed Hope o'er future hours, her rainbow robe is flinging!
No dark foreboding cloud doth rise to dim *thy bright to-morrow*—
Nor do the radiant things of earth e'er breathe to thee of sorrow!

'Tis not for me to whisper aught those gentle dreams destroying,—
Nor will I mingle bitter dregs thy cup of bliss alloying!
Not mine to shade that beacon ray thy joyous pathway lighting—
Nor point thee to the opening bud that even now is blighting!

No, Ellen, no! yet happy live, thy summer heaven unclouded;
And may life's heritage of ills long, long from thee be shrouded!—
Upon that white and polished brow is seen no trace of sadness,
And thy blue eye but mirrors forth a heart of buoyant gladness!

Still be the guiding-star of Hope thine onward path directing,
While Heaven's pure azure, arching o'er, is thy pure heart reflecting!—
And, as thou keep'st that tablet free from aught of earth's dark staining,
So light shall beam around thy path e'en when *Hope's* star is waning!"

Glad Child! the world's vain pageantry doth cheat with false beguiling!
And siren tones, to Pleasure's bowers, thy thoughtless steps are wiling!
But haste thou to the *Tree of Life* to fill thy soul's deep yearning,
Ere Earth's fair fruitage on thy lips to bitter dust is turning!

Hope's cynosure may darkly set upon thy tear-dimmed vision,
But an holier ray shall gild thy way if *Bethlehem's* star be risen!
And when "the silver cord is loosed"—life's golden chalice broken—
No fear may blanch the radiant brow that bears Immanuel's token!

The Unequal Match.

She lived in a miserable court running out of Tottenham Court Road; and as I went up the dark and close-smelling staircase to her second floor, I trembled at finding myself in such a place. When I entered the room, I don't know which struck me most—the wretchedness or the cleanliness of the apartment. In one corner stood a bedstead, and from the thin fold of the sheet, which was turned down over the patchwork counterpane, I knew perfectly that there was not a blanket upon it. In another corner, her little invalid son lay stretched upon a mattress on the floor, with an old flannel petticoat wrapped round his limbs to keep him warm. Across the room on a string suspended from wall to wall, hung a few stockings, and other articles of wearing apparel, to dry. There were but two wooden chairs; one of them, with its broken back roughly mended with string, was by the sick boy's side, with a cup on it, while seated on the other, by a deal table, and close to the small shovelfull of fire in the grate was the sempstress herself. As she turned her head round to see who entered, I perceived that one of her eyes had been bruised since she was with me, and no sooner did she see me at the door, than starting up, she raised her handkerchief to her face; and observing that the disfigurement attracted my notice, she told me—with such hesitation, that I knew it was an untruth—that she had had an accident, and knocked her eye against the door.

"You have come for the work you gave me," she said; "yes, I know I have been very remiss. I ought to have brought it home before, but—the fact is—a—a—"

"You have had illness in the house," I added, endeavoring to help her.

"No—it was not that—but—" and she burst into tears.

"Come, come, my good lady," I continued, "do not vex yourself; I am not in a hurry for it, and next week, or even the week after that, will be time enough for me. Now, come, be candid with me—you are in distress. Tell me, can I be of any assistance to you?"

"No, thank you," she replied, with a quiver of the lip; I can assure you we are not in distress, however much appearances—a—a—, and we do not require assistance *yet*."

"Yes, but I know you *do*," I added; "though you cannot bring yourself to confess it."

"Madam, I did *not* require assistance," she replied, rising; "and surely I am not sunk so low that my word cannot be received."

My woman's curiosity was so piqued to learn who she could possibly have been, that I sat there talking about the illness of the child, and twisting the conversation into a hundred different channels, in the hope she would let drop something that would give me a clue to her history. At last, just as I was about to take my leave in despair, her husband staggered into the apartment. He was a man whose coarseness and grossness of feature contrasted wonderfully with hers; and yet, notwithstanding his high cheek bones and unshorn chin, and sodden complexion, there was something in the expression of his eyes and manly figure, that made me fancy that at one time he must have been almost handsome.

"Now, Georgiana," he said, in a husky thick voice, "have you got any tin? cos, if you has, hand it over."

"Don't you see there is a stranger present?" she answered, biting her lips at the idea of my being a witness to the scene.

"Strangers be hanged!" he replied, looking first at me, and then at his wife; "I want some money, I tell you; those cursed skittles has re-

gularly cleaned me out. So, come, hand us over a mob, and take that handkercher from that black eye I guv you for your stinginess last Tuesday. Where's the odds of her knowing on it? She's got a father and mother, I day say, and understands these matters. There, you need'nt look so plaguy proud—though yer are the *Honorable* Mrs. Duggan. Come, are you going to give me that money, or am I to make you?"

"I have none," she returned with a shudder.

"None of your lies!" he answered brutally; "but hand the money over this minute, or else, s'help me, I'll——" and he shook his burly fist in her trembling face, in continuation of the sentence.

"Here! here, my good man!" I almost shrieked out with fright, "here is some money; it is all I have got, but do go—oh! *do*."

"Well, now I've got all I come for, I don't mind if I does," he replied, looking at me. You see, miss, it's my turn at the Coach and Horses to have a quartern in; and I can't abear, when I been drinking all the morning at other genelmen's expense, not to do the thing what's right, and do my share towards keeping up the spree."

"Yes, of course—I know," I answered; "but do please leave us alone here together."

"That's enough, miss! I'm o-p-h," he said. "So good day to you, miss, and good day to you, the *Honarable* Mrs. Duggan"—and out he reeled again.

I couldn't help noticing the struggle that was going on in his poor wife's breast during all this frightful scene. And directly her husband left the room, despite all her exertions the tears flooded her eyes. I rose to console her; and on going up to her, she fell upon my bosom, and wept like a child.

Presently she raised her head, saying, "There, that has done me good; tell me *now*, can you guess who I am?"

"I know enough, my poor one," I replied, "to know that you are suffering from some imprudent alliance."

"Imprudent! it was a mad—downright mad one!" she exclaimed, with bitterness. "To think that I, the daughter of an earl, should have united myself to my father's gardener's son! But desperately—idolatrously I loved him; and for him I braved the fearful rage of father—mother—all. And what was my reward? Why, when my husband found every one of my many supplications for forgiveness spurned by my haughty parents, and even the door of my former home shut forever against me, then he—seeing how he had been foiled in the ambitious game he had played, and that instead of the rich heiress he had expected, he had only an expensive pauper for his wife—then he, I say, reeked his vengeance on me, and then began the long series of such sufferings and privations, as even I who have suffered them, cannot so much as shadow out to you."

"But wouldn't his father do something for you?" I asked.

"What could he do?" she replied. "Dismissed from his situation—ruined through my marriage with his son (for my father, of course, suspected he had connived at it), how could we expect support from him? And yet we might have been far beyond want had my husband only permitted me to exercise the accomplishments that had been heaped upon me at home. But to drown the vexation he felt at the fearful mistake he had made, he flew to drink, and soon lost in the bottle, all power of exertion. When he had drunk up all the trinkets I had carried with me in my flight, he began taking my dresses from me one by one, and converting them into more money for more liquor; until at last I was forced from the very want of proper clothing, to discontinue giving the lessons which were our only means of subsistence."

"But if he has treated you thus badly," I replied, "why not have left him!"

"I could not—he would not leave *me*," she answered; "*that* was all I wanted—all I asked of him. But no, he knew he was entitled to all I earned, and that I must work if it was only for my child; so as he was too idle to keep himself, he was but too glad to be kept by me. And yet, notwithstanding all this, I could have loved him—ay, and did love him like a dog, even though he beat me like a dog. But when, in the wantonness of his dissipation, he *dared* to bring his degraded companions to my home, my whole woman's nature rose up and rebelled against it, and I hated him as intensely—madly as I once had loved him. And now, you may fancy how gladly I would leave him if I could. But oh, heavens, I cannot! Often and often have I fled with my child in the night to save myself from further wrong, and my poor boy from the pollution of his father's example; but the hound has tracked me out so soon, that I now see how foolish it is to hope ever in this life to be rid of him."

"Poor, poor lady," I half said to myself.

"Oh, you know not how sweet it is to find one consoling voice," she continued calmly, as the tears flowed anew,—"friends all, have turned from me, and yours are the first kind tones I have heard for years. Indeed, indeed you cannot tell what I have suffered from that man! The very work you gave me, he took by force from my drawer, and pawned to get more gin. You may look little lady, but the worst is yet untold. The drink your work procured him only made him mad for more—ay, and he would have it—though I told him he had swallowed every rag that was of any value in the place. Suddenly the wedding-ring on my finger caught his eye, and even *that* he wanted to take from me—that, the only outward sign I had to distinguish me from his wretched female companions. I told him I would not let him have it. He threatened blows. Still I told him he should not have it. He sought to force it from me. I struggled with him, and the coward finding how tightly I grasped the sole remaining token of my honor, struck me in the face—with what force the bruise still remaining there will tell you—and as I lay senseless on the ground, he robbed me of my ring."

I was so moved by the wretched history I had heard, that I couldn't help weeping with her.—And I would not leave her, until I got her to promise that she would henceforth look upon any little sevice I might have it in my power to render her, not in the light of charity, but of friendship.

Early on the morrow I went again to see her to consult with her as to how I could best befriend her; but to my great sorrow I found that she had left shortly after daybreak; but whether to avoid her husband's illtreatment, or my assistance, always remained a mystery to me, though from that time forward, I never forget her fearful history of THE UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.—A christian has no right, any where under any circumstances, to be anything else than a christian. He must ask about a political, as well as about any other act, the question, is it right or wrong? and by the answer to that question must be guided. It is just as wicked to lie about politics as to lie about merchandise.

There is no shuffling.—*Francis Wayland.*

Consolations.

BY P. BENJAMIN.

In the weary passage through the world, which I till now have made,
I've seen more storm than sunshine, and less of light than shade;
Yet sometimes a new planet has sweetly shone for me,
And sometimes a green island has risen from the sea.

My childhood knew misfortune of a strange and weary kind,
And I have always worn a chain, though not upon my mind;
And I render thanks to thee, oh God, from my prison, that I live
Unshore of that best privilege which thou alone canst give.

I mean a soul to apprehend the beauty that is spread
Above me and around me, and beneath my feeble tread
And though I may not climb the mount, or thread the winding vale,
Yet mount and vale to me impart delights that never fail.

The dewy spring-time comes to me with melody of birds,
Familiar as my sister's song, and tender as her words:
I love the summer's scented blooms, and autumn's bright decay,
And winter's frozen jewels made, like hopes, to melt away.

My heart is like a river, in the leafy month of June,
With a never-ceasing gush of waves, that chime a merry tune;
Though its surface may be broken, when the gale of sorrow blows,
A living fount supplies it, and it always sings and flows.

Great cause have I for gratitude, to the Giver of my life,
For love is still my talisman in danger, toil and strife;
And, though bereft of freedom in the body, I can fly
As high as heaven on wings of thought, like an eagle to the sky!

Extracts from an Address,

Delivered before the Young Men's Association of Buffalo, on the 16th February, 1848, by

Col. James L. Barton,

On the early reminiscences of Western New York and the Lake region of country.

After the events of 1759, the English abandoned the old French military works, and constructed another where the present cluster of buildings stands at the end of the road leading to Lewiston. The large chimney around which a small building is erected, belonged to the old English messhouse, as it was called, it was a large inconvenient structure, very high between joints; the frame of this building was prepared at Fort Niagara while in possession of the French, for a Catholic church at that place, the English hauled it over to Schlosser and put it up there. This was the residence of Judge Porter for several years after he removed to the Niagara frontier, and was burned down by the British when they invaded the country in December, 1813.

The English built a saw mill at the falls, removed the place of landing used by the French to a short distance above their new fort at Schlosser, where the water was deeper and access to it easier. They then opened the present road from Schlosser to the forks, before spoken of, where it intersected the old French road. From that place to Lewiston, the course of the road has been very much altered and straightened since that time.

Some remains of the old French works can yet be seen in the old field near the bank of the river; but they have been ploughed over and leveled so much that but little remains of them. In this old field was a grave surrounded by pickets for many years, said to be the grave of old Captain Schlosser; all appearances of it are now gone.—About one mile from the river on the new road opened by the English, they erected a stockade, the remains of which can now be seen. Some remains of the pickets of the old French stockade, built many years before this English one, were discovered on digging into the ground for the construction of Fort Grey.

The French in building their railway from the ferry at Lewiston to the brow of the mountain, it did not appear that the ground was levelled where it was too high, or hollows filled up, as is now done in constructing similar works. Where the ground was level, hewn timber with a rabbet or shoulder projecting upwards from the outward edges, similar to log railways in saw mills, connected with cross pieces, were laid upon and rested firmly on stones laid under them; in passing over hollows, instead of filling them up, stone pediments were built up to the proper level and the timber ways laid on them, and in this manner was carried to its completion. The power made use of, for raising the cars was capstans or windlasses. When a boy, hunting squirrels and other game, I have often traced the line of this railway, where could be seen distinctly the timber lying, decayed to be sure, but for many rods in continuation, and the stone pediments were yet in many places quite perfect. Not having been over the ground for more than thirty years, I cannot say whether any vestiges of the line can now be seen or not.

Following up the bloody incidents which took place on this river, it is proper I should mention one which may be ranked amongst the most bloody, malicious and revengeful, it falls to the pen to record. This occurred in the year 1763, several years after the French power and possession in this country had been wrested from them. The same year that the Great Pontiac who was always friendly to the French, made his powerful effort to drive the English from their newly acquired possessions in the upper or western country.

It is well known that for several years after the French had been dispossessed by the English, the strong influence and sympathy which they had succeeded in fixing upon the minds of the Indians in their favor, remained in full force, and they felt nowise disposed to be very friendly with the English. Although the French power had been destroyed and their troops withdrawn from the country, many Frenchmen remained and mingled with the Indians and kept alive the strong feeling and sympathy which they had succeeded in securing to such an eminent degree. This hatred to the English and strong attachment to the French was soon destined to be exhibited for no other purpose it would appear, than the mere gratification of a desire for blood and plunder, and to manifest their hostile and revengeful spirit to the new comers.

The English, on taking possession of the French works on this frontier, kept soldiers in the fort at Niagara, at the landing at Lewiston, Schlosser, and in the several stockades which they built along the portage road. They seemed to be fully aware of the hatred which the Indians entertained for them; and doubtless took every conciliatory means in their power to win their friendship; as well as taking every military precaution to prevent any injury resulting to them from the ill will of the Indians.

In transporting their supplies from the lower Lake to their possessions in the upper country,

teams of wagons drawn by horses and oxen went in squads or caravans over the portage, accompanied with strong guards of soldiers. This practice was continued for several years, and from the extraordinary vigilance and precaution taken, and perhaps at the same time the mistaken idea entered into the minds of the English, that, by their vigilant as well as conciliatory course towards the Indians their strong feelings in favor of the French had began to give way and was turning in their favor, and that in future they were to apprehend no danger from them.—In this they were soon to be undeceived. They were yet to learn, alas too fatally, that the Indians and French bided their time for revenge.—Reposing in the false opinion the English had formed, they became less guarded and watchful, their teams and property continued to pass the portage guarded with less care.

The French who remained with the Indians, observing the careless and unsuspecting manner in which the English were conducting themselves, and the false security into which they had been lulled, awoke in the minds of the Indians a revival of the former good feeling between them, and suggested that the long wished for opportunity had now arrived, for taking revenge on their common enemies, the English. A scheme was soon planned, by which the Indians and French should waylay and destroy the teams and their guards when passing over the portage. Accordingly the Indians on the Buffalo Reservation, Genesee Flats, and other places, with the French amongst them, raised a force of several hundreds, and, unobserved by the English, passed through the woods to, and assembled at the place on the Niagara River, known as the Devil's Hole.

At this place they hid themselves amongst the trees and bushes and behind a ridge of land a little interior from the bank of the river, and lay in wait for the convoy of teams coming up from Lewiston. The morning of that fatal day, said to be the 24th of June, a large number of teams with their attendants, accompanied with a small guard of soldiers, the whole company numbering something less than one hundred persons, started from the landing at Lewiston for Schlosser, under the direction of William Stedman, who resided at Fort Schlosser, and was the superintendent or contractor for conducting the transportation business.

Approaching the Devil's Hole from Lewiston about half a mile before reaching it the road descends a smart hill and runs upon a flat piece of ground of no very great width. The widest part is near where you first come upon it; it continues to narrow as you follow on, until, opposite the Devil's Hole it narrows to that degree as to leave only room enough for a wagon road to pass over a small spur of the ridge which bounds the eastern side of the flat; passing this spur you again enter another and smaller flat spot of ground through which runs a small brook, which, running a few rods, falls into the Devil's Hole.—Such was the place selected for the accomplishment of the bloody tragedy which was so soon to take place.

The day was beautiful; the sun shone out in splendor—the birds were singing from the trees, —and all nature seemed reposing in serenity and peace—the lazy teams were plodding along carelessly—the guards were scattered, and a perfect unconsciousness of danger having seized upon all—the whole party had descended into the first piece of flat ground, many had passed the spur of the ridge into the second and crossed the small brook—when the sudden and appalling war whoop of the Indians pealed upon their ears from the woods around them, followed by a sudden rush of the Indians and French, and immediately an indiscriminate slaughter of men and animals and destruction of property took place.

It is said so fiendish was the desire for spilling of blood both of men and animals, that the water of the brook became discolored with it, and from this cause acquired, and yet retains the name of the "bloody run." The persons of the English party were sadly mutilated and then thrown down the steep banks into the hole, as were such of the horses and oxen as had been killed, and likewise the wagons and much of the property.

Many years subsequent, after I had come to Lewiston, and previous to the war of 1812 with England, a man whose name I now forget, passing over this flat either with or soon after a wagon had gone along, which in its progress had run against and overturned the remnants of an old stump, he discovered something that drew his attention; and on making an examination he found a quantity of leaden balls: he gathered up some forty or fifty pounds and brought them to my father's house who purchased them. Many is the squirrel and other game I have killed in my younger days, with these balls shot from an old German yager rifle; which a gentleman who was stopping a few days at Lewiston, and to whom I had done some boyish favor, such as going hunting with him, securing and carrying his game, and observing my fondness for shooting, gave to me.

Of the whole English party but two escaped. One was a drummer boy, who was either thrown or jumped down the bank into a tree top: his drum straps caught in the branches and arrested his fall; he extricated himself from his perilous position, descended the tree, traversed the bottom of the hole, chasm or dell to its open side on the river, from whence and under cover of the river bank, he crept back to the landing at Lewiston. This man, Matthews was his name, was alive when I came to Lewiston, and resided near Capt. Isaac Swazy's an old New Jersey tory, on the bank of the river about two miles from the present village of Niagara in Canada: and followed the business of making split bottom chairs. Mr. Joshua Fairbanks now living at Lewiston, established himself at Chippawa in Canada in 1793, and was well acquainted with Matthews for many years.

If I had not the positive evidence I have, that this man Matthews, who escaped from the massacre in 1763, was alive in 1807, the fact is not all improbable nor anywise likely to be untrue.—I well remember an old gentleman, Major Maxwell (the brother of Col. Hugh Maxwell who served through the Revolutionary war, who came into western New York in '88 or '89 as a surveyor in the employ of Mr. Phelps) about seventy years of age, a very intimate friend of Gen. James Miller who distinguished himself by his charge on the British cannon at Lundy's Lane near the Falls, on the 25th of July 1814.

This Major Maxwell when quite a young man, was in the battle of Bloody Bridge near Detroit in July 1763, the time Pontiac was besieging that place. This old gentleman at the time I knew him was hale and hearty, and was employed in our army as an assistant wagon or forage master in 1814; and while the army was in Canada that summer, he went into the country to procure forage, and was captured by the British. After the war, I understood he returned to Michigan and has been dead many years.

The other person, William Stedman who was fortunate in making his escape, and the manner in which he effected it, is thus related: Being mounted on a very fleet mare, the bridle reins were seized by one or two Indians and forced out

of his hands, they intending to push him and his horse over the bank into the hole. One story says he took out his knife and cut the reins, another that he cut the throatlatch and slipped the bridle from the animal's head, immediately clapped his spurs into his mare's sides, and under a shower of rifle balls from the Indians, struck off directly into the woods an easterly course at right angles with the river, and continued on until he came to a small stream called Gill creek. He then followed the course of this creek to where it discharges into the Niagara river about a mile above fort Schlosser, and soon reached that place in safety.

Stedman afterwards went to England and died. Some time after his death, persons in this country, pretending to be his agents, laid claim to the whole district of country, from the Devil's Hole at the spot where he began his retreat from the massacre, taking his route through the woods to Gill creek, down the creek to the river, then following the course of the river to the place of starting, embracing the Falls and all the water power on the American side. It was pretended the Indians gave him this property, and that the gift was ratified by the British Government before the Revolution.

The reason assigned for this extraordinary gift was, his miraculous escape from a slaughter, in which it was supposed all his companions had become victims. That the Indians struck with such a remarkable intervention of the Great Spirit in his behalf, it was a clear indication to them that he was a highly favored being. That the Great Spirit in thus saving his life and the extraordinary route he took in making his escape, made it manifest to their minds that the land thus encompassed by him was to be his, and accordingly gave it to him. For many years, and even down to quite a recent period this claim has been asserted, and great efforts have been made to have it established.

The appearance of the devil's hole has altered very much within the last forty years. Then it was a very deep chasm near the bottom of which a fine cool spring issued. I have several times descended to that spring. There was a tall cedar tree which grew out of the loose stones towards the bottom, it was very straight and close along side, and nearly reached the top of the bank.—We used to creep down the bank and get into the top of this tree and using the limbs descend it like a ladder to its roots, then clamber still farther down over the loose rocks to the spring.—keeping a sharp watch all the time against rattlesnakes, as there were a great many then in and about the rocks and loose stones. Pieces of old iron and parts of wagon hubs were often found near the bottom. In later days a saw mill has been built on "bloody run" near the hole, and in constructing the heavy stone wall around fort Niagara since the last war, the large stones of which were taken from a quarry opened on the highest part of the bank around the hole. From this quarry large quantities of small stones, dirt, and other rubbish have been thrown down, the spring has been covered up, and the depth of the hole or chasm much reduced.

I have endeavored to trace the age of the large stone building called the mess house in fort Niagara. I remember hearing it said soon after I came to Lewiston, that it was not far from a hundred years old; and also recollecting there was a stone in the front part with the year in which it was built cut into it. I wrote a letter to Sergeant Leffman, who has charge of the post, to copy the date on the stone and send it to me. He writes that he has examined every part of the building and cannot find it, he says some old people about there tell him the date was 1725, which tallies well with the earliest accounts I had of its age. The building has been frequently whitewashed, and was much battered by shot during the last war, and the stone has probably been covered up or destroyed.

* * * * *

No American troops ever appeared in this part of the State again, until the time of the surrender of the American frontier fortresses in 1796.

It is a singular fact, and the more striking because of its singularity, and one which speaks volumes in favor of the high character and honorable conduct of the early settlers of Western New York, that, inasmuch as at the close of the Revolutionary War there were no good feelings existing between the Americans and the Indians in this part of the State, and although the fort at Niagara was retained by the British in violation of the treaty of 1783, for thirteen years, not one drop of blood has been shed in battle between the whites and Indians from the time of the Revolution to the present.

* * * * *

It is well known, that in violation of the treaty of 1783, when the English Government was compelled to acknowledge the Independence of her revolted colonies, the United States of America, it retained and kept military possession of all the fortresses on the American side of the great Lakes. Oswego, Niagara, Miami opposite Perrysburgh, Detroit and Michilimackinac were amongst the forts wrongfully withheld. The possession of these fortresses gave them the entire control of the numerous Indian tribes inhabiting this extensive district of country, and kept them almost continually in a state of war against the American settlements on and near the Ohio river. They instilled into the minds of the Indians that the Americans had no right to the country north of that river, and that by a combined action of all the Indian powers they could restrain the Americans to the South side. Great efforts were made by the Indians to accomplish this, in a continual struggle to break up and destroy all settlements and to prevent their extending.

For the purpose of giving security to these frontier settlements, and to break up this powerful Indian confederacy, the United States sent several armies or large bodies of men against them. Three of which, under Col. Crawford, Generals Harmer and St. Clair, were defeated and some of them nearly destroyed by the Indians. It was not until the great and decisive victory of Gen. Wayne over the combined Indian forces, aided by Englishmen painted like savages, on the banks of the Maumee in August, 1794, that any thing like peace and safety was secured to the setlers in the country then called the North Western Territory.

This battle was fought in sight of a British fort, from which the Indians had been armed and supplied with the means of fighting; and most probably a promise had been given of assistance in the coming fight, or protection within its walls in case of defeat. But when the conflict roged too strong for them, and when Wayne, with his victorious legion pressed on and overthrew them, the Indians fled from the field of their defeat to, and sought admission into the fort. But the danger of personal safety to themselves, of their false friends the English if they openly interfered, caused the gates to be shut against them, and the Indians were left to the mercy of the conquerer.

From this moment the illusion which had obscured the minds of the Indians gave way, and it appeared plain to them, they were engaged against a power over which they could not tri-

umph; and that their friends and advisers, the English, when the times of adversity arrived, had not the power to aid them. This victory was followed by the treaty of Greenville in 1795, the dismemberment of the great confederacy forever, and secured peace and safety to the inhabitants of that country.

A long time previous to, and during the war of 1812, between Egland and the United States, Tecumseh, one of the greatest of Indian warriors and statesmen, made great efforts to revive this confederacy, but the lesson taught the Indians in 1794, had not been forgotten; and Tecumseh could only succeed partially in his darling project. In later years when, the fierce warrior Black Hawk undertook the same thing, but on a much more limited scale in Northern Illinois, he could not succeed even in securing the aid of the whole of his own tribe or nation. But he was only a warrior—bloody and fierce to be sure—and had none of the statesman-like qualities of the Pontiacs and Tecumsehs of former days, and is not entitled to notice on the same page of history with them.

* * * * *

To show you how averse the English were to allowing the free range of this frontier or the use of the Lakes to our people, I will relate some of their acts. In 1787, the year my father first came to the Niagara frontier, at which time all the white settlements were on the Canada side of the river, he said it was the practise of the commanding officer of Fort Niagara, to furnish the Indians with cards having on them sealing wax bearing a particular impression; and directed them if they found any white men rambling about the country who had not such a pass or card, they were British soldiers desorting, and they must take them up and bring them to the Fort. That he was once or twice thus arrested himself, and at other times had to dodge and run away from drunken and troublesome Indians.

In 1789, John Fellows of Sheffield, Massachusets, started from Schenectady with a boat, its cargo mostly tea and tobacco, with the design of going to Canada to trade. On reaching Oswego, the commanding officer refused him permission to pass that place. Fellows returned with his boat and cargo up the Oswego river to Seneca river, up that into the Canandaigua outlet as far as where Clyde is. Here he built a small log building (long known as the block-house) to secure his goods in, while he was engaged in bushing out a sled road to Sodus bay on Lake Ontario. He then went to Geneva and got a yoke or two of cattle, hauled his boat and property across, and in this frail conveyance embarked with his goods, and pushed across the lake. He met with a ready sale for his tea and tobacco and did well.—He re-crossed in the same boat and landed at Irondequoit. This boat was afterwards purchased and used by Judge Porter in traversing the shore of Lake Ontario, when making the survey of the Phelps and Gorham purchase.

This was the *first* American craft, that ever floated on the waters of the great lakes, now filled with magnificent steamboats and sail vessels, fully employed in carrying on the immense commerce which passes over them.

In 1793, Judge Porter informs me, that he was employed by two men in New York, who owned a large tract of land lying between Ithaca and Owego on the Susquehanna river, and also a ten thousand acre tract on the St. Lawrence; to explore it for them. That he crossed from Salisbury in Connecticut to Catskill, and with a pack on his back pushed through the country to where Ithaca now is. He explored the large tract of land, when he with a man named Hull came down the shore of Cayuga lake three or four miles, where they bought a canoe from a Dutchman.—In this canoe they passed down the lake and through the different rivers to Oswego, for the purpose of going into the St. Lawrence to visit the other tract of land. He was refused permission to pass the fort at Oswego, and, as there was no other route to get to the land but by the lake, he had to relinquish that part of his job, and he and his companion voyaged to Schenectady in that canoe, where he sold it.

And when as late as 1796, and only a few days before they gave up forever, the Fort at Oswego, did the English refuse permission to the boats with the surveyors and others in the employ of the Connecticut land Company, who were going to survey the Western Reserve in Ohio, to pass that place. The boats were under the charge of Joshua Stow, uncle of Judge Stow of this city.—Determined not to be delayed, he took the boats during the day a mile or two up the river, and at night silently ran them past the fort into the lake and pursued his way to Fort Niagara, where he found the Fort in our possession. The boats and their loading were conveyed across the portage at Queenstown on the Canada side of the river and came on to Buffalo.

The first American troops who took possession of Fort Niagara that summer was under the command of Major Revardy, a French officer in our service.

My father's first visit to the Niagara frontier was in the summer of 1787. He was employed to aid in driving a drove of cattle and sheep from the Western part of New Jersey, which had been sold to the English to supply their troops and Indian department; this being the best market the country then afforded. At that time there was a small cluster of Mohawk Indians residing a little over a mile east of the present village of Lewiston; the first night of his arrival he slept in that Indian town, and, at the period of his death, was the owner of the farm where formerly stood this Indian settlement. The farm is now known as the "Mohawk Farm."

The late father of Colonel Silas Hopkins, nearly seventy-five years of age, now living in Cambria, Niagara County, was one of the party. They came by way of Wyoming up the Susquehanna, between the Lakes Cayuga and Seneca, and through to Niagara by the Tonawanda Reservation. On reaching the Genesee River at Avon, near the spot where Mrs. Berry, the mother of Mrs. E. C. Hickox, of this city, subsequently kept a ferry across the river, the party stopped some time for the purpose of feeding and recuperating the animals; and for their own comfort and convenience, put up a small log building which was amongst the first, if not the very first, building erected by white men between Fort Schuyler (now Utica) and Lake Erie, on the line of the old state or stage road between the two points. On his return to New Jersey he came up the river from Niagara on the Canada side, and remained a few days at Buffalo; which then only contained two or three log huts in the vicinity where the Mansion House stands. For the services rendered his employer on this occasion he received eight dollars, and thought himself well compensated.

He returned the next year as far as Genaya, and from that period was a resident of Western New York until the time of his death; which occurred at Lewiston in June, 1842, to which place he removed with his family in June, 1807. The family of James Latta, my grandfather on my mother's side, came to Geneva on the 14th of September, 1789,—my mother, now living, was nearly 16 years of age. The family removed

from New Windsor on the Hudson River. They came to Albany in a sloop, crossed over to Schenectady in wagons, ascended the Mohawk River as far as Fort Stanwix, (now Rome,) hauled their small boats over the portage into Wood Creek, down that into the Oneida Lake. They reached that on the evening of a clear, moonlight night, and my grandfather paid his men extra wages to pass over the Lake to Fort Brewerton during the night; fearing a storm would arise in the morning and detain them several days, as was frequently the case. The route was then down the Oneida River to Three River Point, then up the Seneca River to the outlet of Seneca Lake, then up that to Geneva. The voyage from Schenectady consumed seventeen days, during the greater part of which time it rained.

At this time there was no mill in the country nearer than Newtown, (now Elmira,) fifty miles distant, and this one had no bolt; the flour ground there required to be sifted before using it; provisions were brought into the country by water up the Mohawk in small boats, and from the Susquehanna River on pack horses. It was some time before mills were erected in many places.—The first one she remembers was Waggoner's, on the outlet of the Crooked Lake, near where Pen Yan now is. This place was originally settled by emigrants frrm Pennsylvania and the Eastern States in nearly equal numbers, and my father has the credit of giving it a name. Being at that place on a certain time when the people were talking much about giving their place a name, and as there was much difficulty in finding one to suit all parties, he proposed Pen Yan or Yank, as most descriptive of the people and where they came from; being half Yankees and half Pennymites, as they were called:—the oddity of the name and its expressive meaning took with the people, and hence the name of Penn Yan.

Before mills were built, almost every family kept one or two mortars or hominy blocks for pounding corn in. These blocks were frequently amongst the people in the country, made in the stump of a tree near the house. They would cut the stump square and then burn or dig a cavity in the top, deep enough to receive the corn; and torelieve the labor the pounder was frequenly used by means of a swing. Provisions of course were scarce and dear, there was no money in those times; and the people lived mostly on corn, pumpkins and beans, and killed deer and bears for meat. They were kind and friendly to each other, and bore their sufferings patiently, rendering to each other all the assistance they could.—The early settlers were a superior class of men, of great physical strength and superior intellects, capable of doing and enduring every thing—and their powers were frequently taxed to the utmost.

I will relate a story, which will show the simplicity of manners which characterised the people for many years, as well as the manner in which parties of recreation were sometimes formed in those days.

My father was a long time employed by the Surveyor General the late Simion DeWitt, in surveying the military tract lying east of Ontario County to, and including Onondaga. From his great industry, and availing himself of every honorable manner to better his condition, and by the practice of rigid economy in his expenditures, he had become comparatively forehanded. He determined to build a better house than the log cabin in which I was born. He commenced in 1796 or 1797, the erection of a large square two story frame house, and from its peculiar and favorable locality and beautiful site, on the travelled road from Geneva to Bath in Steuben county, supposed it might be wanted in time for a tavern, and had a large ball room made in it. Owing to adverse circumstances, one of which was the failure of the contractor, he lost three hundred dollars, a large sum at that time. Another was, that his lumber after being well dried and fit for use, caught fire in the kiln and was destroyed.—These retarded its completion for several years. At length it was finished. And being the only house for several miles around of a suitable size for the purpose, the master workman and his joiners, together with some other young men in the neighborhood, were desirous of having a house warming and spinning bee. That year he had grown an extraordinary crop of flax, and the young men said if he would let them have the frolic, they would hackle and dress the flax, get the fiddlers, collect the girls, and do all they could to lighten the burthen on him. He gave his permission—they turned in, dressed the flax, and then making up some seventy six half pound bunches, put them in bags and scattered them round the country for several miles, amongst the girls as cards of invitation.

In those days there were no pianos and guitars in the country, and the girls made music on spinning wheels, and the notes they practised upon were flax and wool. The flax was to be spun into threads of a certain number, and on the evening of the party each girl was to bring her skein of thread. Those who lived on roads leading direct came in wagons. Others, who lived in the woods, where some of the prettiest girls were found, mounted a horse behind a young man, with a blanket to sit upon, dressed in their every day apparel, with woolen stockings and strong shoes on. They would dash through the woods on some trail, through brooks and over every obstacle in their way, carrying their ball dress and skein of thread in a bundle, in their hand. A few minutes at the toilet put them in a condition for the ball-room. Others, living only a mile or two away, thought it no great task to come on foot. In the ball-room, their rosy cheeks, their sparkling eyes and blooming health, gave pleasure to all who beheld them; and their vigorous systems, strengthened by hard daily labor, enabled them to dance and enjoy it, and with life and spirit would skip through the dance, like the young fawns of their own woods. The supper was prepared by my mother, and well, too, from the products of the farm, and with the addition of coffee, tea, sugar and some light wine, was all that was necessary or desired. Information reaching Geneva of the party, about thirty of the elite of that place came down and joined heartily in the pleasures going on. As no barn could hold the horses, they were picketed around the wagons and fences, and plenty of hay spread before them. As daylight began to appear the girls would doff their ball dresses, and having again donned the homespun, disappear for their homes in the woods.

READING THE BIBLE.—The venerable *John Quincy Adams* recently stated to a friend, that ever since he was thirty years old, he had been accustomed, among the first things, to read the Bible every morning. He has read seven different versions, in the German, French, Greek, and Latin languages, besides various English translations.

☞ A New York correspondent of the New Orleans *Delta* communicates the following:

It is true that Mr. Astor has laid aside nearly half a million for the establishment of a free library in the city of New York. He has wisely limited the cost of the building to $60,000; so that his beneficence shall not, like Mr. Girard's, be thrown away on marble and mortar.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

To the Unknown Valentine.

Oh, Fame, is not for woman; she must yield
The very essence of her being up;—
Bare her full heart, throw off its golden shield,
And drain its very life to fill the cup;—
Which, like a brimming goblet, red with wine,
She poureth out upon the world's broad shrine.
And on its golden rim they grave her name,—
Fling back the empty bowl,—and this is Fame!

[*The Missive.*

Thy picture, Lady, is too darkly drawn;
O, is there not upon the scroll of Fame,
A *thousand* names, all radiant as the dawn,
Of woman's glory, that would put to shame
Mans brightest deeds, o'er which the crowds rejoice
And nations praise with an united voice?

There is! her fame survives in every clime,
And will, so long as Virtue shall endure;
Above the wrecks of all-destroying Time,
Her faith shall rest, her glory shine secure.
While ages, gazing on her brow divine,
Shall bow them down and worship at her shrine.

Her eye has power to charm, her voice to melt;
And, by her tears have marble hearts been wrung;
Earth's proudest conquerors at her feet have knelt,—
Her sages have admired, her poets sung
Her praise; and all acknowledge that her right
Transcends the power of stronger-handed might.

Hers is the empire of the home and heart:
Beneath her hand 'tis pleasure to be ruled;
And, from her throne how many laws depart,
By which mankind in wisdom's ways are schooled;
Hers is the power to rule by measures mild,
And to her rule has man been reconcil'd.

O, Lady, say not then that Woman's fame,
Is holow as the empty incense bowl;
What brighter glory may she hope to claim?
Creation's lords acknowledge her control;
And kings, rejoicing in her peaceful sway,
Kneel at her feet and all her laws obey.

BUFFALO, Feb. 16, 1848. D. W.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Tricklings.

FROM THE PEN OF AN IDLER.

WILLIS, in one of his peculiar sketches, gives an instance of what he calls "natural poetry" from the mouth of an aged Arab woman whom he encountered in the desert; and begging pardon for mentioning myself in the same connexion, I crave leave to record here a gem I think equally worthy of the setting.

At an obscure tavern in Ohio, where I chanced to find myself some years since, there stopped a pale, ill-clad female, on foot, apparently about sixty years of age, who requested a meal of victuals and a few hours rest. While the benevolent landlady was attending to her wants, she stated in reply to some inquiries, that she was a widow, friendless and poor, and that she was going from Connecticut to L———, Indiana, to join an only daughter, married and there settled. Her means had failed after a few weeks' travel, and she was reduced to the necessity of imploring charity in order to continue her journey.

"Why," asked the landlady, kindly, "did not your daughter send you money to enable you to reach L———?"

"Ah!" said the poor woman, and I shall never forget the almost despairing look and gesture which accompanied the words, "*my daughter has her heart and hands full!*"

Could there be said any thing more natural and touching?

The wholesale laudation of Mr. LOWELL, as a poet, appearing in the February number of Holden's Magazine, is as pretty a specimen of "unmitigated nonsense," as I have lately met. Such criticism is as unfair in respect to other authors, as it is disagreeable to every man of true and noble feeling. Without denying that Mr. L. has written many things that give evidence of much poetic ability and even genius in the author, I cannot subscribe to the assertion that he is to be placed in the front rank of American poets, still less to the belief that his star is destined to eclipse and throw into the shade the suns of our own elder literature, and that of other countries. Our reviewers are gradually falling into the grievous error of over-praising particular authors and systems, thus inflicting all the injury they are able on our literature. Mr. E. A. Poe, and Mr. Lowell himself, are two prominent and honorable exceptions, and the author of the review in Holden's Magazine should know better than to bedaub with his fulsome and offensive flattery, a man who, in all he has written, has uniformly shown himself averse to it.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24, 1848.

In connection with the death of Mr. Adams, I have another interesting incident to record. On the day of his attack Miss C. L. Edwards, of Massachusetts, through her brother-in-law, Hon. Mr. Johnson, of New Hampshire, solicited the signature of Mr. Adams for her Album, and in reply to her request he wrote the following:

"JOHN QUINCY ADAMS—
QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.

"In days of yore, the Poet's pen
From wing of bird was plundered,
Perhaps a goose, but now and then
From Jove's own Eagle sundered;
But now metallic pens disclose,
Alone, the Poet's numbers
In Iron Inspiration flows,
Or with the Minstrel slumbers.

"Fair damsell could *my* pen impart,
In prose or lofty rhyme,
The pure emotions of my heart
To speed the flight of time,
What metal from the womb of earth
Could worth intrinsic bear,
To stamp with corresponding worth
The blessings thou shouldst share!"

The original copy of this really beautiful lyric was written on the 18th of February, in the Album of Mrs. Caleb Lyon—and the two copies are cherished by the above named ladies, as mementoes of rare value. The "womb of earth" to which the "Old Man Eloquent" alluded, is now about to become his final resting place. With regard to the pen which Mr. Adams employed in the above poem, I may state that it is now in the possession of Mr. Poore, of the Boston Atlas.

Iron.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

"Truth shall spring out of the earth."—Psalms lxxv. 11.

As, in lonely thought, I pondered
On the marv'lous things of earth,
And, in fancy's dreaming, wondered
At their beauty, power and worth,
Came, like words of prayer, the feeling—
Oh! that God would make me know,
Through the spirit's clear revealing—
What, of all his works below,
Is to man a boon the greatest,
Brightening on from age to age,
Serving truest, earliest, latest,
Through the world's long pilgrimage.

Soon vast mountains rose before me,
Shaggy, desolate, and lone,
Their scarred heads were threat'ning o'er me,
Their dark shadows round me thrown;
Then a voice, from out the mountains,
As an earthquake shook the ground,
And like frightened fawns the fountains,
Leaping, fled before the sound;
And the Anak oaks bowed lowly,
Quivering, aspen-like, with fear—
While the deep response came slowly,
Or it must have crushed mine ear!

"Iron! Iron! Iron!"—crashing,
Like the battle-axe and shield;
Or the sword on helmet clashing,
Through a bloody battle-field:
"Iron! Iron! Iron!"—rolling,
Like the far-off cannon's boom;
Or the death-knell, slowly tolling,
Through a dungeon's charnel gloom!
"Iron! Iron! Iron!"—swinging,
Like the summer winds at play;
Or as the bells of Time were ringing
In the blest Millennial Day!

Then the clouds of ancient fable
Cleared away before mine eyes;
Truth could tread a footing stable
O'er the gulf of mysteries!
Words, the prophet bards had uttered,
Signs, the oracle foretold,
Spells, the weird-like Sibyl muttered,
Through the twilight days of old,
Rightly read, beneath the splendor,
Shining now on history's page,
All their faithful witness render—
All portend a better age.

Sisyphus, for ever toiling,
Was the type of toiling men,
While the stone of power, recoiling,
Crushed them back to earth again!
Stern Prometheus, bound and bleeding,
Imaged man in mental chain,
While the vultures, on him feeding,
Were the passions' vengeful reign;
Still a ray of mercy tarried
On the cloud, a white winged dove,
For this mystic faith had married
Vulcan to the Queen of Love.

Rugged strength and radiant beauty—
These were one in nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man!
Darkly was this doctrine taught us
By the gods of heathendom;
But the living light was brought us,
When the gospel morn had come!
How the glorious change, expected,
Could be wrought, was then made free;
Of the earthly, when perfected,
Rugged Iron forms the key!

"Truth from out the earth shall flourish,"
This the Word of God makes known—
Thence are harvest men to nourish—
There let Iron's power be shown.
Of the swords, from slaughter gory
Ploughshares forge to break the soil;—
Then will Mind attain its glory,
Then will Labor reap the spoil,—
Error cease the soul to wilder,
Crime be checked by simple good,
As the little coral builder
Forces back the furious flood.

While our faith in good grows stronger,
Means of greater good increase;
Iron, slave of war no longer,
Leads the onward march of peace;
Still new modes of service finding,
Ocean, earth, and air it moves,
And the distant nations binding,
Like the kindred tie it proves;
With its Atlas-shoulder sharing
Loads of human toil and care;
On its wing of lightning bearing
Thought's swift mission through the air!

As the rivers, furthest flowing,
In the highest hills have birth;
As the banyan, broadest growing,
Oftenest bows its head to earth,—
So the noblest minds press onward,
Channels far of good to trace;
So the largest hearts bend downward,
Circling all the human race;
Thus, by Iron's aid, pursuing
Through the earth their plans of love,
Men our Father's will are doing,
Here, as angels do above!

THE FIRST CONQUEST OF MEXICO.—Hernan Cortez left the shores of Cuba with a force of five hundred and fifty-three soldiers, to conquer the powerful Empire of Mexico; and he did conquer it, with all its treasures and millions of inhabitants. He only knew that somewhere in that direction lay a rich country, abounding in gold and believing in idols, but the very mystery which hung over these enchanted realms, only seemed to stimulate his romantic daring. Yucatan had before been startled by the apparition of the white-winged brigantines of Spain in her waters, and thither Cortez steered to make the starting point in his plan of discovery and conquest. The thunder of artillery, and the tramp of his war-horses, clothed him with almost supernatural power over the natives, but his contests and his treaties with them produced but one result of immediate importance—the presentation of Marina, the Indian Maiden, who followed his steps through the whole of his perilous career with such faithful, unshrinking devotion, and who understood the language of the "country of gold" of which he was in search.

On Good Friday, 1619, Cortez landed on the present site of the City of Vera Cruz, and declared to the astonished natives that he was the Ambassador of a king as mighty as their own potent and magnificent sovereign. An old tradition was among them of a Prophet-Prince, with hair and complexion like these strangers, who had ruled over their ancestors for a long time and then departed from their coast. And this tradition seemed realized by the advent of these wonderfully endowed white men, so that superstition did its work while Cortez studied his position, and learned the state of the empire. He found it rich, prosperous and extensive, but not firmly knit

in the bonds of a just government. One of these discontented tribes, the Totonacs, instantly sought the alliance of the Spaniards, and the quick and powerful mind of Cortez had secured the command of an extensive coast territory, guides, soldiers and provisions wherewith to penetrate the country, and a refuge in case of disaster in the first attempt, when his messengers returned with Montezuma's positive refusal of the Spaniard's demand to visit the capitol. Nothing daunted, Cortez prepared to climb the mountains that guarded the imperial city of the Aztecs, and surprise the monarch in his palace. To guard against desertion he burned his fleet, and compelled his people to put in himself, their arms and the possession of the country their undivided trust.

This done, at the head of four hundred bold Spaniards, and twenty-three hundred of his allies, he took his way to the country of the unconquerable, and to that day unconquered, people of Tlascala, whose home lay between the friendly Totonacs and the rich valley of Mexico. To win Tlascala became an important object with Cortez, and an embassy, chosen from the Totonac chiefs, preceded his army, to invite that brave nation to unite with him in taming the pride of their common enemy; but they proposed to receive these mysterious strangers, who seemed to have risen from the depths of the sea, as enemies. The profound tact and warlike skill of Cortez triumphed over all things, and after convincing them of Spanish prowess in several hard-fought battles, he entered their Capital as a friend and ally. He left it as the chief of its military array, which he now united to his own, and after chastising with terrific severity, the suspected treachery of the neighboring city of Cholula, he resumed his march to Mexico. Montezuma saw, with dismay and surprise, the strangers at the gates of his island city, but he had not the courage to oppose their entrance. Thus the brilliant and resolute conqueror had fought and negotiated his way through every peril to the heart of the great empire, of which he did not even know the name when he set forth for its conquest. Then, as now, the eagle standard was the flag of a great American Confederacy, but then it represented a bond of ill-fitting, oppressed and discontented tribes; now it symbols a family of equal, prosperous and United States, that have found Mexico as facile of conquest as she was three centuries ago, and for the same reason—the masses are in bonds, and have no heart to fight the quarrels of their bondmasters.

Cortez, once established in the imperial capital, was not long in conceiving and executing the daring plan of seizing upon the person of the Emperor, and through him bringing his subjects to submission. Their emperor was their country; in his person centered the self-sacrificing and patriotic affection which an American only pays to his republican institutions, and with his imprisonment Mexico lost its life and independence.

It is true the intrigues of his enemies, the insubordination of his followers, the unhappy death of Montezuma, and the obstinate resistance of his gallant but unfortunate successor, Guatamozin, checked the unparalleled career of Cortez, with many dark clouds and bitter trials, but his conquering spirit surmounted them all, and he gave to Spain a new realm richer than herself. In all these trials and triumphs Marina was ever the same true, tender, unfaltering woman. She had no life, no hope, no world, but in the success of her hero lord, and when his conquests were over and he a suppliant for justice at the Spanish Court, she sank quietly to rest in her native plains.—Their son Don Martin Cortez became the victim of the same jealous policy that rewarded the achievments of his noble father, and sank under the torture—the horrid torture of the rack—by the order of Spain, in the very city of Mexico which his parents had laid at her feet.

Burning of Forty-seven Women at the Funeral of an Indian Prince.

The infernal rites at the death of an Indian Prince are thus described in an extract of a letter from Tranquebar in the East Indies, written by a Danish Missionary. They dug without the walls of the city, where that Prince who died at the age of eighty, made his residence, a large pit, which they filled with wood, ranged and piled up as for a bonfire. The corpse of the deceased, richly habited and adorned, was brought forth in great pomp, and laid on the pile; after which the Bramins (heathen priests,) kindled the fire, with abundance of superstitious ceremonies. The wives and concubines of the deceased, who, according to the law or custom of the country, ought to die with him, appeared there at the same time, and walked several times round the funeral pile. They were in number forty-seven, all finely decked with jewels, and adorned with flowers.—The favored wife or concubine carried the poniard of the defunct prince, which she delivered up to his successor, and made a short speech exorting him to use it with moderation, so as never to let it light on any but the guilty. Then she boldly turned her face towards the pile, and, after invoking her gods, leaped into the midst of the flames. The second was the sister of a prince named Tandaman, who was present at these horrid rites. She gave him the jewels she were, and the prince, in receiving them, embraced her most tenderly, and poured out a flood of tears; but the princess without betraying the least concern, looked alternately, with a steady countenance on the pile and on the spectators, and crying with a loud voice, "*Chiva! Chiva!*" which is the name of one of their gods, she jumped as cheerfully into the flames as the first did.

The others followed her close: some of them appeared resolute enough, but others looked wild and dejected. There was one in particular, who, being more dismayed than her companions, ran to embrace one of the spectators, who was a Christian, praying him to save her; but this was not in his power to do, and the poor wretch was immediately tumbled headlong into the fire.

However intrepid most of those unhappy victims appeared before jumping into the pit, the note was vastly altered when in the midst of the flames. There they shrieked hideously, tumbled one over another, striving to reach the edge of the pit, and get out of it; but they were kept in by throwing heaps of billets and faggots upon them, as well to knock them on the head as to increase the fire. When they were consumed, the Bramins drew near the yet smoking pile, and performed abundance of ridiculous ceremonies over the ashes of the poor wretches. The next day they gathered up the bones, and having wrapped them up in fine linen, carried them to a place near the Isle of Ramesuren, where they cast them into the sea. After which, the pit was filled up, and a temple since erected on the spot, where sacrifices are offered up in honor of the prince and his wives, who from thenceforth are numbered among the saints or goddesses.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27.

The Treaty, with its accompanying documents and corresrondence has been printed, and will doubtless be considered in executive session tomorrow.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

New Poetry by Tupper.

HACTENUS: Sundry of my Lyrics Hitherto. By M. F. TUPPER. New-York: Wiley and Putnam. 1848.

Martin F. Tupper is one of those happy, cheerful spirits whose poetry gladdens the earth like the songs of forest minstrels. He is not forever whining about the sad lot of mortals—the dearth of friendship and the scantiness of earthly comforts. He seems to be duly sensible that God is more highly blessing his revolted subjects than they deserve; and although man has a burden to bear through life, the poet thinks it is best not to murmur, but to keep up courage and press on.

Mr. Tupper is evidently on good terms with the American public. We believe the sentiments below really and truly come from his heart:

TO AMERICA.

I.

Columbia, child of Britain,—noblest child!
I praise the growing lustre of thy worth,
And fain would see thy great heart reconcil'd
To love the mother of so blest a birth;
For we are one. Columbia! still the same
In lineage, language, laws and ancient fame,
The natural Nobility of earth;
Yes, we are one; the glorious days of yore
When dear old England earn'd her storied name
Are thine, as well as ours, for evermore:
And thou hast rights in Milton, e'en as we,—
Thou too can'st claim "sweet Shakspeare's wood-notes wild,"
And chiefest, brother, we are both made free,
Of one religion, pure and undefil'd!

II.

I blame thee not, as other some have blamed,—
The highborn heir had grown to man's estate;
I mock thee not, as some who should be shamed,
Nor ferret out thy faults with envious hate;
Far otherwise, by generous love inflamed,
Patriot, I praise thy country's foreign son,
Rejoicing in the blaze of good and great
That diadems thy head;—go on, go on!
Young Hercules, thus travelling in might,
Boy-Plato, filling all the West with light,
Thou new Themistocles of enterprise,
Go on, and prosper,—Acolyte of Fate!
And,—precious child, dear Ephraim,—turn those eyes,—
For thee thy mother's yearning heart doth wait.

III.

Let aged Britain claim the classic Past,
A shining track of bright and mighty deeds,
For Thee I prophesy the Future vast,
Whereof the Present sows its giant seeds:
Corruption and decay come thick and fast
O'er poor old England; yet a few dark years
And we must die, as nations died of yore!
But, in the millions of thy teeming shore,
Thy patriots, sages, warriors, saints, and seers,
We live again, Columbia! yea, once more
Unto a thousand generations live,
The mother in the child: to all the West
Through Thee shall We earth's choicest blessings give,
Ev'n as our Orient world in Us is blest.

IV.

Yea! noble scion of an ancient root,
Born of the forest-king! spread forth, spread forth,—
High to the stars thy tender leaflets shoot,
Deep dig thy fibres round the ribs of earth!
From sea to sea, from south to icy north
It must ere long be thine, through good or ill,
To stretch thy sinewy boughs: go,—wondrous child!
The glories of thy destiny fulfil;
Remember then thy mother in her age,
Shelter her in the tempest, warring wild;
Stand thou with us, when all the nations rage
So furiously together: we are one:
And, through all time, the calm historic page
Shall tell of Britain blest in thee her son!

But little fault can be found with Hactenus except its occasional exhibitions of vanity and pedantry. When the author says of himself that

"—— the magic music of my pen
Hath won such wealth of love in every clime,
And still shall win such treasure for all time," etc.

we feel to pity him for the betrayal of such weakness. The interspersion of lines and half lines from foreign tongues in his verse, is sheer pedantry, and reminds us so forcibly of

"—— a zebra in a parson's chaise,"

as to provoke a smile. If Mr. Tupper has passed through the period of classic teething, as we suppose is the case, it is a marvel that he can lower himself to such mental littleness.

But as we have before hinted, Hactenus—notwithstanding the pedantry of its name and of some of the contents, possesses much of the right spirit, and is a very readable little book. True a similarity of thought is sometimes traceable between Mr. Tupper and older poets, yet we do not accuse him of intentional plagiarism. The following very beautiful verse from a Hymn for Thanksgiving,

"Gaze round in deep emotion:
The rich and ripened grain
Is like a golden ocean
Becalmed upon the plain,"

was probably suggested by these lines of Bryant, referring to the Prairies:

"Lo! thy strength
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,
And motionless for ever."

But we have no desire to continue remarks that may look like fault finding with Mr. Tupper.—His writings have much more to admire than to blame, and Hactenus should and *will* have an extended reading.

For sale by Hawks.

THE HISTORY OF THE BOTTLE, an interesting story lately published in the New-York Organ, has been issued in a pamphlet of thirty-two pages and is for sale at the several Literary Depots in this city.

HISTORY OF THE HOLLAND PURCHASE.—Mr. O. TURNER, of Lockport, senior editor of the *Democrat*, is preparing a History of the Holland Purchase. Any information furnished him touching the subject, would be thankfully received.—He will no doubt make a very interesting work.

Death of John Quincy Adams!

Just after our paper had gone to press last week on Thursday, P. M., the painful intelligence reached this city by Telegraph of the demise of "the old man eloquent!" His death was occasioned by a stroke of paralysis, which occurred while in his seat in the House of Representatives on the Monday previous. Mr. A. attained his eightieth year in July last. He has been in active service—diplomatic and legislative– almost incessantly, for nearly sixty years. In early life he went to Europe, where he spent several years in the best schools, acquiring continental languages and laying the foundation of an education which he perfected at Cambridge, Mass., between the years 1785 and 1787, and which he has since rendered most servicable to his country. He was appointed by Washington minister to the Netherlands in 1794, whence he was soon after transferred to Portugal; was elected to the Senate of Massachusetts in 1802, and the next year to the United States Senate, where he continued until 1808—went as minister to Russia the next year and remained there until 1814, when he was sent as one of the commissioners to negotiate the treaty of Ghent. In 1817 he became the Secretary of State under Mr. Monroe; and in 1825 was chosen President of the United States. This last office he held four years. Since 1831 he has been a member of the House of Representatives, where he has shone as the Nestor of that body for seventeen years. As a literary writer, a diplomatist, a statesman and an orator, Mr. A. has long stood in the front rank of the living; and now that he has gone, a nation, without any respect to party, will deeply lament his loss.

The Columbian Magazine for this month surpasses in interest of matter and beauty and splendor of illustration any of the late preceding issues. The two engravings, "Christ teaching Humility" and "Smyrna—from the Harbor," are elegant specimens of art, worth twice the price of the number. Amongst the prose articles is a review of Headly's Napoleon and his Marshals, which will attract much attention. It is accompanied by a wood cut which, in the language of the *True Sun*, "both for design and execution, is one of the best illustrations that has ever been produced in this country." It is a droll and facetious hit-off on Headley's overwrought characters, and will take first rate.

The Working Men of this city talk of running Mr. Theodore Coburn (whig) for Mayor, and Mr. Stephen Albro (democrat) for Justice of the Peace.

Washington's Birth Day was celebrated pretty generally, we believe, throughout the country. This is as it should be. Several of the Sons of Temperance of this city met others from Rochester at Batavia, where an address was delivered by Professor Seager of Rochester.

Death.—The following brief composition was amongst the latest mental efforts of Mary A. Bettis, daughter of Mr. William Bettis of this city. She died on the 29th of last January at the early age of sixteen. The cause of her death was an ulcerated sore-throat and croup, which brought her to the grave after a severe illness of about one week. She was remarkable for purity and sedateness of mind, gentleness of disposition and amiability of heart. Though she naturally possessed a delicate constitution, her parents little thought, a few months ago, that Death would so soon aim his unerring dart at their "shining mark." But she is gone! and this solemn truth, as well as her own words below, should serve as a warning to the young reader to be "also ready:"

Death is the voice of warning from the spirit land. It whispers to the hearts and consciences of men, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." It severs the last link that binds us to this world, stills the pulsations of the heart, and closes the eyes on all but eternal things.

Youthful reader, have you ever stood by the dying bed of friends, ever listened to the admonitory warning from their lips, or followed them to the grave? Yes I know you have, and the tear of filial affection and regret has often coursed your cheek. Methinks I hear some tiny voice asking in accents of affectionate sorrow,

> "Can those we have loved, forget!
> We call, and they answer not again:
> Oh! say, do they love us yet?"

Permit me to inquire if you have treasured up those admonitions? have you written those precepts upon the tablets of your heart? or have you despised them, and banished their recollection from your memory? Oh! no; it cannot be. They will die only with your body. Trust in God and when the last sand has fallen from the hourglass of life, may you have strength given you to say,

> Oh Death! where is thy sting,
> And, boasting grave, thy victory?"

Songs for the People, No. 3, has been received. It is richly illustrated, and contains Auld Robin Gray, Perry's Victory, Am I not fondly Thine Own, On Buena Vista's Bloody Field, Come, come Away, Clar de Kitchen, etc., etc. For sale by Hawks.

New Theatre.—We regret to hear there is some likelihood that a Theatre and Museum will be erected ere long on the ground now partly covered by the Farmers' Hotel. One Theatre in a city of the size of Buffalo, is more than we wish could be sustained.

Flood at Massillon.—There has lately been a great flood at Massillon, O., caused by the flowing of the waters of an artificial Lake into the village. The *Telegraph* of that place estimates the loss at $150,000.

Mr. Bridges, democrat, has been chosen to Congress in the 6th district of Pa., filling the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Hornbeck, whig.

THE TREATY OF PEACE.—The National Intelligencer gives the following as the substance of the Treaty:

First.—Peace between the United States and Mexico, and an Armistice between the Military Commanders of the two countries during such time as the Treaty shall be in suspense.

Secondly.—Mexico agrees, in consideration, &c., that the boundary between the United States and Mexico shall hereafter be from the Sea up the middle of the Rio Grande to the boundary of New Mexico, and thence in a line which (with some digression) is to run west (or nearly west) to the Pacific Ocean, and strike a point south of the port of San Diego.

Thirdly.—In consideration of this large cession of territory the United States are to pay to Mexico the sum of fifteen millions of dollars, and to satisfy all the just claims of citizens of the United States against the Government of Mexico.

The Treaty is understood to contain many provisions of detail; but does not, as we hear, include any provision, as has been reported, for the maintenance of a Military force by the United States for a certain time in Mexico.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—Nos. 40, 41 and 42 have been received by Hawks. About two numbers more will complete this great work.

YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The Rev. Mr. RICH of this city lectured Monday evening on the subject of War—its Reality and Poetry.

PUBLISHERS, who send us books will always be sure to have them noticed, and as the Messenger has the largest circulation of any paper in this city, and as it is not only read but preserved, a notice in its columns will be of superior advantage.

PEACE.—The Mexican government, according to late telegraphic reports, has ratified, so far as it could, the Treaty of Peace: and we look forward with joy to the speedy adjustment of the matter.

Congressional.

On Monday, in the Senate, the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions reported the House bill for the relief of the heirs of John Paul Jones, with an amendment.

The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the amendment, and a discussion arose in which several Senators participated.

On motion of Mr. John Davis, the subject was referred to the Committee on Claims.

Mr. Benton here announced the sudden illness of Mr. Adams of the House, and on motion, the Senate immediately adjourned.

In the House, the Speaker announced as the first business the reception of petitions, &c.

Mr. Chase, of Tenn., offered a joint resolution of thanks to Gen. Twiggs and other under generals in our Army.

He moved the suspension of the rules, in order to get immediate action on the resolution, and called for the previous question. The call was sustained by a close vote, Ayes 100, Nays 99.

It was here announced that John Quincy Adams was struck with paralysis, and

The House immediately adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.

House met and immediately adjourned.

SENATE.—A message was read from the President, communicating the Treaty received from Mexico.

Mr. ALLEN submitted a resolution calling upon the President for information whether active operations by the army in Mexico had been suspended by an armistice being agreed upon, and if so by whose agency and under what authority.

Mr. ALLEN submitted a resolution instructing the judiciary committee to inquire whether the act of 1799 required an amendment more effectually to punish persons holding correspondence with the enemy in time of war.

The Senate went into executive session and after some time spent therein, the doors were again opened, the Committee on military affairs made a report of the testimony taken respecting affairs in California, arriving out of the claim against the government by Col. Fremont.

Mr. Cass gave notice that he would call up the Ten Regiment bill tomorrow, and said that the circumstances which had just transpired seemed to render farther debate unnecessary. He would yield his right to the floor, if the Senators on the other side would cease the discussion, and let the question be put to its passage.

Mr. Cass said that it was the unanimous opinion of the majority in the chamber, that a halt in our military operations now would be fatal, and it was their wish that the vote should be taken before the adjournment tomorrow.

Mr. Berrien said he would submit to the will of the majority, but he hoped that oportunity would be given for farther discussion.

Mr. MASON thought it evident that the gentleman on the other side considered the passage of the bill to be now unnecessary, and he would therefore occupy the floor tomorrow in proving that the necessity for its passage was greater than ever.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.

SENATE.—Mr. Allen's resolutions calling on the President for information relative to armistice &c. in Mexico, passed.

Mr. Allen's 2d resolution, instructing judiciary committee to report whether the law of '99 relative to unauthorized correspondence with the enemy in time of war, needs amendment to give effect, was also adopted without discussion.

Mr. Baldwins resolution applying the Wilmot proviso to any territory we may acquire in Mexico, was then taken up—quite lively debate followed, in which several Senators participated.

Mr. Foote moved to lay the resolution on the table which was carried by a vote of 35 to 11.

A message was received from the House announcing the death of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. Mr. Davis, of Mass., pronounced a feeling and appropriate Eulogy, when the usual resolutions were adopted and the Senate adjourned to Monday.

The House of Representatives was much crowded when it opened. Mr. Winthrop spoke briefly on the death of Mr. ADAMS, and was followed by Mr. Hudson, who spoke eloquently of the virtues of the great departed. Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, Mr. Vinton and Mr. McDowell also spoke, when after the passage of the usual resolutions the House adjourned to Monday.

FIRE.—The Cupalo Furnace and Machine shop, owned and occupied by John A Allis, about a mile west of the village, was destroyed by fire on Monday night last. The fire is supposed to have originated near the cupalo, and when discovered had made such progress as to render unavailing the efforts of the citizens living near to extinguish the flames. The loss is se-

verely felt by Mr. Ellis, who is a very industrious and upright man. Nearly all his means were invested in his shop and and furnace. Besides the loss of the building and machinery, a good amount of castings and patterns, which had cost him much money and labor, were also destroyed. His loss is estimated at about $2,000 —no insurance. We cannot doubt but that this community will render him liberal assistance in the effort to rebuild his shop and resume his business.—*Connecaut Reporter.*

Grand Mass Celebration of Washington's Birth Day in Central New York.

Correspondence of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

The name of GEORGE WASHINGTON is embalmed in every American heart, and will continue to be cherished while one such heart remains. And yet, with humble deference, we call upon our countrymen to ponder the inquiry, whether we have not, as a people, hitherto failed to give those *formal public expressions* of the grateful veneration we feel for this great and good man which are due to his memory, if they are not indeed essential to a vivid perpetuation of his name and its powerful and virtuous attractions? In almost every other nation, ancient or modern, heroes and benefactors who have conferred distinguishing honors and lasting benefits upon their country, have been annually brought before the recollections of the people amid all the vivid and impressive formalities of a *personal* and *general celebration* of their characters and deeds. And yet, the great Father of our country, though the purest conqueror and noblest patriot in the annals of War, who achieved our Independence under the most crushing embarrassments, and retired from the contest without drawing from the splendid result a single advantage peculiar to himself, has been honored by no such public periodical occasion, set apart by national custom for the formal commemoration of his exalted virtues and wonderful achievements.

It was in view of these facts, and for the purpose of contributing to the establishment, in this State, of a popular custom which they hoped would eventually rise into a great national festival of annual occurrence, that the people of central New York, pursuant to previous arrangement, assembled on the 22d in the village of Leroy for a grand mass celebration of WASHINGTON'S Birth Day. The occasion was ushered in with all the formalities befitting its design. For three hours the immense multitude hung with rapture on the thrilling and overpowering delineations of WASHINGTON'S character, given by the distinguished orator of the day, J. W. FOWLER, Esq., of Otsego, and went away with impressions the most salutary and permanent. And we cannot doubt that an occasion like this, occurring annually and simultaneously as a great national custom in every section of the land, and devoted to a full and impressive exhibition of the rare virtues of our great political saviour and his extraordinary compatriots, would exert an influence upon the popular mind, and be followed by lasting results of the highest moment to the welfare of the country. It is a powerful principle in the human economy that leads us instinctively to be controlled by the opinions and conduct of those whose wisdom and goodness to us have elicited our high and affectionate esteem. And nothing could be better calculated to subdue the passions and exalt the patriotic sentiments of a grateful and admiring people than the beautiful and touching comments of General FOWLER, for example, on the *religious* cast of WASHINGTON'S mind, in which, as an illustration of of his power of exemplary virtue, he stated that Gen. TAYLOR, (as he was informed by the letter of an eye witness,) just before the engagement at Palo Alto, hemmed in by a vastly superior Mexican force, called his staff around him, and adverting to WASHINGTON'S habit of invoking the blessing of Heaven on the verge of every battle, requested his Chaplain to read prayers and commit his little army to the Divine protection. And in this solemn exercise the old war-worn hero engaged with the most apparent and fervent devotion.— We cannot but think, in conclusion, that the character and deeds of WASHINGTON, fraught as they are with such power to move and mould the popular mind, exert by no means the influence they would if everywhere and annually exhibited, with all the charms of eloquence, and all the attractions of a great national festival.

A. LIVINGSTON, Ch'n of Com.

OBITUARY HONORS TO MR. ADAMS.—Every where the news of the death of Mr. ADAMS has produced a profound sensation, and all seem to vie in their efforts to do justice to the memory of the illustrious deceased. These tributes that are paid to his worth appear, also, to be prompted by a sincere hearty appreciation of the purity and grandeur of his exalted character, and the greatness of his services. Of the many tributes of his character contained in the published reports of proceedings in Congress, State Legislatures, and Courts of Law, all are replete with the eloquence of true feeling; but none seems to us more graceful and appropriate than the following remarks made in the Senate of the United States by Mr. BENTON, immediately after the announcement by Mr. DAVIS of the death of Mr. ADAMS, and the moving of the customary resolutions.

The resolutions having been read, Mr. BENTON addressed the Senate as follows:

Mr. President: The voice of his native State has been heard, through one of the Senators of Massachusetts, announcing the death of her aged and most distinguished son. The voice of the other Senator from Massachusetts is not heard, nor is his presence seen. A domestic calamity, known to us all, and felt by us all, confines him to the chamber of private grief while the Senate is occupied with the public manifestations of a respect and sorrow which a national loss inspires — In the absence of that Senator, and as the member of this body longest here, it is not unfitting or unbecoming in me to second the motion which has been made for extending the last honors of the Senate to him who, forty-five years ago, was a member of this body, who, at the time of his death, was among the oldest members of the House of Representatives, and who, putting the

years of his service together, was the oldest of all the members of the American Government.

The eulogium of Mr. Adams is made in the facts of his life, which the Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Davis) has so strikingly stated, that, from early manhood to octogenarian age, he has been constantly and most honorably employed in the public service. For a period of more than fifty years, from the time of his first appointment as minister abroad under Washington to his last election to the House of Representatives by the people of his native district, he has been constantly retained in the public service, and that, not by the favor of a Sovereign, or by hereditary title, but by the elections and appointments of republican government. This fact makes the eulogy of the illustrious deceased. For what, except a union of all the qualities which command the esteem and confidence of man, could have ensured a public service so long, by appointments free and popular, and from sources so various and exalted? Minister many times abroad; member of this body; member of the House of Representatives; Cabinet minister: President of the United States; such has been the galaxy of his splendid appointments. And what but moral excellence the most perfect; intellectual ability the most eminent; fidelity the most unwavering; service the most useful, would have commanded such a succession of appointments so exalted, and from sources so various and so eminent? Nothing less could have commanded such a series of appointments; and accordingly we see the union of all these great qualities in him who has received them.

In this long career of public service Mr. Adams was distinguished not only by faithful attention to all the great duties of his stations, but to all their less and minor duties. He was not the Salaminian galley, to be launched only on extraordinary occasions, but he was the ready vessel, always launched when the duties of his station required it, be the occasion great or small. As President, as cabinet minister, as minister abroad, he examined all questions that came before him, and examined all, in all their parts, in all the minutia of their detail, as well as in all the vastness of their comprehension. As Senator, and as a member of the House of Representatives, the obscure committee room was as much the witness of his laborious application to the drudgery of legislation as the halls of the two Houses were to the ever-ready speech, replete with knowledge, which instructed all hearers, enlightened all subjects, and gave dignity and ornament to debate.

In the observance of all the proprieties of life Mr. Adams was a most noble and impressive example. He cultivated the minor as well as the greater virtues. Wherever his presence could give aid and countenance to what was useful and honorable to man, there he was. In the exercises of the school and of the college—in the meritorious meetings of the agricultural, mechanical, and commercial societies—in attendance upon Divine worship—he gave the punctual attendance rarely seen but in those who are free from the weight of public cares.

Punctual to every duty, death found him at the post of duty; and where else could it have found him, at any stage of his career, for the fifty years of his illustrious public life? From the time of his first appointment by Washington to his last election by the people of his native town, where could death have found him but at the post of duty? At that post, in the fullness of age, in the ripeness of renown, crowned with honors, surrounded by his family, his friends, and admirers, and in the very presence of the national representation, he has been gathered to his fathers, leaving behind him the memory of public services which are the history of his country for half a century, and the example of a life, public and private, which should be the study and the model of the generations of his countrymen.

NEW YORK, Feb 28—3 P. M.

The Pony Express announces the arrival of the English steamer, with dates from Vera Cruz to the 16th inst. The courier from the English legation arrived at Vera Cruz before the steamer sailed, with dates from the city of Mexico to the 13th.

The American Star of the 11th inst. contains the official announcement, that the treaty of peace was ratified on the part of the Mexican Congress by receiving the signature of Signor Rosa, Minister of Foreign Affairs, on the 10th inst. which date it bears. A meeting of the Deputies and Senators who were in the city, was held, but only 24 were present, and a majority of them were in favor of peace and the treaty, so reads the dispatch.

The *Star*, 12th, says he had asked for a passport to leave the Republic, and that he recommends to his friends to yield up the contest with the United States, sue for peace and establish a good government.

Pena y Pena publishes a letter in which he states that the Government of Queretaro in conjunction with Gen. SCOTT had resolved upon the imprisonment of SANTA ANNA, thus removing the last obstacle to a peace.

The Mexican papers confirm the articles of the Treaty in the matter of the cession of all New Mexico, Texas and Upper California, on their part, and the payment of $15,000,000 to Mexico and $5,000,000 for claims of our own citizens against Mexican accounts.

Accounts from Equador to Oct. 19th report that a conspiracy of the friends of FLORES had been detected, many arrests had been made and among them, WRIGHT aid of FLORES, and several leading men are involved.

Flores had given out that he had authority to draw on Europe for $40,000.

A revolution in Bolivia broke out Oct. 19th in favor of Valesco Iri. Goyen headed the movement, and several provinces had declared in his favor. The government troops were infected.—A treaty between Bolivia and Peru was concluded Nov. 2d, thus averting a war between the two countries.

An arrival from Venezuela brings the account of the massacre of several Members of Congress.

The Carracas Congress assembled on the 24th January, when an altercation took place between two members. This was the signal for the soldiers of the President, who marched in front of the state house, and fired into the windows, killing several members, and wounding others.

Those who were not killed were taken prisoners, and the following day they were compelled by force to pass several resolutions—one of which exonerates the President from all censure, and grants a general amnesty. The President was under impeachment before disturbances occurred. A general uprising of the people was expected.

The Changeling.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I had a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of his infinite patience,
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the Heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling,
Upon me, her kneeling lover,
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me.

She had been with us scarce a twelve month,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away;
Or perhaps these Heavenly Zincali
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage-door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled.
When I wake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky;

As weak, yet as trustful also,
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature,
Still worked for the love of me;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as she first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bless it upon my breast;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the Heaven she's gone to
Transfigures her golden hair.

LEGISLATIVE—DEATH OF MR. ADAMS.—No Legislative business was transacted on Friday.—In the Senate, Mr. JOHNSON announced the death of Mr. ADAMS, and on motion of Mr. LAWRENCE, who paid an appropriate tribute, in eloquent terms, to the memory of the deceased, a select committee was appointed to meet a committee of the Assembly, and report resolutions suitable to the occasion. The President appointed Messrs. LAWRENCE, FINE and COLE as such committee.

In the House the announcement was made by Mr. RAYMOND, and similar action was taken.—The Speaker appointed Messrs. RAYMOND, COE, STEWART, HOLMES and WAGER as the committee. Both Houses then took a recess. On re-assembling the following joint resolutions were reported and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Legislature of the State of New York have heard with deep sorrow of the death of *John Quincy Adams*, formerly President of the United States. Yet while we deplore the great and irreparable loss which the Union has thus sustained, the sentiment is mingled with an elevated pride, in the important, long continued, and varied services he has rendered to his country; in the intelligence and ardor with which he has, on all occasions sustained our national rights, interests and honor; and in the fearless integrity that has marked his conduct in private and public life.

Resolved, That the death of this great man within the walls of the capitol of the United States, and while in the performance of his duties as a Representative of the people, was an appropriate close of his active, patriotic, and distinguished career.

Resolved, That the condolance of the Legislature of the State of New York be presented to the widow and children of the deceased, upon the sad bereavement which has removed from their domestic circle its venerable and illustrious head.

Resolved, That the joint committee be authorised, and are hereby requested to make such arrangements as they may deem proper for the commemoration of this solemn event by the delivery of an oration before the two Houses, by some distinguished citizen.

Resolved, As a testimony of respect, that the two Houses of the Legislature do now adjourn.

Price Current—March 1, 1848.

Flour, bbl.	$4 67½@5 00	Turkeys, lb.	8@9
Pork, bbl.	9 50@10 00	Chickens	5@8
Do slaugh. cwt.	5 00@5 25	Geese, each	25
Beef, cwt.	4 50@5 00	Clover seed, bu.	4 50@4 75
Butter, lb.	12@15	Timothy	1 75
Lard	7½@8	Flax	1 12½
Cheese	4@6	Grass	—
Hams	7	Whitefish, bbl.	6 50
Shoulders	5	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt.	1 50	Potatoes, bush.	62½
Wheat, bu.	96@1 06	Salt, bbl	1 62½
Corn	50	Apples, bus.	25@37½
Oats	33@35	Do dried, bu.	62½
Slaughter hides, lb.	4@4½	Onions	1 00
Dry do.	9@10	Eggs, doz.	14
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb.	—
Sheep, slaughtered	62½	Soap	—
Lamb do.	16½	Whiskey, gall.	19
Dry	—@—	Highwines	20
Hard wood, cd.	@3 00	Lead, hund.	4 00
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Bit. (O) coal, ton.	$5 50	Wool, lb.	20@30
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Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1848. NO. 6.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Baptism.

Suggested by a late Scene in the Cottage Baptist Church of Buffalo.

INSCRIBED TO H. B. AND S. E. S.

'Twas a winter eve, yet calm and mild,
And the streets were gilt with a silver light,
For the moon, on high that sweetly smiled,
Poured all her wealth in the bosom of Night.

And while with a mellow, melting chime
The Sabbath bells on the listener stole,
Inviting him on truths sublime
To feed his faint and famishing soul;

The feet that went to the house of God,
With a soft low tread on the pavement fell,
For the glories of Evening, all abroad,
The spirit wrapt in a holy spell.

The lamps that burn in the place of prayer
Seem suddenly fraught with a glow divine,
And gleam on the visages gathered there,
As the smiles of Heaven on the penitent shine.

The Spirit is present, filling the place,
And when the hymns to his praise are sung,
The off'rings made at a throne of grace,
And the manna of Truth to the crowd is flung;

Two maidens young, in beauty clad,
Stand forth to take their pastor's hand;
And with steps that tell the heart how glad
To obey the Savior's sweet command,—

In a modest guise and a meek array,—
Their faces bright as a glowing gem,—
They separate take their silent way
Where the yielding waters welcome them.

And when they rise, on the breath of song
Each new-born thought is borne to heaven,
And rapture reigns in the voiceful throng
Like the joy above o'er a soul forgiven.

'Twas a scene to gladden the angel-train,
And He who once in the Jordan bowed,
Must have bent with joy o'er the lovely twain,
That shone twin stars 'mid the sea-like crowd.

J. CLEMENT.

EDUCATION.—It is objected of many of our "finishing schools" that their *finishing* is totally irrespective of any *beginning*. Young ladies revel in the ologies before they can write a decent letter, and learn the polka before they can spell poker. How many dainty crow-quill notes are dated "Tuesday," and if any sad occurrence is to be communicated, call it "melancholy news." But people have very different views of education.—The other day, in a steamboat, we heard a lady, who was coaxing a refractory varlet, whisper, "If you'll be a good boy, you shall *kill a chicken* when we get home."—*Mrs. Kirkland.*

The saying that "there is nothing to be got by cheating" came from the fact that a man once passed away a bad cent for a handful of chestnuts which proved to be all rotten.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

An Address,

Delivered before the Erie County Teachers' Institute, at Lancaster, Sep. 24, 1847,

BY GEORGE W. CLINTON, ESQUIRE.

I never experienced so much difficulty in attempting the performance of a promise to address an audience, or institution, as upon this occasion. Heretofore, I have been called upon to speak of subjects with which I had some acquaintance, or in which my auditors were not better versed than I, or was at liberty to choose a theme. But the nature of your Institute would seem to preclude all topics of discourse, save those which have a bearing upon your profession:—and I must discuss and pronounce upon high matters, of which I am comparatively ignorant, before those whose lives have been devoted to their investigation. I come too, before you, necessarily, without due preparation, to read a few desultory thoughts, such as I could conjure up in a brief space of time, and in the intervals of a laborious profession. Why then do I appear before you, with such faint hopes of usefulness? There are two reasons. I promised that I would; and a promise, however ineffective a performance may ensue, ought to be held sacred. You invited me, and having accepted the invitation, my not coming might be deemed disrespectful to gentlemen whom I esteem sincerely—it might be construed into indifference to your Institution, an under-estimation of your most responsible employment; and I am not willing to incur any such evil imputations. I am here then, mainly to testify my regard for you and your Institute, and signalize the deep interest I take in the progress of education, though it should be to my own discomfiture.—Bsides, it is possible, that to you, or some of you, there may turn out to be, in my discourse, some thought that may be put to use; some truth, however trite, in a new form; something suggestive of reflection that may lead to good. If perchance I utter anything which shall in the least, benefit, or cheer, or invigorate you, or any of you, in the performance of your arduous and most delicate duties, I will be abundantly repaid for the risk I run, and the labor I must submit to, in fulfilling my thoughtlessly incurred engagement.

"'Tis Education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

So sings Pope, and, like all songs, this couplet has some slight alloy of falsity mixed with its gold. Poetry in its very nature, is vague and misty, intended rather to please the fancy and exalt the feelings, or to embalm general truth, than to train the reason and inform the mind, by the enunciation of precise, particular truths. Its assertions must usually be taken with some grains of allowance. These lines are fallacious, so far as they seem to hint a precise correspondence and similitude in the effects of early training upon the human mind and upon vegetable forms. It is not universally true that the mind retains the direction it received in youth, as does the tender twig, which soon becomes fixed and rigid, and will not be bent back again without breaking. Our intellectual essence is degraded by the comparison. The soul and intellect are not rendered utterly

unyielding by maturity of years, but are ever plastic and subject to impression. Our notions, our feelings, our affections, are continually acted upon by things external; and our mental and moral constitutions, like our physical organizations, are ever changing, and ever susceptible of change. As we advance in life old prejudices are worn away, and new ones perhaps engendered. The notions of life and duty, with which we enter upon the stage of action, evanish with the expansion of our minds, and the attainment of experience, or change as our hearts are hardened or softened, by the cruelty or kindness of our fellows. Nor can any one safely predict that he will be what he now is, a year, a month, a day hence. Even old age, in its gradual decay, may exhibit transformation. The hoary-headed miser has become a prodigal,—the prodigal, a miser,—the christian, an infidel,—the infidel, a christian.

But I do not mean to cavil at the general truth, of which these oft-quoted lines are the popular vehicle. The whole tenor of one's life is frequently determined, the direction of the intellect given, the tone and temper of the soul fixed for all time, by early education. And hence the vast responsibilities which rest on you.

The word "educate" is derived from the Latin language, and means to lead, or draw out, and so is expressive of the proper limits and objects of instruction. We do not, and we cannot add to, or augment the faculties God has bestowed upon his creatures. They are implanted by the divine hand, and will grow with opportunity and exercise. They will languish with disuse, and dwindle for lack of nutriment. We can destroy, or repress, or pervert—we can direct, and strengthen, and nourish them,—and these are the true objects of education. The oculist gives sight to the blind—the aurist, hearing to the deaf. But how? Has either imparted a new faculty—created an eye, or an ear? Not at all! They have only removed material obstacles to the exercise of existent faculties. So it is with the instructor. He may remove a moral film distorting the vision of the soul, he may cure an obliquity of the mind, he may call into energetic action an encumbered mental power, he may draw out what Nature has implanted, but he cannot do any the least thing more

The question is frequently put, whether there be not born degrees or differences of intellect? and if so, whether these diversities of faculty can be equalized by education? I care little or nothing what answer such questions receive; for I regard them as purely speculative, and destitute of practical consequence. Facts innumerable seem to demonstrate, that there are vast differences in the mental energy and characteristics of men, and that strong propensities and powers have been manifested at a very tender age. I think it was Pope, of whom it is written: "He leaped in numbers, for the numbers came," while many men of capacious minds, notwithstanding strenuous and untiring efforts, were never able to achieve a respectable distich. Individuals have appeared from time to time, who, though uneducated, and, in all things else quite stupid, have exhibited an almost miraculous faculty of solving complex arithmetical problems. Mankind have always been inclined to admit the innate, mental superiority of distinguished men, and seem in general, inclined to attribute great grasp of intellect to the direct, congenital gift of God. Hence they speak as though they recognize a larger share of the divine afflatus in such men as Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, Leibnitz, Franklin and Washington, than in ordinary mortals. In these, or any instances of illustrious persons, it must be very difficult to ascertain beyond a peradventure, that there was aught of moral or intellectual developement which cannot be traced to, or accounted for, by education, opportunity, accident, or continued strenuous effort. But we do know that usefulness and distinction are, in the main, the fruits of the exertion of the individual who attains them, that they are rarely achieved by the unaided efforts of an isolated person, and are usually won by the aid and judicious co-operation of parents, instructors, and friends. Though the extraordinary interposition of the Divinity may be necessary to the production of exalted sages, the measure of intellectual capacity He has meted out to the race in general, if properly cultivated, is amply sufficient to insure to all but a very few, the acquisition of a knowledge and power that will render life happy and useful. And those few, lamentable exceptions, the born idiots, impressing us with the awful spectacle of men without minds, filling us with a strange mixture of pity and disgust, they are given to us, not only as incentives to humility, and a tremendous warning of the consequences of sin, but perhaps also, that they may ultimately yield to education and philanthropy their noblest triumph. True, there seems to be an utter destitution of mind; and it is hard to believe that there are, within those misshapen trunks, spirits that may be fitted for angelic being, and beam with glory when separated from them. But the deaf and dumb, and blind, they too were once regarded as hopelessly imbecile; and their uninformed intellects did in fact lose all power of manifestation. But intellect existed in them, and persevering Benevolence has drawn them forth and shown them to the world. It may be that the driveling idiot has a soul as precious, an intellect as capacious as that of Bacon, but hidden and borne down by malformations of the body, not utterly beyond the reach of mortal medicaments. The time may come when education will purge away these fatal obstructions, and give light and enjoyment to the clogged spirit of the idiot. This may be but a phantasy of exuberant hope. Be it as it may, a world of duty still remains to be discharged towards those who are not so benighted. It is for us, especially for your profession, to draw out and cherish the mental powers of the rising generation, who will soon fill our places, and be hustling and busy as we now are. They must be led on until they, in their prime, are by our sides, so that when we retire, having passed the space we have toilfully traversed with them, they may march onward in the path of wisdom, accumulating new knowledge to be added to forever by succeeding generations.

When we look through Nature, we are struck with the vast variety of God's works, and impressed by the immensity of His love, and the ineffable extent of His wisdom. Viewed aright, the misery and suffering that everywhere exist but minister to enjoyment. The greatest good of the greatest number is apparently the rule which pervades the animated world, and by it is evolved a wondrous felicity. Man only, in his perversity, does evil of choice; but even his willulness and wickedness, we may confidently hope, will but redound to the glory of his Maker, and the augmentation of the sum of spiritual, if not of terrestial happiness.

Reason informs only the more noble animals; and the others are consigned to the guidance of Instinct. Instinct is, as it were, an unreasoning Reason, implanted by the Almighty, irreflective, but sufficient, ignoble, but perfect in its sphere. In the vast assemblage of God's creatures, it is difficult to draw the line of demarcation, and say here Instinct ends, and here divine Reason com-

mences. Indeed the two are frequently co-existent. Man, it is supposed, is measurably governed especially in infancy, by instinct. The dog, the horse, the elephant, and many other inferior animals, demean themselves in a manner that cannot be accounted for, without attributing to them the faculties of memory, comparison, reflection, and decision, or, in other words, without admitting that, to some extent, they reason. The lowest classes of animated beings act as with the very perfection of reason adapted to their circumstances, from the very dawn of their existence; but their acts and motions, though voluntary, seem not to spring from previous reflection, and to be incompatible with reason, and are mere results of pure, unraised instinct.

An insect deposits its egg, and dies. After its death, the egg is hatched and evolves a little, unsightly worm. The worm finds its appropriate food, and thrives for a while, and then, inducing itself with a covering it fabricates, sleeps for a season. Then it bursts its cerements, and comes forth a joyous, winged insect, and seeks the pleasures of love, and prepares nutriment for offspring it can never know. It bores into a tree, places in each cavity a little egg, collects and deposits with each a supply of food which itself never tasted in its insect state, closes each orifice ingeniously, so as to bar the entrance of murderous insect enemies, and having thus fully played its varied part in nature, and provided for the propagation of its species, it dies. All this preparation is for a posterity it can never know and love, to facilitate results it can never witness, and is performed with a marvellous care and skill it never learned. This is instinct, self-perfect and untaught, it is sanctioned throughout by reason. Wisdom cannot add to its devices, nor improve its operations.

The superior brute animals reflect, and act upon reflection. They are capable of being taught, and their feeble and enforced imitations of our most trivial acts seem marvellous to the vulgar. Their intelligence, however, is as far below that of man, as is the light of a taper inferior to that of the noonday sun. Their motions and habits are usually controlled by internal impulses connected with their organization.

Man himself is not entirely guided by reason. His passions are perchance but instincts; and his actions are frequently prescribed by unintelligent impulses, which, if they are not instinctive, cannot easily be distinguished from instinct. But he possesses a vast mind, the prompter of his high ambitions. Boundless and insatiable, it grasps at all things, and would contain all things, and marks him as the fit inheritor of that eternity of being, to which it prompts him to aspire. I care not whence you derive this essence, this distinctive characteristic of our race, whether it is "the breath of life," which, according to Scripture, God "breathed into his nostrils" when he had fashioned Adam from the dust; or whether, as some would have it, it is but the action of the peculiar organization of the brain; it is "of the heavens, heavenly," and cannot be destroyed by death beyond the hope of a living resurrection. The very capacity to anticipate eternal life is inconsistent with the possibility of suffering utter, perpetual destruction. We are destined to survive death; and, while all agree that our moral state, such as it may be at death, will be continued into the second life, why should we doubt, that, upon our corporeal dissolution, our minds will also continue unchanged, that their highest exaltation here, will be their starting point, in the immeasurable career opened to them by eternity!

Men of leisure and philosophy have amused themselves by proposing definitions of man, endeavoring to distinguish him from all the inferior tribes by the introduction of some single habit, or the possession or absence of some organ or appendage. You remember how Diogenes plucked a cock, and so refuted the philosopher who asserted that man was "a featherless biped." He has been styled an animal with hands. The hand is a most wondrous implement, but the monkey has four. He is said to be the only reasoning being—but beasts reason too. He is claimed to be the only cooking animal; but it is said that some brutes, at least occasionally cook their food. And finally he has been termed an educating animal. But this is perhaps as weak as any of the other definitions. All brute beasts and fowls teach their offspring. The hound instructs her puppies to hunt; the doe trains her fawn to caution and concealment; the sparrow teaches its new-fledged brood to fly and chirp their little song; the eagle directs the eyes of its eaglets sunward, and familiarizes them with carnage. Indeed, everywhere in animated nature, we find the parents imparting to their young their knowledge, and training their powers for their contests and trials in the world; and, though brute infancy and youth are very brief, brute parental education is most thoroughly, energetically, and efficiently bestowed.

The wants of brutes are few, their pleasures simple, their dangers not numerous, their existence short-and terminated by dark death; man's wants and yearnings are numerous as the leaves of Autumn, his pleasures complex, his dangers multiform and insidious, striking at soul and mind, as well as at the body, his life a passage to an endless state of being. If then irrational animals, as we term them, are so tender of their young, so assiduous in their education, how much more devoted ought we to be to our children, the gifts and inheritors of heaven! How can we omit aught within our power, to inform, to guard, and guide them in their career through life!

These general reflections tend to show the importance of education, and may furnish some incentives to pursue it. Let me add a few more particular remarks, bearing upon the same conclusions. Every man ought to have knowledge enough at least to guide him in his path of life, to enable him fully to perform his duty in the sphere in which he moves. An ignorant person seldom attains much usefulness, or a high position in society. The mere force of intellect, the lustre of inbred virtue, may elevate one; but how much would that elevation, in every case, be heightened by the possession of more accurate and extended knowledge. Ignorance is mental or moral darkness, and no one, in the great battle of life, can strike firmly and confidently, unless he sees clearly. Fortune may favor him; but the successful ignorant man resembles rather a rude, victorious rebel, than a polished, christian conqueror. Knowledge is power. It raises men above their fellows, not in innate dignity, for that in all is equal, but in capacity for usefulness. It cheers the soul, forms some protection against the calamities of life, is often a solace in affliction, and arms us for achievement in the contests of the world.

Some statesman, so called, have dreaded the influx of light among the people. They did so, because their deeds were evil; because they sustained false institutions, derogatory to the dignity of man, oppressive to the masses, and unjustly partial to the few. They may believe that a community ought to be divided into privileged and common classes; and that knowledge, while scarcely necessary to the majority of the former, can only breed discontent and rebellion in the people, and lead them to ruinous attempts to rise above a condition, in which a very little knowledge will suffice to make them happy. "Every poor man ought to understand his business. He

ought to be taught enough to make him a good hewer of wood, and drawer of water. A very little mechanical, or rural training will teach him this; and then it may be well enough to gift him with the knowledge of reading and writing, with perhaps some arithmetic, so that he may go to church, read the bible, and learn contentment with his lot, obedience to his superiors, and veneration for God, the higher orders, the king and constitution. More than this might lead to revolution, and an anarchical subversion of the glorious perfection of the State machinery. To what other than evil purposes can learning be applied by an operative, a tinker, a ditcher, or a cobbler?" The poor might well answer—"To what use can you put it? If it be good, why may not we participate in it, so far as we can without interfering with the discharge of our humble duties? Those institutions cannot be just which require for their continuance, our benightment."

But, in our country, no such sophistical reasoning can be urged. On the contrary, the perpetuity and improvement of our political institutions require the free diffusion of knowledge. There are here no factitious distinctions. All classes are noble, save wrong-doers. Every man is a sovereign, and every woman is a queen, in the recognized dignity of our common nature. They should have knowledge, that they may maintain in life a royal bearing.

In our land there are no castes, no one is excluded from any employment he has ability to fulfil Any one may aspire to any position, and perchance may win it too, in the perfect freedom of competition here permitted. A tinker can tinker well, and so far he is respectable. He knows more, however, than mere tinkering requires, and this additional knowledge, while it is ineffective in his lowly occupation, gives him power to turn to other occupations, higher in the world's judgment. A farmer understands the management of his flocks, the culture of his fields,—the merchant, the course of the trade he is engaged in,—and they are consequently successful in their respective pursuits, and have none of that perilous stuff, which we term ambition. 'Tis well! But let them know more, and they are not injured. Indeed every accession of information ennobles them. By every increment of knowledge their minds are fed, their souls informed, their views expanded, and they better qualified to discharge to their own satisfaction their duties apart from their employment, to fulfil their obligations to their neighbor, their country, their Maker, and I may add, to train aright their children, and supply their ever-craving, opening intellects. It is an error to suppose that knowledge of any kind, in any man, is ever a superfluity, a mere useless ornament. Some people, it would seem, forget our threefold nature—that man has body, mind, and soul—that all these three require education—that all have cravings, appetites, which, if they be not satisfied with wholesome food, will drive them to feed on garbage, or leave them stinted and deformed.

It is true, that, in the abstract, knowledge is merely power, not virtue—power to be exercised for good, or evil, according to the volition of its possessor. Very learned men may be very wicked. But then very ignorant men are not of course virtuous. Ignorance is not sin, but often leads to it. Kowledge is not, but tends to virtue. There can be no virtue without some degree of knowledge. There is, perchance, a degree of knowledge, all beyond which is unessential to an upright life; but, what is beyond strengthens us, and adds efficiency to noble aspirations. The ignorant man may approach the angelic nature in purity and yet be powerless for extended good, or even work infinite mischief in attempting it; but, give him knowledge, and his beneficence may bless the world.

I know indeed that nothing is more dangerous than a little knowledge; and so too is what we consider much learning. But neither has ever any malignant influence, unless the possessor regards it as a wonderful deal, and so is puffed up into false notions of his superiority, and a sense of self-sufficiency. We sometimes meet such people. Their infidelity and wickedness however, are the fruit, not of too much, but of too little knowledge; or to speak more accurately, they result not from the knowledge they do possess, but from ignorance of the deeper, sublimer things beyond their ken; or, more accurately still, not so much from mental darkness, as from moral perversion. These sad instances ought to teach us the primary importance of moral and religious light; and ought also to impress us with the truth, that men should be taught by the humility of the truly learned, and by being led to reflect upon what is hidden from, as well as upon what is disclosed to them, to realize habitually how insignificant is the sum of the known, compared with the infinity of the unknown, how petty the whole mass of human knowledge, when contrasted with what is yet before us, not only here on earth but in the regions of eternity. Strange as it may seem to sciolists and smatterers, yet, it is true as that the sun shines, and is proven by the lives of men of vast acquirements of knowledge, especially of nature, that profound learning is essentially humble. The greatest minds may penetrate the arcana of Science, and search the depths of nature, but, go where they will, they find beyond the deep they 've passed, a greater deep; a wall that will not be overleaped, is interposed and bars their passage.

I do not know, my friends, that I can say aught of use to you in the practice of your profession. That profession has taken prodigious strides since my boyhood; and it seems strange to me, when I look back upon the modes of teaching when I was young, that your better modes were not long before adopted in our schools. Honored be they who first devised and brought them into use. The teacher's standing too, in the public estimation, has been greatly, justly elevated. The importance of your avocation has been recognized by the people. It has acquired the style and dignity of a liberal profession. I congratulate my country on this change, for I see in it the most certain augury of the increase of virtue and intelligence in our midst, and the most infallible promise that our glorious political institutions will remain secure, and be stable as the mountains.

If I, in my ignorance, were to venture to admonish you as to your duties, I would say, that with reference to the triplicity of our nature, it behooves you, upon all proper occasions, to impress upon the youths under your charge, these general truths:—That our bodies are to be kept pure and vigorous, by temperance and exercise; that God, our Maker, is the author of all good, and the proper object of our reverential love; that to love him, and to do right, are the sum of human duty; that knowledge is the great means of ascertaining what is right, and the principal instrument by which we are enabled to perform it; that the first and chief duty of a citizen, is to obey and uphold the execution of the laws; that he is bound to inform himself upon political questions, and to exercise his franchise independently and honestly; and above all, never to do ill, in the hope that good may come of it. We are responsible for, and only for the quality of our acts. Let us do right always, and leave consequences to God! He who "brings good out of evil," will most as-

surely bring good out of good, in His own way, and in His own time.

Yours is indeed a most toilsome and trying occupation, and especially is it trying to the temper. No person who has not patience, and cannot control the passions, should dare assume your office. The teacher stands in the place, and, for the time, is invested with the authority and the duties, and should imbue himself with the feelings and anxieties of the parent. He is utterly unfit for the employment, if he do not recognize in the children committed to his charge, an inherent sublimity of nature, the germs of expansive minds, the rudiments of immortal beings, dependent in a great measure, upon the direction they shall receive from him, for the character of their interminable career, and if he bear not within himself, at all times, the spirit of love. This it is that must impel, sustain, and bear him onward in the discharge of his high functions. Without it, he will be but as "the sounding brass, and as the tinkling cymbal," an unprofitable servant. I speak not of the weakness, sometimes confounded with love, that shrinks from the infliction of pain; but, of that great quality which inflicts pain, when necessary, not like a devil rejoicing in torment, but, like an angel sorrowing over the necessity for it, or, even as God afflicts the children of men. Children are most easily led by love. They are awed far more by calm determination, than by passionate fury. And when they love, they dread reproof, or coolness, rather than chastisement. Their studies must be rendered pleasant to them, either in themselves, or from some agreeable consequence of proficiency in view, or your instructions will be at best, but as the seed that falls by the wayside, and upon the stony ground. I say these things with the more confidence, because I am blessed with children.

But I am aware that the best efforts of an instructor may be fruitless. Heaven, in its wisdom, sometimes denies its blessing upon what seem the most skilful and judicious labors; and we ought always to remember, that, though we may sow, and water faithfully, it is God alone who giveth the increase. But the most copious source of disappointment to the teacher, I am sorry to say it—wells up in the scholar's home. Every parent wishes good things for his offspring, but all do not well towards them. It is difficult to say where the chief foundations of instruction must be laid, whether in the school-house, or under the paternal roof. But it is plain, that the parents' smile is balm to the oft-wounded teacher's heart, and sends him on his way rejoicing and re-invigorated; and that the thwarting interference of parents, their injudicious indulgence of their children, and the lack of their cordial corporation, cannot but paralyze the instructor's efforts and endanger his success. But, if the father and mother will but uphold the teacher, by their own respect teach their offspring to respect him, and encourage them in study and obedience, they will quadruple the instructor's powers of doing good in his most difficult vocation.

But I fear I am exceeding the limits of your patience, and so will close these desultory remarks. I cannot do so however, without again expressing my deep respect for your most honorable profession. Go on in its prosecution, with the fullest assurance that the best interests of humanity are involved in the progress of education. Your schools are the nurseries of immortals. All the occupations of life look to you to replenish their ranks, as death thins them, with worthy soldiers. The Arts, and Sciences, and Professions, expect from you new votaries: our country asks from you good citizens; and Heaven will demand of you an account of the souls intrusted to you. Your responsibility is tremendous. May God enable you to sustain it with honor!

Mirabeau.

There have been men in particular ages, who might be considered as concentrating within themselves all their country's character,—who represented at the same time, both the good and evil traits. Themistocles was the very impersonation of all the virtues and vices of Athens in his day. That moral *antithesis*,, Alcibiades, was a still more remarkable compound of the manifold virtues, vices, foibles, etc., of this same Athens, at a later and more degenerate period. In looking over France during the session of the national assembly, we shall find the celebrated Mirabeau, without doubt, to be the *type-Frenchman* of that epoch; and if Louis XIV. could say, in his day, *I am the State*, Mirabeau could say, in his latter days, with more truth, *I am the national assembly*.

This extraordinary man had been born among the nobility, and been maltreated. He had experienced every kind of tyranny from his very birth,—that of his own father, of the government and of the tribunals. He was thus trained to despise the government and the upper class of French society. His travels, observations and immense reading, had taught him much, and his memory retained it all. He had seen all manner of men, from drill sergeants to prime ministers, from his inmates of the jails of Pontarlier to princes and kings. He had made himself notorious by the dissolute manners and his quarrels.—Thiers speaks of him as frightful with ugliness and genius; yet no man had more *amours*, or was so successful in them. His character was so low at the meeting of the States General, that there was a murmur in the assembly when he first entered to take his seat. But no sooner did this eccentric man appear in the tribune, than his power became manifest.

He was immeasurably superior to every mind with which he came into contact in the assembly. He had, in fact, no second,—it was *Eclipse first, and the rest no where*. From the member that was hardly tolerated, he soon became the member that was gazed on by every eye, and courted by every order. Proud of his high qualities, jesting over his vices, by turns haughty and supple, he won some by his flattery, awed others by his sarcasms, and led all in his train by the extraordinary influence of his oratory. Of the Abbe Maury, the leader of the *cote droit*, he used to say, "when he is on the right side, we debate; when he is on the wrong, I crush him." His sarcasm, irony, originality, were so great, that every body was afraid of him in the tribune.—The aristocracy at last, not being able to meet him in debate, made an effort to get rid of him by duel. Many sent him challenges, but he always refused, merely noting down their names in his pocket-book. It is not fair, said he, in regard to one of his opponents, to expose a man of talent like me, against a blockhead like him. What is very extraordinary in such a country as France, this conduct did not bring him into contempt, or even cause his courage to be doubted. There was something so martial in his mind, so bold in his manner, that no one could impute cowardice to him. He made partisans everywhere,—among the people, in the very court,—and to crown the measure of his greatness, as soon as he learned the secret of his power, and saw the career that was opened to him, he suddenly became one of the hardest working men who have ever appeared on the stage of action. If I had not lived with him, says Dumont, I should never have known

what a man can make of one day. A day for this man was more than a week or a month is for others. The mass of things he guided on together, was prodigious; from the scheming to the executing not a moment was lost. The fact is, that he at last, tough as was his physical frame, overworked himself, and died from fever generated by his excessive labors.—*Southern Quarterly Review.*

A Love of a Singing-Master.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

From the Union Magazine.

The prettiest girl that attended our singing-meetings was Jane Gordon, the only daughter of a Scotchman who had lately bought a farm in the neighborhood. She was a fair and gentle damsel, soft-spoken, and down-looking, but not without a stout will of her own, such as, they do say, your very soft-spoken people are apt to have. Indeed, we may argue that to be able at all times to command one's voice down to a given level, requires a pretty strong good will, and more self-possession than impetuous people ever can have; and it is well known that blusterers are easier governed than anybody else. Jane Gordon had light hair, too, which hasty observers are apt to consider a sign of a mild and complying temper; but our dear Jane, though a good girl, and a dutiful daughter, had had a good deal of trouble with old Adam, and given her sober parents a good deal too.

So that, by and by, when it was whispered that Jane Gordon was certainly in love with Mr. Fasole, and that Mr. Fasole was at least very attentive to Jane Gordon, the old people felt a good deal troubled. They were prudent, however, and only watched and waited, though quite determined that an itinerant singing-master should not carry off their treasure, to be a mere foot-ball of Fortune, and have

nor house nor ha',
Nor fire, nor candle-light.

And at every singing-meeting the intimacy between Mr. Fasole and his fair pupil became more and more apparent, and the faces of the unappropriated damsels longer and longer. The district schoolmaster, that winter, was a frightful old man, with a face like a death's-head, set off by a pair of huge round-eyed spectacles, so *his* was out of the question, even if he had not had a wife and family to share his sixteen dollars a month. The store-keeper, Squire Hooper's partner, had impudently gone off to the next town for a wife, but a few weeks before; and a young lawyer who talked of settling among us as soon as there was anything to do—(he had an eye on the setting-back of the mill-pond, we suspect)—did nothing but smoke cigars and play checkers on the store-counter, and tell stories of the great doings at the place he had been haunting before he came among us. So the dearth of beaux was stringent, mere farmer-boys being generally too shy to make anything of, until they have bought land and stock, when they begin to look round, with a business eye, for somebody to make butter and cheese.—Mr. Fasole, with his knowing air, and a plentiful stock of modest assurance, reigned paramount, "the cynosure of neighboring eyes." He "cut a wide swath," the young men said, and it may be supposed they owed him no good will.

How matters can remain for any length of time in such an explosive state without an eruption, let philosophers tell. Twice a week, for a whole, long, Western winter, did the singing-school meet regularly at the school-house, and practice the tunes which were to be sung on Sunday; and every Sunday did one or two break-downs attest that improvement in music could not have been the sole object of such persevering industry. Sometimes a bold bass would be found finishing off, for a bar or two, in happy unconsciousness that its harmonious compeers had ceased to vibrate. Then again, owing to the failure, through timidity or obliviousness, of some main stay, the whole volume of sound would quaver away, trembling into silence or worse, while the minister would shut his eyes, with a look of meek endurance, and wait until Mr. Fasole, frowning, and patting on something of the air with which we jerk up the head of a stumbling horse, could get his unbroken team in order again. Jane Gordon was not very bright at singing, perhaps because she was suffering under that sort of fascination which is apt to make people stupid; and she was often the "broken teeth and foot out of joint" at whose door these unlucky accidents were laid by the choir. Mr. Fasole always took her part, however, and told the accuser to "look at home," or hinted at some by-gone blunder of the whole class, or declared that Miss Jane evidently had a bad cold—not the first time that a bad cold has served as an apology for singing out of tune.

The period for a spring quarterly meeting of one of the leading denominations now drew nigh, and a great gathering was expected. Ministers from far and near, and a numerous baptism in the pond, were looked for. Preparations of all sorts were set on foot, and among the rest, music for the "occasion." The choice of "set pieces" and anthems, and new tunes, gave quite a new direction and spur to the musical interest; but Mr. Fasole and Jane Gordon were not forgotten. There was time to watch them, and sing too. Through the whole winter the singing master, though his way lay in quite an opposite direction, had thought proper to see Miss Gordon home, except when it was very cold or stormy, when he modestly withdrew, with an air which said he did not wish his attentions to seem particular. It had become quite a trick with the young men to listen by the road-side, in order to ascertain whether he did not pop the question somewhere between the school-house and Mr. Gordon's; but the conclusion was, that either he was too discreet to do it, or too cunning to let it be heard, for nothing could ever be distinguished but the most ordinary talk. Nothing could be more obvious, however, than that, whatever were Mr. Fasole's intentions, poor Jane was very much in earnest. She lost all her interest in the village circle, and, too honest and sincere for concealment, only found her spirits when the fascinating school-master appeared.—He had the magnetizer's power over the whole being of his pupil.

The parents observed all this with the greatest uneasiness, and remonstrated with her on the imprudence of her conduct, but in vain. They reminded her that no one knew anything about the singing-master, and that he very probably had at least one wife elsewhere, although it was past the art of man to betray him into any acknowledgment of such incumbrance; but Jane was deaf to all caution, and evidently only waited for the votary of music to make up his mind to ask, before she should courtesy and say yes.

The quarterly meeting came on, and Squire Hooper's big barn was filled to overflowing. A long platform had been erected for the ministers, and rough seats in abundance for the congregation; but every beam, bin, "coin of vantage," was hung with human life, in some shape or other. Such a gathering had not been seen in a long while. In front was placed Mr. Fasole, with Jane Gordon on his left hand, and his forces ranged in due order on each hand. White was

his beaver, (outside,) and fiery red his hair and face, as he wrought vehemently in beating time, while he sent out volumes, not to say whole editions, of sound. One could not but conclude that every emotion of he soul must find utterance in the course of the morning's performance, if Jane Gordon only listened aright, which she seemed very well disposed to do. But the concluding hymn was to be the crowning effort. It abounded in fugues—those fatal favorites of country choirs, and had also several solos, which Mr. Fascle had assigned to Jane Gordon, in spite of the angry insendoes of other pretenders. He had drilled her most perseveringly, and, though not without some misgivings, had succeeded in persuading himself, as well as his pupil, that she would get through these "tight places" very well with a little help from him.

When the whole immense assembly rose to listen while the choir performed this "set piece," it was with a sound like the rushing of many waters, and poor Jane, notwithstanding the whispered assurance of the master, began to feel her courage oozing out, as woman's courage is apt to do just when it is most wanted. She got through her portion of the harmony with tolerable credit: but when it came to the first solo, it was as if one did take her by the throat, and the sounds died away upon her lips. Dread silence ensued, but in a moment, from the other side of the barn, seemingly from a far distant loft, a female voice, clear, distinct, and well trained, took up the recreant strain, and carried it through triumphantly. Then the chorus rose, and, encouraged by the opportune aid, performed their part to admiration—so well, indeed, and with so much enthusiasm, that they did not at first miss the leading of Mr. Fascle.

When the next solo's turn came, they had time to look round: and while the distant voice once more sent its clear tones meandering among the rafters and through the mows and out of the wide doors, all the class turned to look at the master. There he stood—agape—astare—pale—spiritless—astonished—petrified; his jaw fallen, his nose pinched in, his eyes sunken and hollow, and fixed in wild gaze on the dim distance whence issued the potent sound, while poor Jane's fascinated optics gazed nowhere but on him. But before note could be taken of their condition, the chorus must once more join in the last triumphant burst, for the new auxiliary had inspired them like a heavenly visitant, and they could not attend to sublunary things. They finished in a perfect blaze of glory, the unknown voice sounding far above all others, and carrying its part as independently as Mr. Fascle himself could have done.

"What is the matter with the singing-master?" "Has he got a fit?" "Is he dying?" was whispered through the crowd as soon as the meeting was dismissed. "Bring water—whiskey—a fan—oh goodness! what is to be done?"

"Let me come to him," said a powerful voice just at hand; and, as the crowd opened, a tall, masculine woman, of no very prepossessing exterior, made her way to the fainting Orpheus.

"Jedediah!" she exclaimed, giving a stout lift to the drooping head; "Jedediah! don't you know your own Polly Ann?"

It was Mrs. Fascle—a very promising scholar whom the unhappy teacher had married at the scene of former labors, somewhere in the interior of Illinois, hoping to find her a true help-meet in the professional line. But, discovering to his cost that she understood only one kind of harmony, and that not of the description most valuable in private, he had run away from her and her big brothers, and hoped, in the deep seclusion of still newer regions, to escape her for ever, and pass for that popular person, an agreeable bachelor. Whether he was really villain enough to have intended to marry poor Jane too, we cannot know, but we will cheerfully hope not; though we are not sure that wantonly to trifle with an innocent girl's affections for the gratification of his vanity, was many shades less culpable. The world judges differently, we know, since it makes one offence punishable by law, while the other is considered, in certain circles, rather a good joke than otherwise. But the singing-master and his fearful spouse disappeared, and those who had not joined the class exulted; while, as far as public demonstration went, we could not see but the singing at meeting fell back to very nearly the old mark, under the auspices of old deacon Ingalls, who has for many years been troubled with a polypus in his nose.

Jane Gordon is a much more sensible girl than she was two years ago, and looks with no little complacency upon Jacob Still, a neighbor's son, who boasts than he can turn a furrow much better than he can a tune.

The Treaty.

Correspondence of the North American & U. S. Gazette

WASHINGTON, March 1, 1848.

Mr. Senator Downs received a letter today from Col. Persifer F. Smith, the Governor of Mexico, of the 9th of February, who recommends the adoption of the Treaty in very urgent terms. He believes it was made in good faith by the existing government, which, he says, without the assistance of ratification on the part of the U. States, and the *prestige* it would afford to political affairs in Mexico, cannot stand six weeks. He says an army of 80,000 men would be necessary to continue operations, and that it cannot be maintained by contribution on the enemy, as the resources of supply are necessarily diminished by the increase of our force. If we should retire, he contemplates an army of 20,000 men, in four different divisions, as necessary to hold the country adopted. The present government is liable to *pronunciamentos*, and all the other paraphernalia so readily employed by Mexicans, to overthrow authority. For this reason he advocates the treaty, and further, because he thinks no other government can be established that will be sufficiently strong to treat. The letter was read to the Senate.

This intelligence only adds to the difficulty. If it be true, will Mr. Pana y Pena's government be able to hold on until the action of our Senate is communicated?

The President has despatched a messenger to Mexico, with information of his recommendation to the Senate to reject the tenth article, and also the secret article providing for the extension of the time of exchanging ratifications to eighteen months; with the request that the Mexican Congress may adopt these amendments, if they proceed to ratify.

General Butler was apprized by the same messenger that the President had directed that the three million appropriation should not be drawn upon until official notice of the ratification of the treaty on the part of the United States, was served upon him. This precaution, if it reaches its destination, will relieve all apprehensions as to the three millions—if it fails to do so, and the *form* of ratification has been adopted by the Mexican Congress, which is now understood is to be composed almost exclusively of members favorable to peace, then the three millions are still subject to the tender mercies of Mr. Trist and the high contracting parties.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Christabel.

There's a sweet rural cot by the side of a stream
Where the bright waters flash in the sun's golden gleam,
Half hidden by roses—embowered by trees
Their bows gently waving in Summer's soft breeze.

And these are the dwellers—a proud noble dame
That from warm sunny France, o'er the wide waters came,
And her sweet Christabel, in whose radiant eyes
A world of deep feeling all tranquilly lies.

From morning till evening our dear Christabel,
Free as thought, lightly bounds through the dingle and dell,
Seeks the spot where the first early flowerets peep
From the ground, just awaking from Winter's long sleep.

Go watch where the roar of the waters you hear,
Where the spray rises high—there's a fairy boat near,
Lightly dancing in joy on each foam crested swell,
Seeming proudly its burden, the fair Christabel.

There is grace in thy footsteps, scarce pressing the ground;
Thou art here but a moment—away with a bound;
My heart too is with thee—and ah I must tell,
I love thee! I love thee! most fair Christabel!

There's a proud one beside thee; his eye speaks of joy,
And thy love burning brightly no time can destroy;
Though a sigh of regret must my bosom oft swell,
Yet I'm glad thus to see thee so blest, Christabel.

ROYALTON, Niagara Co. IDA.

The Holy Land—Nazareth and Mount Carmel.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

From the (London) People's Journal.

We passed the night of the 14th of April in our tents, just outside the town of Jenin. Our dragoman had warned us of the thievish character of the people of this neighborhood, so that we had an eye to such of our property as was lying about while the tents were preparing. The Governor called, had coffee, and appointed four guards; so that we supposed ourselves free from robbery. But in the morning the best mule was gone: and the four guards declared themselves wholly unable to say when, how, and by whom the animal was set loose from its fastenings and carried off. Our departure was delayed; the Governor was sent for; and a pretended inquiry was made: and this gave me opportunity to walk about for an hour after breakfast—through the little town, through an orange grove where every tree was white with blossoms; and up a neighboring hill, whence I saw, to my surprise, a snowy mountain peak to the Northeast. This was the summit of Gebel Sheikh—the mountain which closes the north end of the valley of the Jordan, and then joins on to the range of Antilibanus. From my point of view, I could see, too, the beautiful plain of Esdraelon which we were to traverse this day; and the hills to the north which enclosed Nazareth, where we hoped to sleep this night: and to the west, some tokens of the rise of a line of hills which we should soon see swelling into Mount Carmel, where we were to go tomorrow. What a prospect lay before both eye and mind!

Our dragoman told us we might make ourselves easy about our mule. He had no doubt it was in some stable in the town. We should be asked to leave a muleteer behind, and in a day or two the animal would be delivered to him, with the demand of a few piasters for the trouble of finding the mule on the mountains. It is probable that the matter stood exactly so, for the muleteer followed in two days with the beast, having paid fourteen piasters for the trouble of finding it!

Thus far, we have traveled only among hills and among valleys: and today we heartily enjoy our ride over the rich plain of Esdraelon. It was fertile and flowery from end to end; and the young partridges ran under the very feet of my horse. Small birds flitted in multitudes on every side; and the tall cranes stood among the high grass. The Carmel range grew upon the sight, as we had expected; and the blue hills of Galilee closed in the view northward. Little Mount Hermon rose on our sight; and on his north acclivity lay the village of Nain. A round hill, dropped over with old oaks, was Mount Tabor. Villages were well placed on such rising grounds as there were amid the plains; and our track lay, broad, level, and green, among rows of tall artichokes and patches of rich cultivation.

When about two-thirds of the way over, we crossed the great caravan track from Egypt to Damascus. We had been to Egypt; and we were going to Damascus; but we did not follow this track. We held on northward, to the Galilean hills.

We entered upon these hills about an hour before we reached Nazareth, winding up and down, and around the base of one, and the shoulder of another, sometimes amongscattered wood, sometimes over stony tracts, and always in sight of many goats. After mounting a very steep pass, and coming to a well, and winding round a hill once more, we came suddenly in sight of pretty Nazareth. Its basin of fertility is charming—its little plain, full of gardens and groves and fields, surrounded, as it seems, completely by hills.—The town is in fact a poor one; but, built of stone, and covering a good deal of ground, and extending a little way up the western slope, it looks well from above.

Here, then, we had before our eyes the scenery amid which Jesus grew up. Its character cannot have changed very much since his day. A fertile basin among the everlasting hills, and the primitive little town which they protect, must bear the same aspect from age to age. The great addition is the convent and church of the Latin monks; but these buildings do not stand out offensively to the eye; but mingle well with the flat-roofed stone houses of the town. In this convent we had to take up our abode. We longed to pitch our tents on the green below the town: but there was apprehension of rain, and it was thought better to go under the convent roof, which is truly a hospitable one.

I do not know what it is about the service of this church which is so affecting to strangers: but I observe that all travelers speak of the strong emotions excited here. Few believe that the places under the church are what they are said to be. Few believe that the little caves shown by the monks are the kitchen and sitting room of the parent of Jesus; and that the spots marked out by two granite pillars are those where Mary and the Angel stood at the time of the annunciation. I do not at all believe that these places were thus consecrated; yet I have seldom been so moved as I was this afternoon in the Church of the Annunciation at Nazareth. We were at least in the place of residence of Jesus, and saw what he saw every day;—the hollows of the valleys, the outlines of the hills, the streams in their courses, and the wild flowers which every where on the slopes spread under foot. We were in the place which he called home. Entering the church with these impressions on our minds, we were saluted with a chaunt from a full choir;—a chaunt sonorous, swelling, and exact;—the best music, incomparably, that I heard abroad. It told upon our very

hearts. Of course we visited the rocky recesses below the church, which are called the abode of Joseph and Mary; and saw no reason to suppose that, while citizens of Nazareth, they lived in a grotto, rather than a house.

We were shown, too, a portrait of Jesus, which the monks believe to have been copied from an original taken in his lifetime!—as if there had been portrait painting of that kind in those days! and as if the Jews would have considered it lawful if there had! Such ignorance on the part of the monks prevents our relying on any traditions given by them: and I will, therefore, say nothing of the other places pointed out as sacred by them. Nazareth itself is sacred enough; and it is merely offensive to one's feelings to speak of some of the strange stories the monks tell, and really believe, about Jesus and his family, in exhibiting what they declare to be the scenes of his life and daily actions.

The next day, the uppermost feeling throughout was of delight at the thought of the natural beauty amid which Jesus was reared. From the heights above the town we looked down into dells full of verdure; and abroad over the rich plain we had crossed the day before, and over toward Carmel, where we were going today. We rode among the hills for two hours, observing that clumps of forest trees became more frequent, and that the scenery was changing its character; and then we entered upon a tract which was so like the outskirts of an English nobleman's park that I could hardly believe we were in the Holy Land. Rich grasses covered up the slopes and levels, and clumps of ilex wooded every recess. We wound along under these clumps, and along the glades of the scattered forest, and upon broken banks, and then again through reaches of chequered shade. And how could we help thinking at every step who had once been here before us?

We were almost sorry to leave these park-like hills, though we were descending into the plain of Zebulon, and Carmel was before us, and we were about to cross the old river Kishon which Elijah knew so well when he lived in this region; and the blue sea was in sight; that sea from which Elijah's servant saw the cloud arise which was no bigger than a man's head.

We rode at the foot of Carmel, keeping the river Kishon for the most part on the right hand. There could not be a finer place of assemblage than this plain for the children of Israel and the worshippers of the Sun (Baal) when Elijah summoned them to meet. From the foot of Mount Carmel which stands out boldly into the sea, the beach stretches northward in a fine sweep of fifteen miles to Acre, and the old Tyre. The plain of Zebulon, thus inclosed between the Galilean hills, Carmel, and the sea, held the assembled multitude on that great day. The worship of the Sun was very imposing in all the countries where it subsisted. We have all heard of it as the worship of Apollo in Greece. I saw mighty temples to the same god, under the name of Ra, in Egypt and Nubia; and under the name of Baal at Baalbec—a few days journey from this place at the foot of Carmel, where his host of priests was defied by Elijah. (1 Kings, xviii.) Here stood his four hundred and fifty prophets, in all their pomp.

Next we ascended the mountain itself; and we spent two nights in the convent on its heights; so that the whole scene is well impressed on my memory. We went down the mountain-side that afternoon, to see the caves where the schools of the prophets used to be; where the young men were gathered together to learn what was known of religion, and to prepare themselves for its administration. Whether the principal cave was really thus occupied or not, some use was certainly made of it in ancient times. We found it a large square grotto; a spacious apartment in the mountain side, cool, shadowy, and solemn.—All about its entrance, and over all that side of the mountain, from the beach below to the convent on the height, was a perfect jungle of hollyhocks, ilex, odoriferous shrubs, herbs of many savors, and wild flowers as gay as the rainbow.—Dry and drooping was all this vegetation when Elijah came hither at the end of the long drouth and cast himself down upon the earth while his servant watched on the ridge above. But oh! what an expanse of sky and of blue sea was there for the man's eye to range over while looking for a token of approaching rain! To-day there was not in all the sky a cloud so big as a man's hand; but instead of a cloud, there was, at evening, the everlasting sign of the silver bow. When the sun had sunk beneath the waters, and left a golden glow on both sea and sky, the younger moon hung in the west yet a little while before "the excellency of Carmel."

The Character of Danton.

Ambition was his whole line of politics. Devoid of honor, principles, or morality, he only loved democracy because it was exciting. It was his element, and he plunged into it. He sought there not so much command as that voluptuous sensuality which man finds in the rapid movement which bears him away with it. He was intoxicated with the revolutionary vertigo as a man becomes drunken with wine; yet he bore his intoxication well. He had that superiority of calmness in the confusion he created, which enabled him to control it: preserving *sang froid* in his excitement and his temper, even in a moment of passion, he jested with his clubs in their stormiest moods. A burst of laughter interrupted bitterest imprecations; and he amused the people even whilst he impelled them to the uttermost pitch of fury. Satisfied with his two-fold ascendency, he did not care to respect it himself, and neither spoke to it of principles nor of virtue, but solely of force. Himself, he adored force, and force only. His sole genius was contempt for honesty; and he esteemed himself above all the world, because he had trampled under foot all scruples. Everything was to him a means. He was a statesman of materialism, playing the popular game, with no end but the terrible game itself, with no stake but his life, and with no responsibility beyond nonentity. Such a man must be profoundly indifferent either to despotism or to liberty. His contempt of the people must incline him rather to the side of tyranny. When we can detect nothing divine in men, the better part to play is to make use of them. We can only serve well that which we respect. He was only with the people because he was of the people, and thus the people ought to triumph. He would have betrayed it, as he served it, unscrupulously. The court well knew the tarif of his conscience. He threatened it in order to make it desirous of buying him; he only opened his mouth in order to have it stuffed with gold. His most revolutionary movements were but the marked prices at which he was purchasable. His hand was in every intrigue, and his honesty was not checked by any offer of corruption. He was bought daily, and next morning was again for sale. Mirabeau, La Fayette, Montmorin, M. de Laporte, the intendant of the civil list, the Duc d'Orleans, the king himself, all knew his price. Money had flowed with him from all sources, even the most impure, without remaining with him. Any other individual would have felt shame before men and parties who had the secret

of his dishonor; but he only was not ashamed, and looked them in the face without a blush. His was the quiet of vice.* [* "Infamous and contented."—*Junius.*] He was the focus of all those men who seek in events nothing but fortune and impunity. But others had only the baseness of crime—Danton's vices partook of the heroic—his intellect was all but genius. He had upon him the bright flash of circumstances, but it was as sinister as his face. Immorality, which was the infirmity of his mind, was in his eyes the essence of his ambition; he cultivated it in himself as the element of future greatness. He pitied anybody who respected anything. Such a man had of necessity a vast ascendency over the bad passions of the multitude. He kept them in continual agitation, and always boiling on the surface ready to flow into any torrent, even if were of blood.

Those who will not read the volumes of history may gain from the following sentence a correct idea of

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION ITSELF.

The virtue of the Revolution was in the idea which forced men on to accomplish it, and not in those who actually did accomplish it; all its instruments were vitiated, corrupt, or personal; but the idea was pure, incorruptible, divine. The vices, passions, selfishness of men were inevitably doomed to produce in the coming crises those shocks, those violences, those perversities, and those crimes which are to human passions what consequences are to principles.

If each of the parties or men, mixed up from the first day with these events, had taken their virtue, instead of their impulses, as the rule of their actions, all these disasters which eventually crushed them, would have been saved to them and their country. If the king had been firm and sagacious, if the clergy had been free from a longing for things temporal, and if the aristocracy had been good, if the people had been moderate, if Mirabeau had been honest, if La Fayette had been decided, if Robespierre had been humane, the Revolution would have progressed, majestic and calm as a heavenly thought, through France, and thence through Europe; it would have been installed like a philosopher in facts, in laws, and in creeds. But it was otherwise decreed. The holiest, most just and virtuous thought, when it passes through the medium of imperfect humanity, comes out in rags and in blood. Those very persons who conceived it, no longer recognize, disavow it. Yet it is not permitted, even to crime, to degrade the truth, that survives all, even its victims. The blood which sullies men does not stain its idea; and despite the selfishness which debases it, the infamies which trammel it, the crimes which pollute it, the blood-stained Revolution purifies itself, feels its own worth, triumphs, and will triumph.—*La Martine.*

The Letter of Mrs. Adams.

It was mentioned in the telegraphic Congressional report last week, that a letter of thanks had been received from Mrs. Adams, in answer to the resolutions adopted by the House adverting to the death of Mr. Adams. The following is a copy of the letter;

WASHINGTON, February 22, 1848.

SIR: The resolutions in honor of my dear deceased husband, passed by the illustrious assembly over which you preside, and of which he at the moment of his death was a member, have been duly communicated to me.

Penetrated with grief at this distressing event of my life; mourning the loss of one who has been at once my example and my support through the trials of half a century, permit me nevertheless to express through you my deepest gratitude for the signal manner in which the public regard has been voluntarily manifested by your honorable body, and the consolation derived to me and mine from the reflection that the unwearied efforts of an old public servant have not, even in this world, proved without their reward in the generous appreciation of them by his country.

With great respect, I remain, sir,
your obedient servant,
LOUISA CATHERINE ADAMS.

To the Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP,
Speaker of the House of Representatives, U. S.

THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.—Avarice has often been mentioned as a characteristic quality of the people of New England and the Free States. The charge was eloquently repelled by WILLIAM DWIGHT of Springfield, in the following extract from a speech recently delivered in the Legislature of Massachusetts, in reply to Mr. BRYANT of Barre:

I suppose he means to change ignoble avarice as the leading passion of New England. I deny it. I have heard the taunt from other quarters. It often comes to us from the South. But I deny it, coming from what ever quarter it may.—Avarice is not New England's vice. New England, great and widely extended as she is in her commerce, vexing with it every sea and every coast; great in her manufactures, nestling by the side of every waterfall; great in her enterprise, spanning the whole land with her railroads; great in all the elements of material prosperity, in the luxuries and comforts of her cities, and the beauty and culture of her villages—is greater in her charities, greater in her beneficence, greater in her moral, her religious, her missionary efforts, greater in her endowments of common schools, of all good learning. No, hers is not hoarded wealth. Avarice is not New England's leading passion. Her wealth is hardly won and wisely spent. But I can tell the gentleman where he will find avarice, and something more—where it is not often sought—among the allies of the Northern democracy, the slaveholders, in the sunny, indolent, unenterprising South. A New England laborer brings home his day's earnings, wrung from his own muscles, and it is avarice.—The Southern slaveholder brings home another man's earnings, and it is—what? The New Englander sells the product of his day's labor, and it is avarice. The Southerner sells human flesh raised in his own house, and it is—what?—The New Englander pursues the whale in the Pacific, and hunts the beaver in Oregon—it is avarice. The Southerner gets up the Seminole war that he may, at government expense, hunt slaves in the everglades of Florida, and annexes Texas that he may sell his negroes at a better price, and it is extending the area of freedom.—We, at the North, speculate in stocks, in lands, and in houses—the South strikes for half a kingdom at once, to be won by our armies and ratified by treaties. The one case is avarice, the other glory. We pay millions for labor, and are aristocrats; the slaveholders have the labor of millions without pay, and are democrats. We at the North get our gold by the distillation of water, from the vapor of the steam engine; the South wring their gold, drop by drop, from the heart's blood of the slave. Our act is avarice—theirs is chivalry. Oh! the beauty of calling things by their right names. The gentleman from Barre says the pursuit of glory is more honorable than the pursuits of gold, which, being interpreted, means, that to spill blood is more honorable than honest industry.

HENRY W. STRONG, former Recorder of Troy, State Senator, and one of the Secretaries of the Constitutional Convention, died a few days since. Mr. STRONG was taken from a career which had thus far been marked by deserved honors.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Charter Election.

The election of city officers in this city, which took place on Tuesday, resulted in the choice of ORLANDO ALLEN, the whig candidate for Mayor; HENRY B. BURT, whig, Justice of the Peace; six whig Aldermen and four democratic; and three whig Supervisors and two democrats. The votes for Mayor in the several wards stands as follows:

	ALLEN—Maj.	HAYDEN—Maj.
1st Ward,		233
2d Ward,	272	
3d Ward,	74	
4th Ward,		19
5th Ward,	107	
	453	252
	352	
Whig maj.	101	

The following are the Aldermen elected:

First Ward—Walter W. Stannard and John M. Smith—democrats.

Second Ward—Daniel Bowen and Daniel M. Vanderpool—whigs.

Third Ward—Levi Allen, Whig, and Paul Roberts, democrat.

Fourth Ward—H. H. Matteson, Whig, and A. S. Merrill, democrat.

Fifth Ward—Luman K. Plimpton and Watkins Williams—whigs.

HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTH OF EUROPE. By J. C. L. SIMONDE DE SISMONDI; with Notes, and a Life of the Author, by Thomas Roscoe. New-York: Harper and Brothers. 1848.

M. DE SISMONDI was a voluminous, clear, rapid, spirited and correct writer. A republican in heart and a giant in intellect, he was prepared to render good service to humanity, and he labored not in vain. His literary remains are an invaluable contribution to modern letters. His History of the Italian Republics, his Studies on the Constitutions of Free People; his History of the Fall of the Roman Empire; his *abstract* of the History of the French (in 29 volumes!) etc., all compose a monument to his genius which towers in grandeur above the ashes of fallen Republics, and will be as imperishable as literature itself, to which his life was assiduously and successfully devoted. But his most popular, most interesting and perhaps most valuable work, is his Literature of the South of Europe. Probably no work has appeared during the present century which has contributed more to the study of the national literature of the continent, or added more to the popularity of the author, especially in France and Italy. Such is the opinion of Mr. Roscoe. A new edition of this work has appeared at an opportune moment. It was called for, in these parts at least. Only a few weeks since we searched in vain through the bookstores of this city for a copy. The publishers have issued it in a style worthy of the contents—in two neat and stable volumes: and it is a work which should be in every collection of books deserving the name of a library.

For sale by Hawks.

MARCH has come in with any number of lions—and more too. They are roaring on every hill, and Old Erie is one great den of them. While most of the month of February was as mild as April and much less fickle, the first week in this month was several degrees colder than Jehu. Who *can* speak in praise of such a "wild stormy month?"

MARCH.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind and cloud and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring;
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of spring

And in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And Heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills,
And the full springs from frost set free,
That brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet,

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on earth that lies
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—The friends of education—including *all* our readers—will be interested in the excellent Address to Teachers, in this number of the Messenger. It would have been handed us for publication—agreeably to the solicitations of the members of the Institute—long ago, had the author found leisure to copy the original and hastily written manuscript. The Address ought to be put into the hands of every teacher and of every family in the County. A hundred extra numbers of the paper containing it have been struck off, and can be had at the Counting Room in the rear of Peck's Bookstore.

Accepted articles are on hand from Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN, "H. E. G.," J. H. BIXBY and "Adelia."

Religious Views of Mr. Adams.—The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Christian Register*, speaking of Ex-President Adams, says:

"On the last Lord's day morning, I saw Mr. Adams in his seat in the house, listening to the Rev. Dr. Matthew's second lecture, in which he recounted the testimonies of the great men of this world to the inspiration of the Bible and the doctrines of Christ. And in the afternoon, I saw him in his seat in St. John's church; where he attended public worship every Sunday afternoon. Mr. Adams has always been thus attentive on the worship of God. He was no Unitarian, and of late years, has attended the Presbyterian, and more recently, the Episcopal, church. His exact views will no doubt be revealed in his *Diary*, to which I have alluded; and I trust nothing will there stand recorded, which will cast a tinge of doubt on the confident hopes now entertained that Mr. Adams, to all his greatness, has added the crowning grace of being a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ."

A System of English Versification; containing Rules for the Structure of different kinds of Verse: illustrated by numerous examples from the best Poets. By Erastus Everett, A. M. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

This book supplies a long-felt desideratum. Heretofore we have had no *full* and *thorough* treatise on the versification of the English language. Lord Kames' is, we believe, the most elaborate which is adapted to the use of high schools and colleges, and, so far as it goes, is worthy of attention; but it is not complete. Mr. Everett's is: and since it makes only a medium sized volume, and is enriched with copious specimens of the best poetry in our language, it will find its way not only into the hands of the student in English literature, but into those of miscellaneous readers in general.

For sale at Peck's Bookstore.

Wilson Collegiate Institute.—It gives us pleasure to hear of the continued prosperity of this youthful institution. During the Winter term, which closed this week on Wednesday, there were about 140 students in attendance. Professor Wilcox, the principal, is one of the most popular teachers in Western New-York. The next term of this school begins about the middle of this month, we believe—though having mislaid a Prospectus which was sent to us, we are unable to state definitely the day.

Mayors.—The democrats have elected their candidate for Mayor in Cleveland; the whigs in Detroit, and the democrats in Rochester.

Mr. Warren, the celebrated temperance lecturer, gave an Address here on Tuesday evening, at the Lafayette Street Church. We hope his efforts will give a new impulse in this place to the cause which he ably advocates.

The Phrenological Journal for March, is for sale by Hawks.

Chloroform.—We copied a few days ago, from a Cincinnati paper, a paragraph announcing the death of a lady in that city, in consequence of taking Chloroform. In the *Atlas* of the 29th we find a statement of a post mortem examination of the deceased, signed by Drs. Lawson, Mussey, Baker and Mulford, widely known as highly respectable physicians, from which we copy the following conclusions:

1st. Mrs. Simmons, as shown by the condition of the various organs of the body, was in good health when the Chloroform was administered. It is true she had labored under a slight catarrh a few days previous to her death; but we are of opinion that the very slight diseased action which existed, was in no way instrumental in causing the fatal result.

2d. We have no hesitation in expressing the opinion, that death was caused by the action of Chloroform.

3d. Death resulted from a rapid and complete exhaustion of the nervous system.

We would again caution our readers not to resort to the use of Chloroform or Letheon, to allay or prevent the pain caused by slight surgical operations, and never to use it in any case except under the advice and by the administration of a well-instructed physician or surgeon.

Death of W. F. P. Taylor.—We are again admonished of the fearful uncertainty of life.—Col. W. F. P. Taylor, for many years an active and enterprising business man of this city, died this morning. He rose from his bed in apparent usual health, but soon complained of feeling numb, and uttering the words, "I believe I am dying," fell back and expired before any assistance could be rendered. For two or three years past, his health had not been very firm, but his sudden death has carried a shock scarcely less than if he had been in the full vigor of life. He was about forty years of age.—*Com. Adv.*

☞ Mr. Asa Ellis, an old resident of the town of Arkwright, Chautauque County, which has been long, though unjustly, proverbial for its barrenness, raised a hog which was killed when 21 months old and weighed *seven hundred and twenty-eight pounds*. It was sold in this city for Eastern consumption at the rate of $6 per cwt., being $43 67 for the whole. The Fredonia *Censor* infers that "the fat of the land" is sometimes to be found on the hills."

New York, March 5—7 P. M.

Dispatches from Washington state that the ratification of the Treaty, with some modification, is almost certain, and that the vote will probably be taken on Tuesday. The Treaty is gaining ground every day.

Mr. Webster, it is reported, will introduce the Wilmot Proviso as a clause in the Treaty.

In the House, yesterday, Mr. Cabell spoke against the Administration, on the Loan bill.—Mr. Vinton moved a substitute, authorizing an issue of Treasury notes, which was adopted.

Agents.—On our last page is a list of Agents. In appointing new ones we wish none to apply who are not interested enough to exert themselves manfully in our behalf.

The Horticulturist for this month—a good issue—is for sale at the Literary Depot in the Post Office Buildings.

Arrival of the Britannia.

New York, March 4—11½ A. M.

The steam ship *Britannia* arrived at the dock at Boston this morning at 9 o'clock.

The British Parliament re-assembled, and the first debate arose upon motion for a select committee to enquire into the condition and prospect of the West India Colonies—Jewish disabilities, by enabling them to sit in parliament—read a second time. The refusal of the American Postmaster General to accept the terms offered by Great Britain for a better system of international postage, has caused the utmost dissatisfaction—a proposal reciprocally made by the latter country, universally regarded as liberal.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, died yesterday morning in the 82d year of his age.

Lord Palmerston has given notice to Austria that any farther armed intervention in papal affairs will be considered a declaration of war by Great Britain.

The Inquiry into the State National Defences was ended in the determination to double her artillery force, embodying 15,000 militia. The country at large is opposed to the measure.

The inhabitants of the two Sicilies triumphed over the King, and a Constitution has been agreed to—founding liberal Legislative representation.

France is more tranquil, but angry discussions continue in Chamber of Deputies.

The overland mail brings intelligence more satisfactory. In India no additional failures.

Affairs in Ireland bad. Starvation in several parts.

Trade in England.—Partial indications of improvement in trade in England were manifested. Toward the close of last month, this view has been remarkably confirmed. Trade has taken an earnest step toward the recovery of its long lost strength, and the re-establishment of ease and confidence.

The money market continues to improve.—Messrs. J. Evans, Sons, & Co. of this town, connected largely in the Iron trade, has suspended payments. With this exception no failure of importanae has occured in Great Britain. Liabilities are estimated at £200,000.

English funds quite quiet.

On the 13th March it is expected that the duties will be about six shillings per. quarter on wheat, and three shillings and sevenpence one farthing, per. barrel on flour.

Liverpool—Feb. 12.

Markets.—Best Western Canal Flour, 27*a* 27s 6d. Richmond and Alexandria, 27*a*27s 6d. Philadelphia and Baltimore, 26s 6d. New Orleans & Ohio, 26a26s 6d. Canadian, 27*a*27s 6d. U. S. and Canadian sour, 22a23s 6d. Indian Corn, 28a32s 6d per quarter. Indian Meal, 12s 6d *a* 13s per barrel.

Wheat.—United States or Canadian, white and mixed, 7s 6d *a* 8s 6d per 70lbs. Red, 6s 6d.

The decline in bread stuffs has been gradual. Supplies good.

Cotton has improved in demand one farthing per pound. Larger business and gradually mending.

Trade.—All branches reviving. Money market easier. Discounts free. Only one important failure. Consols 89¼.

Liverpool Provision Market—Feb. 12.—Beef prime mess from tierce 87a90s; ordinary, 67a75s; old 68s to 82s; mess per bbl 40s to 56s; ordinary 36s to 40s; prime 30s to 32s; Pork—prime mess, new, per bbl not quoted; old 48s to 60s; mess 48s to 55s; prime 35s to 40s.

Bacon—dried and smoked old per cwt. 15s to 30s. Long middles 27s to 40s. Short ribbed in new 45s to 54s. Butter—U. S. fine not quoted. Canada 58s to 67s. Hams smoked ordinary in canvas per cwt. 20s to 50s. In casks 20s to 33s. Lard, fine leaf and kegs, 57a59s. Do in bbls 55a48s. Ordinary to middling, 58s to 54s. Inferior and Grease, 30s to 35s.

Cheese, fine, per cwt., 46s to 49s. Middling, 38s to 45s. Ordinary, 30s to 39s.

Congressional.

Washington, Feb. 24th.

Senate.—Mr. Benton submitted a resolution requesting the President to communicate the details of the Court Martial which tried Fremont.—Also gave notice that he would ask leave to introduce a joint resolution, directing the purchase of American Hemp, for the use of the U. S. Navy.

Some personal explanations passed between Foote of Miss., and Yulee of Fla. The latter called the attention of the Senate to the report in the N. Y. Herald, respecting the debate on slavery, in which Mr. Foote is charged with misquoting the authorities which he cited on the occasion. Foote replied, exonerating the reporter. He did not charge the Senator with misquoting but intended to have said misconstruction of the facts, referred to. A sharp discussion followed. The Senate then went into Executive business.

House.—A bill was presented granting the franking privilege to Mrs. Adams. 29,000 copies of the Eulogy in the House, and the same of Mr. Gurley's Sermon were ordered printed.

After the reception of petitions a resolution was adopted requesting the Committee on Expenditures to report the expenses of the war, and as far as practicable give items of the same.

Mr. Putnam offered a resolution in favor of excluding slavery from all territory to be acquired from Mexico. Laid on the table—yeas 105, nays 92.

The House resolved itself into committee of the whole on the state of the Union on the bill for supplying deficiencies in the appropriations for the present fiscal year. Mr. Schenck, of Ohio, moved to strike out $5,000 to pay the expenses of negotiating the loan, and in relation to substituting treasury notes. He went into a lengthy argument to show the soundness of his views and the inexpediency of adopting the bill as reported to the House, and descanted on the bad operation of the sub-treasury law.

February, 29.

Senate.—A message was received from the President in answer to a resolution of the Senate of the 24th inst., requesting to be informed

whether the active operations of the army of the United States in Mexico have been and now are suspended, and if so, by whose agency, and in virtue of what authority such armistice has been effected.

The President states that he has received no information relating to the subject other than that communicated to the Senate with his executive message on the 22d inst.

Mr. Clark presented a Resolution of the General Assembly of Rhode Island, in favor of bringing the war to a close, and asking that the officers of the Texan Navy may be incorporated into the navy of the U. S.

Mr. Hale presented numerous petitions from Maine, Mass., Ohio and N. Y and praying for the withdrawal of the U. S. troops from Mexico, and the speedy termination of the war. Mr. Hale also presented a number of Anti-Slavery petitions.

A Resolution was submitted yesterday by Mr. Benton requesting of the President to communicate a copy of the proceedings of the late Court Martial, on the trial of Lieut. Col. Fremont was agreed to.

The bill conveying the Franking privilege to Mrs. Louisa Catharine Adams was received from the House.

Several memorials and petitions were presented. Among them was one presented by the Vice President for a grant of land for the construction of a Rail road in Iowa, which was duly received and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Breese presented resolutions adopted by the Legislature of Ill., in favor of a rail road from lake Michigan to the Pacific, which were received and ordered to be printed.

The Speaker laid before the House an elegantly written letter, by Mrs. Adams, relict of the late John Quincy Adams, acknowledging the receipt of the resolutions of the House, and rendering the sincere thanks for the distinguished and signal manner in which the feelings of the House, and the regard of the Public had been manifested. Adjourned.

THURSDAY, March 2.

SENATE.—Mr. Webster presented a petition, numerously signed by citizens of Massachusetts, praying for a specific duty on fish from foreign countries.

Mr. Dix submitted a resolution instructing the Library committee to enquire into the expediency of directing the Secretary of the Treasury to transmit to the French government our standard of weights and measures, by Mons. Vattemare.

Mr. Mason, from committee on claims, reported in favor of a committe of conference in regard to House amendments to the bill for the relief of the heirs of John Paul Jones. The bill was passed over.

On motion of Mr. Sevier of Arkansas the Senate went into executive session.

HOUSE.—Mr. Palfrey fills vacancy in library committee occasioned by the death of Mr. Adams.

The bill in reference to examiners in the Patent Office was taken up, and the amendment in respect to the salaries was passed. The bill also passed.

Mr. Vinton presented a resolution, which was adopted, to terminate the debate on the deficiency of appropriations for the fiscal year, to-morrow—which was adopted.

The Speaker laid before the House a letter from Mr. Smith in regard to his ingenious and time saving invention for taking yeas and nays on legislative bodies. Referred to the committee on public buildings.

NEW YORK, March 6—7 P. M.

The Rev. Dr. Lyell died at his residence in Anthony street yesterday morning.

On the 9th Dec. the brig Louisa arrived at St. Helena, a prize to the British steamer Heroine, with 640 slaves on board. Between 70 and 80 had died on the passage. Seven other vessels had been taken prizes within two months for being engaged in the slave trade, and had arrived at St. Helena.

THE TREATY.—The Washington Union says the general impression at Washington on Saturday, was, that the treaty would be ratified. The question will be taken early this week, perhaps to-morrow.

A letter from Porto Cabello, dated Feb. 10th, says Monagas the President of Venezuela has caused himself to be nominated to the command of the Government troops. Gen. Paez has pronounced against the Government, declaring that he will not respect the acts of Congress as long as it is under intimidation and not a free agent. Both parties are taking the field. Monagas has raised the country to aid him, and has proclaimed Paez a traitor.

Gen. Paez is represented as being at the head of a large force of cavalry, and infantry of 2,000. Government troops were marched from Caracoas to the plains, and it is reported that engagements have taken place between detached parties of the government forces and Paez's adherents, in which the latter was triumphant. Gen. Sotillo on the Government side has been wounded, and Gregorio Monagas also. The Government is said to have been defeated and 200 of its men killed and taken prisoners. El Paz and El Paula have both been captured by Paez. Business is completely prostrated.

WASHINGTON, March 4.

Despatches have been received from Mr. Shields, Charge to Venezuela, dated Feb. 1st. 1st, containing intelligence of such serious importance, that instructions were forwarded to Com. Perry on Friday, to send one or more vessels of war to Venezuela for the protection of American citizens and their property.

The escort of Mr. Adams's remains have decided to remain at Baltimore till Thursday.

The Whig caucus on Thursday came to no conclusion about the Treaty. Two articles of the Treaty were stricken out yesterday. One of them was confirming Mexican land grants, &c. The indications were this evening favorable to the ratification of the Treaty. Great efforts will be made to take the final question today.

The Kingston British Whig mentions that twelve men deserted from the 20th Regiment, now in garrison in Kingston on Sunday night. Owing to the gale of wind, which broke up the ice, they failed to get across the river, and four were drowned; the other eight were captured and brought back to barracks in company with a Yankee, said to be a sergeant in the U. S. Army, who is accused of enticing them to desert.

☞ The Legislature of Kentucky, on the 23d ultimo being the anniversary of the battle of Buena Vista, appropriated $5000 for the erection of a monument in the State's portion of the burying ground at Frankfort, in honor of her brave sons who have fallen during the war with Mexico. All other business was suspended to make room for this, and the resolution was passed almost by acclamation.

SUDDEN DEATH.—DANGER OF CHLOROFORM.—The Coroner yesterday held an inquest on the body of Patrick Murphy, a native of Ireland, who resided temporarily at No. 50 Cherry st. The deceased was by occupation a laborer, and worked on the New Haven Railroad, and has a wife living at Mamaroneck, West Chester County, N. Y., to whom he had been married about four months. The deceased had on the lower part of his body, a fistula, with which he had been afflicted about two months and a half. But his wife testified that his general health was good, although he was in the habit of indulging in the use of spirituous liquors. About four weeks since, he came to this city for the purpose of being operated on, and applied to the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Crosby street, where an operation was performed upon him. Previous to performing the operation, a quantity of chloroform was administered to him, so that he exhibited no signs of sensibility during the whole of the operation, which lasted some minutes.—He soon rallied, however, from the effects of the chloroform, and got up and walked. The wound was dressed after the effects of the chloroform had passed off, and then he retured to his home. He was visited every day by Dr. Beers, and about four or five days ago it was considered necessary to perform another operation on him. The deceased said that he was willing, but that he must have the chloroform or he would not consent. The chloroform was accordingly put on a cloth and given him to inhale, after which Doctor Rattan performed the second operation, the first having been performed by Dr. Parker. Immediately after the operation was concluded his pulse ceased to beat, and stimulants were applied outwardly and inwardly, but without any effect, and it was soon ascertained that he was dead. Between the time of performing the first and second operation, he exhibited no signs of any internal disease, &c.

In order to ascertain the cause of his death a post mortem examination was made by Doctor Wood, in the presence of several eminent physicians. This examination left it doubtful whether the death of deceased had been caused by chloroform or occurred from disease of the lungs, which the deceased was then laboring under. But Dr. Wood states that where there exists in the lungs any undue excitement, it will cause death, and that at all times chloroform should be used with great caution, although he had never known of persons being injured by it. But in cases where the brain, lungs or heart are diseased, or a predisposition to disease exists, it should not be used.—He also says that disease of the lungs sometimes exists when there are no outward signs, and that fistula tends to conceal the existence of such diseases.—*Journ. of Com.*

Congressional.

WASHINGTON, March 3.

SENATE.—A message was received from the President, communicating the correspondence between the Government and Mr. Wise, called for by a previous resolution of the Senate. It was ordered printed.

Mr. Cass proposed to introduce a bill for the purpose of ascertaining and paying California claims.

Mr. Dix presented a memorial from physicians and surgeons of New York, regarding the adulteration of drugs, which was referred.

Mr. Dickinson, of N. Y., presented the proceedings of a large and respectable meeting held at Saratoga, against the war, and in favor of peace.

Mr. D. then moved to resume the consideration of the special order, but gave way to take up a joint resolution of the House, to purchase maps, charts, &c., for the use of the Congressional Library, which was disposed of.

Mr. Dayton, of N. J., presented resolutions passed by the Legislature of said State, instructing their Senators and Representatives to support Whitney's plan of a railroad to the Pacific. In introducing the resolutions the Senator took occasion to say that they were contrary to his pre-conceived opinions, and that he did not feel the necessity of being guided by them. They were ordered printed.

Mr. Westcott submitted a resolution that 1000 additional copies of Cooke's report be printed.

On motion of Mr. Sevier, the Senate went into Executive session.

HOUSE.—Mr. Rockwell, of Ct., moved to suspend the rules to introduce resolutions that all debate in committee of the whole upon the bill making appropriations to supply deficiences in the appropriations for contingent expenses for the last fiscal year should cease tomorrow at 2 o'clock—and that the House should then proceedto a direct vote upon any pending amendments. The rules were suspended, and the resolution adopted without a count.

A motion was made that the House resolve itself into committee of the whole on the private calendar, this being the day specially set apart for the consideration of such bills. The motion prevailed. The House then went into committee, Mr. Ashmau of Mass. in the chair. After some time spent on private bills, the committee rose.

The Speaker then laid before the house sundry communications from the Executive department, including the report of Commissioner of the Patent Office; a statistical report in relation to the number of emigrants that have arrived in this country during the past year.

The usual number of these documents were ordered printed, and a motion to print an extra number of copies, was referred to the committee on printing. The House then adjourned.

Funeral of Mr. Adams.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26, 1848.

The obsequies of Ex-President Adams have been performed to-day with great ceremony, and great solemnity. It was a heartfelt occasion.—No one who took part in the ceremonies but felt, or seemed to have felt, sadness at the great deprivation.

All the public houses of the City have been shrouded and closed. From the President's House to the Capitol was one unbroken vesture of mourning.

The Capitol on the outside and within was covered with crape. The Hall of the House of Representatives was appropriately prepared for the occasion.

It was densely crowded at an early hour, galeries and floor. All the distinguished of the land were present. On the right of the Speaker sat Mr. President Polk, on the left Mr. Vice-President Dallas. Mr. Polk looked well, but sorrowful; his hair was combed straight to the back of his head, leaving his whole ear exposed—an indication that it was always open to the faintest demand for justice.

The Cabinet sat on the floor of the House, on the right hand of the Speaker—in their rear was placed the somewhat multitudinous Senate. In close juxtaposition sat Col. Benton and Mr. Calhoun, as pall-bearers, with the coffin in front.—Their countenances seemed to wear an expression suitable to the impressive scene. It would

be too curious to speculate, whether the thought occupied their minds that they had united in fierce determined hostility to Mr. Adams's administration, and had been in as fierce hostility to each other ever since. Near them was Mr. Webster, who had been the chief supporter of Mr. Adams's administration, and who was now one of the chief mourners. He seemed temporarily to forget his own grief in his sympathy with others.

The Youth of the Heart.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

"Shall I never grow old?" said a fair little girl
As she stood by a fond mother's knee,
And to s'd from her forehead the clustering curls
And turned up her bonny blue e'e.

"Shall I never grow old, as the beggar has done
Who yesterday came to our door?
And ne'er again look on the light of the sun,
And see the sweet flowers no more!

"Will my face be all wrinkled with sorrow and care,
And my pretty brown tresses turn white?
Oh, mother, I'm sure that I never could bear,
To become such a sad looking sight!"

On her fair little daughter the mother looked down,
And her face wore a sorrowful smile,
As she smoothed back the beautiful tresses of brown
And gazed in her blue eyes the while!

"Oh yes, my dear child!" and the tears gathered fast,
As she spoke, in the mother's dark eye,
"The charms we so prize in our youth cannot last,
And wrinkles and age will draw nigh!

"This beautiful forehead, so placid and white,
This cheek of the carnation bloom,
Must yield up the delicate tints to the blight—
The precursor that points to the tomb!

"To wrinkles these dimples at length will give way,
These locks will be sprinkled with gray,
And who is there, then, could discover a trace
Of the beauty my child wears to-day!

"But the youth of the heart"—and the mother's dark eye
Grew soft as the eye of a fawn—
"May live in its greenness when age has come nigh,
And the rose and the lily are gone!

"That youth! 'tis an evergreen—nourish it well
With the dews of affection and love,
And still in thy bosom unfading 'twill dwell,
When thy spirit ascendeth above!

"Oh, the youth of the heart! 'tis more precious than gold,
For it cheers e'en decrepitude's way,
And makes the world bright to us when we are old,
As it was in life's earliest day!

"Then grieve not, my child, though thy cheeks should grow pale,
And thy beautiful tresses turn gray—
But guard well the youth of thy heart, that it fail
Nor die with thy beauty away!"

MARRIED.

At Black Rock, on the 2nd inst., by J. Frick, Esq., Mr. JACOB MANGOLT, and Miss LOVINA COLE.

DIED.

On the 29th ult., Dr. HENRY RUTGERS STAGG, aged 46 years.

On the 29th ult., WILLIAM HENRY, only son of W. H. and Lydia Wing, aged 11 months and 29 days.

At Black Rock, near Cold Spring, on the 23th ultimo, JANE, wife of Henry Streeter, aged 42 years.

At Clarence, on the 25th ult., MARY ELLA, daughter of Benjamin T. and Jane E. Adams, aged 6 months and 19 days.

At Batavia, on the 15th ult., NAPOLEON B. BUEL, aged 46 years.

LOCAL AGENTS.

T. E. Wetmore,.....Wilson, N. Y.
A. G. White,.....Wales, N. Y.
I. G. Tompkins,.....Perry, N. Y.
A. S. Doyle,.....North Dansville, N. Y.
A. S. Ellsworth,.....Youngstown, N. Y.
B. E. Mixter,.....Pekin, N. Y.
J. W. Knight,.....Oakfield, N. Y.
J. H. Bixby,.....Royalton, N. Y.
L. Farlin,.....Portland, N. Y.
Postmaster,.....Oshawa, C. W.
J. S. Terrill,.....Niagara, C. W.
Mark Burnham,.....Port Hope, C. W.
Dr. W. Bowen,.....Massillon, Ohio.
Prof. W. L. Eaton,.....Kalamazoo, Mich.
E. J. Hard,.....Coldwater, Mich.

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Pork, bbl.	10 00	Chickens	—@—
Do slaugh. cwt.	5 00@5 25	Geese, each	25
Beef, cwt.	3 50@5 00	Clover seed, bu	4 75
Butter, lb	12@16	Timothy	1 75
Lard	7@7½	Flax	1 12½
Cheese	4@6	Grass	—
Hams	7	Whitefish, bbl	6 00
Shoulders	6	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt	1 50	Potatoes, bush	20
Wheat, bu	1 00@1 12½	Salt, bbl	1 00
Corn	50	Apples, bus	25@37½
Oats	33@35	Do dried, bu	62½
Slaughter hides, lb	4@4½	Onions	1 00
Dry do	9@10	Eggs, doz	14
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb	—
Sheep, slaughtered	62½	Soap	—
Lamb do	18½	Whiskey, gall	19
Dry	—@—	Highwines	20
Hard wood, cd	3 00	Lead, bund	4 00
Hemlock	3 00	Beans, bu	1 00
Bit. (O) coal, ton	$5 50	Wool, lb	20@30
Blossburg		Hay	@9 00

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Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1848. NO. 7.

For the Western Literary Messenger

Extract,

FROM AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.

I would I claimed a face as fair
As those the sinless angels wear
To watch thy blissful dreams above,
And cheer thy waking hours, my love;
So bright that every thought of me,
Might prove a dream of heaven to thee.

I would my voice were soft and low,
As those from seraph harps that flow,
To pour, with wild'ring notes and clear,
My heart's love-burthens on thine ear,
And in the silvery silence float
Around thee, like some charmed note.

I would my foot life's path might trace
Beside thee with a fairy's grace;
While chased my hand, with touch of air,
From off thy brow the wand of care,
And skilled to turn, with magic art,
The breath of sorrow from thy heart.

I would I were a charm,—a spell,—
A light within thy breast to dwell;
A thing of heavenly radiance fair
For thy proud hand to cull and wear;
The brightest flower of tropic clime,
That blossoms in the summer's prime.

And like that flower of Southern skies,
That of its own rich fragrance dies,
I still were blest, though one brief day
Should wear life's golden chains away,
If so the life I yield to thee,
Might but a worthy offering be.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 1848. H. E. G.

The Skipper's Jack-at-a-Pinch.

"This is a fact, and no poetic fable."—*Byron.*

About two o'clock of the afternoon of the —— day of May, 1807, four persons were assembled in the parlor of a house on the stage road, ten or fifteen miles below Tarrytown. A gentleman of middle age, the master of the house, with his wife, and a beautiful daughter, were in colloquy with an individual of a dignified air, and singularly handsome countenance, about thirty years of age, who, with his valise in his hand, and his cloak on his arm, appeared accoutred for travelling.

"I am truly sorry, Judge," said the host, "that we cannot detain you any longer."

"We certainly expected you to remain another night with us," said the wife.

"At least," said the daughter, with an engaging smile, "you will wait until the stage passes to-morrow noon?"

"It is difficult, my kind friends," replied the stranger, "to resist invitations so pressingly offered; and," said he, turning to the daughter, "if anything could induce me to forego my resolution, my dear young lady, it would be your solicitation; but I have been long absent from home. The circuit has been prolonged far beyond my expectations; and indispensable engagements hurry me away. If I recollect right," continued he, turning to the host, "there is a fishing hut on the river side, somewhere opposite us; and there was once a path which led down the mountain to the spot: be good enough to put me in the way to find it, and I will make for the station."

"It is passable only on foot, or on horseback," said the host, "or I would take you down in the carriage; but there is an opening in the wood, just yonder, which leads to the path, and, that once gained, you cannot go astray."

After many friendly greetings on all sides, the stranger made his bow and departed. The path was found; and, trudging onward, he soon emerged from the ravine above the beach, where a group of fishermen were waiting the proper time of tide, to resume their labors. A couple of skiffs were drawn up on the shore, near which the congregation was assembled.

"Whose skiffs are these?" asked the new comer. "I want to be put on board one of those vessels in sight."

There was a light wind blowing from the northwest; and the white sails of the river craft were seen far above and below—some nearly opposite, and some far distant.

"This one," responded a fisherman, "is mine; but we can't spare time to put you on board, for it will soon be time for a haul. The other belongs to the person now coming up."

The stranger inquired, as the other came near enough, whether he would accommodate him with a passage on board.

"I can let you have the skiff," he answered; "but I am obliged to go up the road. Here, however, are a couple of idlers, who will undoubtedly row you off, and bring back the boat."

The suggestion was adopted; the wherry was chartered, and the oarsmen engaged for the voyage.

While the men were getting the boat in proper order, a woman made her appearance, dressed in a linsey-woolsey gown—not of the finest texture, or of the newest fashion, and none of the cleanest, withal. The face of this person was cast in the true Xantippian mould, with eyes so horribly askew, that an operator for strabismus would have coveted her as a subject for his skill; and, to crown the picture, the visage of the lady was of such a "vinegar aspect," as to warrant the belief that she had fed on crab-apples for a fortnight. Approaching the men, who were nearly ready to shove off, she accosted one of them thus:

"You're going off to them sloops, aren't you, Jake? I don't care if I go along."

"I do, Mrs. Nox!" said the oarsman. "There will be two words to that bargain. That man," pointing to the stranger, who was coming down, "has hired the skiff; and, if he don't like your ugly mug better than I do, you won't get a passage this time."

The woman scowled in a fearful manner, but made no reply.

"You're going," said she, addressing the stranger, "aboard of them vessels. I want to go to York; and I can go aboard with you, just as well as not?"

"Exactly so, madam," said the stranger; "step in."

The skiff had but three seats—two for the oarsmen, and the stearn-sheets, built sufficiently broad to take two persons abreast. The stranger, with his valise on his knee, took one side, and the woman, with a very unsightly bundle in her lap, the other; and off shot the wherry into the stream, towards the nearest vessel. The stranger waved a pocket-handkerchief as a signal; and the skipper, putting his helm down, and hauling aft his main-sheet, bore up for the skiff. But as soon as they got near enough for a fair scrutiny, he exclaimed:

"Up helm, Joe! Square away! Them's no customers for me!"

"By Jolly, I thought so!" said the oarsman who had rebuffed Mrs. Nox—Mrs. Erebus, she might have been better named—as she cast a midnight-glance at the offender. A second vessel was tried with no better effect—a third with like success: at length a Tarrytowner answered the signal, and took them on board.

By this time it was near sun down; and, as they got upon the deck, the skipper addressed the stranger thus:

"I don't know how I'm to accommodate you and your woman with berths and bedding; and I'm afraid you won't fare very well for supper, for my cook got on a spree ashore, and we were obliged to leave him. However, the mate and I, who are all hands now, will cook up something or other."

The stranger had walked aft, and the woman was sitting near the hatchway, when the captain addressed her in an undertone, which yet was heard on quarter-deck:

"That 'ere's your man, I take it?" said he, pointing over his shoulder.

"He aint no such thing!" said the woman, bridling up: "my man is a rather guess sort of fellow from him. I only got that 'ere chap to put me on board,"

The captain now accosted his other passenger:

"This ain't your woman, I find?"

"O, no!" was the reply; "only a chance passenger."

"I thought you *was* queerly *yoked*, when I first saw you," said the captain. "I'm thinking I shall give *you* the old sail, which is the only thing to sleep on on board, and let her have the soft side of the plank I was going to give you."

"By no means! Give the poor woman the best accommodations you can. As for me, I shall do well enough."

The wind was failing, the tide turned, and the sloop was brought to an anchor—the jib hauled down, and the main-sail left standing, skipper fashion—when the captain and his adjunct began preparations for refection.

"I say, ma'am," said the captain, "I've a notion that you could lend us a lift with this 'ere supper?"

"I shan't do no such thing," was the reply. I expect to pay for my passage; and if you've got any supper to get, you may get it yourself."

The captain did not outdo the Niblos and Delmonicos of the time; and his beef-steaks, fried in—the Lord knows what—fell far short of those of old Baker, of the City Tavern in Wall-street, in tenderness: Nor was the hyson of the first quality, or the sugar of the whitest; and although the lady grumbled, the stranger took everything kindly.

When it was time to retire, the lady took possession of the best berth, and the old sail; while the stranger, wrapped in his cloak, turned in, in the *gite, pis-aller* that remained.

It was past midnight, when, from a horrid dream that he was undergoing the *peine forte et dure*, (so indurate was even the soft side of the plank the captain spoke of,) that functionary shook him rudely enough by the shoulder, and awoke him from his slumber.

"I say, Mister, aint you a doctor?"

A negative was returned.

"I'm sorry for it," continued he. "Here's my mate has got the awfulest stomach ache ever man had. I was in hopes you had something in them saddle-bags which might do him good. Do see if you can't help him."

The passenger arose; and, assuring the captain that there was nothing medicinal in his portmanteau, went over to the mate, who was writhing in great agony, and groaning heavily.

"Have you gin and peppermint on board?" he asked.

"Yes," responded the captain. "I've tried that, and it don't help him."

"Have you any pearl-ashes, then?" he inquired.

"O, yes!" answered the captain; "I always keep that. With hard-cider, in a morning, it is a capital drink."

"Well then," said the stranger, "bring it; and get some hot water, as quick as you can."

"The kettle must have boiled by this time," said the captain; "for I put it on some time ago;" and, going forward to the caboose, he returned with the necessary ingredients for a drench. Putting the proper quantity of alkali into a pint mug, and pouring the water upon it—leaving sufficient "*sky-light*" for the infusion of due measure of right *schiedam*, sweetening the dose, and qualifying it with peppermint—the stranger administered the portion to his patient, which, in a short time, essentially relieved him; and dose number *two*, half an hour afterwards, having been imbibed, the sufferer, who was entirely prostrate by the pain, fell into a quiet slumber.

The stranger now again turned in; but had scarcely gotten into a dream, as uneasy as the first, before the captain was again at his side.

"Mister," said he, "the tide is now high-flood, and there is a smart breeze getting up. I want to get under weigh; and Higgins, here, is too sick to help. Now, do just get up, and haul in the slack, while I rouse up the anchor—do, that's a good fellow!"

The passanger was not obdurate; and, after proper application, and the usual "Yo! heave ho!" at the windlass, the ring of the anchor was hove chock to the hause-holes, the jib was hoisted, and the sloop was tearing down before it.

The passenger again resumed his berth, where he remained until day had broken, when the captain once more made his appearance.

"I say, Mister," said he, "the wind has chopped about: I want a hand to tend jib-sheets—Higgins can't do it; so, just you bear a hand and help me, and a few stretches will bring us up with the dock."

Up got the passenger, and took the station assigned him, performing his duty with great alacrity; receiving the orders, "haul aft!"—"be spry!"—"pull away!"—"another pull and belay!"—at every tack; and, by dint of hard labor, on his part, and good steerage on the part of the captain, they got into the slip, and let run the halyards.

"Now heave 'em a rope!" shouted the captain. "Bear a hand!—bear a hand!—now haul in—haul in!"

These orders were promptly obeyed; and the sloop was safe at the dock. While the captain was stowing the sails, the stranger went below, and soon returned in his cloak—valise in hand.

"Well captain," he asked, "what's to pay?"

"Pay!" said the skipper; "if there's anything to pay, I'm the chap that's got to do it—so, Mis-

ter, just tell us what's the damage, and I'll shell out directly—and thank you into the bargain. I never want a better Jack-at-a-pinch, than you are. Just say how much, and here it is;"

"Poh! poh!" said the passenger, "you are welcome to all I have done; but I must pay for my passage. Is this enough?" handing him a bank-note.

"Why, this here," said the captain, looking at the note, "is five times as much as I should have charged you, if nothing had happened; but if you say take it, I will, and thank you kindly.—And now, Mister, I should like to know where you live, and what your trade is, if it ain't asking too much?"

"I have been a lawyer, and live hereabouts," said the stranger.

"Well, one thing more, and I hope you won't think me too sassy: do tell me your name?"

"Tompkins," was the reply.

"Where from?"

"Westchester."

"No relation to 'Squire Caleb Tompkins, up here?"

"Yes" was the answer.

"Not very near, I take it," said the captain.

"Only his brother," was the response.

"His brother!—Caleb Thompkins' brother!" said the captain, aghast. "Why, you can't be Daniel D.?"

"The very same," said the stranger, smiling.

"Pheww!" here the captain gave an interjectional whistle. "Here's a pretty business! By the pipers! you're the new Governor?"

"So they tell me," said the Governor.

"Why, what an infernal impudent fellow you will think me! Here I've been getting you to physic my mate, and set you to working my old sloop; and I've been ordering you about, just as if I'd hired you at eight dollars a month! You'll forgive me, I know, for this; and all I can do, is to ask your pardon!"

"Nonsense!" said the Governor; "come, shake hands, for I must be off," and he held out his hand.

The captain, somewhat hesitatingly, seized the proffered hand in both his, and squeezed it quite hard enough for the comfort of the owner.

"Well," said he, "I've got one consolation, anyhow. I've always voted for you, whenever you have been up; and, last April, I, and five brothers, gave you a plumper for Governor; and if any of my kith or kin ever votes for anybody else, as long as you are going to stand, call me a flunkey! that's all."

There is no doubt that the skipper kept his word, and voted ever after for "The Farmer's Boy;" and there are few who ever held such close communion with Daniel D. Tompkins, that ever bolted at an election when he was a candidate.—*Home Journal.*

FREDERICK DOUGLAS' NORTH STAR.—FREDERICK DOUGLAS, the Editor of the *North Star*, an anti-slavery paper recently started at Rochester, alludes in the following elegant strain to the considerations which guided him in the selecting a title for his sheet:

Of all the stars in this "brave, old, overhanging sky," the NORTH STAR is our choice. To thousands now free in the British dominions it has been the STAR OF FREEDOM. To millions, now in our boasted land of liberty, it is the STAR OF HOPE. Dark clouds may conceal, but cannot destroy it. Tempests may toss the sea—earthquakes convulse the globe—and storm-bolts shake the sky—it stands as firm as Heaven. Within its meek and twinkling rays, are Faith, Hope and Freedom—cherishing the one, indulging the other, and endeavoring to gain the last for our slavery smitten countrymen.

We have ventured to call our humble sheet by our favorite Star. We have been requested to change it, but as yet see no good reason for doing so. The Morning Star was suggested; the Evening Star has been named—but the one is too early and the other is too late. The Midnight Star is our selection. We are over-shadowed by gloomy clouds, and on a dark and perilous sea.—We need the Polar Light to guide us into port.

Funeral Honors to Mr. Adams in Boston.

The mortal remains of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS were received in Boston with becoming honors. When the funeral train reached the depot of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, the Congressional Committee delivered their charge to the State authorities there assembled. In so doing, Mr. TALLMADGE of New York, Chairman of the Committee, after alluding to the manifestations of the profoundest respect and admiration of the character of the deceased, every where displayed on the line of the long journey from Washington, said:

It now becomes my duty, as the organ of the committee, to surrender into your hands, as the representatives of Massachusetts, the illustrious dead. In performing this duty, I must be allowed to say, we have long known this venerable man in the hall of the House of Representatives. There we have listened to his words of wisdom, and caught from his lips the fire of patriotism, and while speaking to us, as it were, we have seen him stricken down in our midst. But I shall not attempt here to describe the emotions that we experienced, or the bereavement that we have felt. Our personal bereavement is merged in the bereavement of the nation. The nation is clothed in the habiliments of woe. The nation is bereaved in his loss, and the nation mourns.—It is now more than half a century since Massachusetts gave to the nation his pre-eminent talents, his patriotism and his virtues. You gave him to his country, and all the remains of that illustrious gift we now return to you.

To this, according to the report in the Boston Daily Advertiser, Hon. Mr. Buckingham, of the Massachusetts Senate, made an appropriate reply, accepting the trust of the body until it should be transferred to the custody of the City Authorities.

The procession, as previously agreed upon,—except that the civic portion thereof was dispensed with on account of the storm—then moved through the streets mentioned in the programme.

Throughout the whole line, the houses and shops were generally dressed in deep mourning, and an air of sadness seemed to pervade the whole public.

Faneuil Hall was dressed, throughout, in very deep mourning—black streamers being carried from the support of the chandelier to every column and corner of the hall—and each pillar being wreathed in black.

At one o'clock the gallery doors were opened for the admission of ladies, and every seat was soon filled. The ladies in attendance were almost uniformly clad in deep mourning, and their sable drapery contributed not a little to the sombre hue appropriate to the occasion.

When the procession arrived at the Hall, ushed in by the performance of the Dead March, er

the Mayor assumed the chief post of honor.—Then, after all the appropriate ceremonies had been concluded—the Chairman of the Legislative Committee—Hon. Joseph T. Buckingham—Senator from Middlesex, spoke as follows:

The solemn dirge whose sounds still vibrate in our ears—the funeral drapery that surrounds us, veiling the light of day—are significant of the Chamber of Death.

To-day the all-subduing King of Torrors rides forth in the majesty of his strength. To-day the inexorable tyrant holds his Court in this our boasted temple of Liberty, and here exhibits the trophy of his power.

The sickening, lurid gloom that pervades the atmosphere of this hall—sending its oppressive and subduing chill to every heart—tells us too truely of his awful, mysterious, invisible presence.

Conscious of that presence, I feel my inability to perform the service to which I have been appointed. The mournful message with which I am charged lingers on my lips.

In the name and in behalf of the Government and People of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, whose honored, but humble servant I this day am, I consign to your faithful keeping, Mr. Mayor, the mortal remains of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS—all that was mortal of that venerable man, whose age and whose virtues had rendered him an object of intense interest and admiration to his country and to the world. We place these sacred remains in your possession, to be conveyed to their appointed home—to sleep in the sepulchre, and with the dust, of his father.

His undying name and his imperishable virtues are inscribed on living tablets, that can never be lost. Let buoyant youth and vigorous manhood, white-haired age study the inscription—imitate his example—emulate the graces of his character—and, like him, with unreluctant cheerfulness, obey the voice that calls from the labor of duty on earth, to the reward of that labor in heaven.

The voice of sorrow, which sends its echoes round the land, denotes the emphasis of a nation's grief for a nation's loss. From the depths of the soul the cry has gone forth, and deep answereth unto deep. Help, Lord! for the godly man ceaseth—the faithful fail from among the children of men.

Science, literature, philosophy, patriotism, religion—mourn the absence of a devoted disciple Humanity, clad in sackcloth and sitting in ashes, refuses to be comforted because her advocate is not.

But we grieve not for HIM. It is for ourselves that we weep. The calamities that afflict our nature touch not HIM. HE is no subject for lamentation and tears. HE needs none of our sympathy.

> "——— Oh! 't is well
> With him; but who knows what the coming hour,
> Veiled in thick darkness, brings for us!"

Mr. Mayor, my errand is done. My mission to you is ended.

And now, once loved, and still venerable, but lifeless DUST, farewell! If adventurous imagination may follow the disencumbered spirit, we behold it still pursuing its career of honor and glory! The splendid volumes of immortality are opened before it! Other worlds, lighted by other suns, adapted for the abodes of other modes and forms of being, court his fellowship and attract his admiration. Stars and constellations, and systems, glowing with undiminished effulgence, though ages on ages have rolled over them, invite him to explore their mysterious movements, and to trace their harmonious relations. Press onward, Emancipated SPIRIT!—press onward in the path that leads to the everlasting Fountain of Life, Intelligence and Truth! God Almighty speed thee on thy march o! eternity!

Mr. Quincy replied as follows:

Mr. Chairman—In behalf of the citizens of Boston, of every sect and every party, I accept the guardianship of the mortal part of our distinguished fellow-citizen, The citizens of Boston, who seventy years ago thronged this hall and listened to the words that resulted in our revolution, have, we trust, welcomed what was immortal to the liberty of the sons of God.

There is something sublime in the scene that surrounds us. An honored son of Massachusetts—one who was educated by a signer of the Declaration of Independence—one who heard the thunders of the great struggle for liberty on yonder hill, has, after a life of unparalleled usefulness and fidelity, fallen in the Capitol of the country he served.

The inscriptions that adorn these walls, remind us of the offices he held. Yonder testimony of the father of his country, shews what was his youthful promise. The spontaneous feeling at this moment of a whole people, prove how that promise was redeemed.

His remains have been escorted here by delegates from every State in our Union. They have passed over spots ever memorable in history. They have everywhere been received with funeral honors They have reposed in the Hall of Independence. They now lie in the Cradle of Liberty. It were presumption in me to anticipate what will here be said on the character and virtues of the departed,—on the high offices he held and the great scenes in which he participated. But as a citizen of Massachusetts, I cannot but acknowledge our sense of the honors paid to her distinguished son. Mourned by a Nation at its Capital, attended by the representatives of millions to the grave, he has received a tribute to his memory unequalled among men.

And this is no mere pageant. The spots on which his bier rests on its journey to the grave, will not be marked by visible tokens—by the way side cross inviting all to pray for the soul of the departed—but associations and recollections shall cluster there, inspiring the living with the spirit of the dead; and should the time ever come when distance and difference of interests shall seem for a moment to weaken the bonds of the union, we will remember that our sister States sympathized with us in our grief as readily as their fathers rushed to our assistance in peril.

These remains now rest in the Cradle of Liberty. It is their last resting place on their journey home. As a statesman's, "this is to them the last earth"—tomorrow they will be deposited in the peaceful church-yard of the village of his birth, there to be mourned not as statesmen mourn for statesmen, but as friend mourns for friend.

He will be "gathered to his fathers," and how great in this case is the significance of the expression! It is possible that other men may be attended as he will be to the grave, but when again shall the tomb of a President of the United States open its doors to receive a son that has filled the same office?

Happily for us, in this country, there are no hereditary honors. But as we shall stand before the simple monument erected by the filial piety of him who sleeps before us, and read that below slumber the remains of the second President of the United States, of one who, on the Fourth of July, 1776, pledged his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor, to the independence of his country,—who, in 1783, by signing the definitive treaty

of peace, redeemed that pledge, and who, after having witnessed the liberty of his country for fifty years, was summoned on the birth day of the nation, to the "Independence of Immortality and the judgment of God," will not the sternest Republican allow that, in his case, hereditary worth gave a title to hereditary honors? The conclusion of that epitaph is the fittest inscription for his own grave:

From lives thus spent thy earthly duties learn;
From fancy's dreams to active virtue turn;
Let freedom, friendship, faith thy soul engage,
And serve like these, thy country and thy age.

Next it was announced that citizens generally could have an opportunity to view the remains of Mr. ADAMS, until 10 o'clock on Saturday.

And the ceremonies having been thus concluded, the assembly dispersed.

Minute guns were fired from half-past 1 to 3 o'clock yesterday: the bells of the various Churches were tolled during that time, and flags were displayed half-mast from all the State and city public buildings, the shipping in the harbor, the Custom House, and the other United States offices.

George Gray, the Hermit of Lynn.

Correspondence of the Salem (Mass.) Chronicle.

LYNN, March 1, 1848.

Died on Monday last, George Gray, the hermit, aged about 76. He was by birth a Scotchman, and came to Lynn about half a century ago, locating himself in a lonely spot, where he made his home till the time of his death. His early history is probably known to no one living—at least to no one in this country, for he always avoided giving information on the subject. He was a reflecting man, of considerable literary and scientific attainment, and capable of imparting knowledge in almost any of the higher branches of human learning.

He took great pleasure in attending lectures and scientific meetings, and collected a considerable library. But his fondness for the mechanic arts was perhaps the most conspicuous trait, and he became very skilful in some branches connected with machinery. Strangers would sometimes vex him with untimely visits, and by obtrusive remarks induce sudden exhibitions of asperity of temper. But if any one assumed to be a scientific mechanic, he was sure of a courteous reception, though not of admission to his dwelling.—And this was not unfrequently taken advantage of, to obtain their end, by those who were merely prompted by curiosity.

He claimed to be the inventor of the most useful part of the ship's steering apparatus, but some one was before him in securing a patent, and he was subjected to much expense and vexation in unsuccessful efforts to establish his claim. In religion he was probably a materialist, most of his life. The writer recollects his remarking, some dozen years ago, that it was "ridiculous for any one to say that intelligence was not the result of physical organization," but within a few years he appeared to have changed his views; and he probably died in the full light of the Christian faith. He was eccentric in his habits, and had quite as little regard for his personal appearance as was agreeable to those with whom he came in contact.

As to physical exertion and endurance even in his old age, he was remarkable; sometimes he would walk into Boston in a winter evening, attend a lecture and walk home afterward—making a distance of not less than twenty miles.—And many of the Salem people remember him as appearing at their Lyceum lectures, on winter evenings, with his dilapidated straw hat in hand, and perhaps with torn shoes and no stockings.—But he was an estimable man, and few go down to the grave leaving a character so free from blemishes. He probably left property to the amount of some three or four thousand dollars, which the municipal authorities will of course take care of till it is ascertained whether he left any relatives.

Congressional.

WASHINGTON, March 7, 1848.

SENATE—After transacting very little business, the Senate, on motion of Mr. Sevier, went into Executive Session.

HOUSE—Mr. Washington Hunt reported a bill in favor of remitting the duties on goods destroyed in the city of New York during the great fire of 1834.

Mr. Evans reported a joint resolution providing for a bounty of land to soldiers who have continued in active service during the war, notwithstanding they may have been promoted out of the ranks, and thus as officers may not be entitled to such a bounty.

Mr. Giddings thought that while they were talking of justice to those who had been engaged in the present war, they might properly take into consideration the case of those who were engaged in the last one, a war he would venture to say, quite as honorable to the country, and commenced and carried on with quite as high, patriotic and noble purposes as the present.

Finally, on motion, the subject was informally laid aside.

On motion, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the bill for supplying the deficiencies in the appropriations for the current year.

The first thing in order was the amendment of Mr. Thibodeaux proposed to strike out the five thousand dollars to pay the salary of a Minister to the Court of Rome—which was amended by proposing also to strike out appropriations for similar outfits to Bolivia, Guatemala, Equador, &c.

Mr. Vinton moved an amendment, for inserting an appropriation of twenty thousand dollars for the relief and protection of American seamen in foreign ports, which was carried.

Mr. Dickey, of Pa., moved to strike out all appropriations for new missions.

The question on this motion was taken by tellers, and decided in the affirmative—yeas 61, nays 56.

Several other amendments of minor importance having been adopted, the committee rose, when the various amendments were adopted, except that striking out all appropriations for new missions. The vote on it being taken by yeas and nays, and decided in the negative. Yeas 63, nays 95.

The bill was then ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. C. J. Ingersoll then moved to reconsider the vote, as he wished to make a speech upon the merits of the question. He then moved an adjournment, which was carried, and the House adjourned.

SENATE—March 8.

Mr. Webster presented a petition from certain citizens of Virginia, praying Congress to pass a law, setting apart the proceeds of the public lands to be employed in the abolition of slavery. The plan proposed by the petitioners was that the money should be devoted to the purchase and manumission of infant female slaves.

The motion that the petition be received was laid on the table.

Mr. Sevier presented a memoir—geographical and commercial—on the present state of commerce of Liberia, Manchuria, and of the Asiatic

islands in the northern Pacific, showing that an important opening existed for extending the commercial intercourse of the United States in that quarter of the world. The memoir was prepared by Aaron Palmer, a gentleman well known to the commercial world, and distinguished for his travels and observations in distant countries. It was duly received, referred, and ordered to be printed.

On motion of Mr. Sevier, the Senate went into Executive session.

House—The Speaker announced the order of the day, which was Mr. C. J. Ingersoll's motion to reconsider the vote of yesterday, on the amendment to the Deficiency bill, striking out the appropriations for new missions, which was lost yesterday, and which Mr. I. wished to have reconsidered, in order to obtain the opportunity of speaking upon the question.

Mr. Ingersoll then proceeded to speak upon the subject, and defined his own position with a great deal of earnestness. The principal point in his speech was a reply to the argument of Mr. Levin of Pa. upon the same subject. Mr. I held opinions totally contrary to those advocated with so much zeal by that gentleman, and could not allow the occasion to pass without an expression of them. He believed that the views of Mr. L. were narrow, both in relation to the policy which we ought to pursue at home toward the subjects of foreign Governments seeking an asylum and a home among us, as well as abroad, toward those Governments themselves. America must not be limited by any such unworthy notions, but must extend her arms in the spirit of true democracy to embrace the children of all the families of man. Mr. I. was throughout thoroughly forcible, and often eloquent, and held the House in close attention.

The question was then taken on reconsidering the motion, when it was lost.

The bill then came up for final action, as amended, and passed by a vote of 137 yeas to 15 nays.

The House then adjourned.

Thursday, March 9

Senate—Mr. Foote presented a petition from the Baptist Convention, that territory be set apart for the exclusive use of missionaries among the Indian tribes on the Western borders of the United States.

The deficiency bill from the House was referred.

House—Mr. Murphy presented a memorial respecting the taking of the next census in 1850.

Mr. Vinton reported a bill providing for the civi and diplomatic expenses of the government.

Mr. Bates presented a communication asking that Congress would make provision for the interment of the remains of officers brought home from Mexico in public vessels and not interred.

Mr. Robert Smith offered a joint resolution of thanks to the whole Army, officers and men, that have served in the war with Mexico.

Several members rose and offered objections to such a resolution, the principal point of which were that it was too wholesale and indiscriminate a method of doing the thing. The resolution was accordingly laid over.

The House then took up the joint resolution for continuing the grant of bounty lands to soldiers promoted out of the ranks, who thus remain in the service as officers beyond the period of their first enlistment.

The bill was referred to the committee of the whole.

Mr. J. R. Ingersoll reported a bill for changing the time for holding Circuit Courts in the Southern District of New York, and to abolish the May term at Albany, which passed.

He also reported a bill to abolish certain Custom House oaths.

The Speaker then announced the question of the reference of the late message of the President vetoing appropriations for River and Harbor improvement, to the committee on commerce.

Mr. Hampton of Pa., attacked the policy of the Administration in strong terms.

Mr. Sawyer obtained the floor, when the committee rose and House adjourned.

March 10.

Senate.—A petition was presented by Mr. Dallas, praying for the purchase of the estate of Mount Vernon by the Government and its preservation and improvement as national property.

On motion it was referred to the Committee on the District of Columbia, and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Berrien of Ga., moved to take up the bill relieving the Justices of the Supreme Court from doing duty as circuit Judges until the present accumulation of business before the Court shall be disposed of.

Mr. Ashley of Ark., opposed the motion of Mr. Berrien. The subject was one that required mature consideration. It was an important change in the procedure of the Court which was proposed by the bill and ought not to be made without due deliberation. In the present circumstances of the Senate such deliberation was impossible, and he trusted that the Bill might be allowed to rest until the more pressing business now before them had been disposed of.

In consequence of these suggestions, Mr. Berrien withdrew his motion.

Then on motion of Mr. Sevier the Senate went into Executive Session.

House.—After some time spent without action the Committee rose, there being no quorum present.

It was then moved to adjourn, and the House divided upon the motion.

While the tellers were engaged in the taking of the question, a quarrel between Mr. Harralson, of Ga., and Mr. Jones, of Tenn. broke out in the shape of a fight, in which the parties employed the weapons with which Nature had endowed them, with much industry and effect.

The difficulty sprang up in the following manner: when they came to vote, Jones charged Haralson with inconsistency. Some hasty words followed, until Jones gave the lie.

Enraged at this, Haralson returned the lie with a blow: after which they clinched each other with great fury.

The confusion at this moment was indescribable. The speaker in vain endeavoring to restore order, members overturning their desks as they started from their seats, those in the immediate vicinity of the belligerents crowding around and attempting to stop them, added to the noise of the contest, combined to render the whole supremely disgraceful; only the fear lest serious harm might be done to one or both of the combatants, saved it from being disgusting.

At last, by the exertions of the other members, the brawling Legislators were separated. When the heat of the quarrel was somewhat cooled off, they returned to their senses and manifested a degree of shame for the outrage they had committed. Each of them then proceeded to make an apology to the House; they affirmed that up to the moment of the quarrel a perfect friendship had existed between them; but of course such a shameful affair could not be suffered to end in that manner.

Mr. Palfrey moved that when the House adjourned it should adjourn to Monday, in order

that perfect calmness of feeling might be restored before business should be resumed. The motion was agreed to.

Mr. Jacob Thompson of Miss., submitted a resolution for the appointment of a select committee of five to inquire into the nature, causes and circumstances of the recontre, and to report to the House thereon.

Mr. Stephens of Ga., opposed the appointment of such a committee.

Mr. Hunt, of New York, supported it.

Mr. McLane of Md., announced to the House that the gentlemen involved in this unfortunate difficulty had already apologised to each other, and that as far as they were mutually concerned the affair was at an end.

Messrs. Haralson and Jones, the recent belligerents, then shook hands in the presence of the House.

A good deal of discussion of the subject followed, in which several members participated.—They contended that the dignity of the House required an investigation, with a view to censure or expulsion of the offending parties.

Finally, Mr. Stephens of Ga., proposed a substitute for the resolution of Mr. Thompson, dispensing with the committee. This having been adopted, the apology of the parties was entered upon the Journal of the House, and so the matter ended—Then, on motion, the House adjourned.

Matchmaking.—But if an unreasonable opposition to a daughter's choice be not to prevail, I think that, on the other hand, the parents, if their views of marriage be pure from worldliness, are justified in using a good deal of management—not more than they are wont to avow, or than society is wont to countenance—with a view to putting their daughters in the way of such marriages as they can approve. It is the way of the world to give such management an ill name—probably because it is most used by those who abuse it to worldly purposes; and I have heard a mother pique herself on never having taken a single step to get her daughters married—which appeared to me to have been a dereliction of the most essential duties of a parent. If the mother be wholly passive, either the daughters must take steps and use management for themselves (which is not desirable), or the happiness and most important interests of their lives, moral and spiritual, must be the sport of chance, and take a course purely fortuitous; and in many situations, where unsought opportunities of choice do not abound, the result may not be improbably such a love and marriage as the mother and every one else contemplates with astonishment. Some such astonishment I recollect to have expressed on an occasion of the kind to an illustrious poet and philosopher, whose reply I have always borne in mind, when other such cases came under my observation: "We have no reason to be surprised, unless we knew what may have been the young lady's opportunities; If Miranda had not fallen in with Ferdinand, she would have been in love with Caliban."—*Taylor's Notes from Life.*

Town Swallowed by an Earthquake.—Malta.—The Neapolitan steamer Capri has brought intelligence from Syracuse that the earthquake which was felt here on the 11th had laid the city of Augusta in ruins. The first shock was felt at 1 P. M., and was so violent that all the people fled from their houses. The following one, a few minutes afterwards, destroyed the whole place except twenty-seven houses; the mole sank, and where it formerly stood there was no bottom at fifty fathoms. The last accounts received at Syracuse state that thirty-five dead bodies had been found, and fifty-nine wounded recovered from the ruins. The earthquake was also felt at Noto, Syracuse and Catania, with partial damage, and at Messina, without damage.

A Match for Tom Thumb.—Amongst the wild heathy mountains west from Huntly, in the parish of Glass, not far from the Craigs of Succouth, and close at the foot of the Gormack-hill, there is a little cottage inhabited by a young woman who lately gave birth to twin-girls, one of which is nearly of common dimensions, but the other is so extremely small as to excite the curiosity of the whole district. As soon as born this dwarfish infant was placed in the scales, and weighed only 12 ounces; and it will give some idea of the smallness of its waist, when it is stated that a woman's fingers and thumb met each other with ease round the body while holding out the child in the hollow of one hand. It refused to suck for the first sixteen days, and was supported during that time by a spoonful of wine and water daily. Its legs are about the size of a man's finger, but the hand and fingers are so small that they can hardly be described, only every part is naturally formed down to the nails of the fingers. Its eyes are full and look intelligent, but the face is a little monkey-like. The writer of this, with a companion, went to see this prodigy a few days ago. It is now two months old and is thriving well. The nurse told us that when this child came to the world she thought "Surely this canna be a human creature, but a rat of futerate, or something o' that kind." We exhorted the mother to be kind to the child lest it should die, when she replied that "it had lived too long already;" and on asking if she would make a present of it to us she readily offered to give us them both if we chose to accept them. On asking her what the father was like, she said he was a pretty strapping fellow, but refused to recognise his children. The little creature looked very lively at us, and on presenting her with a piece of silver she held it firmly between fingers and thumb. The mother now begins to hope that she may yet make a fortune by showing her little daughter to the world. —*Glasgow Examiner.*

A Cute One.—A raw looking chap, rather green in the routine of banking operations, says the Baltimore Sun, called in at one of our city banks, a few days since, and after making due inquiry as to the name of the bank, observed to the teller, while he displayed his proportions to the best advantage, "Do you see me, sir?" and immediately walked out, leaving the officer somewhat puzzled as to the why and wherefore of the question. Upon the next day he again presented himself at the counter, and after asking the same question walked quietly off. Astonished at the repetition of so odd an affair, and expecting a hoax of some kind, the teller determined that if the singular customer should return again, he would put a mark on him the better to know him in future. Accordingly upon the individual presenting himself on the next day, for the third time, he was met with the ink sponge direct between the eyes. "Ha, ha, mister, you're rather too late to come that gammon now; rather guess you had *three days sight*," says the queer one, "so down with your dust;" at the same time producing a draft for $100 at three days sight. "I'm blow'd if I didn't *guess* you didn't know I had this leetle bit of paper in my pocket when you looked at me the other two days; you cannot find anything *green* in this chap, I rather guess."—Our informant left the teller explaining the nature of "three days sight" to the cute customer.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Lines,

ON THE REMOVAL OF A FAVORITE TREE.

Farewell, old Tree! mine eyes have seen
Their last of all thy strength and pride;
Gone are thy leaves and foliage green,
And all thy branches scattered wide.
Yet ere the spoiler's ruthless hand,
Had dared thy beauty to efface,
Thou wert the noblest of the land,
The loveliest, dearest of thy race.

How oft beneath thy spreading shade,
In childhood's merry, thoughtless hours,
With kindred spirits have I played,
And deemed thee coolest, best of bowers;—
Within thy sheltering boughs the bird
Was wont to build her tiny nest,
The soft south breezes, too, have stirred
Thy leaves, and lull'd my heart to rest.

Long years may pass, and still thy fate,
For ever shall remember'd be,
For linked with thee in social state,
Are recollections dear to me.
May I, old Tree! when life has fled,
And earth receives its kindred clay,
Have one to drop upon my bed
The tears that Memory loves to pay

BUFFALO, Feb. 21, 1848. ADELIA.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Tricklings.

FROM THE PEN OF AN IDLER.

In the American Review for September, 1847, is one of the finest poems ever published as original in this country, if our poor judgment do not deceive us. It is called "THE VISION OF THE MARTYRS," and though given anonymously, those familiar with Longfellow's sublime "OCCULTATIONS OF ORION" will have no doubt as to the author.

We can, of course, do no more here than merely call attention to the "Vision," but we will favor the reader who has not been so fortunate as to have seen it, with the quotation of a few lines:—

"And all the clouds went swiftly round
Their white pavilions of the spheres,
As desert kings around their midnight tents
When struck by sudden fears!"

This is worthy Longfellow's fame and genius, and that is saying enough. One more line, compact and massive as a rock of granite, and we have done—

"The calm-faced Titan, with his brow of pain."

stands out before you in this description, palpable and proud, and unyielding as that destiny of which he is the type. We may say more of this poem hereafter.

The "career" of Geo. Lippard, is an illustration of what well-directed and energetic *puffing* can do for an author. Without pretensions (or at least, nothing save *pretensions*) to either style or matter; laughed at by one half the world and pitied by the other; he contrives, by the aid of a few such publications as the Saturday Courier, Flag of Our Union, etc., to foist annually upon the public, some half-dozen volumes of the merest trash and twaddle that ever lumbered the shelves of "the Trade."

Rural Department.

For the Western Literary Messenger

Pomological Meeting in Buffalo.

In response to invitations previously given, a select party, about twenty in number, of Pomologists, assembled on Wednesday afternoon the first instant, at the hospitable residence of Professor William R. Coppock, President of the Buffalo Horticultural Society, for the discussion of a quiet dinner, and the examination of sundry fruits of the season and consideration of Pomological subjects generally. Among the guests present were ex-Gov. Throop, of Owasco, and Col. Arnold, of Toronto, Canada West. After partaking of the bountiful repast of their host the company adjourned to business.

Letters of apology for absence were read from Col. Marshall P. Wilder, of Boston, President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, David Thomas, of Aurora, the veteran Pomologist of Western New-York; John J. Thomas, of Macedon, Wayne Co. N. Y.; Messrs. Ellwanger and Barry, of the Mount Hope Nurseries and Gardens, Rochester, accompanied by collections of apples; James H. Watts, Esq., of Rochester, with numerous collections of apples; N. Goodsell, Esq. of Greece, Monroe Co. N. Y.; Professor J. P. Kirtland, of Cleveland, Ohio; F. R. Elliott, of Lake Erie Nursery and Gardens, Cleveland; Col. Henry H. Coit, of Euclid, Ohio; Dr. Herman Wendell, of Albany; Rev. N. S. Smith, of Buffalo, accompanied by choice specimens of his Buffalo Seedling Pink-Eye Potatoes, which were served up at dinner and found to be unsurpassed in quality; and Messrs. R. H. Heywood, G. B. Webster, Orlando Allen, Elijah Ford, Wm. W. Mann, and O. H. Marshall, of Buffalo.

As the objects of the meeting were principally of a scientific nature, the company proceeded to business by the appointment of LEWIS F. ALLEN, ESQ., late President of the Buffalo Horticultural Society, and now President of the New-York State Agricultural Society, as Chairman, and C. F. S. THOMAS, late Secretary, and WILLIAM COLEMAN, present Secretary of the Buffalo Horticultural Society, as Secretaries.

The several contributions for the occasion were then opened, their merits discussed, and the opinions of the company registered concerning their merits—and it is perhaps as well to observe in the outset that the specimens produced were in almost all instances *remarkably* fine, many of them unsurpassed—but as the judgment of the company was solely confined to the *merits* of the different fruits for *economical* purposes, which they considered to include not only flavor in their proper seasons, but the several qualities of vigor, hardiness,

full bearing, adaptedness to climate, &c., &c.—The unbiassed conclusions at which they arrived were given in the best temper, though at times with abundant spirit, and occasionally arrived at by taking the "yeas and nays" for deciding the question; Downing's "Fruit and Fruit Trees of America" being their standard of authority for description, &c.

At the commencement of the examination and discussion Professor Coppock made a short practical address abounding with sound suggestions upon Fruits, their uses, and cultivation, the rules which should be adopted in governing their nomenclature and examination at the Horticultural and Agricultural exhibitions, and congratulating the assemblage on the rapid progress made for the last few years in their propagation throughout the country. Added to these were read various remarks from the Messrs. Thomas, Mr. Goodsell, Col. Coit, Dr. Wendell, Mr. Watts and others on the same subject. The fruits in order were then examined, and the results stated as follows.

It is well to remark, however, that by a preliminary vote the Esopus Spitzenbergh Apple was *unanimously* decided, taking into consideration *all its qualities*, as the *ne plus ultra* of Apples, and as the specimens approximated in excellency to that standard should they stand in the judgment of the company.

Messrs. Ellwanger and Barry, of the Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y., presented the following apples:

No. 1. Esopus Spitzenburgh, fine specimens, and in fine preservation.

No. 2. Northern Spy, good, not equal to those of some previous years growth in appearance; but well preserved:—quality A. No. 1.

No. 3. Swaar, superior specimens, well preserved. No. 1.

No. 4. Peck's Pleasant, good specimens, well preserved. No 2.

No. 5. Newtown Pippin, good specimens, well preserved. No. 1.

(*Mem.*—This apple has not the characteristic high flavor of its class, produced on Long Island, and on the Hudson river.)

No 6. Vandevere, beautiful samples, but past its season. No. 1.

No. 7. Nonsuch (Canada red), beautiful samples, in full season. No. 2.

No. 8. Bake Apple, handsome specimens, but past its season, (Messrs. E. and B. remark that this fruit is new and rare?) No. 2.

No. 9. Seedling from Naples, Ontario County, handsome specimens. No. 2.

No. 10. Bacon Apple (?) from Brockport, Monroe County; handsome specimens. No. 2.

No. 11. Domine; fine specimens, well preserved. Good. No. 2.

No. 12. Rambo (of many orchards—resembles it, but keeps long.—*Mem. by E. and B.*) The Rambo is an October and November fruit, and the Domine (No. 11) is so like it in appearance and flavor, that although a distinct apple, it appears like a *continuation* through the winter of the same variety. This No. 12 is probably, therefore, the Domine, its characteristics much resembling the other.

No. 13. Holland Pippin, (Messrs. E. and B. suppose it to be White Spanish Reinnette of Downing,) fine specimens and well preserved, but flavor gone. No. 2.

No. 14. Yellow Bellflower, beautiful specimens, well preserved. No. 1.

No. 15. Canada Reinnette, good specimens, well preserved. No. 2.

No. 16, White Winter Calville, ordinary specimens, well preserved. No. 2.

No. 17. Patterson Sweet (*Note by E. and B.*—New to us—a superb apple, past its prime, long.) This is a large, longish, deep red apple, of remarkable *rich*, *sweet*, flavor:—recommended for cultivation. A. No. 1.

No, 18. Wiley Apple (*Note by E. and B.*—A seedling—past its prime,) this was a good-looking apple, and well preserved. No. 2.

No. 19. White Spitzenbergh (of Kenrick;) fine specimen, in good preservation. No. 1.

No. 20. Green Sweet, fair specimen, well preserved, ordinary looking. No. 2.

No. 21. Pomme Gris, fine specimen, in excellent keeping. A. No. 1.

No. 22. Lady Apple (Pomme D'appi), ordinary samples, well kept. As this fruit is chiefly for ornament, and of inferior flavor, the meeting do not classify it.

No. 23. Perennio (French), same remarks apply as to No. 22.

No. 24. Cabashea (doubtful), showy fruit, well preserved; said to cook well. No. 3.

No. 25. Sweet Swaar (why call any thing a Swaar but a *Swaar?*). Looks somewhat like a Swaar, well preserved. No. 3.

No. 26. ——— (*Mem. by E. and B.*—Sold in our streets as a Spitzenbergh). This is a good looking red apple, somewhat Spitzenbergh shaped, but vastly inferior to it; well preserved. No. 2.

No. 27. ———, a seedling from New Haven, Oswego Co.; a fair looking apple in good preservation. No. 2.

A delicate, fine flavored, long keeping, and beautiful winter Scarlet Apple, slightly dashed with white waxy spots, was introduced by Lewis F. Allen, which he has cultivated for some years, without a name. He had the fruit grafted into his own trees, but has no recollection of where the grafts were obtained. He discovered during the past winter that the same apple has grown for many years on the farm lately owned by Chief Justice Spencer, near Albany, but no name was there known for the fruit. At the suggestion of Mr. A. the name of "Spencer" was unanimously bestowed upon it, and recommended for cultivation, being of good flavor, a great and constant

bearer, and a fruit of uncommon beauty. Good, No. 2.

Messrs. Abner Bryant and Sons, of the Erie County Nursery, near Buffalo, introduced the following varieties of apples:

No. 1. Poughkeepsie Russett, fine specimen, good keeper, medium size. No. 2.

No. 2. Westfield Seek-no-further, fine specimen, well kept. No. 1.

No. 3. Yellow Bellflower, good specimens, in good preservation. No. 1.

N. 4. Esopus Spitzenbergh, good specimen, in good preservation. A. No. 1.

No. 5. Pomme Gris, good specimen, in good preservation. A. No. 1.

No. 6. Red Spitzenbergh, good specimen, in good preservation. Good No. 2.

No. 7. Pennock's Red Winter, large and fine, well kept. No. 3.

No. 8. Beauty of Kent, an October and November apple, but well preserved: very large and showy, with surpassing qualities of growth in wood, hardy, and abundant bearer. No. 2.

No. 9. Brabant Bellflower, good specimens, in good preservation. No. 2.

No 10. Herefordshire Pearmain, ordinary specimen, well kept. No. 1

No. 11. Pomme D'appi, exquisitely beautiful specimen of a *poor* fruit.

Col. Benjamin Hodge, of the Buffalo Nursery, near Buffalo, presented the following apples:

No. 1. Beauty of Kent; fine specimens, well preserved. No. 2.

No. 2. Roxbury Russet; fine specimens, well preserved. No. 1,

No. 3. English or Winter Russet; fine specimens, well preserved. No. 1,

No. 4. Stannard Seedling, a fine new fruit, fine specimens, well preserved. No. 1.

No. 5. Esopus Spitzenbergh; excellent specimens, in good keeping. A. No. 1.

No. 6. Favorite (Sweet); fine specimens, well kept. No. 2.

No. 7. Westfield Seek-no-further; fine specimens, well kept. No. 1.

Mr. Charles Taintor, near Buffalo, produced the following apples:

No. 1. Pownal Spitzenbergh, bright red, beautiful specimens, well kept. A. No. 1.

No. 3. Fall Pippin; fine specimens, in remarkable preservation. No. 2.

No. 3. Rhode Island Greening: of three different characters—one of them was an almost golden color with a red cheek; another was green with a russetty red blush; another still was a dark dull green faintly tinged on the sunny side with red; but all nevertheless *true* Rhode Island greenings in flavor, as decided by those who knew the fruit as grown in New England. It may be here remarked, that the Rhode Island Greening of Western N. Y. although distinctly propagated from the *genuine* fruit of that name in N. England, does not *generally* hold the rich color it shows in the soil and climate of its origin, nor in all cases its high flavor. Still it is a highly popular apple both for the table and for cooking, a prodigious bearer, and a most profitable market fruit. The qualities of this apple were warmly discussed, and its degree of excellence decided by yeas and nays. It passed by a bare majority as No. 1.

Following these were introduced the parcel forwarded by J. H. Watts, Esq., of Rochester:

No. 1. Northern Spy, grown by Mr. Hand, of Mendon, Monroe County; is a superb specimen, in excellent keeping and of superior flavor. Quality, A. No. 1.

No. 2. Golden Russet, grown by J. Onderdonk, of Greece, Monroe County; fine specimens, in perfect keeping and admirable flavor. A. No. 1.

No. 3. English Russet, grown by the same; fine specimen, and in good keeping. No. 1. *Mem.* A doubt was entertained by some of the most experienced Pomologists present, as to the correctness of the name, they believing it to be the *Roxbury* Russet.

No. . Canada Red (Nonsuch) grown by the same; beautiful specimens, and in fine preservation. No. 2.

No. 5. Vandeveef, grown by the same, fine specimens and keeping. No. 1.

No. 6. Esopus Spitzenbergh, grown by J. Onderdonk, of Greece; in capital preservation and of exquisite flavor. A. No. 1.

No. 7. Baldwin, grown by Mr. Chase, of Brighton, same preservation and flavor as the last. No. 1.

No. 8. Pomme Gris, grown by the same; superb specimens. A. No. 1.

No. 9. Domine grown by the same, superb specimens. Good, No. 2.

No. 10. Swaar, grown by R. H. Brown, of Greece; fair specimens and in good preservation. No. 1.

No. 11. Newtown Pippin, grown by Mr. Brown; remarkably fine specimens, and in the best keeping, with choice flavor. A. No. 1.

No. 12. Westfield Seek no-further, grown by Mr. Brown; fine specimens, well kept, and excellent flavor. No. 1.

No. 13. Green Sweeting (?) by Mr. Brown; good specimens. No. 2.

No. 14. Swaar; grown by J. Onderdonk, of Greece; judged by the company to be in the specimens presented as the *ne plus ultra* of their kind, both as to size, preservation and flavor. A. No. 1.

No. 15. Newtown Pippin, grown by Mr. Onderdonk; very fine, but hardly equal to those grown by Mr. Brown. A. No. 1.

Mr Watts closes his letter accompanying the specimens with the sentiment: "The name of him who, in grafting that unsurpassed apple into other trees called it the 'Northern Spy,' Jared P. Frisbee, of Bushnell's Basin."

A discussion arose as to the best winter *sweet* apple to be recommended for family use and for

baking, in Western New-York, and after mature deliberation it was resolved that the "Talman Sweeting" was eminently entitled to preference for such purpose, and that its extended cultivation be recommended.

After the Examination closed, a resolution was passed expressing the hearty thanks of the company to the generous donors of the fruits which had so bountifully graced the occasion, and and bidding them God speed in the delightful and praiseworthy occupation in which they were engaged.

It should not be omitted that at dinner, Mr. L. F. Allen present a piece of "Stilton" cheese, made in the family of Mr. Henry Parsons, of Guelph, Canada West, which was presented by him to Mr. A. at Hamilton, last October. This cheese was found to be of choice flavor, well matured, and superior of its kind; and they commend the skill of Mr. P. as a successful dairyman to the notice of the public.

During the examination, a superior, large, red, subacid apple, of strong growing, constant bearing, long-keeping qualities, was presented by Lewis Eaton, Esq., which was cultivated in his ground, of which he had never seen a ke speliciмen; and as none of those present knew anything of its origin, and its quality being approved, it was called the "Eaton" apple, and classed as No. 1,

On motion of H. W. Rogers, Esq., it was resolved, that the N. York State Agricultural Society be requested to recommend, and call a Pomological Convention to be held at Buffalo, on Friday the 8th day of September next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for consultation on the subject of Fruits generally, together with such action as the Convention when assembled shall see fit to adopt, and the invitation be given to all who feel interested in the subject, from any part of the country to attend, and that said convention be continued through the days of the annual show and fair of the society.

During the sitting, several superb specimens of fruit and flower paintings (true portraits from life) from the German "Ebenezer Society" near Buffalo, were exhibited by Mr. Coleman. Some of them were drawn for the Massachusetts Horticultural Society at Boston for their "Transactions." The Buffalo Society congratulate themselves that they possess, in their near neighbors, the skill and ingenuity which is so eminently displayed on this occasion of perpetuating true representations of their valuable fruits and flowers, and they recommend them (unsolicited) to the attention of the Horticulturists of our Country. And it was

Resolved, That the President of this Society address an official communication to the "Ebenezer Society" near Buffalo, requesting them to co-operate with us in the exhibitions of the Society the coming season, and also at the annual show of the State Agricultural Society at Buffalo, in September next.

Observations and remarks were also interchanged by the company on the cultivation of many choice fruits and particularly as to the policy of extending the culture of choice Pears on the Quince tork, which was favorable decided on by the experience of several gentlemen present.

During the sitting, the company were gratified with an inspection of the choice conservatory and grapery of Mr. Coppock, finding his plants in fine keeping and good growth under several different treatments of experimental cultivation.

After a most interesting and very late discussion, and with many thanks to the hospitality of their excellent host for his entertainment, and the opportunity thus offered them for an interchange of sentiment the meeting adjourned.

C. F. S. THOMAS, } *Secretaries.*
WM. COLEMAN, }

ORIGIN OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—Professer Steinheil, of the University at Munich, in an interesting article published in 1838, thus concisely presents the history of the application of *frictional* electricity, in efforts of telegraphic communication, anterior to the discovery of the galvanic current:—"The velocity with which frictional electricity is transmitted along metallic conductors, called forth, as long ago as in the last century, the idea of employing it for telegraphic communications. Winkler, at Leipsic, in 1746, discharged several Leyden jars through a wire of considerable length, and on that occasion the river Pleise formed a part of his circuit. La Lounier, in Paris, produced shocks through a length of wire amounting to 12,789 feet. Watson, in 1747, extended the experiment over a space of four miles near Shooters' Hill, composing his circuit of two miles of wire and an equal distance of dry ground. Lomond transmitted telegraphic signals to a neighboring room by means of a ball electrometer, acted upon by frictional electricity, [1784, Young's Travels.]—Reisen illuminated, by an electric spark, letters formed upon plates of glass with strips of tin foil. Gauss makes mention of a communication from Humboldt, according to which Betancourt, in 1798, established a communication between Madrid and Aranjier, a distance of twenty-six miles; by means of a *wire*, through which a Leyden jar used to be discharged, which was intended to be used as a telegraphic signal."—*The American Almanac for* 1848.

COAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST.—The Valparaiso *Neighbor* of October, 1847, says:

The prospects of obtaining coal from the neighborhood of Conception have lately become very fine. By the last accounts the promise was excellent; both as to the amount to be had, and as to the quality of the coal. A gentleman writing from Talcahuana states that one mine has been opened on land lying at the right hand of the road leading to Conception, in which a seam of coal has been found one and a half yards thick. In the tide way of Phuco they are working another, some 200 yards from the beach, and have cut in vertically to the distance of ten feet. And have not passed through the coal even at that. Then a third has been opened at the Perales; also on the side of the road to Conception. The coal obtained from this is of most excellent quality. In all there are now five mines, and the main question at present is to find a purchasing demand equal to the supply.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

A New Feature in our Paper.

During the last four years the contributors to the Messenger have composed a list of which we might feel proud. But while we have had, from time to time, the aid and countenance of such writers as W. H. C. Hosmer, Alfred B. Street, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Eames, Lt. Patten, A. C. Kendrick, H. H. Clements, and many others, *from abroad*, it has long been a source of regret to us that more literary aid could not be enlisted, in *our midst*. While Buffalo could exultingly point to numbers of able and elegant writers in each of the professional departments, but few of them have heretofore lent us a helping hand. At length, after nearly five years, unavailing effort to bring to our aid the mass of *home talent*, we have, measurably and very encouragingly, succeeded. Several of the most prominent and certainly the most talented gentlemen of Buffalo will hereafter be numbered amongst our correspondents. Most of those who have delivered lectures before the Young Men's Association the past winter have consented to let us use their productions in these columns. by which means we shall materially enrich the paper and place in the hands of the reader, in a suitable form for preservation, abundance of very valuable matter, both for present use and future reference. These lectures—the ablest, efforts of the strongest minds—will embody the spirit and genius of the place, and render our sheet an exponent of home feeling and home talent. We shall also publish from time to time lectures and addresses before other literary societies, nor shall we be limited to such as are delivered by gentlemen of our own city. These productions will embrace a wide range of subjects and a wide range of talent.

Two lectures have already been published, the first by the Rev. J. C. LORD, D. D., and the second by G. W. CLINTON, Esq. These will be followed next week by the lecture on Self-Reliance, delivered before the Young Men's Association, in the month of December, by Professor HICKOK, of Auburn. Two or three weeks after that one has appeared, Mr. Clinton's lecture on Progress will be published. In short, we hope to be able to give a production of this character as often as once in three or four weeks the year round. This arrangement must not only meet the appropation of city, but of country subscribers. Many of the latter have often remarked to us that they would esteem it a great privilege could they enjoy the opportunity of hearing the able lectures that are given here in the course of the winter season. This they will hereafter *virtually* do. They will get many of them to read and preserve, which is better than merely hearing them. In one word, they will have, in less than one fifth of the pages in a volume of the Messenger, an amount of valuable matter which could not be obtained in separate pamphlets for the subscription price of the paper.

It is confidently hoped that this new array of talent, combined with that heretofore enlisted, will render these columns doubly interesting, and that our citizens who are friendly to our cause but have not as yet given us encouragement, will feel disposed to patronize a literary paper *at home*.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for this month, which is for sale by Hawks, contains articles by the Hon. W. H. Ellsworth, W. H. C. Hosmer, Francis Parkman. Jr., W. R. Hopkins, etc. The Egyptian Letters, No. 14, uses up transcendentalism very handsomely. The Editor thus speaks of the death of COLE:

"Cole, the great artist, is no more. A kind and pure-hearted man, a poet, alike with pen and pencil, a man of true genius, has gone down to the grave. His 'course of empire' over art and his 'voyage of life' are ended together; and the 'Christian' with his 'cross' has reached the New-Jerusalem. We knew Mr. Cole well. He was always a welcome correspondent in these pages, and we have long had the pleasure of his personal friendship. We are glad to learn that his pictures are to be exhibited for the benefit of his bereaved family, and that his life-long friend, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, Esq., is to deliver an eulogy in honor of his memory at an early day."

The communication by our Avon correspondent is in his happiest vein, and we shall copy it soon.

MR. HOSMER'S DISCOURSE ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADAMS.—The discourse delivered by the Rev. G. W. HOSMER, of this city on the death of EX-President ADAMS, has been issued in a beautiful pamphlet from the press of Jewett, Thomas & Co., and is for sale at Steele's Bookstore. In reading it we have marked several elegant passages for quotation, but must content ourself with one, and that a brief one. Speaking of the deceased, Mr. Hosmer says:

"It is difficult to say at what point of his noble services he has been most distinguished and useful. Indeed, in his public life there are no lonely mountain-peaks shooting up by sharp and ragged ascent from the plain around, fearfully and unprofitably covered with smoke and flame: his life was a grand mountain-chain, ranging through the whole landscape of his times, with its high tables and successive elevations, and all covered with verdure and harvest fruits up to the very summits."

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW for this month contains a likeness of J. F. BRENT of Louisiana, engraved by T. DONEY, and fifteen literary and political papers. The second of these is on "Elective Judiciary;" is ably argued, and will be likely to call out a discussion. Another on the "Rhode Island Question" will also excite interest. The same may be said of the "Follies of the Faculty and English and American Literature." On the whole this is a very clever issue.

For sale by Hawks.

STEAMBOAT LAUNCH.—A new steamboat was launched on Saturday, at the ship yard of Messrs. Bidwell and Banta. She is called the "Queen City;" is to run in Reed's line; will be out in may, and be commanded by Capt. J. TITUS. The best boats on these lakes were built at this ship yard, and the Queen City, it is thought by good judges, will equal in speed and elegance any of them. Time will determine.

MEDICAL STUDENTS.—We understand that there are already eighty-five registered medical students in our College; and yet the session has but recently commenced. This is a handsome increase since last year, and speaks well for the youthful Institution.

PRINTERS' RECEIPTS.—An exchange paper says that a receipt for a printer's bill in one's pocket, is a certain cure for restlessness o' nights. If such is the case—and it looks reasonable—how many poor mortals are indebted to us annually for

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.—We learn from the *Commercial Advertiser*, that Mr. UPJOHN of New-York, has sketched a beautiful plan for a new church on the ground where the present one stands, and will probably furnish the same in detail some time during next month.

REV. MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER, pastor of St. John's church, lectured on Monday evening before the Young Men's Association on the Genuineness and Authenticity of the New Testament Scriptures.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS. — History and Description of the Horse, Mule, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, and farm Dogs. By R. L. ALLEN. New-York: C. M. Saxton, 205 Broadway. 1848.

This is just *the* book for the farmer and for everybody who owns domestic animals. It treats largely of their management, breeding, crossing, feeding, etc.; their diseases and remedies; and also of the management of the dairy. Mr. Allen is the author of American Agriculture; knows the wants of the stock breeder and grazier, and is well qualified to prepare a book for this class of the community. The work before us is richly embellished with beautiful wood cuts and is printed on good paper. For sale by Hawks.

JUDGE SPENCER died at Lyons on the 13th inst. He was formerly Chief Justice of this State.

IMMIGRANTS.—The total number of immigrants arriving in this county during the year ending September 30, 1847, was 239,480, or almost exactly six times the present population of this city. It should also be remembered that the immigrants are chiefly people in the prime of life, and their number includes only a small proportion of children.

Legislature of New York.

ASSEMBLY—March 6.

PETITIONS PRESENTED AND REFERRED.

By MR. IRISH, to reduce railroad fare to two cents a mile.

MOTIONS, RESOLUTIONS AND NOTICES.

Mr. Ransom brought in a bill to authorize the formation of the Niagara Falls House Company.

Mr. Irish brought in a bill to prevent the abatement of suits in certain cases. Also, a bill to amend the Charter of the Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company of Erie County.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS.

The House, in committee of the whole, passed the bill relative to the Cayuga creek road, in the county of Erie.

The House went into committee of the whole, Mr. J. V. Peck in the chair, on the bill making an appropriation to erect the Buffalo City Hospital.

The committee of the whole, Mr. Wheeler in the chair, passed the bill to amend the charter of the city of Buffalo.

ASSEMBLY—March 6.

THIRD READING OF BILLS.

To amend the charter of the city of Buffalo.—Passed.

To improve the Cayuga Creek road in the county of Erie. Passed.

SENATE, Wednesday, March 8.

REPORTS.

By Mr. Geddes, favorably on the bill to improve a road in Erie co.

ASSEMBLY, Wednesday, March 8.

REPORTS.

By Mr. Pruyn, a substitute for the bill in relation to the removal of the Madison University. [A compromise bill, that the University shall not be removed, if the citizens of Madison raise $50,000 for its endowment by the 1st of June.]

Mr. P. remarked that the substitute was a compromise bill, assented to by all parties, and wished it placed forward on the general orders. Agreed to.

ASSEMBLY—March 11.

TREATY OF PEACE.

The Speaker announced that important intelligence had just been received by Telegraph, which, if there was no objection, would be read by the Clerk.

Consent was given, and the Clerk read the following despatch:

NEW YORK, March 11—10 A. M.

To the Editors of the Evening Journal:

The Treaty of Peace was ratified last night—only 9 votes against it. Yours, &c.

This intelligence was received with applause in the House and galleries.

MIKE WALSH.—A correspondent of the Syracuse Journal states that, while the recent fire in Albany was at its height, and while spectators and firemen were appalled with the terrible fury of the flames rising up to the clouds, a voice was heard from the top of the remaining buildings giving advice and encouragement to the firemen in the working of their engines. On looking up, the cry went round in every direction—"It is Mike!" Mike, truly, with his coat off and has shirt sleeves rolled up to his elbows, moving around as calm and unconcerned as if he were in the Assembly room of the Capitol.

It is no new trick of Mike's. He is known in his own city by every fireman there as one of the most fearless and faithful firemen among them, and by this "turn-out from the sweet repose of sleep," shows that he is not indifferent to the welfare of the property and the interests of his fellow men.

WASHINGTON, March 10—9½ P. M.

The Senate adjourned at a quarter past nine this evening.

The Treaty has been ratified by a vote of 38 to 15.

The injunction of secrecy has not been removed.

From the Journal of Commerce.

WASHINGTON, March 2,—10 P. M.

Our second despatch says that the Treaty was ratified by the Senate, but it does not intimate what objectionable portions have been rescinded. The Senate has adjourned over to Tuesday.

[Another dispatch is promised, probably to give the particulars of the Treaty.]

From the Evening Journal of Saturday.

The Telegraph line between this city and New York was in operation for a short time this morning, but about noon the wires parted 12 miles below Poughkeepsie, which prevents us from receiving our usual afternoon report. The line West is in good order to Buffalo.

The following important news was received by dispatch at 10 o'clock:

NEW YORK, March 11—10 A. M.

The Treaty was ratified last night—only eight votes against it. Yours, &c.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

☞ SCHOOLS, SCHOOLS, SCHOOLS.—All the world is a school. It has many departments, wherein all kinds of vice and virtue, folly and wisdom, are taught. It is a school always open for the instruction of every man; but the time in which we can attend it is very short, for it is like one of those evening schools in the country, where every pupil brings his own candle, and can be taught no longer than his candle lasts. The 'lamp of life' is extinguished at an early hour, and the school is soon closed for us. And what are the lessons we learn? From the pulpit and the press voices continually address us, asserting that like children, we pursue fame and money, the mere painted butterflies of full-grown man. But these butterflies which man pursues, not only lose their gaudy colors when the hand grasps them, but have the stings of hornets, ay, even of scorpions. Yet education is not to be blamed for man's follies or crimes. It is by the want of proper education, that his chief miseries are caused. And so important is this subject, that we would say with Michelet, in the words we have already placed before our readers—"How long must education last?—For life. What is the first part of politics? Education. The second? Education. And the third? Education."

Laws are of no use, unless men are prepared by education to receive them—unless they are brought up to appreciate and obey law. And those who are now children, will not only be subject to laws, but will be lawmakers. And as the imperfections of society are seen to be manifest and grievous, by him who studies it in the light of reason, or by the more sure guide of Christian religion, it must be desired by every good man that the education of children should become more and more effectual.

The following table has been kindly furnished us by Mr. E. S. HAWLEY, the Superintendent of the Common Schools in this city. It shows an increased average attendance (computed by time) at the schools, in proportion to the number of registered pupils, throughout the whole of last year—when, in comparison with 1844, it was as 65 to 56. This is a feature worthy of notice. In the observations which our public schools have drawn from European statesmen, the less number of hours during which American pupils generally attend, has been spoken of in marked terms, by those who otherwise approve of our school systems, and their diffusion of education, and are anxious to introduce similar arrangements into their own countries. It should also be well understood that the teachers in this city possess scarcely any power to compel regularity of attendance. In Boston, where the school system is probably as perfect as in any city in the world, a pupil voluntarily absent for more than a certain number of days, without sufficient cause, is deprived of tuition for the remainder of the term. Absence of this kind detains the other scholars, and is truly a serious grievance to all teachers. Some means of enforcing attendance should be adopted. Another injurious fact is, that one fourth part of the pupils do not come in until near the end of the first week in each term.

Table showing the condition of the Public Schools, &c., for several years.

Year.	1838	1839	1840	1841	1842	1843	1844	1845	1846	1847	1848
No. public rt registered during first month.	179	431	1435	1415	1811	1831	9605	3133	3207	4699	5094
No. teachers employ'd.			35				40	53	57	73	
Gross cost for teachers' wages.			$8,678 00	$8,635 63			$10,497 10	$11,771 50	$13,650 69	$15,732 07	
White population between 5 and 16 years.							4794	5523	5836	6496	
Colored do.							100	96	104	136	
Total population between 5 and 16 years							5672	5581	6018	6632	
Difference between the No. bet'n 5 and 16, and the No. registered in January of each year.							3668	3231	3207	4586	
Total No. of children taught each year.							3005	2307	3004	3315	
Average attendance in all the Schools.							2257	2007	2587	3708	
Cost per head on average attendance each year.			$5 00	$4 31	$4 74	$5 05	$4 65	$5 86	$5 27		
No. volumes in Library Jan. 1st, 1847.							9,972	10,490	13,000	11,165	
No. volumes drawn from Central Library during the year.							13,531	26,000	30,000	30,005	30,119
Total drawings.							36,453	36,400	38,953	41,260	
No. volumes drawn from District Libraries.							8,936				10,104
No. text books in all studies in actual use in month of March.											

Average increase in the number registered in January of each year, 493.

It will be observed that in January 1838, the number of registered pupils was 179, and in January 1848, 5094.—Greater uniformity is necessary in the use of school books. The variety is found a source of continual expense and delay to parents and pupils, and of vexation to the teachers. In 1844, 12 different kinds of reading books were used, and in 1847 the variety had increased to . The School Commissioners have recommended a set of text books in various studies, greatly reducing the entire number.

Before concluding we must mention one fact which may surprise our readers. It is that in German and English Schools, unconnected with the public, the vast number of *eight hundred and fifty-one* children receive instruction. The subject involves many questions which it is difficult to solve to the satisfaction of all parties, but is a fact of great magnitude. The expense varies in these schools, but is from 5 to 10 cents per week.

We may hereafter refer to other parts of Mr. HAWLEY's report.

ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday afternoon, as Captain Abbott, who was sailing master of the propeller Ireland last summer, was assisting at

the Marine Railway here, to hoist a mast on board the steamer Queen Victoria, now being repaired, the rope he was pulling slipped, and he was precipitated from the deck of the vessel into the hold, falling on his head. Up to Thursday morning he remained in a state of insensibility, the effect of concussion of the brain; and this morning, (Friday,) we learn from the medical gentlemen in attendance, that there is no hope of his recovery.—*Kingtон (Canada) Argus.*

ENGLISH PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—The Duke of Wellington and his political associates have lately urged upon their country the propriety of making large preparations for war. Mr. COBDEN may be considered as the representative in that country, of the party most opposed to war. He says, in a letter to Mr. STURGE, "It is utterly unintelligible *why* we should now be suddenly stunned with this outcry for additional armaments to protect us against an attack by the French. An invasion from France! Why, what statesman, or party, or newspaper, in that great constitutional and civilized nation has latterly been advocating a war with England, or threatening a descent upon our shores? No; the whole affair must have been the work of some gossipping idlers at our clubs in London, or of military men impatient at the neglect into which their profession had fallen, after thirty years of peace. If these parties and our diplomatists and foreign ministers would be quiet, there never was a time when, from the inevitable tendencies of the age, the English and French nations were in so fair a way as they are at present to forget their ancient animosities. It is more than the lifetime of an entire generation since the last sanguinary and irrational conflict between England and France was brought to a close. Upwards of sixty millions of human beings have in that interval passed to their graves in the two countries; and is it taking too favorable a view of human nature to believe that much of our old national hatred lies buried with them?" —*Com. Adv.*

Progress of the Northwest.

The census of Iowa has just been completed, and the whole population is 116,204. Lee county has the largest population, being 13,231. It is somewhat significant, (says the Milwaukee Wisconsin) that though Iowa had a larger population than Wisconsin in 1840, we not only come up with Iowa, but have nearly one hundred thousand more—our census footing up 212,000.

In 1840, Iowa had	43,112
" Wisconsin had	30,645

The soil of Iowa is fully equal, if not superior, to ours, but the commercial position of Wisconsin is so much more favored to receive the current of emigration, that our Territory must continue to increase in a still more rapid ratio. In 1850, the population of Wisconsin will be but little short of 500,000. This will be a growth without a parallel even in America. The capacity of our country to sustain a dense population, we believe to be beyond that of any State in the Union. With literally boundless mineral wealth—vast manufacturing power—timber of every variety in abundance, and well distributed—watered on the one side by a magnificent Lake, on the other by the Mississippi—intersected with small rivers in all directions, and with springs affording such water as, we must say, must promote the cause of Temperance;—when we superadd to all this, a climate not only beautiful, but healthy, and a soil whose strength and varied powers affords that diversity to the pursuits of Agriculture so necessary to fill a country with productive wealth. Such are the natural advantages which Wisconsin presents; but when we farther add, that though we have but 213,000 people, they are equal to an ordinary 500,000, in intelligence, character, enterprise, industry and frugality, we show an impregnable base for a future growth.

We may also observe that we have a Constitution, (for no one doubts that it will be adopted by the people) liberal, wise, and sufficiently broad to shelter the interests of a mighty State, and a superior people. Education, Religion, and Justice will be alike promoted under its catholic provisions. Such is a brief view for our reasons for an advance in the next three years, far beyond anything we have yet seen in the history of America.

Though we are a citizen of Wisconsin, and proud of our new State, we have equal pleasure in recording that Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Iowa are alike advancing on the highway of progress. They are a part of that North West Territory, established by the Ordinance of '87, drawn by the pen of Him who will be immortal, so long as liberty is a word in the English language.

That Ordinance—said by one of the greatest of orators, to be worthy of the wisdom of *Numa* and *Solon*—dedicate to *free* labor, States whose growth and power will be such as clearly to manifest that they are destined to be empires, if not in name, at least in the reality.

RAIL ROAD ACCIDENT.—At about 4 o'clock this morning the train of cars from the west on the Schenectady & Utica road, ran off the track about 1½ miles east of Fonda. The train was running at a rapid rate when the accident occurred. It is supposed that one of the wheels of the baggage car, next to the locomotive, broke, throwing it off and tearing up the track for a considerable distance. There were two passenger cars attached, which were occupied by about sixty persons, and which were precipitated into the ditch and dashed into a heap of ruins. Ten or twelve persons were more or less injured, among the number Hon. B. Bailey of Putnam, and Mr. Lewis Doane, but no one very seriously. From all accounts it was a most fortunate escape. The shock was sudden and severe, and our informant found himself, in an instant, thrown to the bottom of the car, while pieces of broken pannels and seats, and piles of men, women and children were heaped upon and about him.

The engineer and other parties in immediate charge of the train, were evidently not to blame for an accident of this kind. But we understand that if the company, instead of the spoke wheel, had used the solid wheel, in the construction of cars, as is done on some other roads, this accident would not have occurred —*Alb Atlas.*

LAWYERS IN TROUBLE.—All the Lawyers of York Co. Pennsylvania, having been called to Harrisburgh the other day, the relieved and delighted inhabitants met and drew up the following petition:

"We, the undersigned, citizens of York Co. being convinced, from the present peace and quietness of our town, of the uselessness of all lawyers as a body, do pray for the passage of a law to keep our lawyers in Harrisburgh, where they now are, and we will ever pray," &c.

The World for Sale.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

The WORLD FOR SALE!—hang out the sign;
Call every traveller here to me;—
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
An I set me from earth's bon'age free?
'Tis going!—yes, I mean to fling
The bauble from my soul away,—
I'll sell it, whatsoe'er it bring:—
The world at auction here today:

It is a glorious thing to see,—
Ah! it has cheated me so sore!
It is not what it seems to be:—
For sale!—It shall be mine no more,
Come, turn it o'er and view it well.—
I would not have you purchase dear;—
'Tis going! going! I must sell:—
Who bids? Who'll buy the SPLENDID TEAR?

Here's WEALTH in glittering heaps of gold,
Who bids?—But let me tell you fair,
A baser lot was never sold;—
Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care?
And here spread out is broad domain,
A goodly landscape all may trace,
Hall—cottage—tree—field—hill and plain:
Who'll buy himself a burial place!—

Here LOVE, the dreamy potent spell,
That beauty flings around the heart;—
I know its power, alas! too well;—
'Tis going. Love and I must part:
Must part!—What can I more with Love?
All over the enchanter's reign:
Who'll buy the plumeless dying dove—
An hour of bliss—an age of pain?

And FRIENDSHIP, rare-t gem of earth,—
(Whoe'er hath found the jewel hie?)
Frail, fickle, false and little worth;—
Who bids for FRIENDSHIP—as it is?
'Tis going! going!—Hear the call:—
Once, twice and thrice!—'Tis very low:—
'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all,—
But now the broken staff must go:—

FAME! Hold the brilliant meteor high;—
How dazzling every gilded name!—
Ye millions now's the time to buy!
How much for FAME? How much for FAME?
Hear how it thunders!—Would you stand
On high Olympus, far renown'd,
Now purchase, and a world command,
And be—with a world's curses crown'd!

Sweet star of HOPE! with ray to shine
In every sad foreboding breast
Save this desponding one of mine,—
Who bids for man's last friend and best?—
Ah! were not mine a bankrupt life,
This treasure should my soul sustain;
But Hope and I are now at strife,
Nor ever may unite again.

And SONG!—For sale my tuneless lute!
Sweet solace, mine no more to hold;
The chords that charmed my soul are mute,
I cannot wake the notes of old!
Or e'er were mine a wizard shell,
Could chain a world in raptures high;
Yet now a sad farewell! farewell!—
Must on its last faint echoes die.

Ambition, fashion, show and pride,
I part from all forever now;
Grief, in an overwhelming tide,
Has taught my haughty heart to bow,
Poor heart!—distracted, ah, so long,—
And still is aching, threbs to bear;—
How broken, that was once so strong;
How heavy, once so free from care!

No more for me life's fitful dream;—
Bright vision vanishing away!
My bark requires a deeper stream—
My sinking soul a surer stay.
By DEATH, stern sheriff! all bereft,
I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod;—
The best of all I still have left—
My FAITH, my BIBLE, and my GOD.

MARRIED.

On the 8th inst., by the Rev. A. Wright, Mr. GEORGE HYATT, and Miss JOANNA ALLEN, both of Franklinville, Catt. Co.

On the 11th instant, by Rev. A. Wright, Mr. RUFUS WESTCOTT, and Miss CATHARINE LINTON, all of this city.

At Alexander, on the 9th inst., by Rev. J. S. Barris, HIRAM A. TUCKER, Esq., of Buffalo, and ELLEN M., daughter of the late V. R. Hawkins, Esq.

At Town Line, Erie co., N. Y., on the 7th instant, by Robert Neel, Esq., Mr. CYRUS HURD, and Miss CORDELIA HILL, both of Lancaster.

DIED.

In the town of Boston, on the 24th of Jan., MARY M. COOPER, daughter of William and Ann Cooper, aged 20 years and 4 months.

BOARD OF TRADE.—At a meeting of the Board of Trade, held at their rooms yesterday, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:

President—PHILO DURFEE.
First Vice-President—GEO. B. WALBRIDGE.
Second do—SAMUEL F. PRATT.

DIRECTORS.

Rufus C. Palmer,	S. H. Fish,
James DeLong,	Elias Weed,
Geo. Davis,	S. W. Howell,
G. S. Hazard,	Wm. O. Brown,
D. N. Barney,	John Fleeharty.

Committee of Reference—Dean Richmond, H. E. Howard, A. P. Yaw.

Price Current—March 15, 1848.

Flour, bbl	$3 25	Turkeys, lb	8@9
Pork, bbl	10 00	Chickens	4@6
Do slaugh. cwt.	5 00@5 25	Geese, each	25
Beef, cwt	4 50@5 00	Clover seed, bu	4 50
Butter, lb	12@17	Timothy	1 75
Lard	7@7½	Flax	1 12½
Cheese	4@6	Grass	—
Hams	7	Whitefish, bbl	6 00
Shoulders	5	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt	1 50	Potatoes, bush	62½
Wheat, bu	1 00@1 15	Salt, bbl	1 62½
Corn	47@50	Apples, bus	25@37½
Oats	32@35	Do dried, bu	62½
Slaughter hides, lb	4@4½	Onions	1 00
Dry do	9@10	Eggs, doz	14
Calf	6½	Saleratus, lb	—
Sheep, slaughtered	62½	Soap	—
Lamb do	12½	Whiskey, gall	—
Dry	—@—	Highwines	19
Hard wood, cd	3 00	Lead, hund	4 00
Hemlock	3 00	Beans, bu	1 00
Bit. (O) coal, ton	5 50	Wool, lb	28@30
Blossburg		Hay	@0 00

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Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1848. NO. 8.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Beauty of Dying.

Ah! I often think it would be so beautiful to die.—Miss Bremer.

When visions of the heavenly land are floating in the soul,
And every feeling of the heart is given to joy's control,
How easily the eye must close to the scenes that sadden here,
And the spirit cleave the realms of light, afar from all that's drear.

More beautiful it then must be to seek the land of rest,
Where dreams are full of bliss and all the sleepers are the blest,
Than, when the limbs have weary grown, and darkness spreads her wings,
To woo the brief forgetfulness which grateful slumber brings.

O musical, most musical must be the voice of Death,
To charm the tireless pulse of life and lure away the breath!
And beautiful, when hopes are bright, the summons to obey,
And the gloomy night of earth exchange for heaven's unclouded day.

J. Clement.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

A wise Self-reliance secures Success.

AN ADDRESS BY LAURENS P. HICKOK, D. D.
Delivered before the Young Men's Association of Buffalo, Dec. 27, '47.

When Eneas celebrated the funeral rites of his father Anchises, Virgil, in his most graphic description of the boat race, says of the oarsmen, who had passed successively all their competitors but one, "*Hos successus alit: possunt quia posse videntur.*"—success cheers them: they can because they think they can.

The eighteen centuries which have since elapsed, have, in this respect, made no change in human nature. A broad examination of the different pursuits of men in this age will show that success has been very uniformly proportioned to a wise self-reliance. The man who calmly felt that he *could* succeed is the man who *has* succeeded. Success is the end in any enterprise; and when this becomes hopeless, all effort is paralized. The conclusion of common sense is —better not work if the work gains nothing.— Confidence that we can succeed is the spring of that tireless energy which is to secure it.

I have supposed, that a consideration of this fact in human experience might be both appropriate and profitable for the present occasion. Your association embraces among its members persons of different professions and pursuits, and who must be engaged from day to day in different ways and places. Your habits of thinking, and feeling, and entering into the sympathies of the busy world about you, are various; and yet for each there is his own object, and his own plan more or less mature and complicated to attain his object; and diverse as these ends and plans may be, the process to their execution must in all cases be subjected to the great facts and principles which are found in our common humanity. You come up to this Hall, as the common ground for investigating and applying these facts and principles in which all are interested, that you may stimulate and strengthen and discipline your faculties thereby—and then go forth again, with renewed vigor and a more intelligent confidence to the consummation of your respective purposes.

And now, the topic to which I am about to invite your attention is in reference to this very point—the security for success in any of the respective enterprises in which you may be engaged. The proposition has its application to human nature generally—viz: *that he succeeds, who wisely deems himself able to succeed.*

Before proceeding in the discussion, it may be desirable that the remark should be made, that we do not by any means intend to exclude an over ruling providence in the affairs of men. We hold, however, that Divine providence is a wise, and not a blind and capricious arrangement of events; and under the laws of this providence we assume, that he who has ground for wise self-reliance both *should*, and *does* succeed. We take man as he is, in his intelligence and his freedom, and thrown as he is by his Maker amid the moving elements of Nature around him, and endowed with a capacity to seize upon favoring incidents and propitious occasions and turn them to his own purposes, and force a broad train of passing occurrences to minister as willing auxiliaries to his designs; and then affirm it to be the order of Heaven's providential arrangements, that the man, who may wisely trust the possession of such a power over circumstances, is the man in whose hands the circumstances become the pliant and prosperous instruments for his advantage. Divine providence helps the man who intelligently confides in his capacity to help himself.

We will restrict the discussion to *two* main enquiries:—1st. *What is a wise self-reliance?* 2d. *How shall this be attained?*

That we may clearly apprehend what it is wisely to rely upon ourselves, it is obvious to remark:—

1st. *That there must be an exclusion of all dependence upon adventitious circumstances.*—Many things favorable to success may come to a man, without any care or agency of his own. He may have great wealth, or high ancestral reputation, by inheritance. Official patronage, governmental favor, or party influence, may come as auxiliaries to his own resources. They may very much enhance the facility with which a young man shall commence a prosperous business, or aid the man of experience in his more mature and extended arrangements. But to what degree so ever given these adventitious helps are not to be a ground of confidence. They can benefit the man if he wisely use them, they will be worse than nothing if he depends upon them. They are mere instruments, good if the man knows how to handle them, good for nothing if he has not skill to manage them. Confidence in them is not safe-reliance, nor can it at all consist with self-reliance. It is trusting to something other than the man's own efficiency. He needs rather this spirit—I can use them wisely and successfully if I have them; and if I have them not, I can do very well with-

out them. I can make some thing else take their place and answer all my purposes. He should ever feel—these are not myself; and if I depend upon them, they may fail me at the very crisis when this false dependence shall be the most disastrous. Their tendency always is to transfer the man's dependence upon *himself* to a vain confidence in *them*, and induce to the neglect of his own resources, and when thus used, the man had by far, been better off without them.

It is exceedingly cheering to look abroad upon the community, and read a lesson in the incontrovertible facts of human society. The voice comes up from all the walks of busy life, the shops of the mechanic, the marts of trade, the offices of professional study; yea, from the Council Board, the Senate Hall, and the Cabinet Chamber, loudly affirming that neither patrimony, nor parentage, nor patronage, have had very much to do in the elevation of our truly great men. They have gone up to their high places of public respect and veneration, mainly, from very humble stations, and not a few from the very depths of early neglect and want. It is as instructive as it is cheering, to learn here how brave and resolute minds may push their way onward and upward, not only without adventitious helps but in the face of the most discouraging hindrances. Even to day, beneath the coarse and tattered garb of some half-starved child in your streets, there may be lodged a mind yet in its rudiments, which shall soon wake in its might, and put forth its kindling energies, and force its way in the strength of its own manly resolution, to that very station of power and usefulness, which the son of wealth and rank anticipated, but will never reach.

Past a doubt, in the coming, as in the present and former generations, wealth and power and influence will change from the families who had them, to the children of such as had them not; nor is there any other rational expectation, but that the most prompt, persevering, and resolute spirits will have the highest success, and take to themselves the brightest distinctions. The event will still disclose that, not in proportion to the adventitious aids received, but in proportion to the cultivation and discipline of the man's own faculties, and the confidence with which he rested, under God, upon his own capability, is the success to which he has attained. We may say of each great man now, as in the days of Rome, "*est faber suæ fortunæ.*"

2d. *Self-reliance is inconsistent with a dependance upon the capriciousness of Fortune.*—The great English dramatist had discovered that in the wide ocean of human experience:—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, shall bear them on to fortune."

Favoring occasions and conspiring influences occur in every enterprise propitious for its undertaking and successful prosecution, and which are promptly to be seized and skilfully used for the accomplishment of the design in hand. It is a tide which has its turn, and which must be taken at the right time, and the man must throw himself upon it in the right direction, or instead of bearing on to fortune it will float him out to sea and engulf him.

But this is quite another thing than that which I am now contemplating. I have reference to that fond credulity and flattering presumption, not very uncommon, which trusts to good luck, and happy turns, and favorable fits of fortune. In all the departments of life we find not a few persons of easy and dreaming indolence, who never put forth any strenuous and long continued efforts for any end, and who indeed seem never to have a definite object and a direct aim towards it; but who are ever flattering themselves with the delusive anticipation that some lucky chance shall throw into their lap just what they shall need, and at just the time when it shall be wanted. The wheel of Fortune in its blind whirl is ever about to throw some splendid prize into their possession, and they cherish the fond dreams of golden treasures which are coming. For many an idle mind, this sort of castle building in the air becomes a most seductive employment, and ripens at length into a most incorrigible habit. Fair scenes are spread out before them, filled with bright and beautiful objects; gilded images on all sides appear; and while nothing is undertaken to secure their possession, still the delusion is, that some favoring freak of fortune will somehow make it to be all theirs in the happy days which are coming. They sit down upon the bank, waiting until the river shall run by, and then nothing shall hinder that they may rove at will within the green fields and over the flowery plains beyond it.

How unwelcome, but nevertheless how necessary, to arouse such stupid slumberers from their dreams! How kind, though thankless, is the attempt to force sharply upon their convictions, the stern truths of practical life! If you neglect the seed-time, you may beg in harvest and have nothing. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." What is to happen at hazard will not probably happen very propitiously.—Bountiful harvests will not happen to the husbandman without toil; the profits of commercial and mercantile business will not happen without the watchful sagacity and care of the merchant; nor will lawyers happen to have clients, and clients happen to pay their fees, nor patients happen to get well and pay the doctor, without professional study and skill. We live and act in a matter-of-fact world, and the world is pretty sure to teach us that its facts are stubborn things; and if any one is doing nothing but dreaming, he must be content to have nothing but his dreams to live on. Fortune is but a blind goddess, and very often will not know her most devoted worshipers.

3d. *Self-reliance is equally incompatible with all presumption upon Destiny.*—This is the converse of the last. Instead of resting upon what is to come capriciously and fortuitously, it presumes that the good is his inevitably, and that it is his fixed destiny to succeed. This, doubtless demands for itself a much higher order of mind than the former, and he who can rise to the presumption of being the hero of destiny will not pass his days in indolent dreaming. The very presumption, while it lasts, will wake to plans the most audacious, and excite to deeds of reckless daring, and may even seem to often force success from the headstrong hardihood which it inspires. But it is not a safe ground of reliance for success, nor that on which real greatness of character can be built, nor is it that with which true magnanimity can be satisfied. It often prompts to rash undertakings, and when the frantic schemes are about to crush him under their own ruins, the man learns that destiny is turned against him, and at once he sinks in his weakness, and falls without any resources.

The nations of the earth are scarcely yet quiet from the commotions which the frenzy of one assumed hero of destiny occasioned. Through policy, or as himself a prey to his own presumption, Buonaparte assumed it to be his destiny to carry out his plans in triumph over the nations. He was born to empire, and it was given to him to sport with crowns and sceptres, and to tread his way resistless to his objects, as if through him there was some deep fatality mysteriously working out its changeless issues. Under the impulse

of this high thought. what prodigies of valorous achievements! what great plans! what mighty armies! what military resources! This man of iron will, so dauntless, so long victorious, seemed almost to make this mad presumption reasonable.

But let us dwell a moment upon this eminent example, and make it illustrative of our position.* This confidence in his destiny, we will admit, did much for and made very much of Napoleon Buonaparte. After a long series of almost unexampled successes, it stimulated to that vaulting ambition which determined to subjugate one of the mightiest and most inaccessible empires of Europe. At the head of his legions he penetrated at once to the heart of Russia. Moscow is his, and his soldiers are to winter in her palaces, and in the opening spring to seize upon Petersburg and the throne of Alexander. Destiny sustains *him*, and dooms his enemies. But, behold! a fire kindles in the towers of the Kremlin. The Russians sacrifice their city to their patriotism, and spread the flames through every street; dwelling, court and castle are all in conflagration, and Buonaparte and his army are instantly thrown with no shelter but the heavens, amid the snows and tempests of a polar winter. And here, that very rock of his destiny on which he was so proudly standing has now in a moment turned, and is about to fall upon him and grind him to powder. His confidence is gone, he has no independant magnanimity, and not another act of greatness and heroism appears. In his selfish anxiety and desperation he leaves his army and his confiding Generals to their fate, wraps his mantle of furs about him, and with a solitary companion in his winter sledge he flies across the wide spread plains of Poland, hurries on in disguise to France and seeks the shelter of his own exhausted capital. A few short months of feverish energy and perplexity and the enemy presses in upon him, he surrenders at discretion and becomes the exile of Elba.

Once, again, from the same man we have an example of the same infatuation, strong in early operation but ending in despairing feebleness. A few months of solitary brooding over fallen fortunes, and as if his locks had again grown, and his confidence in his destiny returned, by one bold leap he is again on the throne of France, and her embattled hosts surround him. He stands up on the field of Waterloo, and by one brave stroke he trusts to cleave the combined force of all Europe in the dust, and reign sole master. What but strong confidence in his destiny could so excite him? How high his hope! how bright his star! when he takes his stand on the watch tower that overlooked that plain, populous with his own legions and the confederate armies of his enemies, and promptly orders on the battle. His brave troops fiercely charge upon the solid ranks; but how stubborn proves that file of British bayonets! Fresh bands of French cavalry impale themselves upon them, but not a man gives way. An impression there is essential to victory, and his veteran battalions are poured upon that critical point of the raging conflict that they may sweep away all opposition. But they met those serried ranks as the foaming surge meets the rock bound shore. They dash, but resisted and reeling, they soon retreat, broken and scattered, from the shock, and in full view of their troubled master. Then comes, in the closing of this day of carnage, a long wished for reinforcement to the allies in Blucher's troops emerging from the forest, and their armor gleaming in the setting sun, and which excites the hero of destiny to desperation. His last hope, his reserved legions under their veteran Marshal are sent to the charge, but brave and daring and desperate though they are, they fail and are routed. The day is lost, and all hope is over, Destiny is again turned against him and he can do no more. Nothing of the hero appears beyond this. The allied armies press in upon France; some of his old friends and soldiers desert his cause; he would flee to America but is hedged in; he hastens to Rochefort and is rowed in a British barge to a ship of war, and accepts protection of the nation who had done the most to dethrone him. They send him to his lone prison in the distant ocean Isle; his confidence in his destiny no more returns, and the proud bearing the high resolve, the dauntless plan and purpose, the iron will, are seen no more. Great as Buonaparte was, yet never had he the magnanimity and the dignity of a mind which could sustain itself from its own resources, and stand self-balanced amid all fortunes. His rash confidence in his destiny, though awhile successful, yet necessarily in the end wrought his downfall.

And now, in lower spheres, and in less splendid projects, the same presumption may partially prevail, but ultimately to prove alike disastrous. It is never the truly great man who yields to the fond presumption that he is the favorite of a supernatural destiny. The fanaticism may put on either a heathen or a christian aspect, but it will in each case lead to ruin. The sources of hope and confidence, in the very crisis of the man's extremity, become the signals for fear and despair. The omens will not come propitious at his bidding; the birds will sometimes in their flight give an evil augury; the thunder will sometimes be heard on the left-hand; and these ill omens may come in the most critical exigencies, when cool self-possession is the most important, and they will inevitably change the presumptuous confidence to cowardly dismay and weakness. Man may use to purpose his own disciplined powers in times of need, but he cannot make supernatural destinies obey him.

4th. *A wise self-reliance will not admit a trust in future efforts, while yielding to present indolence.* —Many trust in what they are about to do, even when they have not as yet begun any effort. This is a sort of self-reliance, in as much as it is confiding in what it is presumed the future self will do; but it is a most unwise source of expectation. The man who indulges in indolence and sloth to-day, in spite of the goadings which prompt him to resolve on something better for the future will be still more likely to be found idle to-morrow. The habit grows space, and soon becomes confined beyond the power of even extraordinary stimulants to arouse to action.

There are tendencies in this direction, from the circumstances which often accompany the first beginning of a young man in his business. The amount of pressure and stimulant is proportioned to the patronage, and quite early it can hardly be expected that he should compete with older establishments. His vacant time may thus be squandered in some frivolous employment, without seeming to encroach upon the claims of his business. But even then his character is fast becoming formed, both in reality and in the estimation of the public, and a few months of careless-

* This example is illustrative of the position, no farther than it is admitted that Buonaparte was stimulated by the rash confidence that he was the hero of destiny. Some may judge differently of the spring of all his enterprises, and deem his greatness to be the result of self-reliance, and only failing because he put himself against the rights and interests of humanity and the claims of truth; and yet to such I doubt not there will be the full conviction that there was an inherent magnanimity in such a man as Paul, or as Washington, which would have evinced a greatness under reverses such as Bonaparte never had. To those, however, who would doubt the appropriateness of the given illustration, there may perhaps be no necessity for any example—they will grant the position without its being instanced by a fact.

ness destroys his own energy, and other men's confidence in him, perhaps irrecoverably. He who means to attain a proper self-reliance will never permit himself to have such leisure hours. The activity of his own mind will create for itself some object, and give the inner impulse to effort, and the very joy of well directed action will ever apply a sufficient stimulant to enterprise. But the idle man, notwithstanding his expressed intentions, may be safely set down to the future for what he is at present. To afford the least ground for hope, he needs to begin to act, and not merely to promise.

I have a case for illustration in point. A good natured, but incorrigibly indolent young man, in college, was frequently reproved for his abuse of talents and neglect of opportunities to improve them; but his ready answer, on all occasions was, —"*never mind; I'll show you what I can do in after life.*" Some fifteen years passed on, with no knowledge of his fortune or his fame, when I caught a transient sight of my old friend. At a rail road depot, in a laborer's attire and with the same old, slow and easy movement, he was pushing the car upon the circular platform to turn it round for the backward track; and with his propensity to take all things comfortably still unwakened, he would ride upon the platform while others were wheeling it, apparently quite as well satisfied with his future prospects as ever. "Ah yes! thought I, you *are* showing us what you will do in after life."

This man is, I suppose, a pretty fair type of many who are not now and have not yet been doing any thing to the purpose, but they mean to show the world what they can do by and by. But all this indolent expectation from future energy is a miserable delusion. Idleness this year is a poor preparative for activity the next year. If a man will not act now, it is not to be anticipated that he will act successfully, until he sleeps in his grave.

"Once, having seen a bough of Laurel wave,
He said, hereafter he would climb and reach it.
Himself and friends talked of his coming greatness,
And prophecying, drew his future life.
Vain prophecy! his fancy, taught by sloth,
Saw, at the very threshold of pursuit
A thousand obstacles; he halted first.
His purpose, daily made, he daily broke.
As plants uprooted oft, and set again
More sickly grow, so waned his resolutions;
Till at the last, decision quite worn out,
Resigned his blasted faculties to sleep.
He died, and rotted nameless where he fell."

5th. *A wise self-reliance is to be found in the calm conviction that the mind possesses within itself the requisite resources.*—Nothing external can give safe confidence, since, whatever it may be even when possessed, it must still be used by the man himself, and he needs to confide in his capacity to use it to the best advantage. Acquisitions attained by another, and made over to a man's possession, are not his acquirements; he lives simply upon the favor of a patron. To rely upon one's self is to feel that inward energy, and force of faculties, by which the man calmly and entrepidly may meet the demands of the entire enterprize. A mind self-possessed is a foundation, on which, what is properly called self-reliance reposes. This equal balancing of the mind, and the power to hold it steady by its own purposes, is a condition in the attainment of an end, for which nothing else can be a substitute; and where this is, that mind can make the means for the fulfillment of its own plans.

Mind, thus disciplined, ever must be the main spring in the success of any important undertaking. This fixes on the end to be attained, selects the means and combines them, and then guides through all the process to the consummation. Where its own hands are incompetent to gain the end, it will summon other instruments to its work; if artificial helps are needed, it will create them; if other minds are necessary, it will throw an influence over a sufficient number and enlist them in the enterprize. Such a mind subsidises everything, and puts the powers of nature under contribution to its purposes. All the elements for success may abound, but they will be as useless as the fragments which the ocean throws ashore, until some master mind lays its hand upon them, and moves and manages them; and if such elements are not at hand, this master mind will put forth an agency that shall get them and work out its issues by its own energies. The winds of heaven and the waves of the ocean become tributary to it; the farthest Isle and the broadest continent are taxed; and all the products of the globe, either lying upon its surface or hidden deep within its bowels, are made to minister to its wants. To such a mind, where there is a will there is a way, for the energy of such a will cuts its own way through all difficulties. It has all its resources within its own control, and feels no perturbation nor misgiving amid the collissions and jostelling of the movements it is guiding.

—"The truly great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shall influence! They, both in power and act,
Are permanent, and Time is not with *them*,
Save as it worketh *for* them, they *in* it."

And now another, and quite as important point for investigation is—

II. *How shall this wise self-reliance be attained?*—It is essential, that at the outset, there should be the conviction that it must be an acquirement and not an *inheritance*. It is the product of rigid self-discipline, and never a random gift of nature. The hidden power lies deep within the mind, as the treasures of nature lie in the dark chambers of the unwrought ore-bed. The patient process of digging out, and melting, and moulding into shape must be passed, before it can be used to any purpose. And some of the most important directions for this are as follows—

1st. *Through thorough Self discipline attain complete Self-possession.*—The auxiliaries of Nature and the association of other minds are to be made subservient to our success, and this can be secured only through the control which we acquire over our own faculties. This is very manifest in all the departments of manual labor. The husbandman and the mechanic have learned to trust their physical strength, their acquired skill, and their endurance of prolonged application, from repeated and habitual exercise. They know just what the training of the muscles has given to them the capacity to effect, and hence they feel full confidence in relation to both *what* they can do, and *how soon* they can do it. They go to their work in full self-possession, and thus with calm assurance of success.

A like control over the mental faculties is necessary to their successful operation, but the attainment of this is a much more difficult task.—Many a man has so attained the control of his muscles and limbs, that he uses them with confidence as it were spontaneously, but when thrown upon his mental resources, he finds that faculties are needed which he has never learned to manage, and which will not come, and go, and work, at his bidding.

Take an illustration of the necessity of self-possession in both *bodily* and *mental* action. We have so learned from our very infancy, to control

the use of our limbs in walking, that we move them unconsciously for our purpose without fear of a failure. Remove the complete self-possession in this particular and we could not walk the room in safety. If you had it yet thoughtfully to settle which foot you should first put forward, and when you made the effort you was not yet quite sure that it would move, or that if it did it would move forwards and not backwards; and, moreo ver, if you had not a confidence in the muscles of your frame to keep your body balanced in the act of locomotion, you could no better walk than the drunken man, and your steps would totter like the infant's. Take away your self-possession, and the erect position and the firm and graceful step are impossible. Make a man walk the edge of a precipice; put him on a single plank over a frightful abyss; his brain reels, his knees smite together, he is going to fall for he has lost all self-possession.

Take another illustration relatively to the mental faculties. Lord Brougham gives a most graphic sketch of the capacity for extemporaneous speaking, himself an eminent example of the art he describes.—"A practised orator will declaim in various and measured periods; weave his discourse into one texture; form parentheses within parentheses; excite the passions or move to laughter; take a turn in his discourse from an accidental interruption, making it a new topic of his rhetoric, and pursuing the new illustrations it introduces; mould his diction with a view to accommodate some epigrammatic point, or alliteration, or avoid a discord: and all this, *with so much assured reliance upon his own powers*, and such perfect ease to himself, that he shall plan the next sentence while he is pronouncing, off-hand, the one with which he is engaged, adapting each to the other, and shall look forward also to the topic which is to follow, and fit in the close of the one he is handling to be its introducer; nor shall one of his audience be able to discover the least difference between all this and any portion of his speech which he may speak *memoriter* nor tell where is the transition from one to the other." Now all this can be attained only in the attainment of complete self-possession, without which there is invariably painful hesitation, incoherent stammering, and a most awkward embarrassment.

The above illustrations apply to all professions and employments; until the man has secured such a control of all the faculties requisite to be employed, that he can calmly confide in his power to use them as he pleases, it is unreasonable to hope for his success. Like a harp untuned—an engine without a balance wheel—such a mind cannot be used to any good purpose. A rigid discipline must subject all that belongs to the man to his own ready control, so that he may call up at will any faculty and hold it to its work till its end is accomplished, and which alone is self-possession, before it can be safe to intrust any important business to his charge.

To this self-possession there must also be added —2d.—*Such an object proposed as will admit the whole mind to go out unhindered for its attainment.* —Much depends upon the object whether the man may safely rely upon himself or not to attain it. Some ends will demand more mental effort, and call into requisition more varied faculties than others, and it is always desirable that the man make choice of such a pursuit, as will call his faculties into exercise the most harmoniously. But in one direction this is more than merely desirable, it is quite essential to all safe self-reliance.— The end proposed must not array one faculty in conflict with others. External obstacles are of far less account. A wise mind will avoid all the difficulties which it may, and a resolute mind will summon its energies to conquer all the rest. But when the object necessarily calls up some of the most inflexible inner powers in opposition, or moves across some of the most tender susceptibilities in its attainments, and calm self-reliance is impossible, every step of your progress obliges you to trample upon some of the laws of your well-being, and your confidence must somewhere desert you. You cannot keep resolutely on, thrusting a new thorn in the flesh at every step, and aggravating with every act a wounded spirit; somewhere you will give back, with a heart all lacerated and bleeding within you.

Such must be the case, where the effort puts the action of the mind at war with the health of the body, or the condition of the body in hostility to the peace of the spirits; where the claims of patriotism are violated, and your way lies across the prosperity and the liberties of your country; where the ties of natural affection are severed, or self-respect is forfeited, or the dictates of an honest conscience are unheeded; in all such cases you will find it impossible to urge on your perilous enterprize with a calm and courageous spirit.— Your object comes in collision with the permanent principles of your own being, and conflicts with the necessary conditions of your own welfare, and you cannot succeed but to your own undoing. It is true that we sometimes see strong passion exciting to a furious and reckless pursuit of its unworthy object, while all the deeper and steadier principles of human nature are overborne and stifled. But its violence is soon exhausted in its own action, or the appetite sated in its own gratification, while nature within is constant, and inevitably brings on the day of reaction and terrible retribution. Passion must flag; its tides of excitement must cave their ebb; and like the bent bow resisting its tension, nature recovers itself with the first opportunity and asserts its violated rights. The guilty man is unmanned; the shaking of a leaf terrifies him; the whip of scorpions pursues him. The object of his pursuit puts his own nature in conflict with itself, and he dooms his own bosom to be torn by contending forces, and he lays his hand upon his object only in his own ruin. This is not to be successful.

Even the attainment of an unworthy end must leave the mind unsatisfied, and such a man cannot properly be said to have been successful. True success in life elevates the mind in its own dignity, and fills it with peace in the contemplation of its possession. Look at Alexander as he aspires after universal dominion. He exhibits prodigies of valor and heroism, and expands his plans and his means as broad as the end of his ambition. The Macedonian phalanx was irresistible. The empire of the west attained, he rushes on unsated to the conquest of the eastern world; and in the subjugation of Asia, the whole known east lies prostrate at his feet. He has got his object; but has Alexander satisfied his mind in its possession, and been truly successful in life! See him, as he stands on the banks of the Hyphasus. Behind him are the subjected nations of the world, before him a waste unpeopled solitude with no more victims for his ambition. Like the weak child that has become tired of his rattle, so is this great hero weeping because there is not another world to conquer. He goes back to the luxuries of Babylon, gives himself up to sensuality, and in less than a year dies a drunkard. Our object must conform to the claims of humanity, or even its attainment is only successful misery.

3d. *The mind must be held to its purpose undiverted by other objects.*—When Alexander would invade Persia, and had crossed the Hellespont, he ordered every boat to be burnt upon the shore, thus letting the army know that henceforth there

could be but the one purpose, to subjugate Darius; and as retreat was impossible there must be victory or death. So in every important undertaking there must be an undiverted resolution, or all effort will be imbecile and abortive. A man only half in earnest will never attain self-confidence, nor inspire others with courage; but that mind which can wisely select its object, and hold its powers undivided and undiverted in action towards it, is in that very fact strong and great.—You may put such a mind among a thousand and it will throw its influence over them all. Little minds show their weakness in the want, and great minds evince their strength in the possession, of an unshaken purpose more than in all things else. Said the mighty Timour Bey, "the grand secret of my greatness is this; I acted with resolution: on what undertaking soever I resolved, I made that the sole object of my attention: and I never drew back my hand from that enterprise until I had finished it."

"A double minded man is unstable in all his ways." His double objects divide and distract his powers in their pursuit, and he succeeds in nothing. The needle vibrates tremblingly between two conflicting magnets, and at last settles to rest in a direction which is towards neither of them. That object which it is to be the employment of your life to pursue must be engrossing. It is the way in which you are to serve God and your generation, and except as you succeed in it, your life is in vain. What you allow to be diverted and expended upon interfering objects is so much thrown away, and indeed thrown as obstacles in your own path. It was this unswerving purpose that made Demosthenes shave his head, and shut himself up in his cave, to come forth from thence an orator for whom the world has not yet found a rival. When Sheridan had failed in making his first speech, it was this that made him undiscouraged say to his friend; "I know it is in me, and by heaven's help it *shall come out*." This it is which inspires confidence every where, and leads to prosperity and success in all the walks of busy life. The inward consciousness of such undiverted decision makes all hindrances to become but as "the green withes" which were put upon the Hebrew giant.

4th. *This undiverted purpose must persevere untiringly.*—Cicero says of Brutus, *Quid vult valde vult*—what he willed he strongly willed. And this must be true of every man who would attain to a wise self-reliance. There must be a purpose so direct that it cannot be diverted from its object, not only, but also so strong that it cannot be stopped till it gets its object. Look at Luther, before the assembled princes and cardinals in the German Diet; or, at Washington crossing the frozen Delaware to the Hessian camp; the purposes of both were not only direct and undiverted, but unflinching in perseverance till they should conquer. Look at the progress of any great enterprize whatever, and as it moves steadily onward, somewhere you will find the persevering energy of a mind which has hold of the whole business, and which carries it in its strength as Atlas carried the mountain on his shoulders.

Very few great objects are to be gained by any one effort. A series of preliminary and consecutive agencies must work on, each of which is as essential to the issue as the last act in which the success is consummated. The perseverence must hold on through all the process. The scale turns with the last grain, but this could not thus preponderate except from all the previous accumulation. According to the old Arab proverb, "it is the last feather only which breaks the camel's back;" but this is not because it is one feather *only*, but one feather *more* than the camel's back can bear. No matter how much nor how long you may have toiled to reach your object, if you do not put forth the very last effort to attain which is necessary for its possession, you cannot have it. From the very laws of the human mind success is often impossible except through many trials and long perpetuated exercise. An Apollo Belvidere was never the first production of any artist's chisel. The power of a Webster was never attained at one leap by any statesman. He who is in doubt whether his determination is sufficiently inflexible to hold on to the end, is so far wanting in self-reliance. The old Roman proverb encouraged to perseverence by saying "*gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed saepe cadendo*," the drop wears the stone, not by force, but by often falling. Impatient haste and untimely weariness may alike defeat all success. Said Timour, "I was once forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building where I sat alone for many hours. To divert my mind in its almost hopeless condition, I fixed my observation upon an ant that was carrying a grain of corn, larger than itself, up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object; the grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground, but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top of the wall. The sight gave me courage at the moment, and I never forgot the lesson it conveyed."

Thus may it be understood what a safe and wise self-reliance is, and how it is to be attained. In all our varied pursuits, something of this spirit is necessary. No man can become either successful or useful in the great purposes of life without it, and the capability for its attainment, in a greater or less degree, is the birth-right of us all. Thrown as we are amid a thousand responsibilities and claims, we cannot fulfil our mission without the control of our own powers, the prompt and ready use of our own faculties; and the calm self-possession, which the consciousness of such a capability gives, is the surest pledge of success. Let us have high and noble aims; a fixed decision and persevering energy; and under the wise providence of Jehovah, we may trust ourselves for success, with but little anxiety about distinctions of birth, or patronage, or party. He who possesses these adventitious distinctions must, after all, have this manly entrepidity and engergy, or he will be outrun in the race by such as wisely rely upon their own resources. A man's goodness and greatness must be his own; they are what he *is*, not what another can *give* to him.

Every man should, as every man at last must, stand or fall by himself. Under God, the talisman of our own fortunes is within us. It will be most unmanly, if we repine at another's success while we are unsuccessful, when his success has been the fruit of his heroic resolution and endurance, and our defeat has sprung from our own folly and imbecility. Let all go to work wisely, manfully, cheerfully, to attain success, each in his own calling, and expect and be ready to meet all the results of his own agency.

"What men most covet, wealth, distinction, power—
Are baubles nothing worth; they only serve
To rouse us up as children at the school
Are roused up to exertion. Our reward
Is in the *race* we run, not in the *prize*.
These few, to whom is given what they ne'er earned,
Having by favor, or inheritance
These dangerous gifts placed in their hands,
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows in him, who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life. He speeds beyond
Them all, and foremost in the race succeeds.
His joy is not that he has got his crown,
But that *the power to win* the crown is his."

HENRY WHEATON.—The reaper Death is gathering a rich harvest. To the illustrious names of ADAMS and Chief Justices KENT and SPENCER, who have died within a brief space, we have now to add that of HENRY WHEATON, late U. S. Minister to Berlin, who died at Dorchester, Mass., last Saturday night. No country in the world could boast of more truly great names. The three first mentioned, were alike venerable for their years, their virtues, their great acquirements, lofty intellects and eminent public services. Mr. WHEATON, though much their junior in years, being but little past sixty when he died, was worthy such companionship. He was one of the most profound jurists and scholars of the age, and by his labors and varied accomplishments did much to relieve this country from the charge of showy, superficial attainments so often, and not always unjustly, preferred against it. We copy the following from the Boston Transcript:

Mr. Wheaton was born in Providence, November, 1785. In 1827 he was appointed by John Quincy Adams Charge d'Affaires to Copenhagen. In 1836, he was transferred to Berlin, and the year after, was raised to the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary. In Prussia his services were long and eminent. He stood confessedly at the head of American diplomacy, and was regarded, more than any other man, as the representative of the American government. His reputation was even greater in Europe than at home, for there he was better known and more intimately appreciated. Among the friends who esteemed him, were the King of Prussia, the King of the French, Prince Metternich, Baron Humboldt, and M. Guizot. On his return home, he accepted the Chair of Professor of International Law in Harvard University, and was about to commence upon the duties of the appointment when he was attacked with the illness which resulted in his death.

Mr. Wheaton's principal works are a treatise upon the Law of Captures, Elements of International Law, Sketch of the Law of Nations, from the Peace of Westphalia, an Essay on the Right of Search, twelve volumes of Reports and a Digest of the Reports, The Life of William Pinckney, and a History of the Northmen. Perhaps no American Minister has ever been distinguished by so many despatches upon a variety of topics, and of such uniform interest and value.

A post mortem examination indicated deep-seated disease of the brain. He had been a great intellectual worker. He leaves a wife, two daughters, and a son.

GOOD FOR FARMERS.—If half the swords that have been presented to men who have "seen the elephant" in Mexico, as a reward for their deeds of prowess, shall be beaten into ploughshares at the termination of the war, we may look for great things in agriculture. The Mexican battles surpass even the famous fights of Napoleon, in the opportunities they furnish for the sudden manufacture of fame, to order. A man has but to stand up with the rest of his company, and if he is so lucky as to be only grazed by a bullet he is good for a beautiful sword and a series of resolutions from some back town in his native State. The amount expended in compliments of swords to heroes would buy ploughs for all the farmers in the Union, and if they who have been laid beneath the sod were now able to turn the sod, who would not rather have their services than the whole of Mexico?—*Utica Gazette.*

THE GENTLEMAN.—Extracts from Bishop Doane's Address at Burlington College:

"When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman, till you have first a man. To be a gentleman, it will not be sufficient to have had a grandfather.

To be a gentleman, does not depend upon the tailor, or the toilet. Blood will degenerate.—Good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Loo Boo concluded that the hog, in England was the only gentleman, as being the only thing that did not labor.

A gentleman is just a *gentle*-man; no more, no less; a diamond polished, that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is generous. A gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one that never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it. A gentleman goes armed, only in consciousness of right. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his taste. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much a gentleman—mirror though he was, of England's knighthood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water that was brought, to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier. St. Paul described a gentleman, when he exhorted the Philippian Christians. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable Sermon on the calling of a gentleman, pointedly says, "he should labor and study to be a leader unto virtue and a notable prompter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority: rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favor: he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness, by his words and works, before a profane world."

ADDRESS TO A YOUNG LAW STUDENT.—[Found among the MSS. of Cotton Mather.]—"When thou speakest of thy studies, be sure that thou eschew presumptuous words; and if thou be interrogated as to them, do thou in all meekness say *that thou hangest thy hat in a lawyer's office.* For hereby shalt thou, peradventure, be nigh unto the truth."

LET CHILDREN SING.—All children can learn to sing if they commence in season. In Germany, every child is taught to use its voice while young. In their schools all join in singing as a regular exercise, as much as they attend to the study of geography; and in their churches the singing is not confined to a choir, who sit apart from the others, perhaps in one corner of the house, but there is a vast tide of incense going forth to God from every heart, which can give utterance to this language from the soul.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Eventide.

'Tis eventide—let me go forth
Beneath the azure zone,
As went the patriarch of old
To meditate alone.

Yonder appears the crescent moon,
While one by one around,
Like angels looking down from heaven,
The blessed stars look down.

They look upon the sleeping earth
And on the sleeping flowers—
A messenger of love each ray
From yon bright world to ours.

Oh, it doth cheer my watch to know
Those stars are gleaming bright—
It is not solitude to be
Alone beneath their light.

ROYATON, N. Y. J. H. BIXBY.

Divine Revelation.

A Letter from Hon. John Quincy Adams to his Son on the Bible and its Teachings.

The first point of view in which I have invited you to consider the Bible, is in the light of *Divine Revelation*. And what are we to understand by these terms? I intend as much as possible, to avoid the field of controversy, which I am not acquainted with, and for which I have little respect, and still less inclination. My idea of the Bible as a *Divine Revelation* is founded upon its practical use to mankind, and not upon metaphysical subtleties. There are three points of doctrine, the belief of which forms the foundation of all morality. The first is, the Existence of a God; the second is, the Immortality of the Human Soul; and the third is, a Future State of Rewards and Punishments. Suppose it possible for a man to disbelieve either of these articles of faith, and that man will have no conscience, he will have no other law than that of the tiger, or the shark; the laws of man may bind him in chains, or may put him to death, but they never can make him wise, virtuous, or happy. It is possible to believe them all without believing that the Bible is a Divine Revelation. It is so obvious to every reasonable being that he did not make himself, and the world which he inhabits could as little make itself, that the moment we begin to exercise the power of reflection, it seems impossible to escape the conviction that there is a Creator. It is equally evident that the Creator must be a spiritual, and not a material being; there is also a consciousness that the thinking part of our nature is not material, but spiritual—that it is not subject to the laws of matter, nor perishable with it. Hence arises the belief that we have an immortal soul; and pursuing the train of thought which the visible creation and observation upon ourselves suggests, we must soon discover that the Creator must also be the Governor of the Universe; that His wisdom, and His goodness, must be without bounds—that he is a righteous God and loves righteousness—that mankind are bound by the laws of righteousness and are accountable to Him for their obedience to them in this life, according to their good or evil deeds.—This completion of Divine Justice must be reserved for another life. The existence of a Creator, the immortality of the human soul, and a future state of retribution, are therefore so perfectly congenial to natural reason when once discovered—or rather it is so impossible for natural reason to disbelieve them—that it would seem the light of natural reason could alone suffice for their discovery; but the conclusion would not be correct.—Human reason may be sufficient to get an obscure glimpse of these sacred and important truths, but it cannot discover them in all their clearness. For example: in all their numberless, false religions, which have swayed the minds of men in different ages and regions of the world, the idea of a God has always been included:

> "Father of all! in every age,
> In every clime adored—
> By Saint by Savage, and by Sage—
> Jehovah, Jove, or Lord."

So says Pope's Universal Prayer. But it is the God of the Hebrews alone who is announced to us as the Creator of the world. The ideas of God entertained by all the most illustrious, and most ingenious nations of antiquity were weak and absurd. The Persians worshiped the Sun; the Egyptians believed in an innumerable multitude of gods, and worshiped not only oxen, crocodiles, dogs and cats, but even garlics and onions. The Greeks invented a poetical religion, and adored men and women, virtues and vices; air water and fire, and every thing that a vivid imagination could personify. Almost all the Greek Philosophers reasoned and meditated upon the nature of the gods; but scarcely any of them reflected enough even to imagine that there was but one God, and not one of them ever conceived of Him as the Creator of the world. Cicero has collected together all their opinions upon the nature of their gods, and pronounced them more like the dreams of madmen than the sober judgment of wise men. In the first book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, there is an account of the change of Chaos in the world. Before the sea and the earth, and the sky that surrounds all things, (says Ovid) there was a thing called Chaos, and some of the gods (he does not know which) separated from each other the elements of this Chaos, and turned them into the world; thus far and no farther, could human reason extend. But the first words of the Bible are "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The blessed and sublime idea of God, as the Creator of the universe, the source of all human happiness for which all the Sages and Philosophers of Greece and Rome groped in darkness and never found, is recalled in the first verse of the book of Genesis. I call it the source of all human virtue and happiness; because when we have attained the conception of a Being, who by the mere act of His will, created the world, it would follow as an irresistible consequence,—even if we were not told that the same being must also be the Governor of His own creation—that man, with all other things, was also created by Him, and must hold his felicity and virtue on the condition of obedience to His will. In the first chapters of the Bible there is a short and rapid historical narrative of the manner in which the world and men were made—of the condition upon which happiness and immortality was bestowed upon our first parents—of their transgression of this condition—of the punishment denounced upon them—and the promise of redemption from it by the "Seed of the Woman."

There are, and always have been, where the Holy Scriptures have been known, petty witlings, and self-conceited reasoners, who cavil at some of the particular details of this narration. Even serious inquiries after truth have sometimes been perplexed to believe that there should have been evening and morning before the existence of the Sun—that man should be made of clay, and woman from the ribs of man—that they should have been forbidden to eat an apple, and for disobedience to that injunction, be with all their posterity doomed to death, and that eating an apple

could give "the knowledge of good and evil,"—that a serpent should speak and beguile a woman.

All this is undoubtedly marvelous, and above our comprehension. Much of it is clearly figurative and allegorical; nor is it easy to distinguish what part of it is to be understood in a literal and not in a symbolical sense. But all that it imports us to know or understand is plain; the great and essential principles, upon which our duties and enjoyments depend, are involved in no obscurity. A God, the Creator and Governor of the Universe, is revealed in all His majesty and power; the terms upon which He gave existence and happiness to the common parent of mankind are exposed to us in the clearest light, Disobedience to the will of God, was the offence for which he was precipitated from paradise; obedience to the will of God is the merit by which paradise is to be regained. Here, then, is the foundation of all morality—the source of all our obligations, as accountable creatures. This idea of the transcendent power of the Supreme Being is essentially connected with that by which the whole duty of man is summed up; obedience to His will. I have observed that natural reason might suffice for an obscure perception, but not for the clear discovery of these truths. Even Cicero could start to his own mind the question; Whether justice could exist upon earth unless founded upon piety? but could not settle it to his own satisfaction. The ray of Divine light contained in the principle, that justice has no other foundation than piety, could make its way to the soul of the heathen, but there it was extinguished in the low, unsettled and inconsistent notions which were the only foundations of *his* piety. How could his piety be pure or sound, when he did not know whether there was one God or a thousand—whether he, or they had or had not any concern in the formation of the world, and whether they had any regard to the affairs or the conduct of mankind? Once assume the idea of a single God, the Creator of all things, whose will is the law of moral obligation to man, and to whom man is accountable, and piety becomes as rational as it is essential; it becomes the first of human duties; and not a doubt can thenceforth remain, that fidelity in the associations of human piety, and that most excellent virtue Justice, repose upon no other foundation. At a later age than Cicero, Longinus expressly quotes the 3d verse of the 1st chapter of Genesis as an example of the sublime. "God said let there be light, and there was light;" and wherein consists its sublimity? In the image of the transcendent power presented to the mind, with the most striking simplicity of expression. Yet this verse only exhibits the effects of that transcendent power which the first verse discloses in announcing God as the Creator of the world. The true sublimity is in the idea given us of God. To such a God the heart of man must yield with cheerfulness, the tribute of homage which it never could pay to the numerous gods of Egypt to the dissolute debauchees of the Heathen Mythology, nor even to the more elevated, but not less fantastical imaginations of the Grecian Philosophers and Sages.

From your affectionate Father,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Real "British Opinion."—George F. Ruxton Esq., an English traveller in Mexico, has recently published sketches of his travels. In the course of these, speaking of the American regular army, Mr. Ruxton, who was himself formerly a British officer, says:

"There is a vast disparity between the officers of the regular army and the men that they command. Receiving at West Point (an admirable institution) a military education by which they acquire a practical as well as a theoretical knowledge of the science of war, as a class *they are probably more distinguished for military knowledge than the officers of any European army.* Uniting with this a high chivalrous feeling and most conspicuous gallantry, they have all the essentials of the officer and soldier."

Mr Ruxton then mentions the former assaults upon this institution, but says that late operations in Mexico "have sufficiently proved that to their regular officers alone, and more particularly to those who have been educated at the much desired West Point, are to be attributed the successes which have every where attended the American arms; and it is notorious that on more than one occasion the steadiness of the small regular force, and particularly of the artillery under their command, has saved the army from serious disasters."—*Richmond Rep.*

Arrival of the Cambria.

The *Cambria* arrived at Boston this morning. She sailed from Liverpool on the 27th ult., and brings two weeks later intelligence. She arrived at Halifax on the 15th, having had a constant succession of westerly gales.

Corn has been very dull for all descriptions, but without much change. The market is rather firmer. At the close Flour was 27s 6d. Corn, 26s to 30s. Wheat, American, 60s to 68s. Cpton down ½ to ¼d.

Provisions fair demand and rather improving.

Revolution in France!

The Royal Family left for England!!!

Count of Paris is King. The National Guard strongly joined by the people. There was considerable loss of life—Palais Royal and Tuilleries sacked—Republic called for—All communication cut off with Paris—People in possession of Railway stations—they have torn up the rails.

A change of Ministry is expected in England.

Laws for the Punishment of Libertinism.

The two following bills have passed the Legislature of this State:

An Act to Punish Abduction as a Crime.

The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. Any person who shall inveigle, entice, or take away, any unmarried female of previous chaste character, under 25 years of age, from her father's house, or wheresoever else she may be, for the purpose of prostitution at a house of ill fame, assignation or elsewhere, and every person who shall aid or assist in such abduction for such purpose, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by imprisonment in a state prison not exceeding two years, or by imprisonment in a county jail not exceeding one year. Provided that no conviction shall be had under the provisions of this Act on the testimony of the female so inveigled or enticed away, unsupported by other evidence, nor unless an indictment shall be found within two years after the commission of the offence.

An Act to Punish Seduction as a Crime.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. Any man who shall, under promise of marriage, seduce and have illicit connexion with any unmarried female of previous chaste character, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be punished by imprisonment in a state prison not exceeding five years, or by imprisonment in a common jail not

exceeding one year; provided that no conviction shall be had under the provisions of this act, on the testimony of the female seduced, unsupported by other evidence, nor unless indictment shall be found within two years after the commission of the offence; and provided farther, that the subsequent marriage of the parties may be plead in bar of a conviction.

From China.

The *Panama* arrived at New York last Saturday in sixty-eight days from Canton. The news she brings, a very brief report of which was received by Telegraph, is important, and warrants the belief that war between England and China, will soon be resumed, if it has not already commenced, in consequence of the massacre by the Chinese of a party of Englishmen. The following are some of the particulars as gathered from the Hong Kong "*Friend of China*" of the 11th of Dec.:

Six Englishmen, Messrs. RUTTER, BROWN, SMALL, BELLAMY, BALKWELL, and McCART, left the factory on the 5th in a Hong Kong boat, for a cruise on the river. They did not return, and on the next day great alarm was felt for their safety. A party, dispatched to search for them, learned that the party landed near some village on the Fatee Creek.

On the 7th the Hong Kong boat returned, but could give no further intelligence than that the Englishmen were surrounded immediately on landing by the native villagers, and that the crew and boat had to flee for safety. The Chinese report that on landing the villagers surrounded their victims and intercepted their retreat to the boat. Shots were exchanged, and two of the Englishmen and five Chinese were killed at this place.—The others fled inland, and were hunted from village to village until they were all destroyed.

A letter dated Canton 9th, says that four of the bodies, namely: Messrs. McCart, Balkwill, Small and Brown, or Bellamy, had been found, and returned to their friends. All of which were horribly mutilated, and one of them had upwards of 40 wounds on the body.

The British and American flags were at half-mast at the factories.

Sir JOHN DAVIS, the Governor of Hong Kong, had arrived at Canton, and demanded from the Chinese Government the fullest redress for the outrages committed; but no satisfaction having been received, a consultation of the officers was held, and they had partly concluded to blockade Canton. The force, however, was not sufficient.

Two British steamers were ordered to proceed as far up the river as practicable, in order that they may be in readiness to blockade as soon as determined upon.

KEYING, the Imperial Commissioner, in a communication addressed to Sir JOHN DAVIS, says he has—

"despatched the Prefect of Canton with the district military, to order the gentry all around to assemble to investigate what had really become of these six Englishmen, and with all haste to find out (the culprits) seize them with the utmost severity, and when apprehended, punish them according to the extreme penalty of the law. These villains act with total disregard of the regulations, and create disturbance. Should they not submit, soldiers will instantly be appointed to surround and apprehend them, and not one individual shall escape. Thus the national laws will be vindicated, and the hearts of men will rejoice. The Honorable Envoy need not entertain any anxiety on this point."

Vote on the Ratification of the Treaty.

The above Treaty, with the amendments, was ratified by the American Senate at a quarter past 9 o'clock, on Friday night, the 10th of March, 1848, by the following vote:

AYES—Chester Ashley, D., Ark.; Chas. G. Atherton, D., N. H.; Arthur P. Bagby, D., Ala.; John Bell, W., Tenn.; James W. Bradbury, D., Maine; Jesse D. Bright, D., Ind.; A. P. Butler, D., S. C.; John C. Calhoun, D., S.C.; Simon Cameron, D., Penn.; Lewis Cass, D., Mich.; John H. Clarke, W., R. I.; John J. Crittenden, W., Ky.; John Davis, W. Mass.; Jefferson Davis, D., Miss.; Wm. L. Dayton, W., N. J.; Daniel S. Dickinson, D., N. Y.; John A. Dix, D., N. Y.; S. N. Downs, D. La.; Alpheus Felch, D., Mich.; Henry S. Foote, D., Miss.; John P. Hale, Abo., N. H.; Edward A. Hannegan, D. Ind.; R. M. T. Hunter, D. Va.; Reverdy Johnson, W., Md.; Herschel Johnson, D., Ga.; Henry Johnson, W., La.; Willie P. Mangum, W., N. C.; James M. Mason, D., Va.; Jacob W. Miller, W., N. J.; W. B. S. Moor, D., Maine; John M. Niles, D., Conn.; Thomas J. Rusk, D., Texas; Ambrose H. Sevier, D., Ark.; Daniel Sturgeon, D., Penn.; Hopkin L. Turney, D., Tenn.; Joseph E. Underwood, W., Ky.; David L. Yulee, D., Florida. Total 37.

NAYS—Wm. Allen, D., Ohio; David R. Atchinson, D., Mo.; George E. Badger, W., N. C.; Roger S. Baldwin, W., Conn.; Thomas H. Benton, D., Mo.; John M. Berrien, W., Ga.; Sidney Breese, D., Ill.; Thomas Corwin, W., Ohio; Stephen A. Douglass, D., Ill.; Albert C. Greene, W., R. I.; Dixon H. Lewis, D., Ala.; Presley Spruance, W., Del.; Wm. Upham, W., Vt.; Daniel Webster, W., Mass.; John D. Westcott, jr., D., Florida. Total 15.

Absent—Four Senators were absent, viz:—Samuel S. Phelps, W., Vt.; James A Pearce, W., Md.; John M. Clayton, W. Del.; Sam Houston, D., Texas.

The analysis of the vote is as follows:

Ayes—Whigs..... 11		*Nays*—Whigs.....	8
Democrats..... 26		Democrats.....	7
Absent—Whigs..... 3		*Total*—Ayes.....	37
Democrats..... 1		Nays.....	15
Majority for the Treaty.....			22

NEW YORK, March 20—3 P. M.

Mr. CLIFFORD, the Attorney General, having been confirmed by the Senate as Commissioner to Mexico, left Washington on Saturday morning, with J. WALSH as Secretary. Mr. SEVIER'S health is improving, and he will follow on Tuesday or Wednesday.

A large grocery at the Northern Liberties, Philadelphia, was burned down last night.

The steamer *Raritan*, belonging to the Camden and Amboy railroad, was destroyed by fire this morning. She was ran ashore on Gibbet Island, and crew and passengers saved. The cargo, consisting of grain and other produce, was lost, as were nine horses. Some cattle were thrown overboard, and swam ashore. The boat is a total loss.

There are rumors in Liverpool that Lord JOHN RUSSELL has resigned his Premiership, his budget &c. having caused much dissatisfaction. The deficiency in the revenue was £2,900,000, and RUSSELL proposed to increase the income tax to five per cent. for two years.

Wilmer's *Times* says the Ministry is doomed—that they have been defeated in several measures.

The Kaffir war is ended, all the Chiefs having been taken prisoners.

The Russians have gained some advantages in Circassia.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Foreign Periodical Literature.--Its Republication.

In the Democratic Review for this month is an article on English and American Literature from which is made the following extract. It shows the difference in expense between the republishing of American periodicals in Great Britain and of English periodicals in this country:

"The formalities, taxes and charges that go to make up the cost of an English publication swell the price beyond the value of the thing, and it will not circulate here; but republished here in a cheap style, under our free institutions, the government not interfering, it can be sold for something nearer its value. The Democratic Review, for instance, is furnished at $3 per annum; a *single number costs its English subscriber eight shillings sterling, or* $2 for admission, which would make the subscription price $27 per annum, of which $24 would would go to the English government. It could not be reprinted to circulate in England under $10.—The oppressive laws of England effectually exclude any reprints of American periodical works, while the absence of all laws in the United States allows of the reprint of English books at very low prices, and therefore considerable numbers are circutated in Canada, and purchased by English residents, who could not or would not afford it at home; and for the same reason great numbers drink themselves to death, because brandy, which costs one shilling sterling at home, can be had here for one and a half pence. The English works so reprinted have the sublime assurance to complain of this as an injury to them; and precisely those prints which most strongly advocate oppressive and restrictive laws at home, are those most zealous of availing themselves of free trade in the United States. These facilities for printing have long caused the writers of Great Britain, more particularly the Edinburgh Review, to boil over with wrath at what they call "piracy," "robberies," &c. of their works and matter, by all which hard names and many more, they mean, that if a man buys a book or magazine in England, as for instance the Edinburgh, at 60 cents per number, and brings it to this country, and employs printers to get it up in a new style for general sale, at 25 cents, that he has "robbed somebody." The simple truth is, that he has entered into an enterprize both laudable and praiseworthy, Suppose no such enterprize was undertaken, would any body be wronged?—The English publisher would not sell a copy the more, and that the American publisher should make a market by his skill and enterprize for works that otherwise would not be sold, is no just cause of complaint to any one."

Leonard Scott and Co., of New-York, *have* made, by their skill and enterprize, a cheap market for English works "that otherwise would not be sold. By reference to our last page it will be seen that five of the ablest foreign periodicals, which cost English subscribers about thirty dollars, can be obtained in this country for *ten*. And we assure the reader there is nothing like flim-flam in the manner of their re-publication. The type in which they appear is beautiful and new, or nearly so, and the paper used is thick and of a fine texture. Touching the character and standing of each of these several periodicals a favorable opportunity is afforded for saying a word.

Blackwood, which has been published for thirty years and has, we are told, long maintained a circulation of forty thousand copies at home, would, by many, be placed at the head of the list. Among its contributors have been such writers as Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, Bulwer, James, Lockhart, Dr. Warren, and Professor Wilson. The last named gentleman is the editor; and he holds a mighty sway in the republic of letters. The only thing objectionable to him, to an American, is his *toryism*, of which his magazine has long been redolent (!) And yet, even to a republican, it is one of the most readable periodicals. It treats of such a variety of subjects, aside from politics, and its papers are written in such a finished and fascinating style as to please and even enchain any individual of the least cultibation of taste.

The North British Review, the youngest of this number, and a promising competitor for fame, is decidedly religious in its character. It sprang into existence soon after the great ecclesiastical movement in 1840, and is, we suppose, considered the organ of the Anti-National Church party, particularly in Scotland. It is published in Edinburgh. Having for its basis "the Evangelism of the Nineteenth Century," it has strong claims on "the million" of the sober minded. It was edited until his death by Dr. Chalmers. The chair is now filled by his son-in-law, Dr Hanna.

The London Quarterly, like Blackwood, is a speaking trumpet of toryism, but its papers embrace so wide a range of topics, civil, ecclesiastical, literary and scientific, and exhibiting so much scholastic ability that one cannot fail to be charmed with its contents. Scott and Southey, when alive, were amongst its regular contributors. The pens of Mrs Somerville, Wordsworth, Ferguson, Lord Mahon, Dr. Milman and Lockhart, have also been yielded in its support. The last named gentleman is its Editor.

The Edinburgh and Westminster Reviews belong to the liberal class, The former, always an unflinching champion of the right of man, has at times shaken the halls of British legislation like an earthquake: the latter also, the organ of the *ultra* liberals of the House of Commons, has, we believe, from the day of its foundation, stood like a rock in the ocean of despotism, breaking and half destroying the power of the waves that were intended to overwhelm the poor and defenceless. If the alliance of Church and State is ever shipwrecked this is the rock on which the rotten fabric will be split. The former of these two last mentioned periodicals, is edited by Napier, and he has around him a strong band—though composed of but few names—which can at any moment be summoned to his aid. It takes but two or three such writers as Macaulay and Brougham to make a host; and the former has long been a liberal contributor. His Missellapies, so powerful in analysis and so rich in diction as to have given the au-

thor a world-wide reputation, originally appeared in this periodical. He has been paid as high as a hundred guineas for some of them. Southey, who wrote for the same work, always received at least fifty guineas a piece for his articles.

All of these publications are sustained by the best living English writers, and the political sagacity, mental strength and literary refinement displayed in their columns, may well give them a lofty position among the periodical literature of the age.

CYCLOPEDIA OF MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ANECDOTES: a collection of several thousand facts, incidents, narratives, examples, and testimonies; arranged and classified on a new plan. In eight numbers. Number one. By Rev. K. ARVINE, A. M.; with an introduction by Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D. New-York: Leavitt, Trow and Co., 191 Broadway. 1848.

Here is a work arranged just as a book of anecdotes should be, with a full and correct index, making not only a useful, but very convenient book of reference. The number before us is well printed; and from the correctness of judgment displayed in the selection and arrangement of the matter, we may expect a work far surpassing in value any preceding one of the kind. It will please and edify all classes, and must be particularly serviceable to the minister and Sunday school teacher.

For sale by L. Danforth & Co., 230 Main St.

THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND: being a history of the people, as well as a history of the kingdom. Illustrated with several hundred wood cuts. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

This great work is finally completed. It is a more full and satisfactory history of England than any other extent. "It is," to use the language of high authority—the editor of the *Literary World*—a brilliant and successful attempt to bring before us a complete view not only of the sequence of events in English history, but of the whole interior condition of the people, their customs, arts, habits and religious, moral and social state from the landing of Cæzar, to the present time." Harper, Brothers the distinguished publishers, have executed its republication in a thorough and able manner, strictly in keeping with the magnificence of the design. The typographical execution is said to be superior to that of the English edition. The work is for sale by Hawks, and booksellers generally.

RELAXATION OF PENALTIES ENCOURAGES CRIME.—Sir James Graham stated the fact last season in the British Parliament, that "the relaxation of penalties in some of the greatest crimes has been followed by a large increase in their number—that forgeries have increased 100, arson 60, and rape 90 per cent. since they ceased to be capital offenses."

CITY SUBSCRIBERS who change their residence the first of May, will please give us early notice of the fact.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, the 17th inst., was observed by a very large number of the sons of the Emerald Isle. Two societies, "The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," and "The Sons of Erin," formed a procession, marched through several streets accompanied by music, and in the evening partook of a collation at the Mansion House.

THE ELECTION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE, which took place on the 14th instant, resulted in the re-election of JARED W. WILLIAMS, democrat, by about three thousand majority. The whigs and abolitionists united on Mr. BERRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications have been received and accepted from our Jackson, Mich., correspondent, from "H. R. W." of Bloomsburg, Pa., and from two new contributors at Mt. Healthy, Ohio.

The agent in this city for the British periodicals advertized on our last page, is Mr. A. Burke under the Mansion House.

The News from Europe.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.—The Queen has nominated the Bishop of Chester, to be Archbishop of Canterbury, in place of Dr. Howley, deceased, and the nomination has been confirmed.

The British Parliament was engaged upon an Emigrant Law, regulating the number of persons and the quantity and quality of food in ships bound to Quebec or America.

It is estimated that there are 140,000 bbls foreign Flour, and 641,000 quarters Wheat in Great Britain.

A Regiment of Volunteers, ("The Queen's Own") consisting of gentlemen, has been organized in London.

The Governments of Europe manifest great solicitude and apprehension in regard to the popular *movements* in Italy, France, &c. The Emperor of Russia, through Prince Metternich, has addressed Diplomatic notes to the Courts of England, Austria, Prussia, &c., declaring his intention to *guarantee* the sovereignty of the Italian States.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany has given a Constitution more liberal than that granted by the King of Naples.

The Emperor of Austria had avowed his determination not to interfere with revolutionary movements in Italy.

The Sicilians have extorted a Constitution from Ferdinand. A Congress is soon to assemble at Palermo.

The total population of the Italian States is over 24,000,000.

The King of Sardinia has granted a Constitution to the people similar to that of France, of July 1830.

The Pope has secularized his ministry, by the admission of four laymen. He had published a proclamation to allay the fears of a foreign intervention, which he pronounced impossible. The Austrian Cabinet has declared to the British Government that it would not interfere with the political ameliorations in Italy.

There was a rumor in Paris that the Pope had been deposed. At Bologna the Papal colors had been discarded, and the tri-color of Italy adopted.

Particulars of the French Revolution!

From Wilmer & Smith's Times.

We noticed in our last the feverish state in which political affairs stood in Paris on the night of Thursday, the 10th, and we regret to announce that each day has added to that excitement which had increased to such a pitch on the 22d, the day on which it had been fixed to hold the great reform banquet, that the entire city was in open insurrection. The conversation which took place in the Chamber of Deputies, on Monday evening, between Barrot and Duchatel, prepared the people for the formal prohibition of the reform banquet which was to take place on the following day. Proclamations by the prefect of police, and an order of the day by the commander of the National Guards, were published, forbidding the banquet, and all assemblages of the people, and prohibiting the appearance of National Guards in uniforms, unless ordered by their chiefs. In consequence of these acts of Government, the Opposition Deputies met, and resolved that this banquet should not take place, that the people be entreated to submit, and that a motion for the impeachment of ministers be made in the Chamber of Deputies. It was further resolved that should this motion be negatived, they should resign their functions as deputies.

The army collected withiu Paris and the surrounding villages and forts considerably exceed one hundred thousand men. This force, unless the soldiers sympathise with the people, could crush the Parisians; while the King and M. Guizot might indulge their animosity to public meetings with perfect safety. But if the army join the people, this revolution would be more effectually completed from the fact that so many men are congregated in the capital and its environs.—Orders have been given to take military occupation of all the points of the capital on which the assemblage of the people might be expected. As the day advanced, the assemblages in the streets gradually increased, until dense crowds filled the principal thoroughfares leading to the legislative chamber, and large bodies of police and military were called out to preserve order. They assembled in great multitudes round the Chamber of Deputies, and forced their way over the walls.

They were attacked by the troops and dispersed; but reassembled in various quarters. They showed their hatred to M. Guizot by demolishing his windows and attempting to force an entrance into his hotel, but were again repulsed by the troops. All the military in Paris, and all the National Guards, were summoned to arms, and every preparation made on the part of Government to put down the people. The latter barricaded in various places, and unpaved the streets, overturned omnibuses, and made preparations for a vigorous assault, or a protracted resistance.

All the accounts from Paris represent the city in a terrific state of excitement and dismay, the whole of the day. All the streets leading to the Chamber of Deputies were, like the bridge, occupied by strong detachments of troops, and no one was allowed to pass except the deputies, the newspaper reporters, and those who were furnished with special tickets of admission.

We take the following from the London Morning Chronicle:

PARIS, Tuesday Evening.

The accounts which I send you this morning will have prepared you for great confusion in the streets of Paris, if not for actual insurrection.—The result is just what might have been expected. Immense masses have paraded the public thoroughfares throughout the day. Troops in vast numbers were on foot, and occasionally, where the masses became more than ordinarily dense, charges of cavalry were made upon the people, and the streets cleared with wonderful quickness. The shops were all closed, and business of every kind was suspended. The crowd generally directed itself towards the Place de la Madeleine, (where, if the banquet had gone on, the procession of the deputies was to have started from) to the Place de la Concorde, and to the neighborhood of the Chamber of Deputies. The principal portion of the crowd appeared to have been drawn together more from curiosity than from the wish to create disorder, and they were far more formidable from their vast numbers than from their apparent intentions; still, however, there were occasional parties of a very different character.—Masses of men in blouses, frequently amounting to thousands, were to be seen marching together with a certain degree of order and apparently under regular leaders. A large body of students also paraded the Boulevards, mixed with others of a more ambiguous, if not of a more dangerous description, singing the *Marseillaise* at the very pitch of their voices, and vociferating—*a bas Guizot! a bas le Ministere; Vive la reforme!* accompanied with groans or cheers, as the case might be. If to this you add regiments of Municipal Guards, horse and foot, drawn up in different quarters and occasionally charging the people where they assembled in large numbers or appeared threatening; thousands upon thousands of cavalry and infantry in all the public squares, Boulevards and quays; and multitudes of anxious people crowding the windows wherever there was a chance of seeing what was going on; you have before you a picture of what was during the whole of this day.

I shall now proceed to give detached details which it is difficult to arrange in a regular and connected form. I have already said that the principal point to which the crowd tended was the Place de la Madeleine and the Place de la Concorde. About half-past 11 a regiment of infantry and several squadrons of cavalry drew up near the church of the Madeleine, where the crowd was most dense. A few minutes afterwards an immense body of persons, almost all dressed in blouses, and said to amount to upwards of 6,000, appeared from the direction of the Boulevards, but no one could exactly say from what place they came. They marched in procession, holding each other's arm, and sung the Marseillaise in one general chorus. When passing Durand's restaurant, they gave three cheers for reform, and then proceeded without stopping to the Place de la Concorde, their evident intention being to make their way to the Chamber of Deputies, however, they were stopped by a large body of cavalry and infantry, drawn up on the bridge. They were then brought to a stand still, and their numbers were so great that they filled the whole of the Place de la Concorde, one of the largest squares in Europe. Just at that moment a portion of the regiment of cavalry on the bridge charged upon the mass, separated it, and drove a considerable portion back towards the Boulevards, while the rest were driven into Champs Elysees and the Rue Rivoli. The whole of the place was cleared in less time than can be conceived, but the soldiers, though they did their duty with great determination and effect, so far from using unnecessarily harsh means, appeared to go about it with great humanity and even good humor. The portion of the crowd driven back towards the Boulevards and still marching in order, had four National Guards at their head, armed with sabres. In the Place de la Madeleine an attempt was

made by the troops to disperse them, which was only partially successful, and shortly afterwards they met another large body, the leaders of whom fraternally embraced the National Guardsmen. On arriving in front of the Hotel des Affaires Etrangeres, they stopped and sung the Marseillaise in full chorus. They then began to cry out "Abas Guizot! abas la Ministere!" and the excitement was evidently increasing. At length a very young man took up a large stone, which he hurled against the great gate of the hotel, an example which was followed by the rest, who began knocking against it; a shower of stones was thrown at the same time, and broke several windows. During this time a body of the Municipal Guards, infantry, who had drawn up within the gates, deliberately loaded their muskets and prepared for what might follow; but a body of cavalry emerging from the Rue des Capucines, at that moment charged, struck some of the most active with the flat side of their sabres, and very soon succeeded in dispersing the crowd and relieving the residence of the President of the Council from the danger it was in.

In a small street in the neighborhood of the Rue Vivienne, a body of ruffians attempted to break into a gunmaker's room, but failed. They then attempted the shop of a poor *marchand de bois*, and plundered it of the small quantity of firewood it contained, which they formed into stakes In the different attacks made by the troops some severe blows were occasionally dealt, and upon the whole a considerable number of persons received sabre cuts and severe bayonet wounds: but I did not hear of any one being killed.

I may as well mention that among the other cries which issued from the crowd was that of *vive la ligne*, which was to be heard every time the compact bodies, which appeared from time to time, passed a regiment of infantry. A great number of prisoners were taken by the police, who had been caught in the act of uttering seditious cries or throwing stones.

These are the principal incidents which have come within my notice in the course of the day. They were not very serious in themselves, but they are just of a nature that might at any moment lead to a catastrophe. One thing must appear evident to any one who has seen the aspect of Paris during this day; and that is, that the Government, in determining not to allow procession of deputies, and the enormous additional number of persons which would have assembled had it taken place, came to a wise determination. Whether they would not have done better had they given the orders for stopping it at an earlier period, and before the preparations were made, is another matter. I think they would. Had the notice been given three days ago that the meeting was not to be allowed, a great deal of the excitement and confusion of this day would have been avoided. The excuse of the Government is, that it did not interfere until promoters of the banquet began to organize and arrange National Guards and other persons to form the procession. The excuse is hardly tenable, for it was known and clearly announced several days before, that the procession was to be one of the principal parts of the demonstration. It is rumored that eleven of the twelve deputies of Paris have resigned their seats.

Impeachment of the Ministry.

At the meeting of the Chamber of Deputies on the 22d, the deputies of the Opposition, to the number of 53, submitted the following proposition:

"We propose to place the Minister in accusation as guilty—

"1. Of having betrayed abroad the honor and the interests of France.

"2. Of having falsified the principles of the constitution, violated the guarantees of liberty, and attacked the rights of the people.

"3. Of having, by a systematic corruption, attempting to substitute, for the free expression of public opinion, the calculations of private interests, and thus perverted the representative government.

"4. Of having trafficked for ministerial purposes in public offices, as well as in all prerogative and privileges of power.

"5. For having in the same interest, wasted the finances of the state, and thus compromised the forces and the grandeur of the kingdom.

"6 Of having violently dispoiled the citizens of a right inherent to every free constitution, and the exercise of which had been guaranteed to them by the Charter, by the laws, and by former precedents.

"Of having, in fine, by a policy overtly counter-revolutionary, placed in question all the conquests of our two revolutions, and thrown the country into a profound agitation"

[Here follow the signatures; M. Odilon Barrot at the head.]

M Genoude submitted in his own name a proposition of accusation against the minister, conceived in these terms:

"Whereas the Minister, by his refusal to present a project of law for electoral reform, has occasioned troubles, I propose to put in accusation the President of the Council, and his colleagues."

The Reform Manifestation.

The following is the reform manifestation issued on Monday morning by the opposition, and published in all the liberal papers, and by which the Ministry support their reasons for prohibiting the banquet:

"REFORM MANIFESTATION.

"The general committee charged to organize the banquet of the 12th arrondissement, think it right to state that the object of the demonstration fixed for Tuesday in the legal and pacific exercise of a constitutional right, the right of holding political meetings, without which representative government would be only a derision.

The Ministrp having declared and maintained at the tribune that this right is subjected to the good pleasure of the police, deputies of the opposition, peers of France, ex-deputies, members of the Council-General, magistrates, officers, sub-officers, and soldiers of the National Guard, members of the central committee of electors of Paris, have accepted the invitation which was made to take part it the demonstration, in order to protest, in virtue of the law, against an illegal and arbitrary pretension.

As it is natural to foresee that this public protest may attract a considerable gathering of citizens; as it may be assumed also that the National Guards of Paris, faithful to their motto, 'Liberte, Ordre Public,' will desire, on this occasion, to accomplish the double duty of defending liberty by joining the demonstration, and protecting order, and prevent all collision by their presence; and as, in the expectation of a numerous meeting of National Guards and of citizens, it seems right to take measures for preventing any cause of trouble and tumult, the committee has thought that the demonstration should take place in that quarter of the capital in which the width of the streets and squares enables the population to assemble without excessive crowding: accordingly, the deputies, peers of France, and other persons invited to the banquet, will assemble on Tuesday next at eleven o'clock, in the ordinary place of the meeting of the parliamentary opposition—Place de la Madeleine 2; the subscribers to the

banquet, who belong to the National Guard, are requested to meet before the church of the Madeleine, and to form two parallel lines, between which the persons invited will place themselves; the cortege will be headed by the superior officers of the National Guard who may present themselves to join the demonstration: immediately after the persons invited and the guests will be placed a rank of officers of the National Guard; behind the latter the National Guards, formed in columns according to the number of the legions; between the third and fourth columns, the young men of the schools, headed by persons chosen by themselves; next, the other National Guards of Paris and the suburbs, in the order set forth above.

The cortege will leave at half-past eleven o'clock, and will proceed by the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysees to the place in which the banquet is to take place. The committee, convinced that this demonstration will be the more efficacious the more it be calm, and the more imposing the more it shall avoid even all pretext of conflict, invites the citizens to utter no cry, to carry neither flag nor exterior sign; it invites the National Guards who may take part in the demonstration to present themselves without arms; for it is desired to make a legal and pacific protest, which must be especially powerful by the number and the firm and tranquil attitude of the citizens. The committee hopes that on this occasion every man present will consider himself as a functionary charged to cause order to be respected; it trusts in the presence of the National Guard, it trusts in the sentiments of the Parisian population, which desires public peace, with liberty, and which knows that, to secure the maintenance of its rights, it has only need of a peaceable demonstration, as becomes an intelligent and enlightened nation, which has the consciousness of the irresistible authority of its moral power, and which is assured that it will cause its legitimate wishes to prevail by the legal and calm expression of its opinion."

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

The French Revolution.

The revolution in France, now announced, may be regarded as but the legitimate result of the principles inculcated by the revolutions of '89 and '30,—principles that, however repressed for a time from active manifestation by governmental influences and physical force, have sunk deep into the hearts of the best informed, most patriotic portion of the French people, who clearly understand what constitutional liberty and equality of political rights are, and are determined to obtain a full, complete recognition of them, and a guarantee for their future maintenance. Louis Philippe had proved false to the principles which hurled his predecessor from the throne, and to the pledges he made when elevated to the vacant royal seat. By his consummate skill as a politician, the restricted constituency of the popular House of the Legislature, the immense force at his command, his sedulous cultivation of the arts of peace, and well-directed efforts to aid the merely physical progress of the French Nation, he has succeeded for years in repressing the revolutionary spirit. But it has at last become too powerful to be resisted, and we hail the new revolution as the dawn of a brighter day for France and the nations of Europe.

We do not anticipate any exhibition of that frenzy which made the old revolution so horrible.—The men at the head of this new movement are the children of that revolution, but they are educated children, who have grown to man's estate. And this may be said of the great mass of the French people. They are well characterised in the following queries, extracted from a speech lately delivered by Sir William Molesworth, in the English House of Commons:

Are you not aware that the French are as civilised as ourselves—in some respects intellectually our superiors? Have you forgotten that they have passed through a great social revolution, which has equalized property, abolished privilege, and converted the mass of the people into thrifty and industrious men, to whom war is hateful, and the conscription detestable? Are you not aware that they possess a constitutional government, with the forms and practice of which they are daily becoming more and more conversant; that no measure of importance can be adopted without being first debated and agreed to in the Chambers?

We may feel very sure that a people of whom this can be said with truth, will not disgrace themselves, and outrage the principles they profess by sanctioning any Jacobin clubs, September massacres or *noyades*. The new revolution we look upon as the triumph of constitutional liberty, law and order over despotism. The men engaged in the movement and put forward as its representatives, are among the ablest, purest, clear-thinking that France can boast. The revolution under their auspices cannot go backward nor forward, except in a way that the true friends of civil freedom can heartily approve. Such men will never commit the fatal mistake of putting another Louis Philippe on the throne, wise and great as that monarch was in many respects.

We may be too sanguine, but we look with great confidence to the establishment in France of a permanent republic modeled substantially after our own. The people are prepared for it, and, under the restrictions that for a time will probably be imposed, capable of sustaining it. The old monarchical forms have become worn out, effete, and cannot again be resuscitated among such a people as Sir William Molesworth so truly describes. The French nation has passed through the baptism of fire and blood—an ordeal such as no other civilised nation on earth has undergone—and we cherish the fullest hope that they will not prove false or unequal to the glorious destiny that now seems to await them.

Congressional.

Washington, March 20.

In the House of Representatives to-day, Mr. Sawyer moved to take up a bill he had previously introduced, making provision for bringing home the dead from Mexico, and spoke briefly in support of the bill, and Mr. Hascall against it. Referred to the Military committee.

Mr. Clingman moved to suspend the Rules to introduce a resolution, asking the President why Gen. Scott and Mr. Trist's correspondence with the government was not communicated. Objections were made by Mr. Houston, of Ala.

A Message was then received from the President containing said correspondence, and the usual number ordered printed.

Mr. Crozier moved to suspend the Rules to inquire of the Secretary of War respecting monies collected in Mexico, and their disposition.

On motion of Mr. Vinton, the House went into committee, and took up the Indian appropriation Bill.

SENATE.—Sundry petitions presented and referred.

Mr. Ashley on notice introduced a bill which was read twice and referred to the Committee of the Judiciary, to regulate costs and fees in Federal Courts.

Mr. Westcott from the Committee on patents reported recommending the Senate to disagree with the House amendments to the bill providing additional examiners at Patent Office.

A discussion sprung up in which several Senators participated, and farther consideration of the bill postponed.

Mr. Atherton moved to take up the pending question being Mr Benton's amendment in relation to the mission to Rome. Agreed to.

Mr. Atherton replied that the fiscal year had not expired and the object was to send a Minister immediately.

Mr. Hannegan moved a full Minister—lost 12 to 19.

The question was reconsidered on Mr. Benton's amendments.

Mr. Clayton opposed a full Mission but would vote for a Charge- Mr. Niles spoke against a Mission.

Mr. Hale spoke in opposition to Mr. Benton's amendment, charging that it was intended to pander to Catholic votes.

The question was taken, and the amendment lost, yeas 13, nays 28.

Some slight amendments being adopted, on motion, the Senate adjourned.

FROM VENEZUELA.—The New York *Herald* learns by the *Orbit*, 23 days from Porto Cabello, that the white inhabitants of La Guayra and Caraccas are flying in all directions from the vengeance of the black and colored races, who have completely overawed these cities, and have assumed so menacing an attitude toward the whites, as to inspire them with a dread of being murdered if they remained.

The party of MONAGAS, the President, himself a Creole, were going about the streets, in armed gangs, and impressing all the mixed races or blacks they could find.

It was rumored from the interior that the whole of the country was on the eve of a general revolution, and that the celebrated General PAEZ was making great efforts to rally the whites.

The white population along the sea-coast were trying to escape out of the country. Most of them were going to the Island of Curacoa, and taking passage in different United States vessels. Mr. F. WEISMAN, lady and family, came passengers in the *Orbit*, being obliged to abandon their beautiful estate, by this dreadful panic.

There may be, probably is, some exaggeration in these reports; but after the late slaughter of several members of the Venezuelan Congress, the reduction of the government to anarchy or a military despotism might be expected. General PAEZ lived many years in this country, and is one of the most enlightened and truly patriotic men in South America, as well as a skilful soldier.—We have great hopes that he will succeed in restoring order.

MARRIED.

This morning, 15th instant, by the Rev. Montgomery Schuyler, WILLIAM FITCH, Esq., and Mrs. W. S. ROCHESTER, both of this city.

DIED.

At Black Rock, on the 15th instant, at the residence of her son, W. A. Bird, Esq., Mrs. EUNICE PAWLING, relict of the late Col. Pawling, of Troy, and sister to Judge and Gen. Porter, of Niagara Falls, in the 83d year of her age.

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Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1848. NO. 9.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Where art thou, Brother?

BY MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

Where art thou brother? Years have fled,
Since last upon thy face
I gazed, as one looks on the dead
They'd hold from earth's embrace;—
And strove my heart's prophetic strain
To hush, that said we ne'er again
Should meet in that sweet place,—
When earth would wear that Eden hue,
And heaven that pure, resplendant blue.

Thy lofty worth I ne'er had known,
In those all-beauteous years—
All hearts seemed truthful as thine own,
When hopes danced over fears;
Thy presence could not all reveal
That absence taught my soul to feel—
And knowledge dawned 'midst tears;—
Yet half I blest the cloud's dark fold,
When through it shone that hue of gold.

Where art thou brother?—Wanderer lone
Upon the changeful deep!
My spirit seeks thee, with a moan
I fain would hush to sleep;—
It asks if thou hast found a tomb
'Midst ocean's solemn waste of gloom,
Or on its waves dost weep?
It seeks thee with a sorrowing care—
Where'er thou art, it would be there!

Perchance thou rov'st by fairy isles,
In strange, deep beauty drest—
Where man alone the scene defiles,
With Deity impressed;
Perchance when day-beams brightly glow,
Thy heart drinks in the glittering show
Till thou, as erst, art blest;
Ah! not for with a holy will,
I bid the past to haunt thee still.

The past! oh! never shall its hours
In cold oblivion lie;—
The pure, deep loveliness of flowers,
Forbids them thus to die:—
By beauty's power—by music's tone,
Their spell around thy life is thrown—
By holy thought and high;
The past—its memory still shall live,
When time no darkning blight can give.

What though thy wanderings be afar,
On land or on the sea?—
From its lone height yon radiant star
Doth shed shed its beams for me;—
E'en as those beams their pathway trace
To earth, love steals through night of space,
All fetterless and free—
I see them—but thy spirit's light
I feel doth blend with mine to-night.

Why should I vainly seek to know
Where thou in form dost dwell?
Or ask, from thy dear lips to flow,
What sympathy should tell?
For by a love almost divine,
I've made and still shall make thee mine,
And by that holy spell—
Here, brother!—here, to-night thou art,
Here in my home—here in my heart!

TERRE HAUTE, Ia.

The Enchanted Piper.

BY AUGUSTA BROWN.

From Cork to Commemera there was not to be found a more likely or decent boy than Barney O'Brien. It was himself that was come of first rate people, for he could trace back his origin to the "rale" ould stock, at a fair, or gathering who could number such an amount of kith and kin as Barney? But more than all, Barney was the handsomest boy as well as the best dancer, within twenty miles. No wonder then, that all the colleens looked kindly on him nor that Miss Biddey O'Flanagan, the heiress, who had for her fortune two cows, a trifle of clothes and a feather bed, besides twenty pounds in gold, had openly expressed her admiration of him; but all in vain, for Barney's heart had long been the property of sweet Norah O'Riley, of the next village.

Now Norah's father, Phelim O'Riley had been from almost time immemorial, piper in chief, and oracle of the whole country round. Was there a wedding? who must be there to heighten the hilarity, but Mr. O'Riley? Or a wake. Who could drive away grief but Phelim, who was in the main, a good natured man; but alas, we each have our individual failing, and his was vanity—vanity in his musical prowess—and to such a pitch did he carry it, one night, in a moment of excitement, that he vowed that no one should ever obtain his pretty Norah, who was not as fine a player as himself—the thought that, there *could* be a finer, never entered his brain. Here was a severe blow to the young people. Barney was ignorant of a note in music; and even did he try to learn, the very idea of becoming such a player as Mr. O'Riley, was so immeasurably above the highest summit of his imagination, that the poor fellow was thrown into a state of the deepest despondency. It was at this period of things that he and Norah *accidently* met as she was going in quest of the cow.

"Norah mavourneen," said Barney, "sure that cruel music 'll be the death of me intirely, so it will."

"Thry to learn then, for my sake, Barney dear." "Sorra a use but folly is there in thrying to learn the pipes. Where could I get pipes, or who can tache me unbeknownst to yer father? and worse nor all, if I spent years at it, how could I ever put up to play like him? Now listen, Barney, agra, sure a thought strikes me. You have often heard tell that any one that goes into the great cave beyond the ould ruin gets the gift of music. Och, Barney, asthore, thry it! for my sake! and on my bended knees I'll pray for you from the time you go in till you come out again—only thry."

"The great cave is it? sure it's a bould deed, but the love of you, mavourneen, makes me strong, and I *will* thry, whatever happens."

The next morning, therefore, before sunrise, in pursuance of his resolution, Barney set out for the cave, and taking with him for company his friend Tim McDermott, whose greatest motive, I grieve to say, at this time, in accompanying Barney in his arduous journey, was not friendship, but an eye to the gold reported to be hid in the cavern. It was spring, and nature was clad in her purest and most brilliant robes of loveliness. But neither the beauty of the landscape, the perfume of the hawthorn hedges, nor the song of the lark, as he soared to welcome the sun, could awaken in the heart of Barney one throb of joy; for might he not return unsuccessful, if indeed, he returned, at all? But had not his beloved Norah, for whose sake, he was about encountering peril and uncertainty, promised to pray for his success and safety? This thought revived his spirits, and strengthened his hopes. Having cleared away a multitude of bushes and briars with which the ground was overgrown, they at length found the entrance to the cave, an opening barely large enough to admit two or three persons: and after lighting their splinters of bogwood, grouped their way until they arrived at the margin of a deep and dark lake on whose tranquil bosom a sudden burst of light like moonshine, discovered sleeping beds of the snowy lotus flower. The soft light illumined the whole space around them, and they heard above their heads the rustling as of a myriad of tiny wings. Beside the lake was a fairy ring, into which, as Barney inadvertently stopped, he was struck to the earth, and instantly deprived of all consciousness.

He was awakened by sounds of sweetest music, and opening his eyes, beheld surrounding him a large company of little people, many of whom were playing on musical instruments, while others were singing, who the moment they saw that he was awake, addressed him in *recitation*, desiring him to follow them, and then led the way onward through the cavern, chaunting, until they came to the margin of a river, across which they flew—Barney in the midst—and alighted on an Island, which they informed him was named "Musicians' Land."

Through this happy island flowed a river of such crystaline clearness, that Barney could plainly distingnish the gleaming of the precious gems which studded its bed, whilst the gently modulating cadences of its murmur, awoke his soul to the highest rapture. The sun shone with a radiance above our's, seven fold, and yet his beams were so tempered by the freshness of the breeze, that the heat was never at any time great. Flocks of birds, vying in beauty with the far famed birds of Paradise, skimming through the air, joined their gushes of melody to the rapturous combination of sounds, pervading ether.

All this, and much more Barney observed at a glance, as the fairies were conducting him into the presence of Carolan, the Bard of Erin, whose province it was to bestow the gift of music on his countrymen. The Bard held his court on a beautiful elevation covered with the softest moss of never fading green, and the throne on which he was seated, was formed of a single huge emerald, elaborately carved over with fanciful musical devices; and a most imposing personal appearance did he present. On his head was a crown of intermingled shamrocks and bays, and the face which shone beneath beamed with genius, wit and hospitality. His robe was a tissue of the most gorgeous colors, and from his chin flowed a venerable beard which descended to his girdle; while ever and anon he sipped usquebaugh from a rich goblet of ruby, proffered him by a little page. At the approach of Barney and escort, all was hushed, and one of his conductors making a low obeisance, informed the Bard of having found this mortal within the precincts of enchanted ground and so brought him to answer for himself

Carolan looked with a stern eye upon the bewildered Barney, paused a moment, and demanded—

Mortal, in visiting this our fairy Island, say, what the cause and what the object you seek.—"Love and the gift of music." Love! Your motive is a good one; but know you not, mortal, the gift of music may not be lightly bestowed, the power to sway and bend the passions of men to your own will? and most especially know you not, that the gift of music but seldom confers on its possessor happiness? That oft when you have stirred up fountains of joy in the hearts of others, your own may be sinking beneath the intensity of its feelings? Now, what do you want with this dangerous gift, or how shall I trust a weapon of such might into your hands? With this, Barney gathering courage, told the Bard the whole tale of his sorrows, and how is love for Norah had occasioned his visit to the enchanted cave, and concluded by most humbly begging him to bestow the smallest taste in life of skill upon him.

Carolan was touched and highly gratified by the poor fellow's devotion.

"Well, Barney, you shall hear some of our music, and as there are various styles, judge which you like best," and calling to one of his attendants to reach him a Bagpipe he played several airs, melodies and ballads of other lands, and at length enquired of the enraptured Barney how he liked them? and if he were prepared to make a choice of any particular one, in order, that he may be gifted to do likewise? "Arrah yer honor," said Barney, "sure their's no mistake, in it, but its mighty grand music entirely; yet still and all may be you'd let me be so bould as to ax you for that fine *ould ancient* Irish air called 'Ehrrouise a ghire Corrige,' och asthore, 'tis the chanter can speak it in its true plaintive soul touching tones, or as I am by no means particlar, maybe you'd squeeze us out a good decent lively jig, such as 'Cover the Buckle' or 'Morgan Ratler.'"

"With all the pleasure in life, I'll do that same," said Carolan. And now the Bard commanding silence, played his own immortal "Ehrrouise a ghine Corrige" with such exquisite pathos, that the tears ran in torrents down the tender visage of Barney; the dying cadences were softly echoed by the soughing of the trees, and the melodious whispers of the flowers.

"Give me *that*, give me *that*," shouted Barney, as soon as his senses were unlocked from the delicious trance; "give me *that*, that I may cast beames of sun-shine into the sorrowful heart and bring pace into the laboring bosom."

"Barney O'Brien," said the Bard, solemnly, taking Barney by the ear, and drawing him into close proximity, "your request is granted; you came here with a pure motive, and for the sake of your Norah, I now endow you with the gift of Irish music. Take a "dhourneen" of this nectar (Barney eagerly availed himself of the invitation and did take a good "ghorlough") and from this hour you are the greatest piper in all Ireland."

Oh! what a happy man now was Barney; his heart was full as he thought of his beloved Norah—now surely his, glad was he that he had followed her advice, and determined at that moment to be governed solely by her as long as he lived. There may have been—I will not deny it, for we are all weak creatures a little a very little, speck of pride passing through his mind as he anticipated future triumphs in surpassing rivals, not forgetting Phelim himself; but his first chief source of joy was Norah. In this train of thought, the elated Barney indulged, until at length he swooned: how

long he continued in this state remains a mystery. But at last he was aroused from his trance, by his friend Tim shaking him and roaring lustily.

"Och, botheration then, will you even, wake at all, at all?"

"And Tim, honey, give him a drap o' the holy wather," chimed in a sweet voice which Barney well knew.

This was done, and the unlucky Barney was thoroughly drenched, an Irish drop generally amounting to something under a pailful. He essayed to speak, but could not, he had only time to feel that his precious bagpipe was still under his arm, before relapsing again into a state of insensibility. In this state he was borne by Tim and another crony out of the cavern, to his father's cabin, where he was placed in bed. He remained there insensible for a whole week, amid the cajoles and lamentations of his old mother and Norah, who scarcely ever left him. The pipes he tightly grasped all the time, and in spite of the almost overpowering curiosity which prevailed, not a creature dared to touch them, through fear of the enchantment. At the expiration of the week, however, he awoke, and seizing them, burst forth into such strains of music, that speedily a large concourse of people were assembled to listen, who at once proclaimed him the greatest player living.

Phelim himself, to do him justice, immediately acknowledged his superiority, and voluntarily resigning to him for the future, all his honors and emoluments, retiring with dignity into the rank of a mere amateur. Nor were Barney's acquirements confined to one instrument, for he found, on trying, that he was a performer on several, though his strength lay in the pipes.

But to return, as soon as Barney was sufficiently recovered to speak, he treated his wonder-stricken hearers to an account of his adventures, and a description of the enchanted island; but o course it fell far short of the real splendor and pomp of that wondrous place. Tim McDermott vouched for the truth of Barney's being prostrated to the earth, and carried off by *invisible* beings; nay in his enthusiasm, he went so far as to say that he had seen them: moreover, he further averred that he had discovered great heaps of gold and jewels of which he was about to take possession, when Barney's alarming fall caused him to make the best of his way out of the cave. Nothing could exceed the pertinacity with which Tim clung to his statement, although he steadily resisted all inducements to re-enter for them. Whether Norah eventually was *right* Mrs. Bernard O'Brien, I deem it unnecessary to chronicle: suffice it to say, that to the end of her life, she plumed herself considerably on being the occasion of Barney's luck, never failing to hint dubiously about some cave whenever he manifested the slightest symptoms of obstreperousness, or disposition to govern himself.—*Weekly Sun.*

MARRIAGE OF VULCAN AND VENUS.—At a public meeting held in Sheffield, England, on the occasion of laying the corner stone of a new building for the Sheffield Athenæum and Mechanics' Institution, Lord Morpeth made an admirable speech, in the course of which he made allusion to the fabulous story of Vulcan and Venus, in the following happy manner:

These of you who have the opportunity of consulting the old legends and classical mythology, are aware that among the fancied deities with which they peopled their world, one more especially was regarded as the god of labor and of handcraft, Vulcan by name, who was always represented as employed in huge smithies and workshops, hammering at heavy anvils, blowing huge bellows, heating furnaces, and begrimmed with soot and dirt. Well, ladies and gentlemen, for this hard-working and swarthy-looking divinity they wished to pick out a wife. (Loud laughter.) And they did not select for him a mere drab—a person taken from the scullery or kitchen dresser; but they chose for him Venus, the goddess of love and beauty.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, pick out for me the moral of this tale, for I believe that nothing ever was invented—certainly nothing by the polished and brilliant imagination of the Grecian intellect—which has not its meaning and its moral. I have no doubt that all the legends of our own country—that the one even of your own neighborhood, the Dragon of Wantly, itself, has some appropriate allegory and meaning, if we only knew how to find them out. But what is the special meaning of the marriage of Vulcan with Venus—of the hard-working artificer with this laughter-loving queen—of labor with beauty?

What is it, ladies and gentlemen, but this: That even in a busy hive of industry and toil like this, even here, upon a spot which is in many respects no inapt representation of the fabled workshop of Vulcan—even here, amid the clang of anvils, the noise of furnaces, and the sputtering of forges—even here, amid stunning sounds and sooty blackness, the mind—the untrammeled mind—may go forth, may pierce the dim atmosphere which is poised around us, may wing its way to the freer air and purer light which are beyond, and may ally itself with all that is most fair, genial, and lovely in creation. (Applause.) So, gentlemen, I say, your labor, your downright, hard, swarthy labor, may make itself the companion, the help-mate, and the husband of beauty. I dare say, and have reason to believe, from the inspection which I am able even now to command, and I have no doubt a more intimate acquaintance with your wives, sisters and daughters, would enable me to prove, that I was not wrong in my illustration. But above this beauty, I say your labor may ally itself with intellectual beauty—the beauty connected with the play of fancy, with the achievements of art, and with the creation of genius—beauty such as painting fixes upon the glowing canvas—such as the sculptor embodies in the breathing marble—such as architecture developes in her stately and harmonious proportions, such as music clothes with the enchantment of sound. But there is a beauty of a still higher order, with which I feel more assured it is still open to it to unite itself. I mean with moral beauty—beauty connected with the affections, the conscience, the heart, and the life. (Loud cheers.) It is most true that in the busiest and blackest of your workshops—in the most wearying and monotonous tasks of daily drudgery, as also in the very humblest of your own dwellings—by the smallest of your firesides—you may, one and each of you, in the zealous and cheerful discharge of the daily duty, in respect for the just rights, and in consideration for the feelings of others—in a meekness and sobriety of spirit, and in the thousand charities and kindnesses of social and domestic intercourse—even thus you may attain to, and exhibit the moral beauty of which I have spoken—beauty beyond all others in degree and excellence, because in proportion as it can be reached it makes up the perfection of man's nature here below, and is the most faithful reflection of the will of his Creator, (applause); and thus I close my explanation of the marriage of Vulcan with Venus, of labor with beauty.

Parents and Children.

A few months ago I buried my eldest son, a fine manly boy of eight years of age, who had never had a day's illness until that which took him hence to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances peculiarly painful to me. A younger brother, the next in age to him, a delicate, sickly child from a baby, had been down for nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, I used every precaution that prudence suggested to guard the other members of my family against it. But of this one, my oldest, I had but little fear; he was so rugged and so generally healthy. Still, however, I kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade his going into the pools and ponds of water near his school, which he was prone to visit.

One evening I came home, wearied with a long day's hard labor, and vexed at some little disappointments, and found that he also had just come into the house, and that he was wet and covered with dock-mud. I taxed him with disobedience, and scolded him severely—more so than I had ever done before—and then harshly ordered him to his bed. He opened his lips, for an exculpatory reply, as I supposed, but I sternly checked him and motioned him away; when with a mute, sorrowful countenance and a swelling breast he turned and went slowly to his chamber. My heart smote me, even at the moment, though I felt conscious of doing but a father's duty; but how much keener did I feel the pang, when I was informed in the course of the evening, by a neighbor, that my boy had gone to the dock at the earnest solicitation of a younger and favorite play-mate, and by the especial permission of his school-master., in order to recover a cap belonging to the former, which had blown over the wharf. Thus I learned that what I had treated with unwonted severity as a fault, was but the impulse of a generous nature, which, forgetful of self, had hazarded perhaps life for another. It was but the quick prompting of that manly spirit which I had always endeavored to engraft upon his susceptible mind, and which, young as he was, had already manifested itself on more than one occasion.

How bitterly now did I regret my harshness, and resolve to make amends to his grieved spirit in the morning! Alas! that morning never came to him in health! Before retiring for the night, however, I crept to his low cot and bent over him. A tear had stolen down upon his cheek, and rested there. I kissed it off; but he slept so sweetly and so calmly, that I did not venture to disturb him. The next day he awoke with a raging fever on his brain, and in forty-eight hours was no more! He did not know me when I was first called to his bed-side, nor at any moment afterward, though in silent agony I bent over him until his death and darkness closed the scene. I would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear, and have been answered: but it was not permitted. Once indeed a smile, I thought of recognition, lighted up his eye, and I leaned eagerly forward; but it passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold unmeaning glare, and the wild tossing of the fevered limbs, that lasted till death came to his relief.

Every thing I now see that belonged to him reminds me of my dear little boy. Yesterday I found some rude pencil sketches which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother; to-day, in rummaging an old closet, I came across his boots, still covered with dock-mud, as when he last wore them; and every morning and evening I pass the ground where his voice rang the merriest among his play-mates. All these things speak to me vividly of his active life; but I cannot, though I often try, recal any other expression of his face than that mute, mournful one with which he turned from me on the night I so harshly repulsed him. Then my heart bleeds afresh. Oh! how careful should we all be, that in our daily conduct toward those little beings sent us by a kind Providence, we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a future bitter tear! How cautious, that neither by inconsiderate word or look we unjustly grieve their generous feeling! And how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive, lest in a moment of excitement we be led to mete out to the venial errors of the heart the punishment due only to wilful crime! Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the sudden blow, the fierce rebuke, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion, not of physical or mental pain, but of a loving yet grieved or outraged nature?

The Fashionable Preacher.—There is a charming *naivete* in this description of a fashionable clergyman at the "West-end" of London, and the slyly assumed simplicity gives a keen edge to many of the remarks. We have heard of an American clergyman in one of the Atlantic cities who used "to regret the painful necessity of his duty, which required him to remind his dearest hearers that the flowery path in which they trod was *not* the way to eternal happiness." He never said anything more disagreeable to his hearers or more contemptible to reasoning men. As for this English clergyman—who is only a caricature of what may be found in many places and sects—our author says—

He always dressed in black, of course, and his clothes and patent leather boots were so elegantly made, that he certainly did look a perfect gentleman. Indeed, everything about him was extremely quiet; even down to his jewellery—he wore very little, but very good; for the only article of *bijouterie* to be seen were the agate buttons of his wrist-bands, and two or three inches of a thin gold chain, running to his waistcoat pocket, besides a magnificent diamond ring, set quite plain, on the little finger of the right hand—and this was the hand I noticed, off which he took his black glove while in the pulpit. The reverend gentleman, mamma soon found out, was a widower of several years' standing. He had, in early life, married a young lady with a small fortune and a confirmed consumption. As he had but little interest in the church, he thought it better, instead of devoting the money his wife had brought him to the purchase of an advowson—for indeed he had a moral objection to the sale of such holy offices—he had thought it better, I repeat, to build a commodious chapel at the West-end of London, especially as the accommodation at the churches was far from sufficient, and his personal appearance was highly attractive.

This chapel he had taken great pains to have so well warmed in winter, and ventilated in summer, that—with the softness of the cushions and hassocks—and having three or four professional singers in his choir—and there being only free seats enough to accommodate the footmen—and what with the rhetorical language of his sermons, and the elegance and grandeur of his delivery—and his being an extremely devout Christian, and a remarkably handsome man—and what with his having written two epic poems, one entitled "Paradise Found—in Women!" and the other

"Beelzebub, the King of Rome!"—there was soon not a seat to be had in the place for love or money, and it was currently reported that the rent of the pews yielded him a considerable income. Mamma and I went there the very first Sunday after we had made his acquaintance; and of all the elegant congregations I ever saw, there never was anything equal to his! Nine-tenths of the pious and fashionable assembly were ladies. As for the Rev. Evelyn Dossey, too—Oh! it was so beautiful to hear him, in the most choice and poetical language, raising his musical voice, and lifting up his beautiful white hand—till his diamond ring sparkled again in the light—against all the pomp and vanities of this wretched vale of tears; and when he paused for a moment to take his pocket handkerchief from his black silk gown, I declare that the scent that came from it was so heavenly and refreshing that I could see all the ladies in the gallery feasting upon the perfume. Then it was so charming to hear him warn the be-rouged old dowagers, in the kind and elegant way he did, of the shortness of this life; while the splendid figures of speech in which he alluded to our all being miserable sinners, took away greatly from the truth. And if—to give greater effect to his sermon—he found it necessary to comment in strong terms upon the innate sinfulness of the human race, he invariably directed his eyes to the free seats, and addressed himself in the most solemn and severe tones to the congregated footmen in particular.—*Whom to Marry and how to get Married.*

FRENCH SPEECHES.—At a festival held two or three months ago at Rouen, for the purpose of advancing Electoral Reform, and at which 1800 Electors were present, Monsieur CREMIEUX, then one of the Chamber of Deputies and now a prominent member of the Provisional Government, spoke and said:

"Heaven grant that the day may come when the world shall be one nation! God gave us the earth not to bathe it with blood, but that we might make it smile with fertility. (Cheers.) Oh! gentlemen, which nation has found the grandest success in war? What country can exhibit such glorious triumphs as France, whose soldiers rushed to the field of battle in search of death, or rather immortality? (Applause.) But after glory come reverses; we have found that if war has its immense triumphs, it has also its immense disasters. Besides, what changes are going on around us! If war, during so many ages, was the rule, and peace the exception, in our days peace ought to be the rule and war the exception. (Cheers.) See in fact what is passing throughout civilized Europe. People are fraternizing by their industry, and by those novel means of communication which are almost annihilating distances. In four days you are at the extremity of Germany; in five days you may visit Berlin and Vienna; in seven days you are upon the banks of the Vistula. In a short time we shall be as near to the empire of Russia; already travellers are carrying ideas of liberty into that country, frightening tyranny, which will one day fall from its seat. Enough of conquering! Who would wish again to arm people against each other? Why should they think of the aggrandizement of territory when there are no longer any barriers between nations? (Prolonged cheering.) Let me not be told that this is a dream—a Utopia; already we begin to realize it. By their intercourse, nations are beginning to know and understand each other; they are ridding themselves one and all of those ancient prejudices and hatreds which have hitherto separated them. Why should they not fraternize together? Why should they be enemies? Are they not the children of one God? Have they not all the same immortal spirit, which is the emanation from Heaven? And, upon earth, have they not the same interests to protect and develop? (*Prolonged sensation—bravos!*)

And Monsieur VISSET said at the same meeting:

"How long will it take to turn from theory into practice the very simple idea, that, apart from the precepts of religion, which we do so often quote, but so seldom practice, that upon the merest calculations of an enlightened self-interest, nations have a far different mission upon earth than to excite in each other mutual fear? How long will it be before they discover the selfish objects of those who have an interest in persuading them that the name of a foreigner is synonymous with that of enemy? When will they learn that, as children of the same Father, their real and only enemies, those which they ought to struggle to destroy, are, ignorance, oppression, misery, and superstition?—(cheers)—that in proclaiming their mutual friendships they will tend to the consolidation of peaceful relations with each other!—When will they discover that the maintenance of formidable armaments, in countries whose nationality is not seriously menaced, inflicts an evil upon all, and confers benefits on none?

THE TWO KINDS OF KNOWLEDGE.

"A knowledge of the sciences is comparatively easy, and may be acquired by very ordinary intellects. Though it requires a great intellect to originate profound views, a child may learn them when originated, and therefore ordinary intellects can acquire considerable knowledge of the laws of nature; but a knowledge of life is the result of abundant experience drawn by a reflective mind. The labors of philosophers, extending through centuries of observation and experiment, are amassed in books. There the student may find them, question them, and having furnished himself with their results, begin the study of nature, rich in the experience of ages. Not so the student of mankind. He is almost like a philosopher who should set to work to observe phenomena, without having studied the results obtained by others. No amount of experience is stored up in books for him to consult. He must study the living subject. He must draw his own conclusions. The works of poets and moralists, indeed, contain the results of great experience; but unfortunately these are of little help: we are unable to appreciate them until we ourselves have discovered the same truths. A man shall read Shakspeare for thirty years, and at the end of that period shall detect truths of human nature, which escaped him before: and why?—because he himself, not having discovered them before, could not recognise them when he saw them written. From poets, we learn confirmations of our views—never the views of human nature themselves.

"The knowledge of life is marvellously complex: its materials are drawn from past experience, present observation, and prevision of the future. In youth, we are subject to deceptions as much from the boundless confidence of hope, as from the dazzling novelty of our impressions.—We have no standard to test things by. We have no experience to correct the rashness of our wishes, and the immaturity of our judgment.—In youth, we can seldom judge men aright; for to judge men aright, we require to be arrived at that age when experience is weighty enough to balance the inventive nature of hope, and capable of analysing all impressions in the crucible

of the understanding. In truth, a knowledge of men is always difficult and rarely certain, for men themselves are ever vacillating between new ideas and ancient prejudices; between their interests and passions.

Method in Business.

Success in business is usually the result of intelligent and well-directed efforts.

Many of the failures in mercantile life, as well as in other pursuits, arise from a want of proper knowledge of the *principles* upon which success is based.

The uncertainty of mercantile business has become a proverb: and from estimates made, and publicly proclaimed on various occasions, the proportion of those engaged in that employment, who are eventually successful has been extremely small.

But is this a *necessary* result? The writer thinks not. Men who have been successful, and who have been successful as a consequence of their practical knowledge and their prudent management, know to the contrary. And yet failure follows failure. Why is it thus! Need we continue in the dark upon this subject? Are there not minds, engaged in the pursuit of business competent to enlighten us, and whose feelings would prompt them to the task if their attention was suitably turned to it?

It is a subject of grave importance, and the remedy, as far as possible, should be provided: as, for want of it, the integrity of worthy men is constantly placed in jeopardy, and when laid waste, destruction of character and happiness is the usual consequence. This frequently occurs with persons who desire to do right, but, for want of a proper knowledge of the *land-marks*, get into a false position, and thereby involve themselves and others without intending it.

The young and experienced, who are pressing forward confident of success, and yet without that knowledge that would insure it; and successful men, who stand in the position of creditors, are alike interested; indeed, the whole community has a deep and an abiding interest in all measures that will promote good morals, and lead to successful and happy results.

A portion of the evil arises from defective business training—partly from the indolence or inattention of the learner, and partly from the incompetency or disinclination of the instructor — The obligations mutually existing between master and apprentice are therefore not faithfully discharged, and loss is sustained by both parties.

The more strictly methodical a business is conducted, provided it insures correctness and proper despatch, the nearer it will approach success, and the more those engaged in it will become fond of its details; and, as a consequence, the more willingly they will devote themselves to those duties which they feel at the same time promotes their pleasure and advances their interests.

Why may not the profession of the merchant be reduced to a science?

There *are* principles, that lie at its foundation, which are as true as those applicable to any other pursuit; and it needs but their development and arrangement, to enable those engaged in its duties to be equally successful.

The attention of intelligent and philanthropic merchants is in this manner invited to the subject, in the hope that some one, competent to the task, will accomplish it, and thereby confer a lasting benefit upon an extensive and valuable class in society, so that, while young men are acquiring a knowledge of their business practically, they may also study its principles, and thus become fitted not only to secure advantages to themselves, but useful in training others, and eventually be ornaments to their profession.

In the meantime let each one interested in the subject, whether merchant, mechanic, or manufacturer, provide a book, and accustom himself to noting every important *fact, precept, principle*, or *illustration*, having a bearing upon his particular occupation, classified under suitable heads.— By adopting this course, it will in time be found that he has not only improved his own mind and his own habits, and collected a mass of information important to himself and to those in his employ, but that he has provided a valuable legacy for his children, or for those who may succeed him in his line of business.—*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.*

The Anti-Sabbath meeting, so long talked of, has at length assembled in Boston. Among those present, the reader will not be surprised to see such names as the following: Francis Jackson, Edmund Quincy, Eliza J. Kenney, W. L. Garrison, C. C. Burleigh, Maria W. Chapman, Lucretia Mott, Henry C. Wright, and Parker Pillsbury. About 300 females were on hand.— Messrs. Garrison and Brown offered resolutions, and spoke to them. C. C. Burleigh also spoke half an hour. Mistress Abby Folsom was present, and took a liberal part in the proceedings.— Once she rose to a point of order. Theodore Parker, the clergyman! spoke in the afternoon, and the notorious Stephen Foster, in the evening. By vote, all present were declared entitled to seats as delegates, who esteem all days in the week alike, and Abby Folsom, among others, claimed under this rule. In the course of some hairbrained speaker's harangue, there occurred a warm denunciation of colleges as humbugs, and churches also; and the speaker at last arrived at the sublime conclusion that men should live by love. But, said he, the men of the present age have not love enough to carry them through this wicked world. "I have!" shouted Abby Folsom, amidst shouts of laughter.

British policy in Canada.—The London Chronicle of the 23d ult., notices that the elections have terminated in the success of the liberals, upon whom it bestows the epithet of "turbulent demagogues." It praises the character of the French Canadians and says, that nineteen-twentieths of the prisoners in Montreal are of English or Irish origin, and that "to change them into English clod-hoppers or American loafers, would be a misfortune and a sin."' It thus remarks:

"Such is the people whom it has been our task for half a century to make rebels of; and at length it is evident that we have pretty thoroughly succeeded. We mocked them with representative institutions, framed after the British model, while we denied them that without which representative institutions are only a device for discord—namely, an Executive responsible to the people. Common and instinctive jealousy of the British Government has produced among them an apparent sympathy with the American or Republican party in the province. From this combination arises the majority with which Lord Elgin has now to deal."

"Lord Elgin's true policy is to take his stand simlpy on the preference of allegiance to the British Crown. Let it be understood that the whole power of Great Britain will be exerted to

repress any attempt at rebellion—the British boundary line must never recede—the Union Jack must never be hauled down. Upon this point all Englishmen are united. *But in colonial matters let the colonists take care of themselves.* There must be no halting between two opinions now; responsible government has been given, and *it has become impossible to rule Canada from Downing street.* The Canadians will soon, for their own sake, be tired of putting the worst pilots at the helm of state."

It is perfectly clear to all thoughtful politicians on this side of the Atlantic, that such "thus-far-and-no-farther" policy cannot possible prevail for more than a very limited period. But the present concessions which it implies, form the only policy capable of shoving off present difficulties. The future will take care of itself.

Selling Dry Goods.

From the Island City.

People generally think that it is a very easy matter to stand behind a counter and retail dry goods; but a week's experience in the business would convince the cleverest man that it is much more difficult and laborious than the task of turning a grindstone twelve hours per diem. The office of salesman embodies, in its duties, necessity for the shrewdness of a politician, the persuasion of a lover, the politeness of a Chesterfield, the patience of Job, and the impudence of a pickpocket. There are salesmen who make it a point never to lose a customer. One of these gentlemen, who is in a store in Chatham street, not long since was called to show to a very fastidious and fashionable lady, who "dropped in while going to Stewart's," some rich silk cloaking.—Every article of the kind was exposed to her view, —the whole store was ransacked—nothing suited. The costly material was stigmatized as "trash," —everything was common, and not fit for a lady. She "guessed she would go to Stewart's." The salesman pretended to be indignant.

"Madam," said he, in a tone of injured innocence, "I have a very beautiful and rare piece of goods—a case of which I divided with Mr. Stewart, who is my brother-in-law; but it would be useless to show it to you. It is the only piece left in the city."

"Oh! allow me to see it," she asked, in an anxious tone, and continued, "I had no intention of annoying you, or of disparaging the merits of your wares."

The salesman, who was now watched in breathless silence by his fellow clerks, proceeded, as if with much reluctance, and with expressions of fear that it would be injured by getting tumbled, to display an ancient piece of vesting, which had been lying in the store five years, and was considered to be unsaleable. The lady examined and liked it much. That was a piece of goods worthy to be worn. How much was it a yard?

"Twenty-two shillings."

"Oh! that is very high."

"There!" exclaimed he, beginning to fold it up, "I knew you would say that."

"Stay! stay! don't be in so great a hurry!" she cried—"I'll give you twenty shillings."

"Madam, you insult me again."

"Cut me off —— yards, and you can make up the deduction on some velvet which I require for trimmings," almost entreated the fair shopper.

The salesman, after much persuasion, sold the lady the vesting, for which they had in vain sought to get five shillings per yard, at the price above indicated. The profits of the sale, on vesting and velvet, amounted to *thirty-three dollars*, out of which the clerks were permitted to pay for a supper of oysters. The best of this brief tale of dry goods is to be told. The lady had her cloak made, and one or two of her friends, delighted with it, bought the rest of the velvet at the same price.

There is a moral in this anecdote, which we leave to be discovered by the ingenuity of all our lady readers who occasionally go shopping.

NEWSPAPERS IN COLLEGE.—The learned Professor of History and Philosophy in the South Carolina College, Dr. Francis Lieber, is in the habit of delivering regular newspaper lectures.—Every fortnight the students assemble for this purpose, and are expected to be well acquainted with the chief events, both foreign and domestic, that may have transpired during the preceding two weeks, in the political, literary, and scientific worlds. They are first examined according to a plan which systematically embraces all countries, and are not only required to know the events, but are directed to use books of reference, so as to give a fair account of their development. After this, the Professor takes up one of the chief subjects and lectures upon it, avoiding, with great skill, the dangers of party politics.

In his political ethics he imposes the duty of reading carefully the newspapers of the day, and teaches the most profitable method of doing so. Thus he trains up the young men under his instruction to be enlightened and practical statesmen.—*Jour. of Com.*

THE MILITARY OF PARIS.—The Boston *Atlas* gives the following account of the organization of the two corps who have played the principal parts, on opposite sides, in the recent Parisian Revolution:

The Municipal Guard is a Police force, consisting of nearly seven thousand picked men, who are divided into cavalry and infantry, probably the most serviceable corps in the world.—Though most of them have served in the army, they consider themselves above the line, and are insufferably vain. The Prefect of Police was their nominal commander, acting under Monsieur Duchatel, Minister of the Interior. He also commands a battalion of Sapeurs Pompiers, or soldier firemen, consisting of 829 men and officers.

The National Guard enrols every man established in business or who is a householder, and is thus a militia, composed of the citizens, who have an interest at stake. They are well uniformed and equipped, as infantry and cavalry, and have generally been called out about five days in the year, as one legion is, in its turn, on guard at the Palace. They ballot once in five years for five candidates for each office, from which the Ministers commission one, and have thus managed to get in their supporters. They number about sixty thousand in the city limits, and twenty-five thousand in the *banlieus* or suburbs, commanded by Gen. Jacqueminot. Their annual expense for music, staff officers, guard houses, &c., is about $125,000, and the individual expenses for uniforms are large.

On one occasion, during the progress of Mr. Hastings's trial, Mr. Fox, struck by the solemnity of Lord Thurlow's appearance, said to the Speaker, "I wonder whether any one ever was so wise as Thurlow looks."

☞ It appears that in China a man condemned to death can procure a substitute for about $250, and is often allowed to do so.

A Ballad.

The earth beneath the force of vernal showers,
Grew soft and green,
Fresh on her musing bosom infant flowers
Rocking were seen.

"O, mother, let me make a garden;
Dear mother, do?"
No more the North to rimy drops shall harden
The twinkling dew.

Bright butterflies on painted wings now flutter,
Like human souls,
Their melting notes of love now blue-birds utter,
And orioles.

"Come mother, dearest mine, do let me make it,
With spade and line."
"But who shall work it, weed it, dress it, rake it?"
"These hands of mine!"

Her mother gave consent, the rosy maiden
To labor speeds;
Ere morrow eve her taper hands are laden
With garden seeds.

The garden plan was all her own invention,
A strange, wild plan,
Of one like to it she had ne'er heard mention
By maid or man.

But when the seeds began to shoot and quicken,
In their warm bed,
The maiden, strange to tell, appeared to sicken,
With drooping head.

She sickened more and more, until she faded
In earth's embrace,
And then they buried her, with tresses braided,
And pallid face.

The love lorn mother's tears in floods came flowing,
Without relief,
At last they led her where sweet flowers were growing,
To soothe her grief.

Melodious birds on every bough were singing,
Bright rung the morn,
But long the mother stood, her thin hands ringing,
Forlorn! forlorn!

What sees she in her daughter's garden blooming,
A coffin's form*
She must have seen, methinks, her own entombing,
While fresh and warm.

* The above ballad was founded upon an incident which occurred in the vicinity of the author. An humble maiden sought her mother's leave to make a garden; but, ere the flowers bloomed, she sickened and died—when lo! the mother going forth to weep, beheld the work of her child, arranged in a coffin's form, as if with a presentiment of her fate.

For the Western Literary Messenger

Tricklings—Mr. Luckyman.

BY "AN IDLER."

If the observation of Mad. De Stael, "*Quand on souffre, on se persuade aisment que l'on est coupable; et les violents chagrins portent le trouble jusque dans la conscience,*" be not strictly philosophical, it is undoubtedly true that when *others* suffer, "we easily persuade ourselves" that *they* are "culpable," ascribing to want of foresight or something still worse, what in reality is the result of inevitable circumstance. Equally apt are we to hug ourselves in the belief, that whatever good fortune may fall to our lot, is the legitimate and proper reward of our own sagacity and well-directed exertion, while, in general, our success and our effort stand in about the same relation to each other, that a failure of a New Zealand yam harvest does to the price of Irish potatoes. There is, in particular, a certain class of men in this our world, who, having been born "in the right time of the moon," and being always fortunate in whatsoever desperate speculation they embark, suppose themselves possessed of undoubted wisdom, and indebted to their superior sagacity for what to other men appears the offspring of mere "good-luck," a name that some people give to Providence. Let a fellow of theirs "do well," and they can understand at once, that "it was nothing but accident;" if a neighbor meets with a misfortune, of course "he should have known better," but at every new proof of the partiality of Fortune for them, (these gentlemen never meet with adversity,) they are as blind to the hand that turned the wheel, as they are ready to seize the prize it has brought up for them.

Mr. Luckyman is a good and apt illustrative specimen of this class. Born "with a silver spoon in his mouth," and knowing no more of casualty, personally, than a college graduate knows of Greek or the Decalogue, he has spent all his life time, up to his present very respectable age of forty-five or thereabouts, without ever having occasion to lower in the least his naturally very favorable estimate of himself, and his abilities. Not but he has *changed* that estimate! bless you! it has altered with every moon, unlike the goddess however, waxing forever, with no symptom or thought of waning. And no wonder.—Let him engage in whatever enterprise, however unpromising to appearance, and you may rest assured it will turn out well. No one ever knew Mr. Luckyman to fail in an undertaking, or lose a stiver in a speculation. However vague and visionary may be the scheme in which he embarks, he is sure to "make money." He once bought a tract of land in Georgia, which, on examination, seemed worthless, but while his acquaintances were chuckling over the idea that for once at least "Luckyman was done" news came that thereon had just been discovered a valuable gold mine. If he buys up cotton at a ruinous price, the crop is certain to be cut off, and he clears his thousands, and if he should venture some day, on sending a ship load of "coals to Newcastle," the mines would be found full of water on its arrival, and he would double on his investment. I am of the decided opinion myself, that had he been interested in Locke's Mississippi scheme, the stock would have turned out on settlement "of the concern" worth at least one hundred and ten cents on the dollar.

Misfortunes favor him, and what are accidents to other men, are mere lucky chances to him. If a coach is overturned, the only man killed will be a rich old uncle, to whom Mr. Luckyman is sole heir; if a bank where he is a heavy depositor, should chance to "suspend specie payments," (which I believe is the financiering phrase for a blow-up,) he is sure to have overdrawn his account that morning, and if his warehouse takes fire and burns to the ground, every body knows that he renewed his insurance for double its value only the week before. If a tornado blows his vessel ashore, the natives of the coast are in extreme need of the very articles comprising the cargo, and if high floods deluge his estate, the

waters discover a box of treasure that has remained hidden ever since Kid buried it. And with all this good fortune, speak to him of his "*luck*," and he stares at you as though you were a grizzly bear, or a New Zealander. Why, bless your simplicity, it is all owing to his foresight. *He* lucky? Nonsense! If *he* should go into such wild speculations as that harum scarum Luckless, he wouldn't have a stiver at the end of a twelve month. But thank his stars *he* always "looks before he leaps;" and you might as well attempt to convince a politician that "honesty is the best policy," as him that his good fortune is not the direct result of his own sagacity and long-headedness.

But let a neighbor merchant win or lose, and he would see the cause through an iron door. Let once another man make an unlucky venture, though with the best prospect of success at the outset, and our sage friend, exclaims, "I told you so" with the wise gravity of an owl. "He knew how it would turn out. It is really astonishing how foolish some folks can be—but if such people will sow the wind they must reap the whirlwind—for *his* part he never enters into any such rash speculations"—and he turns away, gingling the change in his plethoric pocket, with as much self-complacent thanklessness as though he were truly indebted to his own exertions, for those benefits that are undeniably the bestowal of Heaven.

How many such people are there in society, who seeing all things through the distorting medium of their conceit and selfishness, daily grow more important in their own eyes, and become, if not by merit, at least by an overweening pride, continually more removed from the body of mankind around them. "*Celui qui n'a pas souffert, que sait il?*"—he who has not suffered, what knows he? said a prophet,—and the always fortunate would do well to remember it.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Sarah B. Judson.*

This little volume has been looked for with interest by the public generally, irrespective of class or denomination. Some have waited with anxiety to learn the more minute details of the early life, missionary toils, and death of the subject of this memoir—others, with curiosity to see how "Fanny Forester" would acquit herself in this new field of labor—and others with a deeper and holier feeling—longing for a keepsake of one who is enshrined in their "heart of hearts;" and there is no doubt but that the author has satisfied the expectations of all. She has certainly shown much good sense in the selection and arrangement of the material furnished her; carefully avoiding that extreme minuteness which wearies the general reader, and suppressing nothing which can add to the interest, or full development of the character of Mrs. Judson. Though she may at times have attempted to "gild refined gold" or invest with a hue of romance the life of one who, from the cradle, learned to "suffer and be strong," yet throughout the volume the subject of it is the "bright luminous point" to which the eye is directed. In other instances she has perhaps sacrificed dignity to the graces of style, and complimented her husband in rather a fulsome manner, yet many of her pictures are exquisitely drawn, while the hand of the limner is never seen. The following description of the robbery of Mr. Boardman's house shortly after his arrival at Maulmain, is very graphic and beautiful.

"On the evening of the fourth day, as it deepened into night, the books of study were thrown aside, and the book of God taken in their stead; then the prayer was raised to heaven, and the little family went to rest. Feeble were the rays of the one pale lamp, close by the pillow of the young mother, scarce throwing its light upon the infant resting in her bosom, and penetrating into the remote darkness, but by feeble flickerings. So sleep soon brooded over the shut eyelids: and silence folded its solemn wings about the little habitation.

"The infant stirred, and the mother opened her eyes. Why was she in darkness? and what objects were those scattered so strangely about her apartment, just distinguishable from the gray shadows? The lamp was soon relighted, and startling was the scene which it revealed. There lay, in odd confusion, trunks, boxes, and chests of drawers, all rifled of their contents; and strewn carelessly about the floor, were such articles as the marauders had not considered worth their taking. While regarding with consternation, not appreciable by those who have access to the shops of an American city, this spoiling of their goods, Mrs. Boardman chanced to raise her eye to the curtain beneath which her husband had slept, and she thought of the lost goods no more. Two long gashes, one at the head and the other at the foot, had been cut in the muslin; and there had the desperate villains stood, glaring on the unconscious sleeper with their fierce murderous eyes, while the booty was secured by their companions. The bared, swathy arm was ready for the blow, and the sharp knife or pointed spear glittered in their hands. Had the sleeper opened his eyes, had he only stirred, had but a heavy long-drawn breath startled the cowardice of guilt—ah, had it! But it did not. The rounded limbs of the little infant lay motionless as their marble counterfeit; for if the rosy lips had moved, but to the slightest murmur, or the tiny hand crept closer to the loved bosom in her baby dreams, the chord in the mother's breast must have answered and the death-stroke followed. But the mother held her treasure to her heart and slept on. Murderers stood by the bedside, regarding with callous hearts, the beautiful tableau; and the husband and father *slept*. But there was one Eye open—the Eye that never slumbers; a protecting wing was over them, and a soft invisible hand pressed down their sleeping lids."

The life of Mrs. Judson furnishes a theme which might inspire a duller pen than Fanny Forester's: whether we view her as a daughter, a sister, a wife, a mother, or a missionary, we see the same faultless symmetry—the same earnest, loving, self-sacrificing, enduring spirit.—True, while at Calcutta, amidst the blandishments

* Memoir of SARAH B. JUDSON, member of the American Mission to Burmah. By Fanny Forester. New-York. L. Colby and Co., 181 Nassau street. 1848

of English society, and the pleasures and duties of the domestic circle. she was beguiled into a momentary forgetfulness of her "consecration vow"; but when chastened by affliction, the burning enthusiasm of her early youth, burst forth in prayers and tears, toils and sacrifices for the benighted beings by whom she was surrounded.

During her missionary life, she performed an almost incredible amount of literary labof. Notwithstanding her ill health, the pressure of family cares, management of schools and private instruction, she atill found time to study. Of some of her later literary performances Dr. Judson, in the Obituary Notice, thus speaks:—

"Her translation of the Pilgrim's Progress Part 1st, into Burmese, is one of the best pieces of composition which we have yet published.—Her translation of Mr. Boardman's 'Dying Father's Advice,' has become one of our standard tracts; and her hymns in Burmese, about twenty in number, are probably the best in our Chapel Hymn Book—a work which she was appointed by the Mission to edit. Besides these works, she published four volumes of Scripture Questions, which are in constant use in our Sabbath Schools"

Beside these. she frequently contributed valuable articles to the Burmese newspaper, and several times, in the absence of Mr. Stevens, took the editorial charge of it. Fanny Forester says "she was a true poet." In her exquisite sensibility, and delicacy of thought she resembles Mrs. Hemans. Her last lines were written on the Isle of France, after she, with Dr. Judson and three children, had taken passage for America, and when there was hope of her final recovery. She heard the poor Burmans calling their teacher, and feeble as she was, formed the resolution that they should not call in vain; her husband must return to Burmah, and she, with her children, would pursue her way to her native land. They are the outgushing of deep devoted affection.

"We part on this green islet, Love,
Thou for the Eastern main,
I, for the setting sun, Love—
Oh, when to meet again?

My heart is sad for thee, Love,
For lone thy way will be;
And oft thy tears will fall, Love,
For thy children and for me.

The music of thy daughter's voice
Thou'lt miss for many a year;
And the merry shout of thine elder boys,
Thou'lt list in vain to hear.

When we knelt to see our Henry die,
And heard his last faint moan,
Each wiped the tear from other's eye—
Now, each must weep alone.

My tears fall fast for thee, Love,—
How can I say farewell?
But go;—thy God be with thee, Love,
Thy heart's deep grief to quell!

Yet my spirit clings to thine, Love,
Thy soul remains with me,
And oft we'll hold communion sweet,
O'er the dark and distant sea.

And who can paint our mutual joy,
When, all our wanderings o'er,
We both shall clasp our infants three,
At home, on Burmah's shore.

But higher shall our raptures glow,
On yon celestial plain,
When the loved and parted here below
Meet, ne'er to part again.

Then gird thine armor on, Love,
Nor faint, thou by the way,
Till Boodh shall fall, and Burmah's sons
Shall own Messiah's sway."

This interesting work cannot fail to benefit the reader, and will no doubt be eagerly sought in a circle where an ordinary missionary memoir would be openly sneered at, or thrown aside in silent contempt. ELIZABETH.

LADIES AND RAILROADS.—The system of Rail Road travelling has hardly yet been long enough in use to have made its code—especially in what concerns "manners" those "minor morals" of the world.

Generally speaking, indeed, there is remarkable decorum in the conduct of Rail Road travellers—who thrown together, of all classes, without previous acquaintance or much identity of habits or associations do nevertheless get along together without much cause of offence or difficulty. Occasionally, however, we have seen instances of this sort, and that among persons whose appearance denoted any thing but a mean condition in life. Some two or three ladies occupying seats for twice as many—filling the vacant parts with bundles and bandboxes (against the direct printed regulations of the cars) and when others (females, too, very often,) would be pressing through the cars in search of a seat, not an offer from any of these monopolizers. Nay, we have seen gentlemen leave their seats in order to accommodate females whom their own sex thus disregarded—and seen these gentlemen permitted to stand the whole route—while two, three or four seats were occupied by the bundles and bandboxes of those who had not the grace to perceive that in the homage done to their sex, by thus denying themselves from seats previously secured, these gentlemen had entitled themselves at least to ordinary politeness, from that sex.

Another, and very striking characteristic, which indeed has been often commented upon before, in the conduct of females travelling in our Railroad cars, and we may say omnibuses to, is the absolute air of right with which on entering a crowded car they look round for gentlemen to spring up and give them seats, and absolute indifference and absence of even an ordinary "thank you sir," with which they take such seats.

Such conduct is doubly wrong—ungracious in the present, injurious for the future: for civilities not acknowledged will soon come to be unpaid.—The other sex shall have its turn in a day or two. —*Cour. & Enq.*

VISIT TO A PRINTER.—We live in an age of progress. At Hartford, Conn., the ladies have had a "Leap Year Ball," in which they assumed the position usually occupied on such occasions by the other sex. A petition has been presented to the legislature from ladies in Genesee county, claiming to be held from all moral and legal responsibility, by reason of their civil and political disabilities. But the most wonderful event of all, and the greatest (and best) innovation, is a "Visit to the Printer," on the plan of visits to clergymen. The happy recipient of this new honor is Mr. Cowdery, editor of the Cuylerville Telegraph.—*Rock. Amer.*

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

French Kingship: its Sickness and Death.

In 1744 Louis XV was seized at Metz with a malady which threatened his life, and it was at that time, according to the writings of President Henault, that he received the title of *Bien aime* (Well-beloved). Kingship was in good repute *then*, and while he lay upon his royal couch, Paris, whither the sad news had flown as on the wind, "seemed taken by storm; the churches resounded with supplications and groans, and the prayers of priests and people were every moment interrupted by their sobs."

So, says Carlyle, "stands it written; in lasting memorial of that year 1744. Thirty other years have come and gone; and this great prince again lies sick; but in how altered circumstances! Churches resound not with excessive groanings: Paris is stoically calm; sobs interrupt no prayers, for indeed none are offered, except priests' litanies, read or chanted at fixed money rate per hour, which are not liable to interruption. The shepherd of the people has been carried home from Little Trianon, heavy of heart, and been put to bed in his own Chateau of Versailles: the flock knows it and heeds it not." * * * * "Alas! *much more lies sick than poor Louis:* not the French king only, but the *French Kingship*: *this too*, after long and rough tear and wear, *is breaking down*. The world is all so changed; so much that seemed vigorous has sunk decrepit, so much that was not is beginning to be! Borne over the Atlantic, to the closing ear of Louis, king by the grace of God, what sounds are these; muffled-ominous, now in our centuries? Boston harbor is black with unexpected tea; behold a Pennsylvania Congress gathers; and ere long, on Bunker Hill, DEMOCRACY announcing, in rifle-volleys death winged, under her STAR BANNER, to the tune of Yankee-doodle-doo, that she is born, and, whirlwind-like, will envelope the whole world."

For three-quarters of a century French Kingship has been lingering under a fatal malady. On one or two occasions the cadaverous and emaciated thing was supposed to be dead and its winding sheet was prepared; but bone clung to brother bone and it was re-placed, and propped up, on the throne. It is generally supposed to be *now* fairly dead; and the next arrivals from Europe may bring the particulars of its interment.

YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION. — We omitted to mention last week that lectures had been delivered before this society by Dr. TREAT and ELLICOTT EVANS, Esq., both of this city. On Friday evening of last week S. WILKESON, Jr, also of this city, lectured on Limitation to the Right of Suffrage.

THE LIFE OF BUNYAN, compiled from his writings and from other authentic sources. By IRAH CHASE, D. D. New York: L. Colby & Co., 122 Nassau street.

Bunyan, whom Cowper termed the "ingenious dreamer," was born in 1628 (twenty years after the birth of Milton) and died in 1688. Contemporary with him in the arena of literature were Locke, Boyle, Clarendon, Dryden and Cowly, together with the blind bard of Paradise; and in the theological field were such men as Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, Tillotson, Owen and Baxter. These, each in his own sphere, were great lights in their day, and their radiance gilds the Present and will stream far into the Future. But their genius—unless we except Milton's—was no brighter, nor will their light last longer than the Bedford tinker's. While all his works—and they were sixty in number—are stamped with genius and make their mark upon each succeeding generation, the Pilgrim's Progress is "the most popular religious book in the English language." Consequently anything touching its author must be interesting. The neat little pocket edition of his life before us, prepared by a teacher in Newton (Mass.) Theological Institution, has been compiled mostly from his own writings, and has all the interest of a spirited and any thing but self-adulatory authobiography. Hand in hand with the Pilgrim's Progress, it ought to take a pilgrimage through christendom.

THE SACRED MOUNTAINS. By J. T. HEADLEY. New York: John S. Taylor. 151 Nassau st.

We are not surprised to learn that this work is selling very rapidly. Its perusal elevates the feelings and quickens the christian heart. It fills up some of those outline Bible sketches which are hallowed by the most sacred associations, and which will not lose their interest till the end of time. Mr. Taylor has issued the work in a neat and cheap form. The price is twenty-five cents.

For sale by A. Burke.

TEACHERS' AND PARENTS' MANUAL OF EDUCATION: being a plan for a uniform course of study for schools and academies. By WILLIAM P. LYON, A. M. New York: Clark, Austin & Co. 1848.

A beautifully printed little *vade-mecum* for educators, public and *private*. Its specification of the studies adapted to the various ages of pupils, is valuable to many; and the labors of Professor Lyon will be appreciated by the class generally for whose benefit the work has been prepared.

THE POWER OF ILLUSTRATION an element of success in Preaching and Teaching. By JOHN DOWLING, D. D. New-York: L. Colby & Co. 122 Nassau st. 1848.

This neat little unpretending volume, by the author of the History of Romanism, is pregnant with well digested thought; rich in specimens of illustration; bears evidences of great care in its preparation, and will be found useful not to teachers and preachers merely, but to all public speakers and in private *conversazione*.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for April is not a whit behind and of its contemporaries in literary merit, and its artistic department has no rival in the country. The "Book" is one of our oldest acquaintances; and always welcome as a tried friend.—We understand that in the May number will appear a plate entitled "The Queen of May" to be *printed in colors*. This will be a new thing—just what might be expected from Godey

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THE LITERARY WORLD, which commenced the second year of its existence two months ago, is a publication which every bookseller in the United States should take. Each number contains papers that would not be out of place on the shelf with the critiques of Macaulay and Jeffrey. The price of the work is three dollars a year. Derby & Hewson of this city, are agents.

ERRATA.—In speaking of the London Quarterly Review in our leader last week, the word exhibiting was used for exhibit, and the word yield for wield. These errors were not discovered until the form was worked off.

ALFRED B. STREET, Esq., the poet, has been appointed State Librarian. He makes a good book and ought to know how to take care of the like article.

THE COTTAGE BAPTIST SOCIETY of this city have sold their property to the Second Universalist society, and are intending to build a new church somewhere on the west side of Main street the present season.

THE PEARL STREET CHURCH is soon to change its name to the "Central Presbyterian Church of the City of Buffalo." The society are about to build a new house of worship on the corner of Genesee and Pearl streets.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

Cause of the French Revolution.

The cause of this Revolution was the necessity of Electoral Reform—an extension of the right of Suffrage. By the law of 1831, only 200,000 people in France possess the right of voting.—The whole population of France is 35,000,000.—Why waste words in attempting to prove the injustice of this state of things? The French are an intelligent people. Landed property is so much subdivided there that the proprietors are ten times as numerous as in Britain. But in Britain there are about five voters in national politics for one in France. Tried, therefore, not only by an American, but even by a British standard of comparison, this condition was unendurable. But did it constitute a just reason for hazarding the various contingencies and the certain loss of life attending a Revolution? Perhaps not, in itself. The Progressive party, unable to obtain any aid from Government, tried the effect of popular agitation, by which results such as they desired had already been attained in Britain.—They organized a Central Committee in Paris and sub-committees in every section of the provinces, whose intention it was to hold *re-unions* throughout the country. These were conducted in a manner from which the friends of peace and order had nothing to fear, and which gave the friends of political progress many reasons to hope for success. Among those by whom they were supported were LAMARTINE, BARROT, ARAGO, CREMIEUX, MARIE. The phrase "*Vive la Reforme*" was becoming national.

With the folly that so often precedes destruction the Ministry prohibited these meetings, and, not content with this, they stigmatized those who attended them, in the annual address to the King, which it was necessary that the Chambers should adopt before it could be presented. It was proposed to strike out the offensive words.—Nearly all parties supported the accused, and a few friends of the Ministry proposed a new section, which should be free from personal allusions, and should express a hope that some measure of electoral reform should soon be enacted.—This was repelled by GUIZOT, and after he had made every effort, the result was a Ministerial majority of 33—which was there scarcely considered as a triumph.

They were defied by the opposition, who made preparations, for a magnificent Banquet, of the same nature as the 66 re-unions by which it had been preceded. GUIZOT, ever pure, philosophical, and philanthropic in his writings, and of base morality in his political practices was reminded of a passage in one of his own speeches, arguing that "the association of citizens for the exercise or the defence of their constitutional rights, is indicated by the charter—and it cannot have anything in it that is illegal. These associations may be grave, and even dangerous, for the Government—but that is the fault of the Government itself—when it menaces these associations, it is in the wrong." The present, said the humane and intellectual LAMARTINE, was not the time to enslave France or "to clap the hand of the policeman on the mouth of the country."

The 22d was the day appointed for the Festival. A large procession, comprising the opposition deputies, the students of the University and the well-known schools, was to be formed at the Church Madeleine, and march thence to the place chosen on the Champs Elysees. The National Guards offered their services as a *cortege*.

The Government collected 60,000 troops within 30 miles of Paris, ready to march at any moment. They erected batteries near Paris, distributed cartridges and made every possible preparation.

On the morning of the 22d, the opposition, foreseeing a certain sacrifice of life, changed their proceedings and adjourned the Banquet and drew up the series of charges which we published yesterday. These were made the special order of the 24th, in the Chambers.

The 22d was a day of great disorder. The troops assembled round the Chambers and were forcibly assailed by the crowd. After the crowd had been formally ordered to disperse, it was scattered by a charge of the cavalry. The insurrection continued in various parts of the city. The troops behaved with admirable coolness and moderation.

On the 23d, the bells of the churches sounded the tocsin. and the scenes of the previous day were renewed. The National Guards declared in favor of the people, against the Government. Seven of them were killed by the city municipal Guards. At two o'clock the King had a long conference with GUIZOT, who announced in the Chamber of Deputies, the dissolution of the Cabinet. On the 24th, Paris was in a state of war. Before the day closed, LOUIS PHILIPPE had *abdicated*—the regal phrase for a necessitous choice. The city was in possession of the troops. LOUIS PHILIPPE, no longer a King, was glad to secure his personal safety by a hurried exit from one extremity of the Tuilleries, while an infuriated mod were entering at the other. Thus the very climax of the revolution was attained in three days, another "*trois jours;*" the Revolution of 1830 repeated, as to the time of accomplishment, but with more of the character of 1789 and 1792.

After Louis Philippe's abdication on Thursday, the Duchess of Orleans and her infant son repaired to the Chamber of Deputies to claim protection. This was promised, but nothing more. The Chamber refused to recognize the rights of the Count of Paris or the Constitution of the Regency. The more moderate members and these disposed to support the Regency withdrew, headed by the President, (M. Sauzet,) who declared the sitting at an end. But many of the mob had penetrated to the Chamber, and encouraged by them the Radical Deputies resolved themselves into session, declared that session permanent, and declared for a Republic.

Arrival of the Caledonia.

NEW YORK, March 28—2½ P. M.

The Steamship *Caledonia* arrived at Boston last night at half-past 8 o'clock.

Best Western Canal Flour in Liverpool is quoted at 28s@28 6d; Canadian 27@28s; U. States and Canadian sour, 24@25s. Wheat, U. S. and Canadian, white and mixed, 7s 4d@8s 7d per 70 lbs; red 6s 4d@7 9d. Indian Corn, per 480 lbs., 27s 6d@30s 6d: Meal, per bbl., 13s@14s. Oatmeal, per 240 lbs., 21s@22s ½d.

From the European Times.

BRIGHTON, March 1.

We have great pleasure in announcing the arrival of the Ex-King and Queen of the French. The King on landing had on a green blouse, blue overcoat borrowed from the Captain of the Express. The King had not in fact a change of clothing. The King and Queen for some days have been moving from farmhouse to farmhouse in the neighborhood of the port. They were nearly exhausted by fatigue, and on arriving, the King stated that for a night or two back he thought he must have given himself up.

On Thursday, LOUIS PHILLIPPE and Queen, with a male and female attendant, who had during a week, constituted the suite, embarked in a French fishing boat from Treport, with the intention of crossing the Channel at sea. The party was picked up by the express steamer, for New Haven, which arrived off the harbor of 7 o'clock in the morning. On landing, the King and Queen were welcomed by the inhabitants, nearly the whole of whom flocked out and gratified them by shaking them by the hand.

LOUIS PHILIPPE and Queen proceeded to the Bridge Hotel. Their Majesties' first action on reaching the Hotel was to despatch a messenger to Brighton to procure attendance. Mr. PARKHOUSE was then directed to write a letter to Queen VICTORIA communicating their arrival.

On the 6th of March the Provisional Government received a deputation of 280 citizens of the United States who walked to the Hotel de Ville, bearing American and French flags on the same staff.

The Revolution has spread throughout France. All the Departments have engaged in it. The Republic is confirmed, recommended by the Representatives of the United States, England, Belgium and Switzerland.

The Royal Family and Ministers are in England.

The Chamber of Peers has been overturned and all titles of nobility abolished.

The National Assembly is to meet on the 20th of April, to form a definite government. The members chosen by universal suffrage.

All Frenchmen of 20 years of age have a right to vote, and all of 25 years eligible to the Assembly, to consist of 900 members.

There has been some trouble with the workmen of Paris, and financial affairs in a very bad condition, The funds having fallen enormously. The Government had extended the time of payment of Bills.

A Steamer has been placed at the disposal of the Prince de Joinville and the Duke de Aumale to go wherever they please.

The Tuillieries has been turned into an hospital for workmen.

In Bavaria the people have risen and demanded a Constitution from the King, at the point of the bayonet.

Prince Metternich has resigned. The Prussian people are ready for a Revolution, and all Germany breaking out.

SPAIN.—The Orleans party have been overthrown. Advices of no outbreaks in consequence of the French Revolution. The news had just reached there.

ENGLAND.—There had been some disturbances and riots at London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Manchester.

No breach of peace in Ireland.

☞ It has been said that any lawyer who writes so clearly as to be intelligible, is an enemy to his profession.

Porter P. Pierce—Probable Murder.

Our Telegraph report yesterday mentioned that the body of PORTER P. PIERCE—whose sudden disappearance caused so much excitement in Rochester some two months ago—had been found in the Genesee river, near its mouth. It was discovered floating down stream, by the ferryman, who succeeded in getting it to the shore, when it was immediately recognized by friends and acquaintances. The following summary of facts elicited by the testimony before the Coroner's Jury, we take from the *Advertiser* of this morning:

The body had upon it the clothes worn by the deceased when he disappeared with the exception of his two coats; suspended to the neck was his gold lepine watch, with the hands stopped at ten minutes before six. There was also found upon his person a gold pen, a pencil and pin cushion, but a bead purse known to have been in his possession, was missing. *The right hand pocket of his pantaloons was turned inside out.* The vest was unbuttoned, but perfectly whole, as was also the shirt. No money was found upon the body.

The most remarkable circumstance connected with the whole matter, however, is the fact that *there is a frightful gash upon the upper and back portion of the head*, which, from appearances—and the testimony of physicians bear us out in this opinion—could have been caused in no other way than a severe blow with some heavy instrument.

The physician sworn before the Coroner's Jury, gave it as his deliberate conviction that the wound upon the head had been received before the body came in contact with the water. A portion of the skull had been broken, and jammed in upon the brain, the cavity being filled with clotted blood, while the upper portion of the scalp was as white as is usually the case.

There were some other marks upon the head, but none but what might have been caused by passing over the smaller falls, or coming in contact with drift wood in the river. One important question remains of course to be solved. How could his *coats* have got off his person, if torn off by the water or floating wood, without the least injury to his shirt or vest?

After a careful examination of the body, and of the facts in the case by a highly intelligent jury, they rendered a verdict that "*he came to his death by a blow or blows inflicted by some person to the jury unknown.*" In this opinion, we believe the jury are sustained by nine-tenths of the community.

PROMOTION OF TEACHERS.—We have heretofore expressed a desire that some farther stimulus might be given to induce teachers to feel an additional pride in their most useful and honorable calling, and that some plans would be adopted by which a young man, devoting himself to that pursuit, might see before him a prospect of professional advancement—which might appropriately terminate in a Professorship. At a meeting of the New York City Teachers' associatien, the following resolution was passed. We need not explain the facts to which it refers:

Resolved, That the promotion of teachers, who have attested their ability by successful service in our city schools, to the rank of Professors in the Free Academy soon to be organized, cannot fail to exercise a powerful influence in elevating the social standing of the profession generally, and thus to redouble our efforts for professional excellence, by increasing its appropriate rewards.

Great loss of Life.

BOSTON, Saturday, March 25, 1848.

From Capt. Laybold, of the brig Halifax at this port, 42 hours from Halifax, we have received the following painful intelligence:

DREADFUL DISASTER AND SUFFERING.—The barque Aurora, reported by the Highland Mary, of New York, as taking on board part of the passengers of the Br. ship Omega, *from Liverpool*, arrived at Halifax, on Saturday last, with seventy-three of these unfortunate people, having landed thirty-three at Canso, and the remainder, about sixty, having died on board. Many of the survivors are suffering from sickness. During the last seventeen days they were on board the Aurora, the allowance of food was limited to two and a half ounces of bread, and a wine glass of water a day, to each individual.

The British brig Barbara, Capt. Skinner, from N. Y. for Cork, with a cargo of corn, took on board about one hundred and fifty more on the 11th Feb., and afterwards bore away for New Foundland. On the 2d March, the steamer Hibernia, Capt. Shannon, from N. Y. via Halifax, hove in sight. A signal of distress was made—The steamer bore down to the Barbara, when the Capt. of the latter vessel acquainted the steamer, that they were out of water, and farther that there were one hundred and fifty persons on board dying for want of water. To which the Captain's reply from the steamer was, "there is the land; go there and get it." The steamer then passed on; without showing any inclination, or making any effort to render them assistance; though the wind was blowing off the land so strongly at the time, that it was impossible to make it. In attempting to reach St Johns, N. F., they mistook the land, and drifted into a cove at the entrance of Petty Harbor, N. F., and went ashore: and on account of the heavy surf struck a cliff, and stove a hole in the vessel's bow.

Thirty-five individuals managed to reach the shore; and in about five minutes after, the Barbara fell over and went down, carrying with her about one hundred and fifteen souls, among whom was Capt. Skinner of the B.

EUROPEAN CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The money collected in this country, every year, for all sorts of Christian Missions in various parts of the world is estimated at eight or nine hundred thousand dollars. But few of our readers know to how great an extent pecuniary aid is extended to various Catholic Missions in this country:

The Association (in Europe) for the propagation of the Faith, have granted to the missions in America, this year: $5,000 to the Bishop of Dubuque; $6 000 to the Bishop of Detroit; $4,000 to Bishop of Cincinnati; $3,000 to Bishop of Philadelphia; $3,000 to Richmond; $4,000 to Bishop Hughes, New York; $1,000 to Friars of Mercy, N. Y.; $2,000 to Hartford; $3,000 to Nashville; $3,000 to Louisville; $8,000 to Bishop of Vincennes and $3,000 to congregation of Holy Cross, same diocese; $6,000 to St. Louis; $2,250 to Milwaukee; $3,500 to Bishop of Little Rock; $7,500 to Bishop Quarter at Chicago; $3,500 to Natchez; $4,750 to New Orleans; $7,500 to Mobile; $8,000 to Charleston; $6,000 to Lazarists in the United States; $2,150 to Society of Jesus, Mo.; $9,000 to Society of Jesus in Rocky Mountains; $700 to Dominicans in do.; $10,000 to Dr. Odin, Vicar Apostolic, Texas; $3,000 to Jesuit Missions in America; $26,000 to West Indian and South American Missions; $11,000 to the Archbishop of Oregon city; $4,000 to Vicar Apostolic Hudson's Bay; $26,000 to British American Missions; $11,600 to Oblats, Canada and Hudson's Bay; $6,000 to Jesuits in Canada. These grants, with

the donations of the people, will uphold a very large number of missionaries of the Church of Rome on this continent.

CAUSES.—The *National*, of Paris, some time since, in enumerating the causes of disaffection against Louis Philippe, stated that he had abused the very power that raised him to the throne, because—

1st. Since the revolution of July, there have been 1129 prosecutions against the public press.

2d. There have been 37 newspapers suppressed.

3d. There have been 7,110,500 francs drawn in the shape of fines from editors and proprietors of journals.

4th. There have been 14,000 citizens imprisoned within ten years on political charges.

4th. Last year, the 17th anniversary of Louis Philippe's reign, not a single political prisoner was included in the royal amnesty, although a great many common malefactors were pardoned.

6th. The prison of St. Pelagie is crowded with the responsible managers of public journals.

PENNY TRAVELLING--ALMOST.--We understand that the authorities of one of our railroads, whose President is a thoroughly practical man, are organizing a system of cheap travelling, for the thousands in our city and outskirts, who are at present, in a measure, deprived of healthful exercise of this kind, through lack of means. The plan is said to resemble that of cheap steamboats, &c., of London, who carry thousands of the working classes of that city into the adjoining villages, at the very cheap rates of from one to three pence each. This plan would enable hundreds and thousands of our working classes to make an excursion of five or ten miles, at an expense stated at three cents per head each way.—It is also stated that the plan will be tried the coming summer. It will, without doubt, if fairly tried, be of great benefit to the people at large, and profit to the originators.—*Boston Traveller.*

☞ REMARKABLE FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—The Narrative of Judge PORTER abounds with anecdotes of an interesting kind—the results of the observations of a long and active life. During an expedition which he undertook from Buffalo to Erie, in 1795, a very remarkable circumstance presented itself. We will give it in the words of Judge PORTER himself:

"Before starting from Buffalo we had been detained there for two days by a heavy fall of rain, accompanied by a strong northeast gale. When off Cattaraugus Creek on our upward passage, about one to two miles from land, we discovered some distance ahead a white strip on the surface of the lake, extending out from the shore as far as we could see. On approaching this white strip we found it to be some 5 or 6 rods wide, and its whole surface covered with fish, of all the varieties common to the lake, *lying on their sides as if dead.* On touching them however they would dart below the surface, but immediately rise again to their former position. We commenced taking them by hand, making our selections of the best, and finding them perfectly sound we took in a good number, (indeed if we had desired we might have loaded our boat with them.) On reaching Erie we had some of them cooked and found them perfectly good. The position of these fish on their sides in the water placed their mouths partly above and partly below the surface, so that they seemed to be inhaling both water and air, for at each effort in inhaling, bubbles would rise and float on the water. It was these bubbles that caused the white appearance on the lake's surface. I have supposed that these fish had from some cause, growing out of the extraordinary agitation of the lake by the gale from the eastward, and the sudden reflux of water from west to east after it subsided, been thrown together in this way, and from some unknown natural cause had lost the power of regulating their specific gravity, which it is said they do, by means of an air bladder furnished them by nature."

PRESCOTT, (C. E.) March 17.

HORRIBLE MURDER.—At a funeral of a child, on the 10th inst., in the Township of Wolford, County of Greenville, several men, after getting infuriated with liquor, fell upon one John Wilson, and beat him almost to a pummice. His skull was smashed, his ribs were all broken, and one of his legs fractured in several places. The man lived until Monday the 13th. An inquest was held, and thirty or forty men are in pursuit of the murderers. The revival of an old feud which originated in Ireland, was the cause of this most brutal outrage.

Professor Nichol, of the University of Glasgow, Scotland, who is about to lecture in Philadelphia on Astronomy, has transmitted to the British Consulate, a circular from Lord Palmerston, requesting aid on his behalf in the prosecution of an inquiry into the state and system of public education in the United States. This inquiry, says the Philadelphia Enquirer, is one great object of the Professor's visit to America. Instructions also have been given to British functionaries in this country, to investigate our militia system. This is very sensible, though not exactly characteristic of John Bull.

The secrets of our national enlightenment and military success lay deeper than in the mere common school or militia systems. They are to be found in the fundamental principles of our political constitution, which guarantees equal and exact justice to all classes of men.

At the same time the system of popular instruction which has grown up under these auspices, has a very conservative and quickening influence upon the American mind. Some of the New England States, have, it is believed, a better school system than is to be found in the world.—Those of Connecticut and Rhode Island in particular.

MORALITY OF PUGILISM.—We learn that Brady, the man who was tried for the murder of O'Rourke, the celebrated pugilist, some months ago and acquitted, died a few weeks since, and before his death confessed not only the murder of O'Rourke, but of another man; the latter crime having been perpetrated some years ago. This man was acquitted of O'Rourke's murder in the face of the strongest evidence we ever heard in our lives, both direct and circumstantial.—*Montreal Courier.*

MURDER FOURTEEN YEARS AGO.—Mr. John Cook, jr., of Winchendon, Mass., was arrested and examined last week at Fitchburg, on a charge of murdering his wife in 1834, by administering arsenic. The friends of the deceased had suspicions of poisoning at the time of her death, and recent developments greatly increased these suspicions. The body was kept in a tomb, and continued in a remarkable state of preservation. The remains of the stomach and bowels were brought to Boston a few weeks since, and a chemical analysis was made by Prof. Webster, at the Medical College, who obtained four or five grains of arsenic. The testimony of the nurse of Mrs. Cook, the sexton, and some eight or ten medical gentlemen, showed a strong *prima facie* case against the prisoner, who was committed by the Justice to Worcester jail, to take his trial for murder at the next term of the Supreme Court.

KEEP COOL.

From Mr. Dix's Poem before the Mercantile Library Association, Boston.

Keep cool! the secret of success in life
Lies not in haste, excitement, bustle, strife,
This 'bolting dinners,' hurrying to and fro;
Keeping up one continued, constant 'go;'
Taking your pleasure jaunts at railroad speed,
And never stopping aught to see or heed;
This going to China just to have a chat,
Taking but one clean dickey in your hat;
These are the features of the times, I own,
That give to modern life its zest and tone;
But do they bring us real, genuine joy,
True happiness, unmixed with base alloy?

Keep cool! don't strive for sudden wealth too fast,
Fortunes, quick made, are seldom known to last;
Like wat'ry bubble that in air revolves,
A breath but makes them, and a breath dissolves;
Write letters, if you've any time to waste,
But don't, I pray, subscribe yourself 'in haste;'
Men have been known their hopes in life to kill,
By heedless scratching of some wayward quill;
And e'en our generals see their fortunes droop,
When trusted to a 'hasty plate of soup.'
Be wise, discreet—of dangers take good heed;
Be cautious, and you cannot but succeed;
Shun all rash acts—let moderation mark
Each enterprise on which you may embark;
And from your mind ne'er let there be effaced
The old, yet sterling proverb—"Haste makes waste!"

Great Fire in Watertown—Two Men Burned.

A destructive fire occurred in Watertown on Tuesday last. It commenced in a carpenter shop in the rear of the Union Mills, spreading thence to a shop owned by Messrs. Noble & Johnson, consuming the factory of Mr. Winslow Patridge, the extensive paper mill of Messrs. Knowlton & Rice, the shop owned by H. W. Woodruff, the tannery of Mr. Farnham, and several other buildings. In the factory buildings, two men were burned to death. The moment the flames, which were raging without the building, caught within, the whole interior became one sheet of flame.—Three men were then in the second story of the building, Messrs. Jas. DeLong, Lemuel Wright, and Levi Palmer. DeLong escaped with slight injury by jumping from the second story door; the others perished. One was seen to approach the door from which DeLong had just escaped, and which was standing open at an angle of about forty-five degrees. He took hold of the door and shut it, thinking probably, in the confusion of the moment, that he was opening it, or not knowing what he was doing. The pressure of the atmosphere from without immediately re-opened the door, when the unfortunate man was discovered to fall in the midst of the devouring element.—The other was also seen, enveloped in fire, and endeavoring to reach the door, but failed. Thus did these unfortunate men fall and struggle in death before the eyes of their friends. The daughter of Mr. Wright, knowing that her father was in the building, stood at the door of their dwelling near by, and saw him fall, with the horrid consciousness that it was the last she would ever see of her father.—*Roch. Adv.*

THE NEW UNPARDONABLE SIN.—We do not know whether the slaveholders of the South have gone so far as apply the above phrase to the worship of God, but they have gone a long way in that direction:

A number of colored persons, both slave and free, were arrested in New Orleans on Sunday, the 8th ult., for the crime of assembling to worship God! A New Orleans paper mentions, as an evidence of criminality, that one of them had a Bible and three prayer books.

MARRIED.

On the 21st inst., by the Rev. Timothy Stillman, Mr. HORACE STILLMAN, and Miss LISKA H FARNHAM, all of this city.

At Williamsville, on the 18th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Branch, Mr. ENOS PAIR, and Miss MARY WELLS, both of this city.

DIED.

On the 21st inst., CHARLES F., son of Charles T. & Julia E. Colt.

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Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1848. NO. 10.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Death's Angel.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

The day was stormy that had passed,
The broken clouds flew by,
And one by one came forth at last,
The army of the sky.

As faded in the west the glow
Of sunset's sinking fire,
Thro' tree-tops, heaving to and fro,
I saw the village spire.

That night as by the bed of pain
I kept my watch apart,
While golden dreams of hope in vain
Were gathering to my heart;

I saw the roses brightly stirred
That o'er my window hung,
And something heavenlier than a bird
That fluttered there and sung!

A light one moment, clear as day,
Around the death-bed shone,
The next the hand I held was clay—
The living spirit flown.

MT. HEALTHY, O.

For the Western Literary Messenger

Human Progress.

A Lecture, delivered before the Young Men's Association of Buffalo, January 8, 1848.

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I consented reluctantly to be enrolled among the able and distinguished gentleman who compose your chosen lecturers for this course. Despite vivid recollections of your past indulgence, my heart fails me as I contemplate my ill-considered engagement, amid the distractions of business and the heavy cares of life. True it is that my highest ambition, if it deserve the name, is but to secure the esteem of the estimable, and be useful in my day and generation. Let others be likened to portentous meteors flaming through space, or shed a solemn radiance like the serene stars from Heaven; it will suffice for me, if, like the humble taper, I can but cheer the fireside circle or afford a little aid to some of those who are travelling the dim and dangerous path of life. But how can I hope to cheer, or amuse, or guard?

Nature, exuberant Nature, is fruitful of swelling themes, and I have loved her, love her still—and, when I was free to choose, chose her. First love is never utterly dethroned; and even now, I often gaze wistfully upon her exceeding loveliness, and ponder over her miracles and mysteries. It is delightful, though painful, to retain the shreds of past knowledge, all incomplete and formless, though glorious to fancy we once understood the wondrous affinities of matter, and could indistinctly trace the workings of the plastic hand which compounds its few elements into a vast diversity of substance, and moulds them to an infinity of uses: or to dream of creation in its progress, and see our world rising from chaos, "without form and void," and swinging blindly and unregulated in the eternal space, till, in His own good time, God spake light into existence, and gave law unto the spheres; to behold it ever advancing, through His willing, from good to better, even through convulsions that seemed destruction and threw it into ruins, until it attained its present palmy state, perchance but the precursor of a purer, stabler phase; to recognize the endurance now of the old agents of former changes, in the earthquake, the volcano, and the ocean, and remembering that God has promised that the heavens and the earth shall be renewed, knowing that the same force that raised the Himalayan peaks, and flung Cotopaxi's summit upwards and hung it, like a Fury's torch, in the mid-air, still rages in earth's centre; that the continents dip and raise their edges slowly, as though they floated, and that their general level is but a few hundred feet, two or three minutes walk for man, above the surface of the great deep which has devoured all things, and which, at one stride, would swallow all again, to believe that Science and Revelation may concur, and that the earth will perish, but will rise again, and bloom, in the freshness of its resurrection into a residence fit for the saints. It is pleasant too, to recall a fading knowledge of anatomy, and with awful exultation realize that man is fearfully, wonderfully made: or, in the fields and forests, and by the flowing streams, to meet and recognize the inferior animals we once knew well; and to revive, with every flower and twig we pluck, some knowledge of the vegetable world replete with beauty and utility. But many years have glided by, like a changeful river, and the maturing Sciences I courted in my youth, have expanded into a diviner and more majestic loveliness, and given their charms to others. The views I now have of Nature, are but glimpses of the free heaven and beauteous earth, caught by a time-worn prisoner from the loop-hole of his high turret—the snatches of a carol warbled below by the gay-hearted, heard but imperfectly through the massive walls that compass him, rousing his spirit, and giving him but the sad luxury of tears. These recollections of earlier pursuits are "the memory of joys that are past, sweet, but mournful to the soul." They are too few and ill-compacted to be profitably or creditably presented here. They are cherished rose-leaves, young Affection's gift: withered and inodorous and valueless to others, we prize them above all price, treasure them up religiously through life, and wear them on our bosoms in the grave. Others must discourse to you of Nature!

Nothing remains for me but to grasp for a while some one of those great themes, fruitful of speculation, which float at times through all men's minds, and consider it maturely as I can. Whatever it may be, I can apply to it no undistracted inquiry. I cannot, I fear, investigate it systematically, nor present it to you either fully, or in order: I can but approach it in good faith, and with an absorbing love of Truth: While I disclaim all title to the bays which others will deserve and you award them, I do hope to win your approbation of the spirit in which my task will be discharged, and that amid the rude materials I may present, you will find some that can be elaborated

and put to profitable use. And, with these hopes I will pursue my course, as does the fugitive captive, who plods thankfully, though with toilful and tottering steps, across the thorny wastes and burning sands which intervene between his Arab master's tent and home.

Let us entertain the great question of the terrestrial destiny of our race! We cannot surely solve it; but it is an inquiry not forbidden to reason, and one which has been confidently and variously answered by human oracles. Is our race, as a race, approaching nearer to happiness and God? Or is it where it was before the flood? Or has it retrograded? Must we despair of general improvement save by Heaven's special miraculous interposition? Or may we humbly hope that Providence has sown the good seed in the world, and in our nature, which will ultimately ripen and yield a harvest of universal peace and joy?

These are momentous questions? How shall we answer them! I have no disposition to assail the opinions of others; and, where I differ from them, would so express myself as to invite candid investigation rather than litigious controversy. Our own best interests, if consulted, would prompt us, in such high matters, to seek truth, not triumph. Let us not be misled by the vanity attributed, perhaps justly attributed to this our age, but rather contend with it, and wrestle with the holy hope of Progress, as did in the old times Jacob with the Angel of the Lord!

Man is the noblest terrestrial work of the Great Being who made him six thousand years ago in His own likeness, and gave him a world to conquer and to govern, and hopes of a blissful immortality. He was expelled from Eden: and, with a sin-stain on his soul, deep, but not ineffaceable, an intellect, vast but unexercised, and a form majestic, but clothed in skins, he entered, weaponless, upon his new dominions, to work out his mortal destiny. Have his descendants achieved nothing for their own good and the glory of their Maker and Sustainer? Are the men of this day, in all the corners of the earth, in the same condition as those who filled the world with violence and brought the flood upon it, four thousand years ago? It may be so! It may even be that man has degenerated, is ever degenerating! But, prove either hypothesis, and farewell the most precious, balmy hopes that visit the bosom of Philanthropy—welcome impious Doubt, and fell Despair!

Man is, and always has been, and will forever be substantially stationary. He has expanded in numbers; and some few men, or nations, have here and there, at long intervals, appeared like tall stalks in a field of corn, or like Saul among the Jews, over-topping their fellows; but the sum of the doings and achievements of each of his several generations is the same; he has lived, and thought, and fought, aspired, enjoyed, and suffered, in about the same way, and to the same extent in every age, and so will for the future! Preach ye this doctrine, ye who place man among the brutes, and scoff at immortality! Man has sunk in moral dignity and intellectual power, and is ever sinking! Why then does God withhold his judgments? Ask it reverently, my soul!—Why sleeps the justice which broke up the fountains of the great deep, and whelmed a less guilty world in its wild waters? Why has not the solid earth yawned to ingulph cities far more corrupt and vicious than incestuous Sodom? No improvement—no hope of improvement! Then has not the earth been made in vain? Is it not, with all its wondrous tenants, but the result of a blind chance? May there not be reason in the philosophic theories of a fortuitous creation—of a progressive life, that, rising from the lowest forms, ended in man, and having reached its flood must ebb again! May not Christianity be a fable, invented to keep man in certain bounds, but deriving no authority from Heaven, and valueless save for temporal restraint? For it has done nothing, can do nothing for the restoration of our race, or why exhibits the earth no change in the nineteenth century since it was first proclaimed, and why is it now hopeless of betterment!

It may be the offspring of human presumption, or mere delusion of a philanthropy which looks to God in hope, to believe that all things, under His providence, have been directed to the working out of good and even of the temporal advancement of that race, upon whom He has everrained blessings, and to whom He gave His word and Son. It may be an error, but it is a most natural and pleasing one, to believe in human progress in all good things. It is a faith well calculated to cheer and fortify, and purify the soul; for if it reposes partly in a high estimate of man's gifted grandeur, its main dependence is on Providence. They who contend against it, do so, I would fain believe, from a misapprehension of what it is, and lose themselves and the subject in idle disputes about terms somewhat loosely used in such discussions. They fancy perchance that Human Progress is a creation of the brain, hostile to Christianity—a new false god, akin to infidelity, and they the Daniels to demolish the modern Dagon. It is no new thing. It may have cheered the heart of our first parents as they wept over Abel's murdered body. It must have illuminated the gloom of the ark, and shed joy in the else hopeless breast of Noah, as he floated, in gloom and storm, above the drowned hosts of earth, and saw in his three sons those, who, though prone to the same sins which God had so condignly punished, were destined to people the world anew. It did mingle in the hopes, and was the subject of the prayers of the wise and good of the old ages, and prophets saw its consummation afar off in holy visions, and were filled with ecstacy.

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the tops of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills: and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the habitation of the Lord—to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths, for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Is the triumph of the Prince of Peace here foreshadowed by Isaiah as an angry flash of lightning, dazzling and blinding the world, and then leaving it in darkness as before? Or does he rather see it stealing gently over mankind like natural day,—faintly breaking in the East in flushes of rosy light, touching the mountain tops with splendor and increasing in effulgence, till the sun rushing upwards from the horizon illuminates the world! Has not "the mountain of God's house" been immoveably "established in the top of the mountains, and exalted above the hills?" Has not Christ come, and are not all nations flocking unto him? Does not the prophet clearly describe a consultation among many people, and a consequent going to the mountain of God?—a judging among the nations, and a rebuking of many people, as preceding their beating their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks,—and an indefinite continuance of

the nations in a state of peace, and the existence of just and happy generations who shall learn war no more? These are suggestions for your consideration. It is not for me to interpret prophecy authoritatively.

But let us descend to a sober consideration of our subject, and endeavor to examine it unbiased by hope or fear. So far as practicable in a discussion in which our feelings are so deeply involved, we will argue it coolly, remembering that emotions are not proofs, and that metaphors are the weakest substitutes for arguments.

Man has a threefold nature. He has a physical, an intellectual, and a moral constitution. The accidents, of climate, food, and pursuits have varied somewhat his body in non-essentials, and have marred in most or all of their descendants, the fair proportions of our first parents: nor will we question, though we cannot know the fact, that their progeny failed to inherit in their full vigor, the mighty intellects which God implanted in those who sprung directly from his creative hand, and the first souls may have been of a sublimer constitution than those we hope to have. But the first pair were not a race, but the appointed origin of all the families of man. The frame of society and national bonds, with their excitements and antagonisms, were not in Eden, nor in the Ark; and we are considering man in a collective, not an isolated state,—in masses and aggregated, not abstractly.

In the abstract man is as he has always been: and ever will be as God made him. His body everywhere, and in all time, has had and will have the same organic composition, be endowed with the same senses, and subject to the same appetites: his mind has ever been and will be the same in essence; and so with the soul. Differences of development in every of these particulars in the same family or nation, and different nations, at a particular time, or in different eras may and will occur. The man of to-day was the cradled infant a quarter of a century ago. Time will bleach his brown locks, quench his burning appetites, dim his aspiring intellect, extinguish his affections, and yet leave him the same body, mind and soul which he possessed, when his mother "forgot her travail in joy that a man-child was born into the world." David, St. John, and Newton differed from each other and from the most degraded man that lives, not in body, mind, or soul, but in the development of their common physical nature, and the expansion and direction of mind and soul.

There is no evidence to my knowledge, that our race, as a race, has either improved or been debased in body. The old records of the world seem to concur with its more modern ones to prove, that, in all ages, sin and accident have done their work, and that disease and deformity of person, crookedness of mind, privation of sense, and seeming privation of intellect have ever afflicted man. Nor have we, to my knowledge, any reason for supposing that the body has, in general, been expanded or dwarfed, strengthened or weakened by time. Armor worn by crusading knights is hardly capacious enough for men of our generation: The most ancient graves yield bones that indicate no change in man's dimensions. Mummies raised from Egypt's catacombs have been stripped of their cerements, and disclose the fact, that three thousand years ago the civilized Egyptian raised his head no nearer heaven than we. Dwarfs and giants have always existed here and there, but have always been noticed as exceptions to the orderly dimensions of our nature.—Mind, or soul, or both, seem to be impaired in their manifestations by an undue development of body. Nor are the dwarfed nations nor the tribes that vary from our variable standard of physical perfection, proofs of degeneration. True, the Negro is black, the Indian red, and the Tartar yellow, but we are not sure that our European complexion, if amid nations of such differing hues there can be said to be one, is the true tint of Paradise. The Hottentot, the Esquimaux, the Shoshonie root-digger of the Rocky Mountains, are, in our eyes, monstous and degraded in form; and it is most probable that they, rather than we of the Anglo-Saxon blood, are farther removed from Adam. But are any of these differences proofs of degeneracy? God adapts his creation to their place of action. He made man capable of various metamorphoses, but within fixed limits, so as to adapt himself to universal nature, and this power of adaptation is the perfection of his general constitution. He gave man the whole world to dwell in and replenish, and so endowed him with the power to change with the latitude and clime in which he fixed his dwelling. He created him in a temperate Asiatic clime; but, had the body he gave him, perfect for that clime, been the fixed mould of all his descendants, and they incapable of corporeal change, how could man have extended his permanent dominion over the icy North and South, or the burning central zone? Had God created him in Guinea or in Lapland, are we not justified in believing Adam would have been a Negro or a Laplander, with the same capacity to change, upwards and downwards, within the same range which Asiatic Adam's sons have occupied in their extension over the globe?

These remarks, which might perhaps be profitably pursued more into detail, did time permit, apply equally to the intellectual and moral phases our race has undergone in its diffusion over the round world. Such changes prove nothing. All are men alike. The barbarous New Hollander, the poor Boothian, the swarthy Arab, and all the human habitants of earth collectively, are man.—Man in the aggregate was not perfect until he had conquered all climes and countries to his use, and suffered in the contest: And we may reverently say that his creation as an universal race, was not complete in Eden—was completed only by the individual changes which enabled the race to occupy the whole fulness of its allotted sphere.

It would be most satisfactory could we prove that every generation had ascended regularly one step above its predecessor, and so man was approaching, however slowly, towards perfect light, and love, and peace. But the responses of history, when interrogated, dispel all such illusions. Progress, great progress has been made from time to time, but not sufficient to ensure stability; and civilization has often been beaten down, and crushed apparently forever. But, like Antæus, she has always risen with renovated vigor, and has now, we fondly hope, established her throne immoveably.

What is civilization? This term is hard to be defined. It is used in various and differing senses by the disputants, and hence perchance the wide seeming disagreement about the fact of progress. Let us endeavor to determine the meaning or meanings we will attribute to it.

It has been strongly maintained that, "civilization is the original condition of mankind, and barbarism the law of progress,"—or as I translate this paradoxical proposition, that man was originally civilized, and as population increased and men spread over the earth, they became barbarous and rude. Had the meaning of the word "civilization" been correctly understood, I doubt whether such a proposition would have ever been advanced.

The word is remotely from the Latin *civis*, a citizen; or more nearly, from *civilis*, pertaining to a citizen; or directly, from the imaginary or coined verb, *civilizare*, to make a citizen, to bring under

the stable government of laws, or make a component and subject of a state. A slight glance at sacred history will suffice to show that in this sense civilization had not a primeval origin.

Adam and Eve were not civilized, in this sense, surely, in Eden; nor were their descendants probably for centuries. We have no record of the institutions of states and governments before the Flood, save the one meagre fact from which we may infer it, that Cain "builded a city." The patriarchal government would satisfy the wants of men for ages, as family by family, they were sparsely spread through Asia. Governments, or aggregations of many families under laws and rulers, would be framed only when necessary to preserve extended peace, and repel outward aggressions. The Deluge was a visitation of God's wrath upon a disordered world. Before it there may have been gatherings and combinations of men for purposes of plunder, but the existence of governments of any force or worth can scarcely be compatible with His declaration, that "the earth was filled with violence through man."

After the Flood man propagated rapidly, and cities were soon founded, and States sprung into existence; or in the sense to which we have so far restricted it, civilization commenced. Was it perfect? Would Babel, or Egypt in the days of Pharaoh, the contemporary of Abraham, afford us models of Government? Or were Nimrod's subjects and the old Egyptians so superior to us, that we may well infer their laws were better than ours?

But governments vary in all their material qualities, and so every nation has a civilization peculiar to itself. That government, however repugnant to our notions of equality and justice, which is best adapted to secure the general happiness of its subjects, is worthy of all commendation. Arbitrary power is best suited to a vicious, barbarous, people, whose disposition to crimes injurious to their fellows can be effectually repressed, only by an ever overshadowing fear of bloody and horrible inflictions; and, in such conditions of mankind, the one "that 's best administered is best." A mild and industrious people, prone to superstition, like the Eyptians may, for temporal purposes, be well governed by a learned priesthood, who keep them debased and shear not their flock too closely. A bold and energetic nation, inclined to action which leads to excess and wrong, demand freer institutions for present happiness, and flourish with plain and rigid but reasonable laws. The stringency of law may well diminish with the increase of knowledge and virtuous inclination. And when man shall be a sufficient law unto himself, outer law or government must perish. Hence, accuse me not of overweening love of country! the gradual loosening of the bonds of law in this, our own dear land, the abolition of restrictions on individual enterprize, which fall like the outer leaves of opening flowers. —the strong tendency to work out social order by moral instruments, rather than by coercion, and to leave the citizen the freest scope, the largest liberty of action. Hence the paradoxes that the perfection of government is no government—that the proper end of civilization is its own destruction.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

FORCE OF CONSCIENCE.—The Grand Jury has found a true bill against Baldwin, the murderer of his brother-in-law Mathews in Missouri.

When Baldwin was first imprisoned, some few weeks since, he was a fine looking, robust young man; he is now a maniac, and so emaciated and feeble, that those who knew him before his incarceration, would not now recognise him. He does not speak to any one, and his head is constantly bowed down, fearing to look up, as he imagines his victim is constantly before him.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.—The appointment of the Bishop of Chester, the Rt. Rev. John Bird Sumner, D. D., as Archbishop of Canterbury, in place of the venerable Doctor Howley, deceased, which we have already announced, will doubtless create a profound sensation in the Episcopal Church in America, as well as in Great Britain. The new Archbishop was created Bishop of Chester in 1826, and his brother, the Rt. Rev. Charles Richard Sumner, D. D., was made Bishop of Winchester in 1826. The brothers are both known as coinciding generally in their views of Christian doctrines and the Church with Archbishop Whately of Dublin, and others of the same school.

The appointment of the Bishop of Chester to the high ecclesiastical dignity of Primate of England, while the Bishops of London, Durham and Winchester each hold a higher rank in the Church, is understood to have been brought about by Lord John Russell, whose sympathies are opposed to the views of the Oxford school of Divinity. The violent opposition to the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the see of Hereford, by the High Church clergy, is also understood to have had an influence in effecting the promotion of Doctor Sumner to the See of Canterbury.

The organization of the Church of England, it will be recollected, consists of two Archbishops, and twenty-five Bishops, for England and Wales

The last English papers state that it is probable Doctor Hampden may be transferred from the See of Hereford to that of Chester.

The Liverpool Times says:

Dr. Summer, the new Archbishop of Canterbury was born in 1790, and consequently is in his 58th year. He was educated at Eton, and became in due course a fellow of King's College, Cambridge and subsequently a prebendary of Durham. He was raised to the bench in the year 1828, on the promotion of Dr. Bloomfield to the see of London.—*N. Y. Express.*

WANTED.—One hundred and seventy-five young men of all shapes and sizes, from the tall graceful dandy, with hair enough on his upper lip to stuff a cushion, down to the beardless upstart. The object is to form a *Gaping Corps*, to be in attendance at the Church door on each Sabbath before the commencement of divine service, to stare at the females as they enter, and make delicate and gentlemanly remarks on their persons and dress. All who who wish to enlist in the above corps will appear at the various church doors next Sabbath morning, where they will be duly inspected, and their names, personal appearance, &c. &c., registered in a book kept for that purpose, and published in a newspaper. To prevent a general rush, it will be well to state that none will be enlisted who possess more than ordinary intellectual capacities.—*Exchange paper.*

FOOLISH NOTION.—A village school teacher, who had committed suicide near New Orleans, by hanging himself, might have been saved by a person who discovered him while yet the body was warm, but that he thought he must go for the coroner first.

The above is not the only case of the kind on record. In 1822 a similar occurrence happened near this city, and in 1823 a Mr. Aaron Wheeler, of Madison, Lake county, was drowned in Cunningham's creek, while spearing fish. He accidentally fell with his breast across a log and his face in the water. Deprived of his senses and the power of extricating himself he was left to die by a person who supposed the law prohibited the removing of any one found dead or dying without first calling the coroner.—*Cleve. Her.*

GERMANY is advancing towards a great reform, and according to the *Cologne Gazette*, "will and must be raised to the degree which appertains to it among the States of Europe." The Diet is now called upon to exercise the powers of a vigorous, intelligent and united government; and whatever may be the effect upon some of the minor German States, we may hope for the consolidation of that "Federal Union" of Germany which is now fast ripening into national identity. The town council were sitting in deliberation when a large crowd assembled and demanded:

1st. Universal suffrage; all legislation and government to proceed from the people.

2d. Liberty of the press and freedom of speech.

3d. Abolition of the standing army, and armament of the people—who are to elect their own officers.

4th. Full right of public meeting.

5th. Protection to labor and a guarantee for the supply of all necessaries.

6th. State education for children.

King William of Weirtemburg has granted freedom of the press and other "reforms to his people.

On the 4th March, at Wiesbaden, a large concourse of people assembled in the town, opposite to the palace of the Duke of Nassau. The Duchess Dowager appeared on the balcony with her children and threw herself on the protection of the multitude, at the same time assuring them that their claims should be attended to, and their grievances redressed by the Duke (her stepson) immediately upon his return from Berlin. The Minister, Mons. Von Dungern, immediately after this issued a proclamation, pledging himself to the entire fulfilment of the desires of the people. It was signed by Pauline Duchess of Nassau, Prince Nicholas of Nassau, and the Ducal Minister of State himself, in the presence of several of the most influential citizens. This measure allayed the tumult for a time, but the people began again to grow impatient, when, fortunately, at half past four o'clock, the Duke arrived by an express train. He addressed the people and agreed unconditionally to their demands. Thus the people are delighted, as they are promised all that they ask for; but had the Grand Duke of Nassau remained absent another hour he would undoubtedly have periled his crown.

The censorship of the press in Saxony is as rigorous as in Austria, and at Leipsic the people were preparing a memorial to demand the liberty of the press and other reforms.

Mayence is in a disturbed and excitable state. The guns are pointed against the town. Prince Frederick of Prussia declares that "the moment any attempt is made to effect a revolution, he will bombard and destroy the place." This is certainly amiable and candid.

At Frankfort-on-the-Maine the people assembled in large numbers, and the Burgher Guard were turned out, who, while parading the streets, uttered loud cries of "*Vive la Republique!*" The people demanded the same changes, with a few additions, as those just granted by the Duke of Nassau; but they retired without committing any act whatever, upon being assured that freedom of the press should be granted.

In some of the German States of the Rhine, public opinion has been yielded to without even an attempt at resistance. M. Beck, the Minister of the Interior of the Grand Duchy of Baden, has published the following proclamation:

1st. The censorship of the press is abolished.

2d. The national guard will be immediately organized.

3d. The government will submit to the Chamber a law establishing trial by jury. By this proclamation the Ministry has granted all that the people demanded. Independently of these concessions, the Grand Duke has called to his councils M. Welker, the leader of the constitutional opposition, who has demanded the creation of a German Parliament instead of a Diet.

A telegraphic despatch from Metz has been received, which says that the Duke of Hesse-Cassel has been banished and his castle burned; that the Duke of Nassau had fled from his states.

At Sarrebruck a lively sympaty with the French revolution had been manifested; at Sarvalouis the garrison was blockaded in the fort; rigorous watch had been kept during the night, and the trees on the glacis had been cut down.

Austria is in a most deplorable state. So much are her people hated, that to be an Austrian is a sure passport to abuse. As an instance of this, Fanny Ellsler, who had been almost adored in Italy, appeared a short time since at the theatre *La Scala* at Milan, and when she appeared every one rose and left the house. In Hungary an Austrian meets with the greatest contempt. The ladies turn their backs upon the Austrian officers, and at several of the theatres of Italy within a few days every Austrian officer present was tumbled headlong from the boxes into the pit. This occurred also at Venice, where the military were so unwise as to hiss Mme. Certo in a Sicilian dance. The Austrian government does its best to conceal from the people the hatred and disgust in which it is held, but it is looked upon as quite certain now that the only hope of securing the crown for the imperial family consists in granting a free constitution to the Empire.

SENTIMENTS OF THE FRENCH PRESS.—The *Union Monarchique* says:

"We have only one wish to express—let the nation be consulted; but before all let order be re-established. The people who have shown so much devotedness, bravery, and generosity, can re-establish it. It is now their first duty."

The *Univers* says:

"The dynasty of July has succumbed. The combat was terminated before the end of the third day. The revolution is consummated, and it is one of the most astonishing of history. All has been carried away by the tempest. New men are about to appear on the scene. God does his work by all hands; he proceeds to his designs by paths which the world knows not. To-day, as yesterday, religion is the only possible basis of society, religion is the aroma which prevents liberty from becoming corrupted. It is by Jesus Christ that men are brethren; it is by Jesus Christ that they are free. A sincere liberty may save all. The new government incurs great duties towards France—towards the whole of human society.—We wish it may be able to fulfil them. All governments have in them the faculty of strengthening themselves. To do this it is sufficient for them to love justice, and serve liberty frankly."

The British government, through Mr. Elliott, the British pro Consul at Boston has awarded £500 sterling, to be distributed by him to the owners, master and crew of the American bark Byron, Capt. Read, of Stonington, Conn., and a Gold Medal, bearing the portrait of Her Majesty the Queen, to Capt. Read—for their humane exertions in rescuing eighteen British seamen, wrecked on the coast of Patagonia. Mr. Elliott has also been directed by the British government to give £100 sterling to the owner of the schooner Leander, of Boston, for rescuing and taking into port the crew of the British brig Lelia.—*Transcript.*

Prussia and the Rhenish Provinces.

The London *Times* has a letter dated Cologne, March 8th, from which we extract a few remarks. That venal paper whilst correct in its information, endeavors almost uniformly to weaken the effect in Britain of the late occurrences on the Continent by instituting comparisons between them and those of England in 1830. The intelligence contained in the letter is such as at any other than at the present exciting period would be news enough to furnish gossip and speculation for the newspapers for many weeks:

The middle classes of Prussia, as well as of the other Rhenish states, are determined to achieve their political independence, and to have a potential voice in the government; they are peaceful, but resolutely devoted to their country, and firm in asserting their rights. Their's is no new resolution, no scheme rashly or hastily formed, but one which has been well considered and deliberately planned. They have waited even with more than German patience, knowing that their hour was not yet come. They have bided their time, which has at length arrived. Their case presents an exact parallel to that of England in 1830. Ours was a long and peaceful struggle between the middle classes and the aristocracy, the people exercising a voice potential after their own fashion; events occurred elsewhere which brought our struggle to a close, and we obtained reform. Here the conflict (if conflict occur) will be between the burghers and the sovereign; the people not idly observing events as they happen, and ready to take their part with the former when occasion requires. At this moment a glorious spirit of nationality pervades all classes. No threat is held out—no unfair advantage taken of the occurrences in France. The people require what they consider themselves entitled to, and nothing more. Will the king comply with their request, or will he run the risk of having a discontented nation, and trust to their repelling a republican army, should his frontier be invaded? It surely behoves him to consolidate their affections, the rather that some of the smaller States of Germany, (Baden, for instance) have already been compelled to reform their constitutions. Prussia is a strong military power, and her bayonets might, for a short time, suffice to coerce the nation; but such a rule would be of short duration. *Already petitions for reform have been prepared, which are lying at the different hotels on the Rhine, and in the Rhenish provinces; the burghers flock in crowds, and sign them to a man.* Such a state of things is unheard of in Prussia; to take the initiative in so decided a manner has never before occurred to her citizens; and we all know *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.* You may conceive how thoroughly the German spirit must be roused; and if, in the course of events, a French army should threaten the Rhine, the people would compel the king to grant that reform which would now be considered in the nature of a boon. But it is not in Prussia and Rhenish provinces only that this determination exists. Meanwhile Prussia is taking every precaution, and using all means to strengthen her frontier. 6,000 soldiers are quartered in this town. The reserve has been called out. Two regiments have marched through to Aix-la-Chapelle, and the Rhine is alive with steamers carrying troops to one point or another. The 7th and 8th *corps d'armee*, (the Rhenish and Westphalian,) are at once to be raised, and every day regiments or conscripts enliven Cologne as they march through with their magnificent bands. For the last two days politics have been forgotten; the king's reply is patiently awaited, and the thoughts of all mankind (including the fair sex) are turned towards the carnival, which, on the Rhine, and at Cologne in particular, enjoys a great reputation. The streets yesterday were crowded with maskers; I saw many groups of morris dancers, with pipe and tabor; the dragon was common, nor was the hobby horse forgot. All were good-humored, and enjoyed themselves after their own fashion. There were several masquerades in the evening; I went to two, which were intolerably stupid, and there was nothing of that entertainment which is found at Paris on similar occasions; in short, they were rather more dull than those which the Londoners enjoy under the auspices of M. Jullien.

Geology.—The explorations of geologists have brought to light wonders scarcely exceeded by those of astronomy. While many fanciful theories have no doubt originated, the facts which are constantly developed are adapted at once to gratify and stimulate the friends of science.

Mr. Lyell traveled across Sweden from the east to the west coast, on the summit-level, and found everywhere the same appearance as on the coast. The whole country affords incontestible upheval, but varying in different districts, being greatest towards the north, where the rise has been from 600 to 700 feet, near Christina 400 feet, and at Uddevalla 200 feet. The elevation, however, has been neither uniform nor continuous; what is now rising was once sinking, interrupted by long intervals of rest.

Perhaps the most interesting fact noticed by Mr. Lyell, is the discovery of a wooden fishing hut, at a depth of sixty feet beneath the surface of the soil, during the excavations for a canal to unite Lake Malar with an inlet of the Baltic. The structure was about eight feet square; the walls crumbled away on exposure to the air, but the floor timbers remained sound. There was a rude stone fire place in the center, with fragments of half-burnt wood, and outside a heap of wood, piled up for fuel. Not a particle of iron appeared to have been used in the construction of this singular building. It was compactly buried in fine sand, on which coarse gravel and large boulders in wavy strata were super-imposed. It has been shown that the submergence, if caused by a sudden inundation, would have left the boulders, as the heaviest portion of the materials, at the bottom; instead of where they are now found—at the surface; a position in which they have been deposited by floating ice. And we learn from this remarkable fact, that since the building of fishing huts in Sweden, the land where the canal is dug, has sunk during a period long enough for the deposition of strata sixty-four feet in thickness by the sea, and has subsequently been raised to its present elevation.

Business.—"Business," says a celebrated writer, "is the salt of life, which not only gives a grateful smack to it, but dries up those crudities that would offend, preserves from putrefaction, and drives off all those blowing flies that would corrupt it. Let a man be sure to drive his business rather than let it drive him. When a man is but once brought to be driven, he becomes a vassal to his affairs. Reason and right give the quickest despatch. All the entanglements that we meet with arise from the irrationality of ourselves or others. With a wise and honest man a business is soon ended, but with a fool and knave, there is no conclusion, and seldom even a beginning."

ADDRESSED TO HUSBANDS.—A woman ought to have her own purse, great or small, whichever it may be. Ten, fifty, a hundred, or a thousand dollars, according to circumstances, but her own, for which she accounts to—herself. Would you know "why," you gentlemen who make your wives account for pins and cents? Why, most especially and particularly for your own sublime peace and prosperity. You do not think so? Well, then; a tea-cup, a glass are broken, or suddenly tea-pot, cup, and glass, all at once fall in pieces, and *nobody* has broken them; and so on. The wife who has not her own purse, but who must replace the cups and glass, goes to her husband, relates the misfortune, and begs for a little to make good the damage. He scolds the servants, his wife, who ought to look after the servants. "Money, indeed!—a little money—money does not grow out of the ground, nor yet is it rained down from heaven—many small brooks make a great river." And such like. At last he gives a little money, and remains often in a very ill humor. Again: if the wife have her own little purse, then such little vexations never come near him. Children, servants, misfortune, remain the same; but no disorder is remarked; all is made right as at first; all is in order; and the head of the house, who, perhaps, with the greatest ease, could lay down a thousand rixdollars at once, need not for a few pence, squeezed out at different times, loose the equipoise of his temper, which is as invaluable to the whole house as to himself. And dost thou reckon as nothing, thou unfeeling nabob, those little surprises, those little birth-day and names-day pleasures, with which thy wife can give herself the delight of surprising thee—those thousand small pleasures, which, unexpected as falling stars, gleam like them on the heaven of home, and which must all come to thee from the affection of thy wife, through—*a little money*, which thou must give to her in the gross, in order to receive again in the small, with rich interest of comfort and happiness?—Now, is it clear yet? To every true woman's heart it is indescribably delightful *to give*,—to feel itself alive in the satisfaction and happiness of others;—it is the sunshine of the heart, and is more needed here in the cold north perhaps than elsewhere.—*Mary Howitt.*

NAPOLEON'S PROPHECY.—During his imprisonment on St. Helena, NAPOLEON made to LAS CASES the following prediction—part of which has been already fulfilled:

"In less than twenty-five years from the present time, the whole European system will be changed. The French *will cast the Bourbons and the debts off*, as my Arabian steed would any stranger who would dare to mount him. Then, if my son be in existence, he will be seated on the throne amid the acclamations of the people; if he be not, *France will go back to a Republic;* for no other hand will dare to seize a sceptre which it cannot wield. The *Orleans branch*, though amiable, are too much like other Bourbons, *and will share the same fate*, if they do not choose to live as simple citizens under whatever changes take place. France once more a republic other countries will follow her example—Germans, Prussians, Poles, Italians, Danes, Swedes and Russians, will all join in the crusade for liberty."

It will be remarked, as one of the strongest evidences furnished of the consistency of the Republicanism of the present French government, that one of its first acts was a decree abolishing slavery in the entire dominion of France!—*Alb. Jour.*

Rural Department.

DEBATE IN A FARMERS' CLUB.—'Tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis, 'tis true—that the discussions in Farmers' Clubs and in similar institutions sometimes assume an eminently Pickwickian character. Those excessively scientific persons who speak whenever they can in words of three syllables, or as much longer as they can invent, and rail at practical farmers who will not adopt their whims, do as much or more to perpetuate ignorance and prejudice, than the most stubbornly old fashioned Agriculturists in the remotest part of Dutch Pennsylvania or Lower Canada. We were led to make these remarks by that excellent paper, "The American Agriculturist," which bears the following testimony:

The course, which discussions in a Farmers' Club often take, renders it evident that the experiments made are generally conducted on no fixed principles, but are for the most part under the guidance of chance. For instance, let the subject under consideration be the use and application of liquid manure, the debate will almost invariably take a course similar to the following:

Mr. Hope has tried the manure in question, and derived no benefit from it. Mr. Playfair, on the other hand, announces the brilliant success of his experiments with it; while Mr. Drawback declares his his experience to be the very reverse of this, and to coincide with that of Mr. Hope—"Liquid manure." he says "is liquid nonsense; and a few loads of rotten dung are worth more than all the nitrates of soda and potash in creation." This Mr. Goodluck as stoutly denies, and so the discussion proceeds to the extent of at least a dozen speakers, until Mr. Fairweather, the chairman, wisely sums up with becoming impartiality, by declaring that, "there is a great deal to be said on both sides."

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.—The February number of The Horticulturist has an article on this subject, which contains some hints on the moral influence of good houses, and the want of fitness or propriety in our strivings after architectural beauty, which may be useful. Here is a sensible extract:

"Almost the first principle, certainly the grand principle which an apostle of architectural progress ought to preach in America is, 'keep in mind propriety.' Do not build your dwellings like temples, churches, or cathedrals. Let them be, characteristically, dwelling houses. And more than this: always let their individuality of purpose be fairly avowed: let the cottage be a cottage—the farm-house a farm-house—the villa a villa, and the mansion a mansion. Do not attempt to build a dwelling upon your farm after the fashion of the town house of your friend, the city merchant; do not attempt to give the modest little cottage the ambitious air of the ornate villa.

"Be assured that there is, if you will search for it, a peculiar beauty that belongs to each of these classes of dwellings, that heightens and adorns it almost magically; while, if he borrows the ornaments of the other, it is only debased and falsified in the character and expression. The most expensive and elaborate structure, overlaid with costly ornaments, will fail to give a ray of pleasure to the mind of real taste, if it is not appropriate to the purpose in view, or the means or position of its occupants; while the simple farm-house, rustically and tastefully adorned, and ministering beauty to hearts that answer to the spirit of the beautiful, will weave a spell in the memory not easily forgotten."

For the Western Literary Messenger.

To my Album.

BY MRS. E. M. SHELDON.

Album! thou art old-fashioned, and as such
Fair belles would blush to see their names subscribed
To sentiment upon thy page: and beaux
Would frown if thou shouldst come, begging of them
Small favor for thy cabinet of thought—
And still I love thee: for methinks I've read
That *friendship* is old-fashioned. David's love
For his adopted brother, e'en surpassed
The unbounded depth of female tenderness;
And friendship dwelt among the band who caught
Its very essence from the Savior's lips.—
Then go thou forth into life's garden, roam
Mid its unnumbered sweets, and bring from thence
Young buds, the unfolding, and the full-blown flower,
And e'en the yellow leaf, and bind them up
With florist's skill, into a rich boquet
Of fadeless bloom—and when these eyes shall need
The aiding glass, their tints will be more bright
And odor long preserved, more sweet than now;
For memory lendeth to the long-since past,
Charms which the present doth not realize.
Haste! gather thy boquet! for Time doth write
With tireless finger on earth's loveliness
Stern sentence, and each zephyr sighs in sad
Response, "Passing away! passing away."

JACKSON, Mich.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Old Familiar Places.

Who loves not the familiar objects which clustered around his youthful home? Whose heart does not cling to its loved haunts all the closer the longer they have gladdened his sight, and remember them with ardent longings when afar from their hallowed scenes?

Oh! the old familiar places of my childhood! They seem part and parcel of life itself. The hills—the woods—the purling streams and sunny slopes, are endeared to my mind by recollections of past pleasures, with which I can still hold sweet communings.

When walking along this secluded forest path, I remember the friends of my boyhood with whom I once strolled here so often, and most vividly arise the scenes of long-ago. When I sit on this mossy bank, still the haunt of the early spring flowers, whose delicate leaves seem pictured with memories of the olden time, my mind reverts to the blessed days when with beloved sisters I gathered their scented treasures; our hearts as free from sorrow and care as were the pure blossoms of which we wove our fragrant garlands.—When reclining beneath this solitary tree I think of one who long, long ago sat with me here; who has since braved the dangers of the world and shared its honors and rewards, as well as felt its disappointments: while the scene of my humble labors and influence has ever been within sight of its spreading branches.

And yonder sunny hill-side—can I walk there without remembering one who shared my noonday rambles when at school? Can I forget the trembling hopes—the unspoken wishes—the half-formed aspirations, and unowned depth of love which thrilled my heart even then? Never! never! though years teach me, again and again,

"Spring bids full many buds to swell
That cannot grow to flowers,"—

Ye old familiar places! May my life be passed within the charmed circle of your influence.—May my last steps on earth be along the paths where I bounded so merrily in youth, and my body repose at last beneath the sod on which it has so often lain in life. H.

From the Commercial Advertiser of April 4.

Last Night's Meeting.

There has seldom been a more general interest pervading the city than in reference to the Meeting assembled last evening, to express the sentiments of our citizens upon the recent news from France. It is difficult to give with any approach to accuracy the numbers of those present, but if we include the dense mass of spectators who crowded Main street, from Genesee Square to below the Liberty Pole at the time when the procession passed, *twelve thousand* would not be too high an estimate.

After forming, chiefly in accordance with the programme published yesterday, the procession marched from Genesee Square to the Liberty Pole, illuminating Main street by the light of some hundreds of torches. A platform had been erected at the Liberty Pole for the speakers.

The following officers were appointed:

PRESIDENT,

HON. ORLANDO ALLEN,

VICE PRESIDENTS,

Joseph G. Masten,	Isaac Sherman,
I. T. Hatch,	T. Coburn,
James McKay,	S. Wilkeson, Jr.,
Eli Williamson,	F. P. Stevens,
C. C. Bristol,	James Wadsworth,
James G. Dickie,	R. W. Haskins,
Oliver G. Steele,	A. P. Nichols,
F. O. Handel,	E. R. Jewett,
C. H. S. Williams,	I. A. Verplank,
Samuel T. Atwater,	James Spencer,
Conrad Hellreigel,	William Rink,
James L. Barton,	F. Gridley.

SECRETARIES.

George V. Brown,	A. M. Clapp,
William A. Seaver,	G. J. Bryan

ORATORS,

S. G. Haven,	H. K. Smith,
Seth C. Hawley,	G. W. Clinton.

Resolutions were then read, in French by Mons. GEORGER; in German by W. ESSLINGER, and in English by Dr. THELLER. They were warmly applauded and unanimously adopted. The following are the Resolutions offered in the English language:

Whereas, we who are here assembled are natives of nearly every christian country in Europe and America, but are now enjoying all the blessings resulting from its natural advantages and a system built upon the broadest foundations of political and religious liberty; and, whereas we heartily rejoice in every wise effort to enable man to enjoy the blessings of which he who made the world intended that all men should equally partake. We therefore unanimously concur in the following Resolutions:

Resolved, That the news of the dethronement and expulsion of Louis Phillippe, by the long suffering, but surely avenging spirit of the French people, who were seduced by his hypocrisy to consent to his elevation, and cheated of promised liberty by his treachery when in power, brings a thrill of joy to the heart of every friend of human rights.

Resolved, That the result of the eighteen years labor of the "citizen king" to establish a perpetual dynasty, and to rivet the chains of slavery upon the people of France, proves the utter futility of the efforts of the most crafty tyrant to fix gyves upon the soul of a great nation, in which love of liberty is innate and inextinguishable.

Resolved, That we cordially congratulate the people of France upon the results of the *late* "glorious three days," and cherish the liveliest confidence that the institutions they may adopt for the permanent government of that great country may comprehend the fullest recognition of the representative system, and the right of suffrage, and thus ensure happiness to themselves and the good effects of a memorable example to the world.

Resolved, That these principles, aided by a proper system of education, which is to the mind what light is to the eye, afford full means of developing all the happiness of which human nature is capable, as they tend to the realization of equality, fraternity, and liberty.

Resolved, That whilst we honor France for her great deeds of valor and forbearance in her struggles against despotism and military power, we must not overlook the undaunted spirit of liberty already manifested in Germany, Switzerland and the Italian States, and many other parts of Europe. Under various forms the spirit and purpose are one and the same.

Resolved, That we believe France is admirably adapted by the intelligence of the people, and the number of those who own her soil, to govern herself as a great nation should be governed, to maintain the first requisites of society, which are order and security—and to advance the welfare of her people by recognizing the fact that the honest laborer is worthy of his hire.

Resolved, That the right of Revolution when governments forget the high responsibility of their trust, and offend against the rights of the people of which they are the reflection, is sacred and inalienable. The blood of tyrants is the seed of liberty.

Resolved, That while we hail with joy the progress of freedom, in continental Europe, our minds revert with painful solicitude to a sorely oppressed people that has large claims upon our warmest sympathies—and we ask of each other what will Ireland do? That she will do what she can all must hope; and that she can burst asunder the chains which bind her in thraldom, if she strike at once while tyranny cowers, none can doubt. "Now or never," should be the rallying cry of Ireland.

After the adoption of the Resolutions the meeting was addressed by H. K. Smith, G. W. Clinton, and S. G. Haven. From the size and density of the crowd, we were unable to obtain a position where we could hear the whole of the speeches. They were frequently interrupted by applause, and we heard enough to show us that they were fully in accordance with the spirit of the events which they commemorated and were well worthy of the occasion. Dr. Brunck also addressed the meeting in an enthusiastic manner. He was highly applauded by our German friends whose language he spoke. The Marseilles Hymn was admirably sung by the Frenchmen, and in connection with the glare of the bon-fires and the vast concourse of assembled citizens, brought before the imagination of many who were present some of the scenes in the late Revolution itself. The German National song also was sung by the Germans.

In conclusion, his Honor the Mayor proposed nine cheers for the Revolution, which were given with great spirit. The assemblage then dispersed.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

The Returning Pestilence.

BY JOHN C. LORD, D.D.

By river and fountain,
By desert and plain,
Over valley and mountain
I am coming again
To execute judgment—an Angel of Wrath,
With Terror and Anguish and Death in my path.

In the East I began,
O'er the dank jungles sweeping,
In the Old Hindoostan
Was wailing and weeping:
From the plague-smitten city, e'en the Pariahs flee,
And Gunga, corpse burthened, rolls on to the sea.

On the flower-scented gale
Is the taint of my breath,
And Persian wives wail,
For the Angel of Death
In the land of the rose his shadow hath cast,
And darkened the hopes of their hearts as he passed.

Then Siberian snows
In my passage I crossed,
And the death wail arose
In the regions of frost;
For the Ice-Monarch's mantle was there no defence
'Gainst the life-quelling touch of the pestilence.

By the Sign of Salvation
I paused for a time;
From each Christian nation
Rose voices of crime.
Though the symbol was there, the substance was gone,
To the harvest of Death I went speedily on.

Then Russia—the cold—
In my pathway I swept,
And in Moskwa the old
The grey bearded have wept,
Who saw, without tears, their palaces fired
For him whose commission at Moscow expired.

And onward advancing,
Like a strong man from wine,
Where the sun-browned are dancing
In the land of the vine,
With the step of a giant, Death's wine press I tread,
Before me the living—behind me the dead.

Weep, maids of Vienna!
Howl Paris and Rome!
The gates of Gehenna
Are opening for doom.
The plague-cart shall wait by your mansions of pride,
The rich with the poor to the Dark House shall ride.

At the last I shall sail
For the star-bannered West,
And my barque shall not fail
O'er the Ocean's broad breast
To land me—long dreaded—though my ship-mates shall sleep
Where o'er the sea-buried the mermaidens weep.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

The News from Europe.

Our paper went to press last week before any of the foreign files brought by the Caledonia, had reached us, and as we gave only the brief telegraphic reports we shall devote a page or so this week to a condensed statement of certain affairs abroad.

On the 26th of February, M. de LAMARTINE officially announced the establishment of a Republic in France in these words:

"Citizens,—The provisional government of the republic has called upon the people to witness its gratitude for the magnificent national co-operation which has just accepted these new institutions. (Prolonged acclamations from the crowd and national guards.)

The provisional government of the republic has only joyful intelligence to announce to the people here assembled.

Royalty is abolished.

The republic is proclaimed.

The people will exercise their political rights.

National workshops are open for those who are without work. (Immense acclamations.)

The army is being re-organized. The national guards indissolubly unites itself with the people, so as to promptly restore order with the same hand that had only the preceding moment conquered our liberty. (Renewed acclamations.)

Finally, gentlemen, the provisional government was anxious to be itself the bearer to you of the last decree it has resolved on and signed in this memorable sitting—that is, the abolition of the penalty of death for political matters. (Unanimous bravos.)

The same gentleman also announced a manifesto to the powers of Europe the whole of which amounts to this, that "*The French Government is equally determined not to make war upon any one, and to accept war from whatever quarter it may come.* It declares that the treaty of Vienna ceased to exist in the fall of Cracow."

On the 29th of February, Mr. RICHARD RUSH, our minister at the French Court, went to the Hotel de Ville where the Provisional Government was sitting and addressed the members as follows:

"Gentlemen,—As representative of the United States, charged with care of the rights and interests of my country, and of my fellow-citizens residing in France, and being at too great a distance to await instructions, I seize the earliest opportunity of offering my congratulations, persuaded that my Government will approve the step, of which I have taken the initiative. I must not omit to remind you that the alliance and friendship which have so long united France and the United States is unimpaired. I am certain that a loud and universal expression of hope will arise in my country for the prosperity, happiness and glory of France under the institutions which she has now inaugurated in conformity to the will of the nation. Americans will have an ardent hope that under the wisdom of France these institutions will have for the whole human race results, of which the magnanimous conduct of the people in the late events afford a happy presage. Under similar institutions, the United States have enjoyed for seventy years an increasing prosperity, with a Government of uninterrupted stability; and if the Union invariably leaves to other countries a free choice of Government, without any interference, it will naturally feel gratified in seeing another great nation flourish under institutions which have assured to themselves the benefits of social order and public liberty.

Permit me, Gentlemen, to employ the words of the great and excellent Washington, the immortal founder of our republic, used by him on a similar occasion to the present, and to terminate this address by adding to my congratulations the earnest hope that the friendship of the two republics may be co-extensive with their duration.

M. Arago replied—'The Provisional Government thanks you for the good wishes you entertain for the greatness and prosperity of France. It is delightful to re-echo the words of Washington, and it has a firm reliance that these words will not only be a desire but a reality.'

M. Dupont de l'Eure, then addressing the Ambassador, said—'Permit me, Sir, in offering you my hand, to assure you that the French people tender a hand of friendship to the American nation.'

Mr. R. Rush was accompanied by Mr. Martin, Chief Secretary of Embassy, and also by Major Poussin. When these gentlemen quitted the Hotel de Ville, the guards presented arms, and cries of '*Vive la Republique des Etats Unis!*' saluted the Embassador."

The Revolution in France has caused great commotion in other parts of Europe. The Jesuits have been obliged to flee from Geneva. The journals of Turin are urging the king to take the command of the national forces, and effect, if possible, the salvation of Italy. Great military preparations are being made at Piedmont and Alexandria. Germany, says a foreign journal, "is advancing towards a great reform." And the only hope of securing Lombardy for the imperial family, according to the same journal, "*is by granting a free constitution.*" Hungary has lost her respect for Prince Metternich, and the people of all Austria seem determined, hereafter, to frame their own constitution.

This Revolution in France is evidently the result of the pure "leaven" of Democracy; and as Europe constitutes one "lump," we should not be surprized if, ere long, the whole were leavened.

WILLIAM A. SEAVER, Esq., late of the Batavia *Spirit of the Times*, has become associated with Mr. FOY in the proprietorship, and with Mr. DOTY in the editorial department of the *Courier* of this city. As Mr. S. succeeded in making the best *weekly village* paper in Western New York, his labors will no doubt tend to materially increase the growing popularity of a *daily city* journal. It may not be known to our citizens that he has for years furnished occasional condiments for the "Editor's Table" of the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE CULTIVATOR.—We have several agricultural papers in exchange, the choicest and best printed of which is the Albany Cultivator, issued monthly at one dollar a year. Each number contains thirty-two pages.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—The American edition of this young yet manly Quarterly for February, republished by Leonard Scott, & Co., contains ten papers prepared by able pens. The first, on the Female characters of Goethe and Shakspeare and the sixth, a review of Dr. Chalmers' Posthumous Works, will be found particularly interesting. Speaking of the deceased himself, the reviewer says:

Dr. Chalmers was a ruler among men: this we know historically; this every man who came within his range felt at once. There was something about his whole air and manner, that disposed you at the very first to make way where he went—he held you before you were aware. That this depended fully as much upon the activity and the quantity—if we may so express ourselves—of his affections, and upon that unknown combined action of mind and body which we call temperament, and upon a straightforward, energetic will—as upon what is called the pure intellect, will be generally allowed; but with all this, he could not have been and done what he was and did, had he not had an understanding, in vigor and in capacity, fully worthy of its great and ardent companions. It was large, and free, and mobile, and intense, rather than penetrative, judicial, clear, or fine—so that in one sense he was more a man to make others *act* than *think;* but his own actings had always their origin in some fixed, central, urgent *proposition*, as he would call it, and he always began his onset with stating plainly what he held to be a great seminal truth; from this he passed at once, not into exposition, but into illustration and enforcement—into, if we may make a word, overwhelming insistance. Something was to be done, rather than explained.—There was no separating his thoughts and expressions from his person, and looks, and voice. How perfectly we can at this moment recal him as he went in and out before us!

Thundering, flaming, lightening in the pulpit; teaching, indoctrinating, drawing after him his students in his lecture room; sitting among other public men, the most unconscious, the most kinglike of them all, with that leonine countenance, that beaming, liberal smile; or on the way out to his home, in his old-fashioned great-coat, with his throat muffled up, his big walking-stick moved onward in an arc, its point fixed, its head, circumferential, a sort of companion, and playmate, with which, doubtless, he demolished legions of imaginary foes, errors, and stupidities in men and things, in church and state. His great look, large chest, large head, his amplitude everywhere: his broad, simple, shieldlike, inturned feet; his short, hurried, impatient step; his erect, royal air: his look of general goodwill; his kindling up into a warm but still vague benignity when one he did not recognise spoke to him; the addition, for it was not a change, of keen speciality to his hearty recognition; the twinkle of his eyes: the immediately saying something very personal to set all to rights, and then the sending you off with some thought, some feeling, some remembrance, making your heart burn within you; his voice indescribable; his eye, that most peculiar feature—not vacant, but *asleep*—innocent, mild, large; and his soul, its great inhabitant, not always at its window; and then, when he did awake, how close to you was that burning vehement soul! how it infected you, and went through you! how mild and affectionate, and genial its expression at its own fireside. But we may not enter there; a stranger may not intermeddle with the joys that are gone and remembered, and the sorrows that remain and that refuse to be comforted. He was a man unlike many public and even great men, the nearer you went to him, the better, the goodlier, did he appear.

The nineth article, touching Sir John Herschel's astronomical observations at the Cape of Good Hope, will claim the attention of all scientific minds.

For sale by A. Burke.

THE MAIL BOOKS, belonging to the office of the Anglo Saxon newspaper published in New York city, were stolen on the 25th or 26th ult., and the proprietors have no clue to the list of their subscribers. In a card which they have issued and a copy of which we have received, they wished their loss made known to their subscribers, and request the same to address them, *post paid*, stating particularly to what date they are entitled to the paper.

THE UNION MAGAZINE, for this month is very richly embellished. "The lost Glove" and "Memory," two finely conceived and finished engravings, are worth the price of the number. The literary contents are mostly by the best female writers in the country. Mrs. Child, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Kirkland and Mrs. Embury, and other such writers are contributors this month.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles, lately received, are filed for insertion:—

"*To Death*," translated from the German, by Prof. A. C. KENDRICK; "*Astronomy*," by "IRIS;" "*The Mission of the Flowers*" and "*To Minna.*" by "ION;" and "*A Song for May*," by "ADELIA." As other communications, previously received, will be inserted first, these friends will exercise patience.

"*Rising of the People*" is indiscreet in sentiment, extravagant in language, pointless in thought and faulty in construction. Declined.

IMPERFECT FILES.—A subscriber at Austinburg, O., writes to us for certain missing numbers in volumes six and seven, which we would cheerfully forward had we them on hand. Persons wishing to complete their files, should notify us at the end of each volume, and then we shall find but little trouble in supplying their wants.

NAVIGATION on lake Erie has been open for two weeks. It has been with difficulty, however, that boats could enter or leave our harbor on account of the ice. This obstruction is proving less and less formidable every day. Sail craft will leave in a few days.

PRESERVE YOUR PAPERS.—Our subscribers who preserve their papers, will have a complete history of the French Revolution of 1848 to refer to in future years. We shall be particular to record every thing interesting pertaining to it.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR died in New-York city on the morning of the 29th ult. He was probably the wealthiest man in the United States.

Additional Items from France.

Ledru Rollin has written an address to the Commissaries through the Departments, explaining to them the principles on which the Republic was founded, and recommending them not to displace any of the public functionaries whose position is purely administrative, and who obtained their places by useful services. He calls particular attention to the condition of mechanics and laborers, and says:

"On your arrival at your headquarters, invite round you the most influential patriots. Their advice should always have great weight with you, but forget not that the best mode of obtaining their assistance, and with them that of the entire population, is to impress an indefatigable activity on every branch of the administration. We are the servants of the people, and by our application and our zeal we will prove that we are worthy of their confidence. Give, therefore, everywhere the example of vigilance and of industry, that by your care no interest may suffer from the momentary perturbation occasioned by the fall of a detested power, and you will have usefully fulfilled your commission. I need not tell you that your attention should be directed in a special manner to the organization of the National Guard. Composed of all classes of citizens, as it is about to be, it is the force and the glory of the country and the guaranty of our liberties. Send me an exact statement of the composition of each of the cantonal legions of your Department. Cause the chiefs to be elected, maintain numerous reports with them, and communicate to them the spirit which animates you. Apply yourselves, in fine, to collect clearly and precisely all facts relating to the operatives in your Department. It is by them and for them that the Republic was founded, whose mission is to put an end to their sufferings, and to consecrate their rights. If urgent necessity should appear to you to command extraordinary measures, apply to me forthwith. But even in that case endeavor to spare all sudden transition. Disturb no respectable interests; by so doing, even those you wish to serve may be injured. In some parts of the country lamentable acts of violence have been committed. Enlighten those who may for the moment be led astray.—The operatives by breaking machinery compromise their cause and produce universal ruin.—Still, a little patience, and those wonders of the human genius which have not merited mutilation, set in motion by capital and labor, will enrich those who at present execrate them. Agriculture, resuming the rank and importance of which it has been deprived, will cover the earth with the produce which the neglect of other governments suffered to be engulphed, and will thus throw into circulation elements hitherto unknown, which will regenerate industry. Such is the prospect reserved for us if we are really revolutionary—if our ideas, our deliberations, our acts, are conformable to the law of fraternity, which ought to be the rule of future societies. Happy to prepare such an advent which belongs to us, to re-assure the public mind, to consolidate credit, to renew transactions, and to collect the materials of the vast edifice which the national assemblage will raise, let all generous hearts and all intelligent minds set to work and come to our assistance. This is a subject of noble ambition.—Give to the world the example of tranquility after an extraordinary victory, and appeal to the influence of ideas and of reason to accept courageously the rude trials of the present moment, and to unite in order to traverse and to vanquish them. Such a course characterizes, and must immortalize, a great nation. Such is the object of our common efforts. In order that mine may be efficacious, I have need, citizen Commissary, of your assistance, and your patriotism enables me to count upon it unreservedly."

The new mode of election in France.

The Siecle says:—"We believe we are warranted in giving the following as the mode to be adopted in the formation of the electoral lists, and the verification of the votes. The electoral capacity of the citizen is to be attested at the Mairie. Every elector, therefore, must present himself at the Mairie of his arrondissement, with a certificate of his birth, or any other voucher of the *stat civil*, upon the inspection of which the Mayor will deliver him a certificate containing his name, profession, age, and residence. Lists of these certificates will be sent by the Mayor to the chief town of the canton, and those lists of the electors will be made and published in great numbers; so that every citizen will be able to point out, and cause to be erased, any persons who may be disqualified by article six of the decree. Lists made out from these certificates will be deposited a few days before the elections at the Mairies, and be delivered to each elector who may demand them. The certificate will give the elector the right of entering the place of voting appointed for his section. The following is the manner in which the difficulty attending the voting in places where the population is very numerous has been overcome. The general list for the Department of the Seine will be divided, as nearly as may be, into sections of 500 electors; so that those resident within that circle will vote together at the place which will be marked on their certificates. Each must then inscribe on the bulletin which has been delivered to him the names of such candidates as he means to vote for. Those who cannot write must have their marks certified by two witnesses. At each section a *proces-verbal* of the votes will be drawn up, and sent to the chief town of the Department, where a general scrutiny of the votes will be made. The minimum of the votes for the election of a member of the National Assembly cannot be under 2,000.

It is not perhaps generally known that the tri-color flag, as now hoisted at sea on the French packets, is not arranged as formerly, blue, white, red, but is changed for blue, red, white; on coming into harbor, the old one replaces it, as if the new one was not recognized by our government.

Burke, under the Mansion House, has the Edinburgh Review for January and Blackwood's Magazine for March, republished by L. Scott & Co., New-York. We shall speak of the latter again.

The Phrenological Journal for this month, which is for sale by Hawks, contains a likeness of Mr. Freeman Hunt, editor of the Merchant's Magazine, accompanied by an article on his phrenological and physiological character.

The Life of Dr. Judson's second Wife, noticed last week, we have since learned is for sale at Breed's Bookstore in this city.

The Barker Family were here last week. Since the success of the Hutchinsons and Cheneys, strolling families are becoming fashionable.

The Public Funeral.

The following graphic account of the Funeral of the victims of Louis Philippe's tyranny, which we copy from Douglass Jerrold's newspaper, will not fail to be read with interest. No people on earth, except the French, could get up anything so grandly dramatic:

The ceremony took place on Sunday, and all Paris seemed to participate in it. The procession, however, had more the character of military pomp than of funeral solemnity. Legion after legion of the National Guards marched on; there were 5,000 volunteers also, and many old soldiers in the uniform of the empire; there were deputies from the provinces, the pupils of the Lyceums, the Polish Emigrants, and the workmen of Paris, in the procession or lining the streets, while every window on the line of the route was crowded, flags and inscriptions of all kinds being seen in the streets or displayed from the windows. The funeral service took place in the church of the Madeleine. "The arrival of the Provisional Government at the church," says the correspondent of the Times, "was hailed by the Marseillaise, splendidly sung, with the accompaniment of a military band. The instrumental piece that followed, a funeral march by Cherubini, was comparatively weak; little of it was heard above the hum of the crowd; this was succeeded by the 'oath' chorus from 'Guillaume Tell,' a piece from the 'Creation' ('the Heavens are telling,') and the 'prayer,' from 'Mose in Egitto.' The selection seemed to alternate mourning and supplication with the notes of triumph; the effect was sublime. As the music ceased, the funeral cars on which the coffins, fifteen in number, had been placed, were ready to proceed. As the first of the six moved onward, the Marseillaise was repeated; one verse was sung by the female voices alone, the men taking up the chorus, 'aux armes.' As the spirit-stirring strain arose, the whole crowd uncovered and remained so till the last of the cars, which were open, showing the forms of the coffins, until the black palls had passed. The dramatic effect at that moment, the homage of the people, the fierce invocation to battle, the stillness of death, all uniting, made the hearts of all beat quicker with excitement. The scene for that moment was grand, almost overpowering; but from this point it sunk, and for the five hours the ceremony lasted it did not rise again above a spectacle."

The interior of the church was hung with black, and lit with funeral lamps. The coffins were deposited on a sarcophagus, Egyptian in style—on the side of which was inscribed "Dead for their country!" Several bodies had, of course, been privately interred. There were five hearses, the last being followed by the mourners, the families of the slain, next to whom rode a squadron of National Guards, and behind them marched the eleven members of the Provisional Government, the Ministers, and the civil authorities of the capital. The members of the Government were dressed in black, and wore tri-colored sashes. Their presence every where excited the liveliest enthusiasm; and they were saluted with deafening cries of "Vive la Republique!" To which they responded by waving their hats. After them advanced the patriots condemned for political offences, under the reign of Louis Philippe, amidst whom was the celebrated Habert, who, being ill from long confinement, was unable to walk, and had hired an open carriage to accompany his friend. Last of all came the car called that of "The Republic," drawn by eight white horses, simply caparisoned, and bearing the symbol of the Republic, decked with crowns of laurel and tri-colored banners. The corners of the pall were borne by representatives of the laboring classes, the National Guard, the press, the army, the Invalides, the schools, &c.

M. Dupont (de l'Eure,) M. Daguerre, M. Cremieux, and M. G. Pages addressed the people. Throughout the whole proceedings, no breach of the peace occurred, and but one spirit—a thoroughly Republican spirit—seemed to pervade the masses of the French capital.

Congressional.

In Senate, March 28.

Mr. Davis, of Mass., from the Committee on Military Affairs, made a report of a bill for the establishment of an asylum for invalid soldiers.

Mr. Turney of Tennessee, moved that the Judiciary Committee be instructed to inquire into the expediency of a law providing for the punishment of persons who may obtain, surreptitiously and publish, any Executive Document in regard to which secrecy is not removed. Adopted.

Mr. Rusk submitted a resolution of inquiry as to the merits of Colt's revolving firearms.—Adopted.

Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, presented a memorial of C. L. Jones, asking redress for appointment of Col. Hughes to the command of the battalion of Volunteers raised in the District of Columbia. Referred to Committee on Military Affairs.

Mr. Cass moved to take up the bill for ascertaining, and paying the claims growing out of the operations in California. Agreed to.

Mr. Cass addressed the Senate in behalf of the bill, urging both the justice and propriety of settling the claims immediately.

The Loan Bill was then taken up. Mr. Phelps spoke in opposition, and went into a detailed exposition of the finances of the country, reckoning the present public debt at $92,000,000. The bill was read a third time and passed—ayes 34, nays 9.

Mr. Allen gave notice of his intention to request leave tomorrow to propose a resolution proffering the congratulations of Congress to the French People, on account of their recent glorious triumph in the establishment of a Republican Government.

House—The Committee of the Whole took up the Oregon Territorial bill. Mr. Gale opposed the bill strenuously, denying the power of Congress to legislate for the people of Territories, assailing the Wilmot Proviso as a dangerous and unnecessary element.

Mr. Smart followed in support of the bill, and of the Wilmot Proviso.

Senator Hale presented the petition of citizens of New York, asking Congress to make report defining its opinion as to whether Slavery ever had a constitution existence; table.

The resolutions congratulating the people of France was then taken up, when Mr. Hale moved to amend by adding "and manifesting the sincerity of their professions of liberty by emancipating slaves in all their colonies."

Mr. Calhoun moved to lay the resolution on the table, saying that he thought action on the part of the Senate at present premature. It were better in his opinion to wait until we ascertain whether the Republican Government was firmly established—at least we ought to wait the result of the Constituent Convention. Motion lost.

Mr. Allen moved to make it the special order for the first Monday in May.

Mr. Douglass opposed delay. What credit would it be to us or what good would it do France for us to wait until the struggle was over before expressing our sympathy? No action was taken.

House.—The House was engaged on the Refunding Bill and Oregon Bill. Nothing important transpired.

Mr. Hilliard made a regular Taylor speech.

Washington, March 30.

Senate.—Mr. Dix of N. Y. presented a petition from citizens of Rochester, for the purchase of Mount Vernon by the Government, which was referred to the military committee, as it is proposed, in case of the purchase, to employ the estate for an asylum for invalid soldiers.

Mr. Underwood presented a petition from Ky. for an appropriation to repair the dam at Cumberland Island, on the Ohio.

Mr. Bradbury presented a petition for an appropriation to repair the piers on Saco river.

The French congratulation resolutions were taken up and debated by Baldwin and Downs.

Mr. Baldwin advocated the reference of the resolutions to the committee on Foreign Affairs. He was also of the opinion that Congressional action was unnecessary. The people had taken the matter in hand themselves. Mr. Downs was quite urgent in behalf of the bill, saying that his constituents were especially interested in its passage.

The resolutions were laid aside without action, and on motion of Mr. Hannegan the Senate went in executive session, after which they adj. till Monday.

House.—Nothing of much importance was done in the House today. A number of private bills were discussed in committee of the whole, but no decisive votes were taken.

Washington, April 1.

The Senate was not in session to-day.

The House resolved itself into a committee of the Whole on the state of the Union. Mr. Cocke reported the bill granting compensation to the Land Register, Mr. Scott, of Chillicothe; [was then taken up, and discussed at considerable length and passed. The committee rose without transacting any other business, and adjourned.

Tribute to Brig. Gen. Wool.—The following Resolutions were offered in the Assembly on Thursday, by Wessel S. Smith, and laid over under the rule:

Resolved, (if the Senate concur,) That the thanks of this Legislature are due, and are hereby tendered, to our distinguished fellow citizen, Brig. Gen. John E. Wool, for his valor, skill and judicious conduct, conspicuously displayed in organizing and preparing for the service of his country, with unprecedented rapidity, more than 12,000 volunteers, in the summer of '46, in disciplining the column under his command during a rapid march through an enemy's country, disarming that enemy by his humane and vigilant observance of their rights, in the courage and good conduct displayed in the battle of Buena Vista, his uniform gallantry and activity on the field, and the ability and success with which he has since discharged his arduous and responsible duties.

Resolved, (if the Senate concur,) That the Governor be, and he is hereby requested, to procure a sword, with suitable emblems and devices, and present it to Brig. Gen. Wool, in the name of the people of this, his native State, as a testimony of their high appreciation of his services.

Resolved, (if the Senate concur,) That the Governor be, and he is hereby requested, to cause the foregoing resolutions to be communicated to Brig. Gen. Wool, in such terms as he may deem best calculated to give effect to the purposes thereof.

New York, March 3—3 P. M.

The extensive sugar refinery of Dennis & Harris, in Duane street, was totally destroyed by fire at 4 o'clock yesterday morning. In the progress of the fire, some kind of gas was generated from the various sugar or other substance within the building, which exploded and forced a greater portion of the front wall into the street.—At this time, the fire sixty or sixty five feet in the rear of the wall, two men, General W. Kerr, assistant engineer, and Henry Farguis, assistant foreman of engine company No. 8, were killed by the falling of the wall. Seventeen others, including two policemen, were more or less injured—some quite severely. Mr. Harris owned the whole establishment.

His stock on hand was valued at $80,000—the machinery at $50,000 to $60,000. The building was valued at $25,000. Total valuation $165,000—$95,000 of which was covered by insurance. The books and papers of the establishment and $600 in cash were saved by the virtues of one of Herring's salamander safes.

Correspondence of the New Orleans Picayune.

Mexico, Feb. 28, 1848.

Yesterday an incident occurred as Gen. Smith's brigade was returning to the plaza, the relation of which was hearkened to by every American in Mexico with delight. The Rifles—a regiment that landed at Vera Cruz nearly 800 strong, and has been cut down to little over 200—on coming opposite the quarters of Gen. Scott, unable to restrain themselves, broke through the barriers of discipline with the same impetuosity they have many a time rushed over an enemy's battery and halting, gave three as hearty cheers as were ever heard from stout fellows with big lungs.

Horrible Discovery.—It will be recollected that a Doctor Goss, of Seneca county, very mysteriously disappeared some months since, and that the most thorough searches, in that county and elsewhere, proved entirely fruitless. There was great excitement at the time in reference to the matter, but the long time that has elapsed in a measure dissipated this feeling, and all hope of discovering him had been given up. We learn that a man was discovered in Geneva a few days since, having in his possession a note which it was known belonged to Dr. Goss at the time of his disappearance. He was immediately arrested and is said to have made a full confession of the manner in which Dr. Goss was murdered.—The substance of it is that himself and *Featherly*, who is now in jail at Canandaigua for the brutal fight at Geneva some time since, murdered Dr. Goss, supposing him to be the collector of Waterloo; that they afterwards *burnt his body in a lime kiln*, and that some of the bones which were not entirely consumed were buried; and these have been found in the spot indicated by the man who makes the confession. Thus the perpetrators of a most foul murder, are suddenly and unexpectedly exposed, at a moment when they supposed themselves most secure. The mysterious case in this city may possibly be thus suddenly, by some unlooked for circumstance, unravelled, and the murderers brought to justice.—*Rech. Dem.*

One Day Later from Europe.

NEW YORK, March 30—7 P. M.

BRITISH MINISTRY RESIGNING—EXTENSION OF THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.—The *Morning Star* has received a London paper of Sunday, March 12, with one day later from Paris and London, and several days later from Algiers.

Lord John Russell's resignation was decided upon on the 11th. The Cabinet had under consideration important concessions to Ireland, and a considerable extension of the elective franchise was talked of.

Douglass Jerrold had visited Paris as representative of the Liberals of London, and was cordially received by Lamartine. The Liberals had triumphed in the election in Lancaster, Armstrong their candidate being returned by 16 majority.

At Algiers on the receipt of the news from Paris there was great excitement among the military. The officers of the Chasseurs D'Afrique, and of the Light artillery were most prominent. They declared unanimously their adhesion to the new order, singing the Marseilles and Parisienne, with great enthusiasm.

The Moniteur Algerine, of Feb. 28, contains an announcement from the Governor General Duc do Anmale, of events in Paris up to the 24th of February:

DE ORLEANS, Algiers, Feb. 22.

A second announcement of the Governor General says, he has not received from France any official information, but he is informed that the following despatch has been addressed to all Public and Sub Prefects. After giving the despatch announcing the information of the Provisional Government, the announcement continues, "nothing is changed in our duties towards France.—The population and the army will wait with the greatest calmness the order of the mother country."

DE ORLEANS, Feb. 28.

The Prince de Joinville also united in proclaiming the Republic at Algiers.

At Brussels all was quiet.

Rising in Lombardy continually expected.

Successor to Metternich not appointed.

Cortez of Spain on the 3d adopted the 1st article of the bill giving extraordinary powers to ministers, by a large majority.

IRELAND.—In Ireland no breach of the peace has yet taken place, but the exciting language of a certain portion of the press, which surpasses anything within our recollection, has not escaped the attention of the authorities.

An address of congratulation to the French people was agreed to by the committee of the Repeal Association, who held an open meeting on the 6th—the Lord Mayor presiding. The attendance was immense, anticipating a reference to the French revolution. The new repeal journal, the *United Irishman*, contains extraordinary articles, inviting the people to arms, and showing how barricades can be erected, how telegraphs can be destroyed, railroads torn up, and a city street warfare carried on. Its editors ask those men who have not got guns or pistols, to sell their garments and purchase. The excitement produced in Ireland has been intense.

The address to the Irish people was agreed on, which thus concluded: "We are ready to forget party injuries for the sake of our country; in her service, humiliation, danger, sacrifice and death, are welcome where required. Whoever leads, we follow—insisting that we march forward, though graves were to yawn, and gibbets to cross our path."

PLANK ROADS.—The Michigan Assembly passed 26 plank road bills on the 21st of March.

COURAGE AND GENEROSITY HANDSOMELY REWARDED.—On Friday last, we had the pleasure of seeing a beautiful silver tankard, on which were inscribed the following appropriate words:

"Presented to Miss Sarah E. Rogers, by Caleb Jones, Agent of the Virginia Woolen Company, as a mark of respect for and in compliment to her presence of mind, courage and fortitude, in saving the life of Joseph Robinson, caught in a belt at the Factory, March 14, 1848."

The circumstances of this interesting case were briefly as follows: On Tuesday last, one of their workmen, Joseph Robinson, was engaged about some of the machinery, when he was caught by a belt, and would have lost his life, but for the presence of mind of Miss Rogers, one of the operatives. She ran to his assistance, and risking her own saved the life of the man by cutting the belt and thereby immediately relieving him. His arm was badly broken, and he received other injuries—but is now doing very well. It gives us proud pleasure to record the intrepid deed of such noble-minded heroines as Miss Rogers.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

DEATH OF COL. NICHOLAS VAN RENSSELAER.—Another of the venerable relics of the Revolution has departed, we trust to receive the recompense of the just and patriotic. Col. Nicholas Van Rensselaer, a venerable soldier of the Revolution, expired in this city on Wednesday, in the 94th year of his age. Col. VAN RENSSELAER was with Montgomery at the storming of Quebec, was at Ticonderoga, Fort Miller, Fort Ann, and at Bemis' Heights, (in two engagements at the latter,) and was deputed to convey the intelligence of the surrender of Burgoyne to Albany. What events did he not live to witness in the course of his nearly centennial existence! What progress in the history of the great country the liberties of which he fought to establish!—*Albany Argus.*

WONDERFUL FALL OF WATER.—Within the recollection of that respectable old gentlemen, (or whom we have heard so often,) never have the waters of Niagara run so low.

Table Rock and some 200 yards more were left dry, Islands and places where the foot of man never dared to tread, have been visited, flags placed upon some, and mementos brought away.

Judge Porter with his troop of blasters under the command of that active and efficient foreman, Jas. Macafee, was early in the canals, leading to the mills, and factories, where the thunder of their blasts were heard all day on a spot where never before stepped the foot of man, where heretofore the rushing waters forbade too near approach, they worked safely on dry ground.

Rocks which at very low water had sometimes touched the keel of the steamer Maid of the Mist, and for which the Captain had made liberal offers for their removal, were yesterday blown to pieces, and removed with the same ease as though it had been on dry land.—*Niagara Falls Iris.*

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—One of our esteemed citizens, who was formerly a merchant among us, on Saturday showed us a brief and significant letter just received by him, which was in these words: "Buffalo, March 29, 1848. The enclosed belongs to you;" the enclosure was *fifteen dollars* in good bank notes. The postmark was "Railroad"—giving no indication as to the point whence it came. The gentleman is not aware of having lost such a sum at any time. But he evidently has; and that silent monitor, conscience, has caused a restitution of the value of which he had been wrongfully deprived.—*Rock. Adv.*

There's Something Good in Every Heart.

BY THEODORE A. GOULD.

Wouldst win the crime-stained wanderer back
From vice's dark and hideous track—
Let not a frown thy brow deform;
'T will add but fierceness to the storm;
Deal kindly—in that bosom dark
Still lingers virtue's glimmering spark;
Plead with him—'t is the nobler part—
There's something good in every heart.

Bring to his mind the early time,
E'er sin had stained his soul with crime;
When fond affection blest'd his hours,
And strewed his joyous path with flowers;
When sportive jest, and harmless glee,
Bespoke a spirit pure and free.
Plead with him—'t is the nobler part—
There's something good in every heart.

There was a time that head did rest,
Close to a mother's yearning breast—
A time his ear the precepts caught,
A kind and virtuous father taught;
It matters not what treacherous ray
First lured his steps from virtue's way—
Enough to know thou yet mayst save
That soul from sin's engulphing wave.
Plead with him—act the nobler part—
There's something good in every heart.

STEAMBOAT ASSOCIATION.—We hear that the arrangements for this association are about completed and will no doubt be perfected in a short time, and made public! We believe it is the intention to lay up a large number of the older class of steamers and have none but the first class boats brought into service.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MARRIED.

On the 28th inst., by the Rev. A. Wright, Mr. JAMES ELDERKIN, and Miss EUNICE RICHMOND, both of Le Roy, Genesee county.

In Clarence, on the 28th inst., by Rev. D. B. Lawton, Mr. W. SCOTT HUTCHINSON, of Williamsville, and Miss SARAH MARSH, of the former place.

At Warsaw, Mr. SYLVANUS HOWES, of Middlebury, and Miss ELLEN PARKER, of the former place.

In Milwaukee, on the 23d instant, by Rev. B. Akerly, JAMES KNEELAND, Esq., of that place, and Miss ANNA MARIA, daughter of G. A. Foster, of Washington county.

In Newstead, on the 30th ult., by Rev. D. B. Lawton, Mr. MATHIAS VANTINE, of Clarence, and Miss AMANDA L. VAN VALKENBURGH, of the former place.

In Newstead, on the 28th ult., by the Rev. F. Danforth, Mr. GARRA K. LESTER, and Miss PHEBE A. HAVENS, both of that place.

DIED.

On the 28th instant, Mr. JAMES MORRISON, aged 63 years.

On the 20th inst., JAMES SMITH, aged about 25 y'rs.

On the 30th inst., EMILY, daughter of Charles G. and Sarah J. Trusdell, aged 7 weeks.

On the 31st ult, MARIE ANTOINETTE, daughter of Aaron and Lurani Bean, aged 17 years and 11 months.

In Hamburgh, on the 27th inst., SEWELL BROWN, aged 55 years.

At Aurora, on the 16th ult., SILAS WRIGHT, youngest son of Dr. D. J. and M. A. Williams, aged 2 years and 21 days.

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Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1848. NO. 11.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

To Death.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

Thou, that through earth's garden-bowers,
Walk'st at twilight's hour so lone,
Golden fruits and blooming flowers
Pluck'st, which God for thee hath sown;
Spare, O Death, the tender blossom
Which to life's young rapture clings,
Nestling on the mother's bosom,
Cradled by the song she sings.

Leave earth's hardy sons all cheery
Battling with the wintry skies,
From the direst depths so dreary
Bidding life's glad accents rise.
Quench not wisdom's soul so beaming,
Round whose sacred, sun-lit glance
Moons, in youthful radiance streaming,
Weave for aye the mystic dance.

Gently glide when stars are peeping
On thy cloud of silvery rays,
Where an aged sire is weeping
O'er the loved of earlier days.
Speak the names so fond, so tender;
Bear him to those radiant spheres,
Where the eye's eternal splendor
Ne'er is dimmed by parting tears.

And the youth, whose bosom's burning
Was with love's sweet transports fed;
Who in passion's restless yearning
Hath his eager arms outspread;
Now, for love's lost object, gazes
Toward yon star-sown plain and weeps.—
Clasp him in thy kind embraces,
Bear him through heaven's azure deeps;

Where that angel form shall meet him
Cloth'd in bridal loveliness,
Which doth now in spirit greet him,
And in spirit-tones address:
Where spring spreads her glad dominion,
Where the soul, renewed and young,
Ever soars on rapture's pinion,
Ever sings heaven's rapturous song.

A. C. KENDRICK.

MADISON UNIVERSITY, Hamilton, N. Y.

For the Western Literary Messenger

Christian Progress.

A Lecture, delivered before the Young Men's Association of Buffalo, January 3, 1848.

BY GEORGE W. CLINTON, ESQ.

(CONCLUDED.)

But civilization has also a larger meaning. It supposes something more than the social tie, or mere submission to law—it implies also an advance from barbarism. And hence the hordes of Goths, Huns, and Vandals, who swarmed from the Northern hive, and overran Southern Europe, though bound by laws into communities, yet, being unlettered, savage and sanguinary, were but barbarians. Hence, too, the piratical States of Northern Africa, were popularly, at least, called barbarians, or at best half civilized.

Civilization is frequently used in a wrong sense, as implying "merely the multiplication of artificial wants, and of the means and refinements of physical enjoyment." In this sense it is justly scoffed at and derided by those who would separate Religion from it, as from an unclean thing. But in truth it implies "an improved state of physical well being, and of superior intellectual and moral culture," resulting originally from government. It differs in degree, as has been before observed, and the great blot upon it, in all times and in all countries, whatever its degree, is the want of universality, its benefits being never predicable of all those under the government in which it flourishes. To explain!—The Athenians, as a nation, in their republic, were physically happier than, and morally and intellectually superior to the rude Scythians. But there were Athenians poorer, more hunger-pinched, and in intellect and morals baser than the free Scythian. The Egyptians of antiquity, though favored by climate, were far behind the modern Britons in civilization, but vast multitudes, under the old Egyptian, and under the modern British rule, were, and are miserable, the children of crime, and ignorance, and woe. Inferior degrees of civilization may be compatible with a ruder, but more extended felicity. The golden age was one of mere plenty. Arcadia, if realized, would be a state composed of simple, full-fed shepherds, in a benign climate, and their sheep straying in bounteous pastures, would be about as noble as their keepers. The fact that in modern communities, individuals or classes are oppressed, imbruted and miserable, from naught save that civilization has not reached its zenith. It is susceptible of continued progress, and has progressed.

Government is the foundation of social improvement, which is the improvement of the members of the society or nation. Civilization is a condition of individuals as well as of countries; and in fact, the true measure of the civilization of two countries, is their relative proportion of civilized people. For, apart from abstractions, civilization resides primitively in man, and, under its influence he is the source of government. What then is a perfectly civilized man? Is it not a man developed in all his faculties—corporeally comfortable, intellectualy exalted, morally pure? If all were such, there would be but one people on the earth. If a nation were wholly composed of such, it would need no internal, or municipal law, and would preserve so much of government only, as would enable it to deal collectively with foreign powers. A civilized nation, then, is one largely composed of such men, and the proportion of them is the measure of its civilization.

As body, mind, and soul, are all affected favorably by true civilization, it is usual to consider the state of the arts, both the mechanical and fine, the progress of invention, and the condition of literature, morals, religion, philosophy, and the sciences, as inextricably interwoven with it, and as appending criteria, more or less sure, of its extent and worth. And here it is that the advocates of antiquity principally repose their hopes of victory. We will briefly, very briefly, combat them, not to the entrance, but merely shiver a lance or two in a friendly tilt, and leave them to enjoy their old convictions.

We take our stand upon the present, gloomy as it seems to some; and challenge hoary antiquity to produce a nation more civilized than England. Or, for that is the test our airy opponents profess, to specify an ancient period, in which knowledge, literature, the arts or sciences, or morals, were in a palmier state than now.

Will we be referred to solitary triumphs of mind, or wondrous works of art? To Homer, the pyramids, or Cleopatra's needle; the lost art of hardening copper and giving it a cutting edge; the so called republican government of the Hebrews! All these but one this age now has, besides ten thousand better things antiquity never dreamed of, and the sum of civilization is what we have, not merely what we originate. Homer is better possessed by this age than any that preceded it, for many more read him and appreciate his genius. But this age has produced no Homer, nor sphynx, nor pyramid, nor winged lions, and the exhibition of strength and genius is the measure of civilization. The question is not what you have, but what have you created! Indeed I had supposed that there was an hair-loom of honor and wealth, comprising the wholesome of human discovery and power, which descended from generation to generation, to be enriched by each, and held in trust for its successor. Break into the common treasury, if you will, and give each age its own. Which age of long-lived Egypt will you choose? Take all of her many centuries, from the seven years of sore famine, when all of her people, save the priesthood, gave, through Joseph, their money, their flocks, and a fifth part of the produce of their lands, forever to Pharaoh, for bread, and the kingly and priestly power that built the pyramids was thus firmly rooted in the pleasant land they cursed, down to the time that Cleopatra applied the asp to her false bosom, and Egypt became tributary to Rome. Say that she drew not from tradition, or other nations, any of the secrets of the antediluvians which Noah bore with him in the ark, and that she owed naught to the patriarchs, and the active and energetic men who lived ere Thebes was founded. Grant that she sprung into existence, like Minerva from the head of Jove, in the full panoply of her perfection, and what was she, or what did she, that this age should envy her? I am not aware that the deciphered hyeroglyphics have as yet yielded any proof of any great improvement in law or morals by her devised, or that they exhibit her as a free, magnanimous power of the earth, or as the worshiper of God in purity. False, perfidious, and besotted with idols, was she not the special subject of prophetic denunciation? She built the pyramids! Thank God man wastes not now his energies in works requiring only an immensity of labor, without a correspondent usefulness! She hewed a monument, and transported it from its native quarry hundreds of miles, and French engineers the ablest in the world were unable to remove it a few rods further to the sea! This is, I think, exaggeration. We have no reason believe that any of the mechanical powers are lost to us, nor do I admit that aught man has ever done is now impossible to man. But grant these assertions true, and then enquire where is proof of the high purpose of good to man, or the deep feeling, poetic or religious, which beams out of these stupendous and eternal evidences of Titanic strength; the soul that makes them live and speak, and hallows them? Perched on the Alps is a lonely convent, which rises nearer heaven than does the tallest pyramid, and the humblest Bethel church, or the honest school house in our land, is a nobler proof of culture, a higher evidence and surer augury of progress than all the artifices of all the Pharaohs. But they did these great works with tools of copper! And with the same metal did the Peruvians hew out lesser pyramids, and temples, and idols as fantastic as the sphynx. Having steel, we need no substitute to shape the blocks we build with. But chemistry, a science all unknown to Egypt, the fruit of this our age, gives us the composition of the Peruvian chisel.

Admit, if you please, that the sculptured idols and emblems of ancient Nineveh, though they be monsters, evince a deep sense of beauty in those who framed them, and a power to conceive and execute ideal notions of symmetry and grandeur; that the marble Venus and Apollo of the Greeks are still unrivalled: what then? They have naught of divinity about them, save that which is inherent in the perfection of the human form. No inspiration was necessary to their conception. Their living models were then—are now accessible; and perchace our fancy contributes much to the halo which encircles them. And the old poets sang divinely, and the muses expired with them. Be it so. And yet that very poetry, divine though it be, proves a social state, far, far beneath that of our sober age. Is it not possible, that in the fine arts akin to poetry, and in poetry itself, priority of time is in itself a mighty advantage, hard to be overcome. Nature and man with all his passions, hopes and accidents remain the same. There is but one harvest, and they who reaped its first fulness, cannot well reproach those who come after with the scantiness of their gleanings.

The Jewish government, ordained by Heaven for a semi-barbarous people, answered its ends.—But surely there is no irreverence in saying that now it would scarcely satisfy the Jews, were they again the free occupants and owners of the Holy Land. A new dispensation has replaced the old, and the Mosaic law and cumbersome Jewish polity were blotted out by Heaven. He has given us a faith irreconcilable with the narrow civil constitution of the Jews, and commends it to the adoption of the world. That faith is the author of the progress of our race. It descended dove-like from Heaven, in the fulness of appointed time, when man had reached a point beyond which he could not unaided move. Christianity is the very root of modern progress, and the tree of life must grow and cast its salubrious shade, even as the roots extend. You cannot separate this, its greatest element from Progress. As well might you take out man's heart and bid him live.

Before Christ's coming there had been advancement to a certain point. Civilization arose, and flourished, and faded, or was extinguished in blood—revived, and brightened to about the old degree of lustre, and then again expired. The world was barbarous, and civilization was an exception in its general condition. It was a torch carried onward in time by nations. As one fell breathless in the race, another grasped it, and so it was preserved and continued, rather than exalted. Egypt, Babylon, Greece, Carthage, and Rome, were but successive billows of the human ocean, though the latest, like the ninth wave, may have risen a little higher, and dashed a little farther on the shore.—Something was wanting in man himself—a sustained stimilus which would bear him over the great obstacle he had encountered—and that something was first furnished by Christ's teachings. His doctrines were not only those of peace and holiness, but he taught human equality. Not that the Saviour was a teacher of political equality, but the doctrine flows directly from those he uttered. "All men are equal in the sight of God." Do men see clearer than their Maker? Let a Christian look upon his fellows and say if he be entitled to take place of them! Can he boldly raise his eyes to Heaven and pray within himself, saying:—"God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, or even as this Publican?" Does

our religion justify a spirit of oppression, and bear the sword and torch of persecution; or is it full of that charity "which endureth all things, hopeth all things?" True it is that all men are not Christians, in our or any land, but its spirit is diffused around and operates upon them. The infidel philosopher who rejects it, is swayed by it. Its maxims and the sense of right it introduced penetrate every where, and elevate humanity.—Our laws, our manners, our habits of thought are fashioned by it to some extent, and are conforming more closely to its genius as light increases in our intellectual atmosphere.

Understand me not as claiming that a Christian nation *must* be most eminent in art and science, and refined by literature, or that a barbarian cannot be a Christian. But I utterly abhor the doctrine that Civilization and Christianity are antagonists. I cannot conceive that this knowledge of nature, which sublimes the soul, refinement of manners, a deep sense of the beautiful in art, advance in literature, or even the perfection of machinery, repel, Faith, Hope and Charity. Savage nations have indeed received the word gladly; but have they not always been but as the stony ground, until the good seed found room to root itself in added civilization? Imagine, if you can, an ignorant Christian community, and ask your reason whether their religion would not impel them toward civilization with a power unprecedented in the history of man! Would they not labor faithfully *for* bread? study nature with a zeal proportioned to the love they bore towards its Maker? appreciate and struggle for the beautiful in all things? seek to do good in all ways? and even invent and improve machinery to the utmost, so that the shortest possible duration of equitably apportioned labor might leave the greatest space for the expansion of knowledge, which feeds both mind and soul, which fit us for immortality, and through which we commune with Heaven?

We are very far from claiming perfections for our age; but we cannot err when we pronounce it far superior, in true civilization, to any that has preceded it. We would divide the history of Progress into two great portions, pre-Christian and Christian. The former was necessarily limited, the latter is limitless. Civilization attained in the former, a certain elevation and worth, could go no farther, and paused till Christ descended and gave it wings. The reign of Benevolence commenced when Jesus preached love. Before his coming a ferocious spirit not yet subsided, swayed the whole world and guided even the sons of Israel.

Think you man has made no progress since Egypt flourished? A perusal of some history of the laws of Nations may go far to dispel the illusion, and I know not where you will find it more ably and scientifically sketched than by the venerable, jurist Kent, in the first chapter of his Commentaries.

"The law of Nations is the offspring of modern times. The most refined states among the ancients seem to have had no conception of the moral obligation of justice and humanity between nations. They regarded strangers and enemies as nearly synonymous, and considered foreign persons and property as lawful prize. Their laws of war and peace were barbarous and definable. In the most enlightened age of the Grecian republics, piracy was regarded as an honorable employment. It was the received opinion that Greeks were bound by no duties, nor by any moral law, without compact, and that prisoners taken in war had no rights, and might lawfully be put to death or sold into perpetual slavery, with their wives and children. In the latter ages of the Roman Empire, when the municipal law became highly cultivated, and adorned by philanthropy and science, the law of nations was recognized as a part of the natural reason of mankind. The Roman jurisprudence in its most cultivated state, was a very imperfect transcript of the precepts of natural justice on the subject of national duty. It retained strong traces of ancient rudeness, from the want of the Christian system of morals, and the civilising restraints of commerce. We find the barbarous doctrine still asserted, that prisoners of war, become slaves, *jure gentium*; and even in respect to foreign nations with whom the Romans were at peace, but had no particular alliance, it is laid down in the digest, that whoever passed from one country to the other became immediately a slave. It is impossible to conceive a rule of National law more directly calculated to destroy all commercial intercourse, and to maintain eternal enmity between nations."

What now is the state of international law,—this lustrous and decisive *proof* of the superiority of modern civilization? This law, which tends to promote justice and tranquility among nations, even as does the municipal law in individual states, to favor commerce the surest guaranty of peace, and to mitigate the cruelty of war,—this best fruit of modern, and most sure augury of future progress, has for some centuries been gradually acquiring form and potency. Again I refer you to Kent.

"The irruption of the Northern tribes of Scythia and Germany overturned all that was gained by the Roman law; annihilated every restraint and all sense of national obligation, and civil society relapsed into the violence and confusion of the barbarous ages. Mankind seemed to be doomed to live once more in constant distrust or hostility, and to regard a stranger and an enemy as almost the same. Piracy, rapine, and ferocious warfare defaced the annals of Europe. The law of nations remained in the rudest and most uncultivated state down to the period of the 16th century. In many instances the shipwrecked strangers were made prisoners and sold as slaves, without exciting any complaint, or offending any sense of public justice. Numerous cases occurred of acts of the grossest perfidy and cruelty towards strangers and enemies. Prisoners were put to death for their gallantry and brave defence in war. There was no reliance on the word and honor"—he might have added, nor on the sacramental oath—"of men in power. Reprisals and private war were in constant activity. Instances were frequent of the violation of embassies, the murder of hostages, the imprisonment of guests, and the killing of heralds. The victor in war had his option in dealing with his prisoners, either to put them to death, or reduce them to slavery, or exact an exorbitant ransom for their deliverance. So late as the time of Cardinal Richelieu, it was held to be the right of all nations to arrest strangers who came into the country without a safe-conduct."—How dark and awful is this true picture! How glorious in comparison the present state of Europe and the world! Bad as we may deem the times, deplorable as is, in weak human judgment, the present position of our race, O, who can say we have made no progress, and that hope resides not in the future.

Civilization is a diffused and fruitful, not an individual and barren possession. It is knowledge used, not hoarded. Grant that the Chinese possessed ages ago, a knowledge of the compass, of the art of printing, and of gunpowder. In their hands all these have been but as the barren figtree. But in Europe they have changed the whole character of war, diminished its frequency, mitigated its horrors, created commerce, promoted morals, and given an impulse to the hu-

man mind which has resulted in a tremendous extension of its grasp. How shallow the knowledge of the ancients seems to us, in astronomy, geography, natural history, political science, geology; and all the arts of life. Chemistry was all unknown to them, save in a few phenomena, which served but the base end of bowing the people before their priests in abject reverence. Science has explored depths unknown to the wisest of the ancients, is exploring all things, and adds daily to the sum of our possession wealth that cannot be diminished or destroyed.

Our civilization differs from that of the old times in being impenetrable. No force can shake it into ruins, or make it retrograde. So long as the earth on which it is established shall endure, so long it must exist and gather increasing splendor. The round world has been explored, and where are the barbarian hordes who can contend with our armies, or successfully oppose our navies? Egypt, Babylon, Jerusalem, Greece, and Rome, fell before superior arms or barbarian swarms. But where is the external human power that can by possibility destroy the budding civilization of warlike Europe? Printing, too, forbids the loss of the least tithe of our acquirements of substantial knowledge—and printing perpetuates by diffusion.

What of the future? Confiding in Providence, I boldly answer, good! To what extent? I cannot measure it. What are the signs of the times that justify these swelling predictions? Bear with me yet a little, and I will tell you as briefly as I can. Just hope is always founded on experience. Man has advanced, and therefore we hope for further progress. We find that the greater portion of our improvement flows from the direct gift of God, divine religion. We find, too, proofs conclusive that, however He may have permitted confusion and darkness to prevail, He has so governed all things in His providence, that good has been educed from seeming evil, and convulsions threatening continuous ruin have resulted in increasing order and more perfect light. Roman civilization had passed its meridian, and was effete when it fell, and a nobler race succeeded the self-styled masters of the world. We will, I think, also discover, if we examine history closely, that Providence has done all things—that the great men who are supposed to have influenced human destiny, are but creations of what we term accident; that circumstances, but trivial as we weigh them, made these giants; or made them conspicuous; that they were in fact, as such men always will be, shaped by, or the creatures of, rather than the creators of the age or sphere in which they moved. Ponder these things well! Again, we find that the greatest of modern discoveries, such as gunpowder, artillery, printing, and gravitation, were the offspring of chance thought, or accidental observation, rather than of any supereminent mental exertion or endowment. Indeed the belief is firmly rooted in my soul, that Heaven vouchsafes the exaltation of our race, and that, when man's true interests require them, all the necessary instruments of progress, whether corporeal or mental, will be evolved by Providence.

Our trust then is in God. How He will bring about His purposes of good, it would be presumptive to predict. But surely we may, without irreverence, point out what we humbly believe are some of the means and symptoms of a progressive Providence.

The very turmoil of the world, and the longing for a better social state, though they give rise to daring speculations and crude plans, is encouragement to hope. Agitation precedes improvement, as distorted shadows the full triumph of day over darkness. The violent project of philanthropy, peace societies, and social schemes, originate in the pressure of great evils, and spring from a spirit which may contribute to remove them. True, the projection of such things are often the subjects of our just ridicule, as one-ideaed, irreflective men, who vainly boast they have found the lever by which they would move and adjust this disordered world, if the silly world would but permit them to apply it. But the partial entertainment of these elaborate vagaries distinctly proves a pervading yearning after something better than the present condition of society.

We may mark too that men are far less prone to magnify their fellows. I deem it a mighty omen. No demigods can rise in our age, and we pay far less regard to human greatness. We appreciate more justly the dignity of human nature, distinguish more clearly between true and false, or factitious eminence, and pay deeper homage to virtue, than to mind or sway. It seems to me that men are more inclined than in the past, to regard individual superiority, rather as a gratifying evidence of the divinity of manhood, than as a title to peculiar personal reverence—to joy in and worship the Creator, rather than to minister to the vanity of the created.

Freedom is undoubtedly the true soil in which all that is good for man will most vigorously flourish. Is not Freedom extending her domain? Look back in history, and see, while wars have ever ravaged the world, how few have been truly waged for her! The ambition of rulers has been the great fountain of this tremendous curse. But, if wars come now, will they not be far other in their objects or results? Will they not be to destroy once reverenced prerogative and ancient monopoly, to uproot old abuses and demolish thrones, rather than to settle successions, or extend the boundaries of kingdoms? What one of the European nations is in a condition to wage a long war? Bankruptcy stares every one of them in the face, and war offers but new burdens for their people, already heavily oppressed. In the mean time the sentiment is everywhere spreading, that governments should be fashioned for the people, rather than men for governments. And, in Europe at least, the masses, instead of being as heretofore moved by, are visibly swaying their rulers. The people are demanding and obtaining concessions; and, in this age, whatever power concedes is lost to it irretrievably, and leads to greater losses. Everywhere too, it would seem that the true elements of States, as defined by Sir William Jones in his imitation of Alcæus, are springing up. It is a noble whole, that poem, and as it has a general relation to our subject I will not mangle it to extract the lines which first occurred to me:

"What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement, or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No! Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
But know their right, and knowing dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain.
These constitute a State:
And sovereign law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,

Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill:
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend discretion, like a vapor sinks,
And e'en the all dazzling crown,
Hides her faint rays, and at her bidding, shrinks."

Such men are fast multiplying, and tottering thrones must give place to juster institutions.

Is it not also observable, that there is a growing distrust of artificial institutions, and a more prevalent and widening belief that the devices by which nations are kept asunder, are all injurious; that the community of nations is in the same predicament as each community; that as the true interests of a State are best subserved by removing all restrictions upon the pursuits of its citizens, allowing them the freest intercourse, and unshackling competition, so the world's best interests would be most successfully consulted by the abolition of all those regulations which disserver States and bring them in collision with each other. Naturalization laws are growing in favor with European powers, and the old dogma that perpetual allegiance follows birth, in practice is becoming obsolete; tariffs and other checks upon commerce have been radically liberalized; intercommunication has become more general, more rapid, and more free, and it truly seems as though the world was approaching a cordial acknowledgment of the great truth that all men are brothers.

There is another variation in the aspect of the world, which, though we may not always approve its causes, is of high moment. The nations whose civilization, however high, has long been stationary because destitute of the great elements of progress, the christian principle, are receiving an impetus at last. The Turk and the Egyptian acknowledge the supremacy of Europe, and ape its customs. Hindostan is British territory — The isles of the sea everywhere rejoice under European rule or contact. And even China, that seemed impenetrably inclosed in her imperfect institutions, has opened her gates to christian powers, and Christianity will enter.

But I must close this hurried performance. Still I will venture to touch upon two other topics, and leave you to pursue them if you wish.

May we not add, as one of the most irrefragable proofs that man has progressed, and that he must continue to improve, that liberty has at least achieved an assured abiding place; that the world has now one free hand—one government at least, which originated in popular will, consults only the wishes of its people, declares all men equal, receives the worthy of all nations and all creeds into its bosom, and maintains a high rank in the scale of nations.

While an irrepressible energy pervades every department of life, and commerce is multiplying its blessings; while the minds of men are everywhere directed with successful and pertinacious application to the extension of knowledge, the refinement of the fancy, the improvement of the arts, and the perfection of international regulations, and a tendency to freedom seems the characteristic of our age, and we derive from these auspicious signs enlivening hope, our auguries would be but ambiguous at best, were they not sustained and corroborated by something holier and more decisive, the moral tendencies of this our time. A spirit of kindness and humanity is rife. Wherever men suffer, a helping hand is extended, and the tones of a soothing sympathy mingle with the groans extorted by calamity. Not only does the good Samaritan bind up the wounds of those whom he finds lying wounded by the way side, but he seeks opportunities to relieve and bless his neighbors. Benevolence takes every beauteous form at home, and sends the gospel to every land; and her big heart knows no distinction of clime or country, but over-reaches the broad ocean, girdles the earth, and imbosoms and relieves whole nations. God, who has so moved this generation, will bless its endeavors; and that charity which covereth a multitude of sins, will plead for us and our posterity.

Resolute Contentment.

He was one of those happy beings whose contentment allies itself with fancy, and twines flowers around every stub; for whom the narrow room extends itself to a fairy palace, and which can suck honey from the least promising flower. With almost childish pride, he told me about his little town, which to him was the world's centre; it had also increased in cultivation in latter times, and had a private theatre.

"'Yes,' said he, 'you shall see it! There is no one would ever think of its having been a stable before! The stalls are painted with violins and flutes, by our old painter; and the music itself—yes, i'faith it is really good for such a small town!—two violins, a clarionet, and a great drum; they play very nicely!

"'I know not really how it can be, but music goes strangely into the heart, and I can well imagine how it must be with the little angels in heaven. But with us, now, we don't pretend to those hocuspocuses and tra-la-la's, which they have in Brunswick and Berlin. No, our old sexton, who is the leader, gives us a good honest Polish tune, and a Molinasky between the acts; our women hum in with them, and we old fellows beat time on the floor with our sticks; it is a real pleasure!"

"'And how of the acting?' I asked.

"'Charming! for, you must know, in order that those who perform may have courage to appear before us, they are gradually accustomed to it at the rehearsals; and at the general rehearsal every house must send two servants, that the benches may be filled, and that they who perform may have courage.'

"'It must indeed be a great pleasure—'

"'A pleasure?' interrupted he, 'yes, in our hearts' simplicity we all amuse ourselves, and don't envy them in Berlin. But we have also splendid scenery, machinery, drop-curtains, and performances. On the first drop-scene we have the town fire-engine, and the jet stands just as in nature. But they are altogether painted—beautifully painted. The drop-scene representing the street is the finest: there we have our own town-market, and it is so distinct, that every one can see his own house, play whatever piece they may. The worst thing we have is, the little iron chandelier: the candles drip so terribly, that if there be ever so many persons present there is always a large space under the chandelier. Another fault—for I am not the man to praise everything—another fault is, that many of our women when they *act*, and happen to know any one on the seats, directly giggle and nod to them. But, goodness gracious, the whole is only pleasure!"

"'But when there are no performances in the winter, it must be very quiet in your little town; the long evenings—'

"'O, they go on quite delightfully. My wife, both the children, and the servant girl, sit down to spin; and when all the four wheels are going, I read aloud to them; so the work goes on easier, and the time flies away. On Christmas Eve we play for gingerbread-nuts and apple-fritters, whilst the poor children sing outside the doors about Christmas joys and the infant Jesus—and that brings the tears in my eyes, although I am so inwardly glad.'"

THE MONK AND THE RABBI.—During an eastern voyage, which a learned and pious rabbi took to visit the Hebrew academies, he made the acquaintance of a monk who was on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The two travelers got on very harmoniously, and their conversation at first was truly amicable, till it was disturbed by religious controversy, when their wrangling became so violent that, on their arrival at the caravansery, they were incensed against each other. During the night, the monk, sinking under the influence of an eastern climate, fell seriously ill. Rabbi Solomon put aside every other consideration, and paid him due attention; and, as the rabbins at this period generally knew something of medicine, he was fortunately able to assist his fellow-traveler, who thus became indebted to him for life. The rabbi postponed his departure to attend upon the invalid till out of danger, and when he came to bid him adieu, the priest thanked him with an overflowing heart, in these words: "I am poor, and can do nothing for you, but I pray to Heaven for your prosperity. The most delightful day of my life will be, when I can prove my gratitude."

Rabbi Solomon interrupted him by saying,—"You owe me nothing. Although opposed in religion, humanity ought to unite us, and the law of Moses commands me to act toward you as I have done. Adieu! We may never meet again. Live worthily, and, if you ever meet a suffering Jew, assist him as I have assisted you." Years afterwards, on his return to France, Rabbi Solomon stopped at Prague, where his co-religionists received him with honors and fetes. The Jews of Bohemia were then under the domination of Duke Vladislas, who allowed no opportunity to pass without manifesting his hatred to them.

When he heard of the reception given to the stranger, like all tyrants, the duke regarded him as a conspirator, a Messiah, or a plotter of revolution, and gave immediate orders for his arrest. During this era of persecution to bring a Jew to judgment was to send him to death. The community of Prague were thrown into trouble and despair. When brought in chains before the duke, Rabbi Solomon was the only one who preserved his tranquility.

His representations were rejected, and Vladislas was about to pronounce his condemnation, when the Bishop of Olmutz advanced towards the ducal throne and exclaimed, "My lord, in the name of the God of Christians, I forbid that even a hair of this Jew be touched. He is noble, generous and conscientious, and never was deaf to the voice of humanity." The duke and the court were confounded; but the bishop related with warmth the service which had been rendered to him by the generous Rabbi when he was only an obscure monk. The duke instantly ordered the irons to be removed from Rabbi Solomon, and the courtiers vied with each other in overwhelming him with compliments. The Christian bishop thus distinguished himself by his gratitude, and Rabbi Solomon had an escort of honor, and was loaded with presents and blessings. But that which was more grateful to him, was, that the Jews of Bohemia enjoyed peace and security under the protection of which the bishop gratefully accorded to the brethren of his fellow-traveller, the benevolent Rabbi.—*Moral and Religious Tales.*

FASHIONABLE CHURCHES.—Fine ladies flock thither for a little religious excitement. The sermon is their Sunday dram. An impassioned manner, real or assumed—a flow of high-sounding words—strong appeals to the imagination—sweeping assertions, with as little argument as need be, and nothing of grave simplicity or solemn thoughtfulness about the whole—are pretty sure to fill a metropolitan church, especially when the preacher is neither old nor ill-favored, and has a liberal supply of portraits in the print-shops!—But we shall deceive ourselves greatly if we encourage the conviction that the cause of true religion is promoted by this crushing of carriages and this storming of pews. The atmosphere is altogether an unwholesome atmosphere. There is a smell of the foot lamps. The whole thing is a show—a spectacle. Men flock to it as they do to a theatre—and women as they swarm to an execution.

Extract from an Oration On the Death of John Quincy Adams,

Delivered before the Legislature of the State of New York, at Albany, on the 6th day of April, 1848.

BY WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

The model by which he formed his character was Cicero. Not the living Cicero, sometimes inconsistent; often irresolute; too often seeming to act a studied part; and always covetous of applause. But Cicero, as he aimed to be, and as he appears revealed in those immortal emanations of his genius which have been the delight and guide of intellect and virtue in every succeeding age. Like the Roman, ADAMS was an orator, but he did not fall into the error of the Roman, in practically valuing eloquence more than the beneficence to which it should be devoted.—Like him he was a Statesman and Magistrate worthy to be called "The second Founder of the Republic,"—like him a teacher of Didactic Philosophy, of morals, and even of his own peculiar art; and like him he made all liberal learning tributary to that noble art, while Poetry was the inseparable companion of his genius in its hours of relaxation from the labors of the Forum and of the Capitol. Like him he loved only the society of good men, and by his generous praise of such, illustrated the Roman's beautiful aphorism, that no one can be envious of good deeds, who has confidence in his own virtue. Like Cicero he kept himself unstained by social or domestic vices; preserved serenity and cheerfulness; cherished habitual reverence for the Deity, and dwelt continually, not on the mystic theology of the schools, but on the hopes of a better life. He lived in what will be regarded as the virtuous age of his country, while Cicero was surrounded by an overwhelming degeneracy. He had the light of Christianity for his guide; and its sublime motives as incitements to virtue; while Cicero had only the confused instructions of the Grecian Schools, and saw nothing certainly attainable but present applause and future fame. In moral courage, therefore, he excelled his model and rivalled Cato. But Cato was a visionary, who insisted upon his right to act always without reference to the condition of mankind, as he should have acted in Plato's imaginary Republic. ADAMS stood in this respect midway between the impracticable Stoic and the too flexible Academician. He had no occasion to say, as the Grecian orator did, that if he had sometimes acted contrary to himself, he had never acted contrary to the Republic; but he might justly have said, as the noble Roman did, "I have rendered to my country all the great services which she was willing to receive at my hands, and I have never harbored a thought concerning her that was not divine."

More fortunate than Cicero, who fell a victim of civil wars which he could not avert, ADAMS was permitted to linger on the earth, until the

generations of that future age, for whom he had lived, and to whom he had appealed from the condemnation of contemporaries, came up before the curtain which had shut out his sight, and pronounced over him, as he was sinking into the grave, their judgment of Approval and Benediction.

The distinguishing characteristics of his life were BENEFICENT LABOR and PERSONAL CONTENTMENT. He never sought wealth, but devoted himself to the service of mankind. Yet, by the practice of frugality and method, he secured the enjoyment of dealing forth continually no stinted charities, and died in affluence. He never solicited place or preferment, and had no partisan combinations or even connections; yet he received honors which eluded the covetous grasp of those who formed parties, rewarded friends, and proscribed enemies; and he filled a longer period of varied and distinguished service than ever fell to the lot of any other citizen. In every stage of this progress he was CONTENT. He was content to be President, Minister, Representative, or Citizen.

Stricken in the midst of this service, in the very act of rising to debate, he fell into the arms of Conscript Fathers of the Republic. A long lethargy supervened and oppressed his senses.—Nature rallied the wasting powers, on the verge of the grave, for a very brief period. But it was long enough for him. The rekindled eye showed that the re-collected mind was clear, calm, and vigorous. His weeping family, and his sorrowing compeers, were there. He surveyed the scene, and knew at once its fatal import. He had left no duty unperformed; he had no wish unsatisfied; no ambition unattained; no regret, no sorrow, no fear, no remorse. He could not shake off the dews of death that gathered on his brow. He could not pierce the thick shades that rose up before him. But he knew that Eternity lay close by the shores of Time. He knew that his Redeemer lived. Eloquence, even in that hour, inspired him with his ancient sublimity of utterance. "THIS," said the dying man, "THIS IS THE END OF EARTH." He paused for a moment, and then added, "I AM CONTENT." Angels might well draw aside the curtains of the skies to look down on such a scene—a scene that approximated even to that scene of unapproachable sublimity, not to be recalled without reverence, when, in mortal agony, ONE who spake as man never spake, said, "IT IS FINISHED."

Only two years after the birth of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, there appeared on an Island in the Mediterranean Sea, a Human Spirit, newly born, endowed with equal genius, without the regulating qualities of Justice and Benevolence which ADAMS possessed in such an eminent degree. A like career opened to both—Born like ADAMS, a subject of a King—the child of more genial skies, like him, became in early life a patriot and a citizen of a new and great Republic. Like ADAMS he lent his service to the State in precocious youth, and in its hour of need, and won its confidence. But unlike ADAMS he could not wait the dull delays of slow and laborious, but sure advancement. He sought Power by the hasty road that leads through the fields of carnage, and he became like ADAMS, a Supreme Magistrate, a Consul. But there were other Consuls—He was not content. He thrust them aside, and was Consul alone. Consular power was too short.—He fought new battles and was Consul for life.—But Power, confessedly derived from the People, must be exercised in obedience to their will, and must be resigned to them again, at least in death. He was not content. He desolated Europe afresh, subverted the Republic, imprisoned the Patriarch who presided over Rome's comprehensive See, and obliged him to pour on his head the sacred oil that made the persons of Kings divine, and their right to reign indefeasible. He was an Emperor. But he saw around him a mother, brothers and sisters, not enobled; whose humble state reminded him, and the world, that he was born a Plebeian; and he had no heir to wait impatient for the Imperial Crown. He scourged the earth again, and again Fortune smiled on him even in his wild extravagance. He bestowed Kingdoms and Principalities on his kindred—put away the devoted wife of his youthful days, and another, a daughter of Hapsburgh's Imperial house, joyfully accepted his proud alliance. Offspring gladdened his anxious sight; a diadem was placed on its infant brow, and it received the homage of princes, even in its cradle. Now he was indeed a Monarch—a legitimate Monarch—a Monarch by Divine appointment—the first of an endless succession of Monarchs. But there were other Monarchs who held sway in the earth. He was not content. He would reign with his kindred alone. He gathered new and greater armies, from his own land—from subjugated lands. He called forth the young and brave—one from every household—from the Pyrenees to the Zuyder-Zee—from Jura to the Ocean. He marshalled them into long and majestic columns, and went forth to seize that universal Dominion, which seemed almost within his grasp. But Ambition had tempted Fortune too far. The nations of the Earth resisted, repelled, pursued, surrounded him. The pageant was ended. The Crown fell from his presumptuous head. The wife who had wedded him in his pride, forsook him in the hour when fear came upon him. His child was ravished from his sight. His kinsmen were degraded to their first Estate, and he was no longer Emperor, nor Consul, nor General, nor even a Citizen, but an Exile and a Prisoner, on a lonely Island, in the midst of the wild Atlantic. Discontent attended him there. The wayward man fretted out a few long years of his yet unbroken manhood, looking off at the earliest dawn and in evening's twilight, towards that distant world that had only just eluded his grasp. His heart corroded. Death came, not unlooked for, though it came even then unwelcome. He was stretched on his bed within the fort which constituted his prison. A few fast and faithful friends stood around, with the guards who rejoiced that the hour of relief from long and wearisome watching was at hand. As his strength wasted away, delirium stirred up the brain from its long and inglorious inactivity. The Pageant of Ambition returned. He was again a Lieutenant, a General, a Consul, an Emperor of France. He filled again the throne of Charlemagne. His kindred pressed around him, again reinvested with the pompous pageantry of Royalty. The Daughter of the long line of Kings again stood proudly by his side, and the sunny face of his Child shone out from beneath the diadem that encircled its flowing locks. The Marshals of the Emperor awaited his command. The legions of the Old Guard were in the field, their scarred faces rejuvenated, and their ranks, thinned in many battles, replenished.—Russia, Prussia, Austria, Denmark and England, gathered their mighty hosts to give him battle.—Once more he mounted his impatient charger, and rushed forth to conquest. He waved his sword aloft and cried "TETE D'ARMEE." The feverish vision broke—the mockery was ended. The silver chord was loosed, and the warrior fell back upon his bed a lifeless corpse. This was the END OF EARTH. THE CORSICAN WAS NOT CONTENT.

STATESMEN AND CITIZENS! The contrast suggests its own impressive moral.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Song.

BY MISS PHEBE CAREY.

The first and lovelest star of even
Shines on me with its first sweet light:
O thou, to whom my heart is given,
What visions haunt thy soul to-night?

Dost thou, as this soft twilight steals
So softly over hill and plain,
Think of the hour we parted last,
And wish me by thy side again?

I ask not that thy love should be
As deep, as trusting as my own,
I do not ask that thou should feel
All that my woman's heart has known:

But if, for every thousand times
My spirit fondly turns to thee,
One thought of thine to me is given,
I doubt not thy fidelity!

For me, when on the hills alone,
Or treading through the noisy mart,
There is no time, there is no place,
But thou art with me, in my heart.

I only think upon the past,
Or dream of happier days to be,
And every hope, and every fear,
Is something hoped, or feared for thee:

MT. HEALTHY, O.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Arabic Literature.*

Although what are called the Dark Ages reached as far down as the Eleventh century, yet nearly three hundred years before their termination gleams of light began to streak the gloomy canopy of mental night. As early as the middle of the Eighth century, that is, at the period when the family of the Abassides ascended the throne of the Caliphs, the dominions of the Arabians began to be illuminated. Even a century earlier, Ali, the fourth Caliph from Mahomet, extended protection to letters, as did also his successor, Moawihah: but it was not till the reign of Haroun-al-Raschid, which commenced in 786, that the full blaze of morning light burst upon the Saracens. This celebrated Caliph attached a school to each new mosque that he built, and in various ways rendered his reign promotive of science and literature. His son, Al-Haroun, was also a warm and a more efficient friend of Arabic letters, and by some is considered the founder of the same. He was a worthy scion of the noble stock; and his reign (813—833) was a glorious epoch in learning. The educated came to his court, by invitation, from all parts of the then known world; important books were collected from subject provinces, such as Egypt, Syria, etc.; the literary relics of the conquered countries were gathered by his direction and piled before his throne; and "hundreds of camels," says Sismondi, "might be seen entering Bagdad, loaded with nothing but manuscripts and papers, and those which were thought to be adapted for the purposes of public instruction, were translated into Arabic, that they might be universally intelligible." Under his reign, speculative philosophy, the art of medicine, the mathematics, astronomy and other branches of science found numerous votaries; and not only Bagdad, but Cufa, Bassora, Ispahan, Samercand and neighboring places became the homes of science. A thirst for knowledge soon spread to the utmost extremities of Arabic dominion. Spain shared in the enthusiasm, and received the honor of being more especially, "the seat of Arabic learning. It was there that it shone with superior brightness and made the most rapid progress. Cordova, Grenada Seville, and all the cities of the Peninsula, rivalled one another in the magnificence of their schools, their colleges, their academies' and their libraries."

This progress of letters, which commenced in the ninth century, and which extended over all the Arabian empire, continued till the fourteenth century. All parts seemed to preserve, almost to the last, an unclouded day of literary splendor, nor was its five hundred years' continuance in vain. Great progress was made in some of the physical sciences, and history, in its several branches, was studied with great avidity. Perhaps, however, the keenest relish was manifested for poetry. Mahomet himself cultivated the art; and hence it is not surprising that his subjects generally, followed his example. It has been asserted that "this people has produced more poets than all others combined." Among so many it is not remarkable that a few were worthy of the exalted name; and that fragments of their writings, preserved in European libraries and the convents of the monks, have been handed down to the present day. The few specimens which have met our eye, are exceedingly chaste in sentiment and are replete with beautiful imagery. The love poems, however, which seem to preponderate, are somewhat extravagant in language, and would not be safe for very young writers to study. They are valuable, however, as mementoes of mental fruitage in the early harvest of modern civilization.

The most popular production of Arabic intellect extant, is The Thousand and One Nights. It has been translated into most if not all of the European languages, and is read by millions in every generation. In brilliancy of conception and richness of imagination it is unsurpassed by any work of fiction; and from the insight it gives into the manners and customs of oriental society, it is sought not only by the mere reader of romance, but by the profound scholar. It is said that the legandary traditions of Europe generally, owe their origin, partly, at least, to this famous work.

The new edition of The Arabian Nights, which is being published by Harper and Brothers,

* The Thousand and one One Nights; or, the Arabian Nights' Entertainment: translated and abridged for family reading. Illustrated with six hundred wood cuts In Twelve Parts, or two volumes. New-York: Harper and Brothers, Publishers. 1848.

is superbly embellished and is truly "an unrivalled specimen of art."

For sale by Hawks. EDITOR.

City Item.

A poor man was to be buried: four men bore the coffin, and the wife followed: they had some difficulty in passing through the narrow lane; the way was straight; not a sunbeam found its way down here,—it was only when they had emerged into the broader streets that the sunlight fell on the humble coffin. I heard a story about this funeral, which is as poetically touching as it is true.

Within this narrow street, high up in an equally narrow chamber, lay this poor corpse: the wife sat and wept over it; she knew of no expedient to get it buried—she had no means. The window stood open, when a canary bird flew into the room and settled by the head of the corpse, where it began to sing.—it made a strange impression on the woman; she could weep no longer, for she imagined it must have come down to her from the Lord. The bird was tame; it allowed itself to be caught directly; and as she related the circumstance to a neighbor, and showed her the bird, the woman remembered that she had shortly before read an advertisement in the newspaper about a canary bird that had flown away from its home.

It was the same bird: and the woman on restoring it to its owners, found them humane hearts, who rendered her such assistance as enabled her to bury the dead.

"How do you spell Boots?"—The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer tells an amusing story of a wealthy Wall street broker, who lives in great style in the fashionable quarter, and ranks as one of the "upper ten." It appears that he recently purchased a splendid fire-proof safe, in which to secure his valuables against the devouring element, to which he had affixed that new invention for protection against thieves, called the "Combination lock." These strange pieces of mechanism are so extremely complicated that you may look them, hand the key to the manufacturer even and the chances are as one to ten thousand, that he will not be able to open them. The wards and interior arrangements of these locks are alphabetically arranged, and you select a word in the language, take the letters, and look the wards answering to these letters one by one. Thus, take the word chair—you look *c*, then *h*, then *a*, then *i*, then *r*. Now it must be unlocked in the same way, and unless you hit upon the exact word, you will never be able to unlock it. Well, the broker in question locked his new safe according to the word "boots," but after working at it for an hour or more the next morning, he could not unlock it, and gave it up in despair. As his funds were all locked up, (says the letter,) he had no money with which to pay his notes and carry on his business that day, but as his credit was good, he raised sufficient for the purpose by borrowing of the banks. The next morning the manufacturer of the lock, according to request, called to ascertain the difficulty. He said he had no doubt he could unlock the safe, if the gentleman would tell him the word to which he locked it. "Boots" was the word, and to work he set to unlock it to "boots." Well, he tried, sanguine of success, but "boots" would not unlock the safe. He tried again and again, and was no more successful. He tried an hour, two hours, and three hours, with no success. Finally, a happy thought struck him.—He wiped the perspiration from his face, took a drink of water, examined the key again, and looking at the broker straight in the eye, said—

"Sir, allow me to ask you how you spell 'boots?'"

"How do I spell 'boots?'" said the broker; "why, I spell it right—how do you spell it?"

"Oh, never mind," said the man of combination locks, "I know I spell it; how do you spell it?"

"B-u-t s, to be sure," said the broker.

"The d—l you do!" said the lockman:—"and if you spell boots *buts*, I will unlock the safe *buts*," and he did unlock it in the twinkling of an eye.

Electoral Votes.—1844.

In accordance with a request to that effect, and to aid those who may be speculating on the chances of success in the approaching Presidential contest, we give below a table of the Electoral vote by States in the contest of 1844. The whole number of electoral votes then cast was 275, of which Mr. CLAY received 105 and Mr. POLK 170, as follows:

STATES.	Clay.	STATES.	Polk.
Massachusetts	12	Maine	9
Rhode Island	4	New Hampshire	6
Connecticut	6	New York	36
Vermont	6	Pennsylvania	26
New Jersey	7	Virginia	17
Delaware	3	South Carolina	9
Maryland	8	Georgia	10
North Carolina	11	Louisiana	6
Kentucky	12	Mississippi	6
Tennessee	13	Indiana	12
Ohio	23	Illinois	9
	105	Alabama	9
		Missouri	7
		Arkansas	3
		Michigan	3
			170

Since 1844 the following named States have come into the Union: Texas with 4 electoral votes, Iowa with 4 votes, Florida with 3 votes, and Wisconsin, by the recent adoption of a State Constitution, will come in with 4 votes, in time to take part in the next election, making an aggregate of 290 electoral votes, and rendering it necessary that the successful candidate shall receive 146.

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S PECUNIARY RESOURCES.—The London *Times* states that, so far from Louis Phillippe having amassed the large sums in foreign funds which the world supposes, he has invested the whole fortunes of himself and children in the soil of France, so that, if the present Legislature should confiscate the private property of the house of Orleans, the whole family will be reduced to destitution. The French papers say it is well known that Louis Phillippe has immense sums in the French funds in other names besides his own, and it is not improbable that the ex-King may, through his agents, be at this moment operating on the Stock Exchange of Paris, for the purpose of embarrassing the Provisional Government.

MR. HOTCHKISS.—It is stated that this unfortunate gentleman, who was so nearly murdered in New York some months since, has recovered his bodily health and is slowly regaining his mental faculties. He seems to have forgotten everything he learned during his life, and has to be taught to speak and learn his letters as if he were a child. The sound of his own voice, in learning to articulate a new word amuses him exceedingly. —*Tribune.*

SPECIE OVERBOARD.—The Cincinnati *Chronicle* tells the following, which is both sad and ludicrous:

One of the emigrant Germans who came up in the Duchess having the nice little sum of $150 in the hard stuff, fearing it might be carried off by the light-fingered gentry, rolled it up nicely in a rag, opened his straw matttrass, and deposited it amongst the straw for safe keeping, without advising his wife of what he had done. As usual when steamers are nearing port, the Clerk gave orders to weigh the freight previous to making out their bills. The wife of the German noticing the man weighing their movables, carried the bed to the afterguard, opened it and threw the straw overboard, for the purpose of making the weight of the bed less! Their stock was being weighed, when the husband discovering that the contents of the bed had been taken out, immediately commenced searching for the dimes, when the wife informed him of what she had done.—The reader can imagine the German's situation, "a thousand miles from home, without a cent of money in his pocket," &c. The affair leaked out, and got among the cabin passengers, when they raised one hundred dollars for the distressed, and the clerk knocked off his freight bill.

The facts are highly creditable to the passengers and the clerk. They will, no doubt, teach the husband to hide no more cash in bed-ticks, and keep no more such secrets from his wife.

QUITE IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.—Mr. Broadmeadow has taken out a patent for the application of steam to the extinguishment of fires. He thinks he can extinguish any fire which can possibly happen on board steamboats, or any vessel where the apparatus is provided, whether in the vessel or cargo, or in buildings of any kind, by forcing steam into the apartment where the fire exists.—One public experiment has been made in the presence of scientific gentlemen, and another is to be made on Tuesday, at 5 o'clock, at Williamsburgh. The experiments have, so far, been successful, and if the thing is fully established, fire may consider itself as effectually put out. The chief terror of steamboating will be effectually subdued, yet the thing is so very simple, that it is hardly possible to believe so great a discovery should so long have escaped the keen eyes of science.—*Journal of Commerce.*

POLICE POETRY.—"Mister Johny O'Conner, a man of no honor, went out with Miss Brady, a nice little lady, and treated to brandy, and sponge cake and candy, and more things so dainty, and kisses so plenty. But at length the sad fellow grew awfully mellow; and as he was walking and kissing and talking, with pretty Miss Brady, the nice little lady, a purse full of rhino, (I wish it was mine, oh,) he whipt from her pocket, and cleared like a rocket. But soon he was taken, while tracks he was making, and lodging assigned him, where justice may find him. But the maid on the morrow, came forward in sorrow, her little heart heaving, and tears her eyes leaving, and begged that his Honor would pity poor Connor; to which he consented, as Connor repented—when off went the couple, with limbs mighty supple, and left us presuming, that maiden so blooming, herself to a life of much trouble was dooming; for Johny, the blockhead, who picked the maid's pocket, when married, I'm thinking, will whip her like winking!"

RIDICULE.—If ridicule be applied to any position, as the test of *truth*, it will then become aq nestion whether such ridicule be just; and this can only be decided by the application of *truth* as the test of ridicule.—*Johnson.*

A SHIP FOR BOSTON.—The idea of a ship receiving freight and passengers at Cincinnati for Boston direct, would have been laughed at a year ago. The fine new brig Gilmore was advertised to sail yesterday for the Metropolis of the Bay State. There is doubtless a new commercial era about to dawn upon us, and the timber of the Ohio shores will, ere many a year, float upon every sea. Already a ship-yard for the exclusive construction of sea vessels has been established at Marietta, and several have been built in this city. Timber here is more abundant than at the East, and, as we learn, of a better quality, rendering it therefore, a matter of much interest, on the score of economy, on the part of eastern merchants to seek the rivers of the West. The freight always to be obtained at the ports on the Ohio, will more than overbalance the expense of the distance from the sea-board.—*Cin. Com., 23d.*

THE LITERATURE OF HUMANITY.—Whatever is most excellent in the literature of every country is precisely that which belongs to *humanity* and not to the nation. What is dearest and most prized at home is exactly that which has a world-wide interest; that which touches the *sympathies of* all men. Are the highest truths *National?*—Is there any trace of *locality* in the purest and noblest sentiments? We invariably find that the same writers and the same passages which are admired at home are the most admired abroad.—Nationality one is sure to have, whether desirable or not, but the great writers of every people are unquestionably those who, without foregoing their national character, rise to be countrymen of the world.—*Blackwood.*

AN AMPUTATED LUNG.—The following notice of a singular and successful operation we find in the Cincinnati Commercial:

When Barnard, a young man in this city, was stabbed in a fracas not long since, Dr. E. K. Chamberlain, "Old Medicine," was sent for, and upon his arrival and on examination of the wound, he found that a portion of one of the lungs was protruding some two inches from the wound, it having been forced out, probably, by respiration. As the case was a critical one, and requiring immediate operation, the doctor resorted to a new method of treatment. The end of the protruding lung, which had been injured by the shot, was bound with a silk thread, and the injured end *cut entirely off*, and the remainder forced back into its natural location. Barnard is now in the enjoyment of good health. The Doctor has the *amputated lung* now in his possession.

☞ The Baptist Recorder states that the receipts of the month of March, to their Foreign Mission Treasury, amount to $20,000.

The donations to the American Board, for the month of Frebruary, amounted to $23,259.

A Bible Society for Erie County was organized at West Aurora on the 6th ult., by the election of the following officers:

President—WELLS BROOKS, Esq., Springville.
Vice President—WM. PRATT, Newstead.
Secretary—Rev. JAS. REMINGTON, Alden.
Treasurer—Rev. L. A. SKINNER, Lancaster.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Rev. H. Eddy, Springville.
Rev. Joseph W. Hines, Springville.
Rev. J. H. Havens, Lancaster.
Rev. R. M. Sandford, West Aurora.
Rev. F. Danforth, Clarence.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for March contains a sprightly sketch of some foreigner's travels in this country, called, My Route into Canada, which opens with the following account of the "rise and progress" of the Hudson river:—

"The sources of the Hudson must be sought in those wilds of the State of New York which lie in the interior between Lake Ontario and Lake Champlain. The tide of immigration setting westward through the valley of the Mohawk, or eddying about the shores of those lakes, has insulated that region of country, and it remains to this day almost a wilderness. Within a morning's ride from the springs of Saratoga, where luxury and fashion keep holiday from June to September, one can find oneself in a solitude that would become the Rocky Mountains. The amateur Daniel Boone may there roam through the primeval forests, and even yet snap his trigger at the wild buck, or engage the panteer and bear.

Starting from such a cradle, the Hudson, like a young Hercules playing with serpents, catches up a hundred little tributary brooks, and goes leaping and brawling through the woods till it finds itself a river. Then gathering size and strength every curve of its way, it turns eastward to seek its fortunes in the big world. As if on purpose to try its strength and power, it comes rolling to the rocks at Glenn's falls, and then flings itself down in a froth, with the air of a stripling who signalizes his majority by a terrible outbreak from parental restraint. Then, with a graceful sweep that seems the result of society on the young forester's impetuosity, it turns its full tide into a picturesque valley, and, bending southward, begins its bright and prosperous career. Awhile it loiters along, now winding through meadows, now murmuring through glens; and then catching to its strong embrace the lovely Mohawk that comes down with her roar of waters to meet it, the espoused Hudson, with a new dignity that soon swells into majesty, takes its straight and glorious course through sloping uplands and mountain passes, to lose itself in the sea."

The same article concludes with a lengthy and very candid recital of the bloody strife on the field of Saratoga, which resulted in the surrender of Burgoyne, and from which period, as a British writer has truthfully remarked, "America was a nation." The author of My Route into Canada, says that "the American may justly tread that battle-ground with veneration for the achievement which secured to his country a place among the nations of the world, but not without a holy regard for the disasters, which were like the travail-throes in giving her daughter birth."

The same number of "Maga" contains among other things, an account of the Hudson's Bay Company, which is thrillingly interesting.

For sale by Burke.

GOOD FOR WHAT?—"The writings of George Lippard are good in one respect," observed a "son of the quill." "And what is *that*?" asked a bystander. "They are good for *nothing*," was the reply.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for this month, which contains many good things and may be obtained of Hawks, has the following scrap in the Editor's Table:—

"They have in Buffalo a new and very beautiful Episcopal church, which we remember surveying with pleasure, outside and in, last summer, in company with a friend. We have recently heard an amusing circumstance connected with the figures in stained glass in the eastern window. The process of baking in the colors was a slow one, and the glazier becoming impatient after a long delay, went to the artist to ascertain how far the pictures, which were those of St. Peter and St. Paul, were advanced. The artist replied to this query: 'I've got a first-rate bake on Paul, but Peter is n't more than half baked, and I'm afraid he's a little cracked!' It sounded oddly enough to his interrogator."

MR. EZEKIEL LANE, the first white resident of Buffalo and who built the first house is this place, in 1784, died on Thursday the 6th instant, aged *one hundred and two years!* He was in the Revolution, and fought at the battle of Minisink, in 1779. For the last twenty years he was a member of the Methodist church; and, retaining his mental faculties to the dying hour, he peacefully took

"His chamber in the silent halls of death."

TO PATRONS.—We shall not be able to visit our distant patrons so often as heretofore; hence we hope they will not wait to be called upon for their subscription. Let such as are in arrears remit without delay, one, two, or three dollars according as their accounts stand and their feelings dictate. We want a hundred local agents, besides those already appointed: and among the fifteen or eighteen hundred of our patrons with whom we are personally acquainted, and whom we are pleased to call friends, is there not this number who will pledge themselves to act, and to act efficiently. Our terms of agency are encouraging; and it would be gratifying to receive applications without delay.

THE BUFFALO MEDICAL JOURNAL, edited by AUSTIN FLINT, M. D., is drawing near the close of the third volume. Its circulation has rapidly increased for a year past; and it is destined to take a high stand among the medical periodicals of the country.

SPRINGVILLE ACADEMY.—We learn privately that the next term of this old and flourishing institution will commence the 27th instant. It is located in the pleasantest village in this county, and would be a very healthy place of resort for young persons in the city who wish to spend the summer at school in the country.

HYDROPHOBIA.—Speaking of dogs, the editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, says that "we shall soon arrive at the season of hydrophobia." It is to be feared that other animals besides dogs will run mad this season.

A USEFUL LIFE AND A PEACEFUL DEATH is the title of a discourse occasioned by the death of Ex-President Adams; delivered in the Ninth-street Baptist church, Cincinnati, Ohio, by the Rev. ELIAS L. MAGOON. It is replete with classical allusions and bears the stamp of genius. Bating a redundancy of quotations, one or two of which are misquoted, it would be difficult to find fault with the production. The following passages on education will commend themselves to every admirer of important thought beautifully expressed:

"The will of God requires us not to elevate a few by depressing the many, but on the contrary to seek the greatest good of the greatest number. What means are to be used? We must educate. Let us not leave the mass of mind to grow ignorant and corrupt, and afterwards attempt coercively to bind it; Xerxes may as well expect to chain the vexed Hellespont in peace. Legislation is impotent any longer to resist the beamings of a brighter day. Knowledge is generous and communicative, and jealousy at its progress is a sure symptom of its want. But, thank God, the day has come when it cannot be successfully resisted. Superstition may condemn Galileo for his improved astronomy, but the earth continues to turn round with all its stupid inhabitants revolving into light. Some are born in darkness, have always dwelt there from choice; it is *their* native land; for if they fight, and it is the only sense in which they are patriotic. This is natural, but they and all like them who fear the effulgence bursting up the horizon, should quickly kindle counter fires and *educate*, EDUCATE! The more obstructions you throw before the flooding tide of knowledge, the more destructive energies will be developed. The force of cannon may quell mobs, but education will prevent them. Moral power creates the strongest munitions of safety; while arbitrary compulsion degrades both the tyrant and his victim. We may expect that a few will continue to cry out against increased illumination, as that which they deprecate shames bigotry, cures superstition, and destroys all tyranny over body and soul. But the fire-cross of wisdom is shining from hill-top to hill-top, and is rapidly bounding from hand to hand. Aggressions into the kingdom of darkness have commenced. We do not 'cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war,' but in God's name and for all God's creatures we do say 'Let there be Light!'"

THE PSALMIST: a collection of Hymns for the use of the Baptist churches. By BARON STOW and S. F. SMITH. Boston: Gould, Kendall and Lincoln.

We have noticed this collection of hymns before. Regarding it as the best of the kind with which we have any acquaintance, we most cheerfully recommend it to the denomination for which it has been compiled.

For sale at Breed's Bookstone, 188 Main-st.

CHRESTOMATHIA OR MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ANECDOTES.—The second number of this really valuable work, has been received and is for sale by L. Danforth, &c. It would make an important addition to one's library, and is cheap at twenty-five cents a number.

AGENTS are informed that we shall be able to furnish the back numbers from the beginning of this volume, for two months to come.

Later from Mexico.

NEW YORK, April 4th—7, P. M.

A despatch from Augusta, Ga., announces an arrival at New Orleans, with dates from Vera Cruz to the 25th. Later accounts had been received from the city of Mexico—the telegraph says to the 25th, which is, of course, a mistake. Probably the dates are to the 20th ult.

A renewal of the difficulties between Generals Scott and Worth had taken place. Mr. Trist had been retained at the capital as a witness against Gen. Scott, but will leave for the U. S. when the Court of Inquiry adjourns.

Gen. Twiggs and a number of other officers have arrived at New Orleans. Col. Henry Wilson has succeeded Gen Twiggs as Governor of Vera Cruz. No more supplies than are necessary are to be sent to the interior, in view of the immediate withdrawal of the troops.

IRELAND.—The monster meeting came off at the North Wall on the 20th ult., and was convened on the requisition of 3,000 persons, the Lord Mayor having refused to call it. The number of persons present were estimated at 10,000, but the reporter for the Morning Chronicle estimates them at 7,000.

In Leipsic, on the 14th, the town was illuminated in honor of the victory gained by the people of Vienna over Metternich, and the announcement of a Constitution to Austria. An address of congratulation was signed by numerous inhabitants to their brothers in Austria.

The news of the proclamation of the French Republic created great excitement in Stockholm. The students assembled and had a grand torch light procession, crying, "Vive la Liberte," "Vive la Republique Francais," "Vive la Sued," "Vive la Charlemagne," "Vive la Chartel Abas les Jesuits." The Police very wisely abstained from all interference, and the students, after parading the city, quietly dispersed.

PLOUGHING WITH ELEPHANTS.—It is stated that in Ceylon, elephants are employed in ploughing new grounds for the cultivation of coffee, pepper, etc. One of these animals when well trained, it is said, will do the work of twenty oxen; consequently, more labor is performed in a given time, and the period is hastened for putting in the crops. The price of an elephant, in Ceylon, varies from $50 to $75.

RHODE ISLAND.—Returns from most of the towns are given in the Providence Journal of the 7th, showing the following aggregates for Governor:

Harris, (Whig) - - -	4976
Hackett, (Dem) - - -	3982
Abolition, - - - -	316

☞ The majority for Hon. HORACE MANN, recently elected to Congress from Massachusetts, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. ADAMS, is 1,118.

HARPER & BROTHERS have in press a great work, called the Encyclopedia of Biography, to appear during the summer. It is being stereotyped.

Major S. Borland has been appointed Senator from the State of Arkansas, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Sevier.

President's Message on the Overthrow of the French Monarchy.

The following message was received from the President by the hands of his private Secretary, J. KNOX WALKER, Esq:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:—I communicate to Congress, for their information, a copy of the dispatch, with the accompanying documents, received at the Department of State, from the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States, at Paris, giving official information of the overthrow of French monarchy, and the establishment in its stead, of a provisional government based on republican principles. This great event occurred suddenly, and was accomplished almost without bloodshed. The world has seldom witnessed a more interesting or sublime spectacle than the peaceable design of the French people, resolved to secure for themselves enlarged liberty, and to assert in the majesty of their strength, the great truth, that in this enlightened age, man is capable of governing himself. The prompt recognition of the new government by the representative of the United States, at the French Court, meets my full and unqualified approbation; and he has been authorized in a suitable manner, to make known this fact to the constituted authorities of the French republic, called upon to act upon a sudden emergency, which could not have been anticipated by his instructions.

He judged rightly of the feelings and sentiments of his government and his countrymen, when in advance of the diplomatic representatives of other countries, he was the first to recognize, so far as it was in his power, the free government established by the French people.

The policy of the United States has ever been that of non-intervention in the domestic affairs of other countries, leaving to each to establish the form of government of its own choice. While this policy will be maintained towards France, now suddenly transferred from monarchy into a republic, all our sympathies are naturally enlisted on the side of the great people, who imitating our example have resolved to be free. That such sympathy should exist on the part of the people of the United States with free government in every part of the world, and especially in France, is not remarkable. We can never forget that France was our early friend in our eventful revolution, and generously aided us in shaking off a foreign yoke and becoming a free and independent people. We have enjoyed the blessings of our system of well regulated self-government for near three fourths of a century, and can properly appreciate its value. Our ardent and sincere congratulations are extended to the patriotic people of France, upon their noble, and thus far successful efforts to found for their future government liberal institutions similar to our own. It is not doubted that under the benign influence of free institutions, the enlightened statesmen of republican France will find it to be for her true interest and permanent glory, to cultivate with the United States the most liberal principles of international intercourse and commercial reciprocity, whereby the happiness and prosperity of both nations will be promoted.

JAMES K. POLK.

WASHINGTON, April 3, 1848.

PRAYERS IN PUBLIC BODIES.—For the first time in the history of Pennsylvania, prayers have been regularly offered this session in the Legislature of that State. Clergymen of various denominations officiated alternately.

Arrival of the Washington.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7—3 P M.

The *Washington* sailed 22d.

Some disturbances in France.

Spain, Sardinia and other governments have recognized the Republic.

Order is restored in Lyons.

Victoria delivered of a Princess.

The Austrian Ambassador notified the Provisional Government that Austria would not interfere with France.

Russia has adopted the non-intervention policy.

Disturbances have taken place in Vienna. The troops fired on the people.

Prince Metternich has been driven off, his house burned, and the revolution is complete.—Grand Dukes have retired to private life.

The Emperor of Austria has granted the liberty of the press, and made other concessions.

The people are in rebellion in Wurtemberg.

A successful revolution has also taken place in Berlin. The people assembled—the troops fired upon them—and the King granted all the concessions required.

The Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha promises a Constitution.

The King of Saxony has been required by Deputations to make reforms, and he promised to refer the matter to the next Diet.

The reply was unsatisfactory, and his Ministers resigned. An Extraordinary Diet was called. Disturbances prevail all over Germany.—The people are burning the castles of the nobility.

The King of Naples consented to the formation of Sicily as a separate State.

A constitution was to be proclaimed at Rome on the 11th.

There is a report of a League between the Pope and the Duke of Tuscany, and the King of Sardinia.

There is a report that Milan is in open revolution, and that it has been bombarded by the Austrians, which however, is doubted.

At Warsaw, censorship has prohibited the mention of the French Revolution.

At Posen, the Revolution created great sensation.

Lord CLARENDON is spoken of as successor to Lord JOHN RUSSELL.

France is in great financial difficulties. There are great fears of outbreaks in Scotland. The marine of England is being increased. Large numbers of troops are in Dublin prepared to suppress an insurrection.

The *Gazette Silesio* reports the death of the Emperor of Russia. Letters from St. Petersburgh to the 3d March say nothing on the subject.

Louis Philippe resides at Claremount, and has frequent interviews with ex-Ministers.

The people are in arms against Elector Hesse Cassel. Three days have been given to decide to grant or refuse reforms.

Don Carlos of Spain is about to join the Duc de Bordeaux at Venice.

There is a rumor at Kiel that Copenhagen is in open insurrection. The King was besieged in his palace.

The grand Duke Wiemer was besieged in his palace also, when he promised the liberty of the press, &c.

Elector Hesse Cassel barely escaped with his life.

Bavaria is quiet, and the King is popular.

The Duke of Nassau and free city Lubec decreed the liberty of the press.

There was a rumor in London that an attempt was made on the life of the Queen of Spain.

Three private banks in Paris have stopped.

The French Committee organization have fixed the term of labor per diem to eleven hours.

Large numbers of workmen have been employed by Government.

Disturbances have taken place at Hamburgh and Lubec. Several persons were killed and the riot was suppressed.

A German Journal says Hungary has declared itself independent of Austria, and has established a Republic.

Lola Montez has returned to Munich in male attire. Great excitement prevailed at her audacity. The king arrested her sent her and sent her away.

The Duke and Duchess D'Aumale and Prince de Joinville have gone to England.

The prospects of the industrial trade in France are very unfavorable. The future is replete with anxiety and trouble.

The only quotations of breadstuffs that I can find, are—

LIVERPOOL, Saturday.

Flour, 28a29; Corn, 28a31; Wheat, Canadian 7a8. At London—Corn, 28a32; Flour, 26a28.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Rev. Mr. THURSTON, in a recent letter from Kailua, Island of Hawaii, says there is a more religious interest among the people than has been witnessed for several years past, and, as in other parts of the Island, the schools are improving under the new system.—He also states that the chief who succeeded Kaukini as Governor of Hawaii, has been removed for want of mental and moral qualifications; and that one of the common people, far better qualified for the office, is now the acting Governor.—"This," says the Missionary Herald for April, "is a new and strange thing under the Hawaiian sun; and by teaching the people, impressively, the advantage of knowledge and virtue, exercised a very beneficial influence on the cause of education."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—If you want to gain any man's good opinion, take particular care how you behave the first time you are in company with him. The light you first appear in to one who is neither inclined to think well or ill of you, will strongly prejudice him either for or against you.

DR. COX AND THE WAGONER.—The Rev. Dr. Cox, of Brooklyn, is a man of talents, and we have heard him discourse when his energetic and fervid eloquence forcibly impressed us, but he has recently been placed in two unpleasant predicaments. The first was that little affair with Capt. Hoskin, touching the Great Britain steamer, and the cause of her being wrecked, in which he came off second best, to say the least; the second we will proceed to illustrate:

The Doctor was driving out in thoughtful mood the other day in a one horse wagon, in a narrow street in the suburbs of the town, when two wagons, one on each side, attempted to pass him.—All three got stuck fast together, "so that they could not be moved." After trying for some time, a crowd began to collect around, and Dr. Cox began to grow red in the face and to remonstrate in strong terms, and with much repetition against the carelessness of one of the green delinquents. At last the other replied (and we suspect the wag must have known the Doctor)—

"I—I—I couldn't help it; you *know* I couldn't, and what then is the use of an old white-headed man like you standing there, *swearin'* at me in that way?—swearin' at me for what I couldn't help? What's the use of swearin' any how?—I couldn't help it, I tell you; I didn't *go* to do it, 'course! Swearin' away at a fellow for what he didn't go to do!"

The Doctor blushed, and looked a little guilty: the charge was so *outrageous*, he couldn't help it; and it was made before a good many bystanders who had often seen him in the pulpit.

"I *swear* at you?" exclaimed the Doctor in utter amazement.

"Ye-a-a-a-s!" said the other, with prolonged emphasis; "swearin' at a fellow like a trooper, when he didn't go to get you stuck!"

The Doctor shrunk away abashed, he being fairly driven from the ground.

COOLNESS AND GOOD FORTUNE.—On Friday last, at a sale of plants at auction in the Arcade, General T. N. Waul, of Mississippi, while under the pressure of a large crowd of people, felt the pressure particularly severe in the region of his pocket-book, which he soon after discovered had been taken from him by some pickpocket. The pocket-book contained a large amount of money. Without being disconcerted, as is generally the case, the General walked quietly without any outcry to the door, to prevent egress from the room. He then addressed the crowd, stating his loss and his belief that the gentlemen present would aid him in detecting the thief. A general search was proposed, which was readily assented to by the shouts of those present. As the operation was about to begin, a gentleman present saw the waving and agitation of a large plant, as tho' a bird had just alighted upon a slender bough.—Upon examination the bird was found to be the identical pocket-book which had been lost—the rogue who stole it, no doubt, finding it like a hot potatoe, hard to hold, took this means of relieving himself of his ill-gotten treasure. The general then informed the assemblage that the pocket-book was unrifled of any of its contents, and thanked them for the ready manner in which they had assented to the "searching operation;" closing with the remark that no crowd could be found where a combination of honest men would not triumph over, and detect the rogues.—*New Orleans Pic., March* 12.

☞ At a recent examination of Law Students at Rochester, the Judge intimated that a majority of them were numbscalls, but to spare their feelings he would admit them all to the Bar.

Congressional.

WASHINGTON, April 6.

Mr. Hannegan from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported a joint resolution of congratulations to France, but on motion of Mr. Allen, his resolutions on this subject offered several days ago, were taken up, and Mr. A made a forcible speech in favor of them.

Mr. Hale's amendment in regard to the abolition of slavery in the French Islands being read, Mr. Mangum proposed a substitute for the resolutions and amendment, which was lost.

Mr. Niles thought Mr. Allen's resolutions went beyond the facts and expressed more than had actually occurred in France. He thought we had better wait till France established a Republic before offering our congratulations.

Mr. Dickinson spoke at length in favor of the Resolutions. He was satisfied with what France had already done.

Mr. Hale gave his views at length, and tho't France had done much for liberty, and deserved our warmest congratulations.

Mr. Hannegan and Mr. Downs advocated the immediate adoption of the resolution.

Mr. Henly reported in favor of the printing of 10,000 extra copies of the Trist and Scott correspondence, which gave rise to an animated debate in regard to the treatment of Gen. Scott by the Government.

Messrs. Henly, Klingman and Turner participated in the discussion.

FRIDAY, April 7.

SENATE.—A debate was had on the proceedings in relation to the Fremont Court Martial.

Mr. Cass moved to take up the Volunteer Bill, but after some discussion, the motion was passed over.

The bill authorizing the sitting of the U. S. Supreme Court during the year, was rejected after some debate.

The Senate then went into Executive session.

HOUSE.—The French sympathy resolutions were received from the Senate.

The bill establishing regulations in regard to ships engaged in the transportation of emigrants, was passed.

SATURDAY, April 8.

Nothing of moment done in the House. The Senate not in session.

In Senate, yesterday, Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, presented a number of Abolition petitions. Mr. Hale also presented a petition that Congress would prohibit Slavery and Monarchy on this Continent. Referred to Committee on Foreign Relations.

Mr. Dickinson gave notice that he should on Tuesday next move that the bill to establish a new branch mint be taken up for the perpose of making it the special order at an early day.

Mr. Badger introduced a resolution instructing the committee on printing to inquire as to the expediency of repealing the joint resolution requiring public printing to be alloted by contract.

A message from the President communicating the number of troops sent to Mexico, the number killed and wounded, and the number perished by disease, was received.

The California claim bill was then taken up. Mr. Andrew Stewart moved to suspend the rules in order to take up the Senate's resolutions of sympathy with the French people. The motion prevailed.

Mr. Ashman addressed the House and gave his reasons for moving to amend the resolutions on the same subject, offered by Mr. Cummings of Ohio, and for refraining from such a motion in connection with the present resolutions. The latter originated in the Senate and are entitled, for that reason, to much more consideration.—He then entered upon the slavery question and replied to Mr. Bailey.

Mr. Baily replied with a great deal of warmth.

Mr. Stevens moved a verbal amendment.—Lost.

The question was then taken on the adoption of the resolutions. Adopted—174 yeas—2 nays. The two nays were Messrs. Cranston and Root.

Arrival of the Hibernia.

NEW YORK, April 10—3 P. M.

The Hibernia arrived last night at eleven o'clock, in fifteen days passage.

LONDON, March 24.

Corn trade duff, and no quotations of prices.

LIVERPOOL, March 24.

Wheat dull—lower prices than on sailing of the Washington. Flour 6d per bbl lower, and 1s per sack.

Indian corn 1s per quarter lower—Indian meal 6d lower.

FRANCE.—Nothing startling. Going on well. Financial difficulties continue. A Revolution has taken place in Lombardy. The Viceroy has fled from Milan, and the people there are triumphant. The troops are negociating with them to evacuate.

The Pope has granted a Constitution to the People of Rome.

Great rejoicing in Vienna. All tranquil there.

BERLIN.—The people are triumphant. The Ministers have been dismissed, and the Constitution promised.

CRACOW.—A Republic proclaimed.

HANOVER.—Emeute—order maintained. The King abolishes censorship, and other reforms are promised.

DENMARK.—Disturbances have taken place in Denmark, and a Constitution has been refused. The German Duchies reject the King's plan, and unite with Denmark.

Hungary and Bohemia are all alive and on the point of revolt.

Lola Montez has been in Munich again, and has been sent away to Switzerland. The King of Bavaria is reported to have abdicated.

Russia is making military preparations for self defence.

Luxembourg has declared itself a Republic.

Ireland is tranquil. The leader of the Young Ireland party has been arrested for sedition.

The French Minister of War is very busy preparing an army of observation for eastern frontiers.

The Constitution of Rome permits the judicial tribunals to be independent of the government.—No extraordinary commission is requisite. Courts to be in future established. The Pope prorogues Legislation. The Chamber dissolves the Council of Deputies, being required to convoke a new Chamber within three months afterwards. The sessions are to be public. The members of the Senate are appointed by the Pope for life. The qualification of Senators is the age of 30 years and

plenary exercise of civil and political rights. The Senate will be chosen par preference from the Prelates and Ecclesiastics, Ministers, Judges, Councillors of State, Consistorial Lawyers and the possessors of an income of four thousand scudi per annum.

BERLIN.—Hard fighting took place between the Government troops and the people. The people fired from behind barricades and the roofs of houses and did great execution. The troops fired grape, and a great deal of bloodshed took place. The alarm bells were rung and universal terror prevailed, especially among the women.

The next day the King proclaimed an amnesty, on which occasion a change of ministry took place and the King promised to forget and forgive all, and hoped the people would do the same. The people were satisfied.

The inhabitants of Cracow announced themselves a Republic on the 18th. Fifteen thousand insurgents were under arms on the day before. The Governor was compelled to release four hundred political prisoners.

NEW YORK, April 7—7 P. M.

ENGLAND.—In the House of Commons, Mr. Hume's motion that the income tax shall be imposed for one instead of three years, negatived, 363 to 138.

FRANCE.—M. Rollin issued a circular which created a considerable excitement among the people.

A decree for troops came near upsetting the Government. The old Guard were greatly enraged, and 3,000 marched to the Hotel de Ville, and demanded a repeal of the obnoxious decree. No promise was given, and they threatened to take the matter into their own hands if their request was not complied with. The following day the Guards to the number of 5,000 appeared unarmed. The people also assembled in multitudes and hissed them. The Government still refused to withdraw the decree, which created great excitement, and terrible collision was anticipated.

A majority of the Provisional Government demanded the resignation of Rollin. This he refused, and threatened to appeal to the people. M. Pages drew a pistol, but the matter was finally hushed up.

Mobs menaced the manufacturing establishments in the vicinity of Havre and other parts of France, threatened them with conflagration, unless all the British workmen were dismissed.

The new Government of France is being somewhat weakened by a commercial and monetary crisis. Several large establishments have been declared bankrupt and others are closing their business.

There are about 500,000 men out of employment in Paris and the principal cities. As late as the 18th inst. Paris was tranquil.

LIFE.

In childhood when the golden sand
Stands high within the magic glass,
We shake it with a careless hand
And heedless see the atoms pass.

But when the footsteps of the years,
Have left their traces on the brow,
And worn deep channels where the tears
Of unforgotten sorrows flow—

Within the glass the sparkling grain
Falls with a sad and warning tone,
Yet half with pleasure, half with pain,
We count them falling one by one.

Price Current—April 12, 1848.

Flour, bbl	$5 12½	Turkeys, lb	9@10
Pork, bbl	9@ 00	Chickens	9@10
Do slaugh. cwt	5 00@5 25	Geese, each	25
Beef, cwt	4 50@5 00	Clover seed, bu	3 25
Butter, lb	15	Timothy	1 87½
Lard	6@7	Flax	1 00
Cheese	6@7	Grass	—
Hams	7	Whitefish, bbl	6 00
Shoulders	5	Cod, cwt	—
Cornmeal, cwt	1 50	Potatoes, bush	25@75
Wheat, bu	90@1 00	Salt, bbl	1 00
Corn	42@44	Apples, bus	50
Oats	32	Do dried, bu	87½
Slaughter hides, lb	4@5	Onions	1 25
Dry do	9@10	Eggs, doz	9
Calf	6	Saleratus, lb	6
Sheep, slaughtered	62½	Soap	4@5
Lamb do	12½	Whiskey, gall	20@21
Dry	—@—	Highwines	19
Hard wood, cd	3 00	Lead, hund	4 00
Hemlock	3 00	Beans, bu	1 25
Bit. (O) coal, ton	$5 50	Wool, lb	28@30
Bloomburg		Hay	8@9

MARRIED.

On the 4th instant, by Rev. Dr. Tucker, Mr. JOHN G HOYT, and Miss SARAH McALLESTER.

DIED.

On the 5th inst., MATILDA DAVIS, wife of Rev. A. Davis, aged 30 years.

On the 6th inst., HERMAN WENDELL GRIFFITH, son of John Morris and Catalina W. Griffith, aged 4 years and 28 days.

On the 6th instant, Mr. EZEKIEL LANE, aged 102 years.

In the city of New York, on the 7th inst., CHARLES HENRY, only son of Charles P. and Mary Salisbury, aged 6 months and 11 days.

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TERMS.—For Board, Washing, and Tuition in all the English Studies, $113 per annum. The extra charges are, for lessons on the Piano or Harp $18 per Quarter; on the Organ $25; on the Guitar $6; the German or French Language $7 50; Drawing and Painting $5.

☞ Circulars, containing further particulars, may be obtained by applying to the Principal or Trustees.

April, 18, 1848. mh18.

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Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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Steam Press of Jewett, Thomas & Co.

Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1848. NO. 12.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Gone Before.

Gone before
To that unknown and silent shore—*Chas. Lamb.*

O, could we see that band—
The friends of other years,
Lights of this vale of tears—
Whose spirits now expand
Within the happy land;—

Could we hear once again
Each well remembered voice,
Say comforting,—"rejoice!
Our hearts with yours remain;
Life's love we still retain;"—

Then might we mourn no more,
But calm and trusting, wait
Till Death unbars the gate,
That shuts us from the shore
Where they have gone before.

April, 1848. J. H. B.

The Canterbury Pilgrims.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The summer moon, which shines in so many a tale, was beaming over a broad extent of open country. Some of its brightest rays were flung into a spring of water, where no traveller, toiling as the writer has, up the hilly road beside which it gushes, ever failed to quench his thirst. The work of neat hands and considerate art, was visible about this blessed fountain. An open cistern, hewn and hollowed out of solid stone, was placed above the waters, which filled it to the brim, but, by some invisible outlet, were conveyed away without dripping down its sides. Though the basin had not room for another drop, and the continual gush of water made a tremor on the surface, there was a secret charm that forbade it to overflow. I remember, that when I had slaked my summer thirst, and sat panting by the cistern, it was my fanciful theory, that nature could not afford to lavish so pure a liquid, as she does the waters of all meaner fountains.

While the moon was hanging almost perpendicularly over this spot, two figures appeared on the summit of the hill, and came with noiseless foot-steps down toward the spring. They were then in the first freshness of youth; nor is there now a wrinkle on either of their brows, and yet they wore a strange, old-fashioned garb. One, a young man with ruddy cheeks, walked beneath the canopy of a broad-brimmed gray hat; he seemed to have inherited his great-grandsire's square-skirted coat, and a waistcoat that extended its immense flaps to his knees; his brown locks, also, hung down behind, in a mode unknown to our times. By his side was a sweet young damsel, her fair features sheltered by a prim little bonnet, within which appeared the vestal muslin of a cap; her close, long-waisted gown, and indeed her whole attire, might have been worn by some rustic beauty who had faded half a century before. But that there was something so warm and life-like in them, I would here have compared this couple to the ghosts of two young lovers, who had died long since in the glow of passion, and now were straying out of their graves, to renew the old vows, and shadow forth the unforgotten kiss of their earthly lips beside the moon-lit spring.

"Thee and I will rest here a moment, Miriam," said the young man, as they drew to the stone cistern, "for there is no fear that the elders know what we have done; and this may be the last time we shall ever taste this water."

Thus speaking, with a little sadness in his face which was also visible in that of his companion, he made her sit down on a stone, and was about to place himself very close to her side; she, however, repelled him, though not unkindly.

"Nay, Josiah," said she, "giving him a timid push with her maiden hand, "thee must sit farther off, on that other stone, with the spring between us. What would the sisters say, if thee were to sit so close to me?"

"But we are of the world's people now, Miriam," answered Josiah.

The girl persisted in her prudery, nor did the youth, in fact, seem altogether free from a similar sort of shyness; so they sat apart from each other, gazing up the hill, where the moonlight discovered the tops of a group of buildings. While their attention was thus occupied, a party of travellers, who had come wearily up the long ascent, made a halt to refresh themselves at the spring. There were three men, a woman and a little girl and boy. Their attire was mean, covered with the dust of a summer's day, and damp with the night dew; they all looked woe-begone, as if the cares and sorrows of the world grew heavier as they climbed the hill; even the two children appeared older in evil days, than the young man and maiden who had first approached the spring.

"Good evening to you, young folks," was the salutation of the travellers; and "Good evening, friends," replied the youth and damsel.

"Is that white building the Shaker meeting house?" asked one of the strangers. "And are those the red roofs of the Shaker village?"

"Friend, it is the Shaker village?" answered Josiah, after some hesitation.

The travellers, who from the first had looked suspiciously at the garb of these young people, now taxed them with an intention, which all the circumstances, indeed, rendered too obvious to be mistaken.

"It is true, friends," replied the young man, summoning up his courage. "Miriam and I have a gift to love each other, and we are going among the world's people, to live after their fashion. And ye know that we do not transgress the law of the land; and neither ye nor the elders themselves, have a right to hinder us."

"Yet you think it expedient to depart without leave taking," remarked one of the travellers.

"Yea, y-e-a," said Josiah, reluctantly, "because father Job is a very awful man to speak with, and being aged himself, he has but little charity for what he calls the iniquities of the flesh."

"Well," said the stranger, "we will neither use force to bring you back to the village, nor will we betray you to the elders. But sit you

here awhile, and when you have heard what we shall tell you of the world which we have left, and into which you are going, perhaps you will turn back with us of your own accord. What say you?" added he, turning to his companions. "We have travelled thus far without becoming known to each other. Shall we tell our stories, here by this pleasant spring, for our own pastime, and the benefit of these misguided young lovers?"

In accordance with this proposal the whole party stationed themselves round the stationed themselves round the stone cistern. The two children, being very weary fell asleep upon the damp earth, and the pretty Shaker girl, whose feelings were those of a man or a Turkish lady, crept as close as possible to the female traveller, and as far as she well could from the unknown men. The same person who had hitherto been the chief spokesman, now stood up, waving his hat in his hand, and suffered the moonlight to fall upon his front.

"In me," said he, with a certain majesty of utterance, "in me you behold a poet."

Though a lithographic print of this gentleman is extant, it may be well to notice, that he was now nearly forty, a thin and stooping figure, in a black coat, out at the elbows; but notwithstanding the ill condition of his attire, there were about him several tokens of a peculiar sort of foppery, unworthy of a mature man; particularly in the arrangement of his hair, which was so disposed as to give all possible loftiness and breadth to his forehead. However, he had an intelligent eye, and on the whole, a marked countenance.

"A poet!" repeated the young Shaker, a little puzzled how to understand such a designation, seldom heard in the utilitarian community, where he had spent his life. "O, ay, Miriam, he means a verse maker, thee must know."

This remark jarred upon the susceptible nerves of the poet; nor could he help wondering what strange fatality had put into this young man's mouth an epithet, which ill-natured people had affirmed to be more proper to his merit than the one assumed himself,

'True, I am a verse maker," he resumed, "but my verse is no more than the material body into which I breathe the celestial soul of thought. Alas! how many a pang has it cost me, this same insensibility in the etherial essence of poetry with which you have here tortured me again, at the moment when I am to relinquish my profession forever! Oh, Fate! why hast thou warred with Nature, turning all her higher and more perfect gifts to the ruin of me their possessor? What is the voice of song, when the world lacks the ear of taste? How can I rejoice in my strength and delicacy of feeling, when they have but made great sorrows out of little ones? Have I dreaded scorn like death, and yearned for fame as others pant for vital air, only to find myself in a middle state between obscurity and infamy? But I have my revenge! I could have given existence to a thousand bright creations. I crush them into my heart, and there let them petrify! I shake off the dust of my feet against my countrymen! But posterity, tracing my footsteps up this weary hill, will cry shame upon the unworthy age that drove one of the fathers of American song to end his days in a Shaker village!"

During this harangue, the speaker gesticulated with great energy, and, as poetry is the natural language of passion, there appeared reason to apprehend his final explosion into an ode extempore. The reader must understand, that for all these bitter words, he was a kind, gentle, harmless, poor fellow enough, whom Nature, tossing her ingredients together without looking at her receipt, had sent into the world with too much of one sort of brain and hardly any of another.

"Friend," said the young Shaker, in some perplexity, "thee seemest to have met with great troubles, and, doubtless, I should pity them if—if I could but understand what they were."

"Happy in your ignorance!" replied the poet, with an air of sublime superiority. "To your coarser mind, perhaps, I may seem to speak of more important griefs, when I add, what I had well nigh forgotten, that I am out at the elbows and almost starved to death. At any rate, you have the advice and example of one individual to warn you back; for I am come hither a disappointed man, flinging aside the fragments of my hopes, and seeking shelter in the calm retreat, which you are so anxious to leave."

"I thank thee, friend," replied the youth, "but I do not mean to be a poet, nor Heaven be praised! do I think Miriam ever made a verse in her life. So we need not fear disappointment. But Mirirm," he added with real concern, "thee knowest that the elders admit nobody that has not a gift to be useful. Now what under the sun can they do with this poor verse maker?"

"Nay, Josiah, do not thee discourage the poor man," said the girl, in all simplicity and kindness. "Our hymns are very rough, and perhaps they may trust him to smooth them."

Without noticing this hint of professional employment, the poet turned away, and gave himself up to a sort of vague reverie, which he called thought. Sometimes he watched the moon, pouring a silvery liquid on the clouds, through which it slowly melted till they became all bright; then he saw the same sweet radiance dancing on the leafy trees, which rustled as if to shake it off, or sleeping on the high tops of hills, or hovering down in distant vallies, like the materials of unshaped dreams; lastly, he looked into the spring, and there the light was mingled with the water. In its crystal bosom, too, holding all Heaven reflected there he found an emblem of a pure and tranquil breast. He listened to that most etherial of all sounds, the song of crickets, coming in full choir upon the wind, and fancied that if moonlight could be heard, it would sound just like that. Finally he took a draught at the Shaker spring, and, as if it were the true Castalia, was forthwith moved to compose a lyric, a Farewell to his Harp, which he swore should be its closing strain, the last verse that an ungrateful world should have from him. This effusion, with two or three other little pieces, subsequently written, he took the first opportunity to send by one of the Shaker brethren to Concord, where they were published in the New Hampshire Patriot.

Meantime, another of the Canterbury Pilgrims, one so different from the poet, that the delicate fancy of the latter could hardly have conceived of him, began to relate his sad experience. He was a small man, of quick and unquiet gestures, of about fifty years old, with a narrow forehead, all wrinkled and drawn together. He held in his hand a pencil, and a card of some commission merchant in foreign parts, on the back of which, for there was light enough to read and write by, he seemed ready to figure out a calculation.

"Young man," said he abruptly, "what quantity of land do the Shakers own here in Canterbury?"

"That is more than I can tell thee, friend," answered Josiah, "but it is a very rich establishment, and for a long way by the road side, thee may guess the land to be ours by the neatness of the fences."

"And what may be the value of the whole," continued the stranger, "with all the buildings and improvements, in round numbers?

"Oh, a monstrous sum more than I can reckon." replied the young Shaker.

"Well, sir," said the Pilgrim, "there was a day and not very long ago, neither, when I stood at my counting-room window, and watched the signal flags of three of my own ships entering the harbor from the East Indies, from Liverpool, and from up the Straits: and I would not have given the invoice of the least of them for the title deeds of this whole Shaker settlement. You stare.—Perhaps now you wont believe that I could have put more value on a little piece of paper no bigger than the palm of your hand, than all these solid acres of grain, grass and pasture land would sell for?"

"I won't dispute it, friend," answered Josiah, "but I know I had rather have fifty acres of this good land, than a whole sheet of thy paper."

"You may say so now," said the ruined merchant, bitterly, "for my name would not be worth the paper I should write it on. Of course you must have heard of my failure?"

And the stranger mentioned his name, which, however mighty it might have been in the commercial world, the young Shaker had never heard of among the Canterbury hills.

"Not heard of my failure!" exclaimed the merchant, considerably piqued. "Why it was spoken of on 'Change in London, and from Boston to New Orleans, men trembled in their shoes. At all events I did fail, and you see me here on my road to the Shaker village, where, doubtless, (for the Shakers are a shrewd set,) they will have a due respect for my experience, and give me the management of the trading part of the concern, in this case, I think I can pledge myself to double their capital in four or five years. Turn back with me, young man, for though you will never meet with my good luck, you can hardly escape my bad."

"I will not turn back for this," replied Josiah, calmly, "any more than for the advise of the verse maker, between whom and thee, friend, I see a sort of likeness, though I can't justly say where it lies. But Miriam and I can earn our daily bread among the world's people, as in the Shaker village. And do we want any thing more, Miriam?"

"Nothing more, Josiah," said the girl quietly.

"Yes, Miriam, and daily bread for some other little mouths, if God send them," observed the simple Shaker lad.

Miriam did not reply, but looked down into the spring, where she encountered the image of her own pretty face, blushing within the prim little bonnet. The third pilgrim now took up the conversation. He was a sunburnt countryman of tall frame and bony strength, on whose rude and manly face there appeared a darker, more sullen and obstinate despondency, than on those of either the poet or the merchant.

"Well now youngster," he began, "these folks have had their say, so I'll take my turn. My story will cut but a poor figure by the side of theirs; for I never supposed that I could have a right to meat and drink, and great praise besides, only for tagging rhymes together, as it seems this man does; nor ever tried to get the substance of hundreds into my own hands, like the trader, there. When I was about of your years, I married me a wife, just such a neat and pretty young woman as Miriam, if that's her name, and all I asked of Providence was an ordinary blessing on the sweat of my brow, so that we might be decent and comfortable, and have daily bread for ourselves, and for some other little mouths that we soon had to feed. We had no very great prospects before us; but I never wanted to be idle, and I thought it a matter of course that the Lord would help me, because I was willing to help myself."

"And did'nt He help thee, friend?" demanded Josiah, with some eargerness.

"No," said the yeoman sullenly; for then you would not have seen me here. I have labored hard for years; and my means have been growing narrower, and my living poorer, and my heart colder and heavier all the time; till at last I could bear it no longer. I set myself down to calculate whether I had best go on the Oregon expedition, or come here to the Shaker village; but I had not hope enough left in me to begin the world over again; and to make my story short, here I am. And now, youngster, take my advice and turn back; or else, some few years hence, you'll have to climb this hill with as heavy a heart as mine."

This simple story had a strong effect on the young fugitives. The misfortunes of the poet and merchant had won little sympathy from their plain good sense and unworld feelings, qualities which made them such unprejudiced and inflexible judges, that few men would have chosen to take the opinion of this youth and maiden, as to the wisdom or folly of their pursuits. But here was one whose simple wishes had resembled their own, and who, after efforts that almost gave him a right to claim success from fate, had failed in accomplishing them. "But thy wife, friend," exclaimed the young man. "What became of the pretty girl like Miriam? Oh, I am afraid she is dead!"

"Yea, poor man, she must be dead, she and the children, too," sobbed Miriam.

The female pilgrim had been leaning over the spring, wherein latterly a tear or two might be seen to fall, and form its little circle on the surface of the water. She now looked up, disclosing features still comely, but which had acquired an expression of fretfulness, in the same long course of evil fortune that had thrown a sullen gloom over the temper of the unprosperous yeoman.

"I am his wife," said she, a shade of irritability just perceptible in the sadness of her tone.—"These poor little things asleep on the ground are two of our children. We had two more, but God has provided better for them than we could, by taking them to Himself."

"And what would thee advise Josiah and me to do?" asked Miriam, this being the first question which she had put to either of the strangers.

"'Tis a thing almost against nature for a woman to try to part true lovers," answered the yeoman's wife, after a pause; "but I'll speak as truly to you as if these were my dying words. Though my husband told you some of our trouble, he did'nt mention the greatest, and that which makes all the rest so hard to bear. If you and your sweetheart marry, you'll be kind and pleasant to each other for a year or two, and while that's the case, you never will repent; but by-and-by he'll grow gloomy, rough and hard to please, and you'll be pevish and full of little angry fits, and apt to be complaining by the fireside when he comes to rest himself from his troubles out of doors; so your love will wear away by little and little, and leave you miserable at last. It has been so with us; and yet my husband and I were true lovers once, if ever two young folks were."

As she ceased, the yeoman and his wife exchanged a glance in which there was more and warmer affection than they had supposed to have escaped the frosts of a wintry fate in either of their breasts. At that moment, when they stood at the utmost verge of married life, one word fitly spoken, or perhaps one peculiar look, had they had mutual confidence enough to reciprocate it, might have renewed all their old feelings, and sent them back, resolved to sustain each other amid the struggles of the world. But the crisis past, and never came

again. Just then, also, the children, roused by their mother's voice, looked up and added their wailing accents to the testimony borne by all the Canterbury Pilgrims against the world from which they fled.

"We are tired and hungry," cried they. "Is it far to the Shaker village."

The Shaker youth and maiden looked mournfully into each other's eyes. They had but stepped across the threshold of their homes, when lo! the dark array of cares and sorrows that rose up to warn them back. The varied narratives of the strangers had arranged themselves into a parable; they seemed not merely instances of woeful fate that had befallen others, but shadowy omens of disappointed hope and unavailing toil, domestic grief and estranged affection that would cloud the onward path of those two fugitives. But after one instant's hesitation, they opened their arms and sealed their love with as pure and fond an embrace as ever youthful love had hallowed.

"We will not go back," said they. "The world never can be dark to us, for we will always love one another."

Then the Canterbury pilgrims went up the hill, while the poet chanted a drear and desperate stanza of the "Farewell to his Harp," fitting music for that melancholy band. They sought a home where all former ties of nature or society would be sundered and all old distinctions levelled, and a cold and passionless security be substituted for moral hope and fear, as in that other refuge of the world's weary outcasts, the grave. The lovers drank at the Shaker spring, and then, with chastened hopes, but more confiding affection, went on to mingle in an untried life.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,
By the dusty road side,
On the sunny hill side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere,
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor,
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,
In the noisy city street,
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling his busy part,
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,
You cannot see see me coming,
Nor hear my low, sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,
More welcome than the flowers,
In summer's pleasant hours,
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,
When you're numbered with the dead,
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come,
And deck your silent home;
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,
My humble song of praise,
Most gratefully I raise
To Him, at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

The Legend of the Black Vein of Sombrerete.

The following story is from Mr. RUXTON'S work on "Mexico and the Rocky Mountains." It is one of the most original productions of modern literature. It was told Mr. R. by an old Indian Miner. Mr. R. says:

His gesticulations, and the solemn asseverations of the truth of the story with which he frequently interrupted it, greatly amused me; and perhaps no more appropriate locale for the narration of such a tale could be found than the spot in which we then were sitting. In the large vaulted building, with its earthen walls covered with mould, and deep recesses, into which the blaze from the fire scarcely penetrated, the old Indian sat cowering over the fire, his sharp, attenuated features lighted up with animation as he narrated his story, stopping occasionally to puff from his mouth and nose a cloud of tobacco smoke, and drawing round his naked figure a tattered blanket, as a cold blast of wind rushed through chinks in the dilapidated wall. In nearly these words, he repeated

The Legend of the Black Vein of Sombrerete.
("La Veta Negra de Sombrerete.")

Ojala por los dias de oro!—oh for the days of gold—sighed the old gambucino: pero ya se a cabo todo eso—but *that* is all over now; ni oro, ni plata hay—neither gold nor silver is to be had now a days for picking or digging. Pedazitos, no mas—little bits one grubs up here and there; pero *se acabo la veta negra*—but the black vein, the black vein; onde esta?—where is it? Worked out long ago.

I was no older than your worship in those days, and my back was strong. Valgame madre santissima! but I could pack the ore nimbly in the mine and up the shaft. Ay, and *then* all worked with a will, for it was all *bonanza;* day after day, month after month, year after year, there we were at the same old vein; and the more we cut into it, the richer it grew. Ay que plata! Oh what silver came out of that old vein! blanco, rico, pesado—white, rich and heavy it was—all silver, all silver. Five hundred pesos fuertes I made in one week. *Que hermosita era aquella veta negra!*—what a beautiful little vein was that black one!

But your worship yawns, and my poor old head turns round, when it thinks of that time. Pues, senor. All the miners (for there were no gambucinos then) were making dollars as fast as they could, but the more they got, the more they wanted; although not one of the laziest but had more than he ever before had dreamed of possessing. However, they were not satisfied, and all complained because they did not strike a richer vein than the old veta negra—as if that was possible!

The most dissatisfied of all the miners was a little deformed man called Pepito, who did nothing but swear at and curse his bad luck, although he had made enough of money to last three of his lives; and the miserly style in which he lived was the by-word of every body.

However, whether it was from a bitterness of spirit caused by his deformity, or from genuine badness of heart, Pepito was continually grumbling at the old vein, calling it by every opprobrious epithet which he could summon to the end of his tongue, and which was enough to break the heart of any vein, even of iron.

One night—it was the fiesta of San Lorenzo—all the miners were away in the town, for they had agreed to give themselves a holiday; but Pepito took his basket and pick, and declared his

intention of remaining to work: "for," said he, "what time have I for holiday, when, with all my work, work, work' I only get enough out of that stony old vein to keep me in frijolitos, without a taste of pulque, since—quien sabe?—how long ago? Maldita sea la veta, digo yo—curse such a vein, say I!"

Valgame Dios!—this to the black vein of Sombrerete! apostrophized the old gambucino.

Now your worship knows, of course, (but quien sabe? for foreigners are great fools,) that every mine has its metal king, its *minapadre*, to whom all the ore belongs. He is, your worship knows, not a man, nor a woman, but a spirit—and a very good one, if he is not crossed or annoyed; and when the miners curse or quarrel at their work, he often cuts off the vein, or changes it to heavy lead or iron; but when they work well and hard, and bring him a good stock of cigarros, or leave him in the gallery, when they quit the mine, a little bottle of pulque or mezcal, then he often sends bonanzas, and plenty of rich ore.

Well, every one said, when they heard Pepito's determination to remain alone in the mine, and after he had so foully abused the celebrated veta negra, "Valgame! if Pepito doesn't get a visit from padre mina to-night, it's because he has borrowed holy water or a rosarioncito from Father Jose, the cura of Sombrerete."

We were all going to work again at midnight but the mezcal was so good that none stirred from he pulqueria long after that hour. I, however, shouldered my pick and trudged up the hill to the shaft, first waking up the watchman, who lay snoring at the gate of the hacienda, wrapped in his surape. I took him with me to the mouth of the shaft, that he might lower me down in the basket; and down I went. When I got to the bottom, I called to Pepito, for, knowing he was working there, I had not brought a lantern, but heard nothing but the echo of my own voice, sounding hollow and loud as it vibrated through the passages and galleries of the mine. Thinking that he might be asleep, I groped my way to where he had been working the great lode in the morning, thinking to find him in that direction, and hallooing as I crept, but still no answer; and when I shouted 'Pepito, onde esta?'—where are you?—the echo cried jeeringly, 'Onde esta?'

At length I began to get frightened. Mines, every body knows, are full of devils, and gnomes, and bad spirits of every kind; and here was I, at midnight, alone, and touching the 'black vein' which had been so abused. I did not like to call again to Pepito, for the echo frightened me, and I felt assured the answer was made by some unearthly voice, and came direct from the lode of the veta negra, that we were working. I crept back to the bottom of the shaft, and, looking up to the top, where the sky showed no bigger than a tortilla, with one bright star looking straight down, I shouted for the watchman to lower the basket and draw me up; but holy mother! my voice seemed to knock itself to pieces on the sides of the shaft as it struggled up, and when it reached the top must have been a whisper. I sat down and fairly cried, when a loud shout o laughter rattled along the galleries, and broke as it were up the shaft; I trembled like quicksilver, and heavy drops of perspiration dropped from my forehead to the ground. There was another shout of laugher, and a voice cried out—

"Come here, Mattias, come here."

"Where, most wondeful senor?" I asked, thinking it as well to be respectful.

"Here, here to the black vein, the old leaden, useless vein," cried the voice, mockingly: and I thought with horror of the abuse it had that day received.

Half dead with fear, I crept along the gallery, and, turning an abrupt angle, came upon the lode we had been working. Ave Maria purissima! what a sight met my eyes! The gallery seemed a mass of fire, yet there was no blaze and no heat. The rock which contained the vein of ore, and the ore itself, were like solid fire; and yet it wasn't fire, for there was no heat, as I said, but a glare so bright that one could see away into the rock, which seemed to extend miles and miles; and every grain of quartz, and even the smallest particle of sand, of which it was composed, was blazing with light, and shone separately like a million diamonds knocked in one; and yet the eye saw miles into the bowels of the earth, and every grain of sand was thus lighted up. But if the stone, and the grit, and the sand were thus fiery bright, and the eye scorched to look upon it, what words can describe the glitter of the *vein*, now of sparkling silver, and white, as it were, with flame, but over which a *black bush* now and then shot, and instantaneously disappeared? It wanted not this, however, to tell me that I was looking at the endless *veta negra*, the scorned, abused black vein, which throbbed, miles and miles away into the earth, with virgin silver, enough to supply the world for worlds to come.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the voice; "the *old leaden, useless vein.* Where's the man that can eat all this silver's worth of frijolitos? Bring him here, bring him here." And forthwith a thousand little sparkling figures jumped out of the scintillating rock, and, springing to the ground, ringing like new-coined pesos, they seized upon the body of Pepito, which I had not till now observed, who lay, blue with fear, in a corner of the gallery, and, lifting him on their shoulders, brought him in front of the silver vein. The brightness of the metal scorched his eyes, which still could not, even in his fear, resist feasting on the richness of the glittering lode.

"Bonanza, una bonanza!" shouted the enraptured miner, forgetting his situation, and the presence he was in, for the figure (if figure it can be called, which was like a mist of silver fire) of the padremina—the mine king—was now seen sitting in state on the top of the vein.

"Bonanza!" shouted the same voice, derisively; "bonanza, from an *old leaden, useless vein!*" repeating the terms which Pepito had used in abusing it. "Where's the man can eat this silver's worth of frijolitos?"

"What does he deserve who has thus slighted the silver-king?" "Turn him to lead, lead, lead!" answered the voice. "Away with him, then."

The thousand sparkling silverines seized the struggling miner. "Not lead, not lead," he shouted; "any thing but lead!" But they held him fast by the legs, and bore him opposite the lode.

The rock sparkled up into a thousand times more brilliant coruscations than before, and for an instant I thought my eyes would have 'burn'd' with looking at the silver vein, so heavenly bright it shone. An instant after a void remained in the rock; a horrid black void. The vein had disappeared, but the rock itself was still as brick as ever, all but the black opening which yawned from out the brightness; and opposite this stood the thousand silverines, bearing the body of the luckless gambucino.

"'Uno, dos, *tres*,' shouted the mine-king; and at the words 'tres'—with a hop, skip and jump—right into the gaping hollow sprung the thousand silverines, with the luckless miner on their shoulders, whose body, the instant that his heels disappeared into the opening, with these very eyes, I saw turned to lead.

Santa Maria! then all became dark, and I fell senseless to the ground.

When I recovered a little, I thought to myself, now will come my turn; but, hoping to conciliate the angry mine-king, I sought, in the breast of my shirt, for a bottle of mezcal, which I remembered I had brought with me. There was the bottle, but without a single drop of liquor.—This puzzled me; but when I called to mind the fiery spectacle I had just witnessed, I felt no doubt but that the liquor had been dried up in the bottle by the great heat.

However, I was not molested, and in a short time the miners returned to the work, and finding me pale and trembling, called me tonto, borracho—drunk and mad. We proceeded to the lode and grubbed away, but all we succeeded in picking out were a few lumps of poor lead ore; and from that day not a dollar's worth of silver was ever drawn from the famous 'black vein of Sombrerete.'

Correspondence of the Boston Atlas.

PARIS, March 18th, 1848.

English Servants and Workpeople—Enthusiasm—Fourierism—Madame Rachel—Pictures Destroyed—Lamartine—Exciting Scene with Lagrange, &c.

The antipathy of the French people to the English is well known. Whether it is of an older date than Waterloo, I will not say—but certain it is, it is sufficiently ancient to have become impregnated with the blood of the French masses. From these prejudices, and from a desire to obtain their places, the liberty-loving republicans of France have taken ground against the employment of English work people in the factories, on the railroads, and in private families. These disgraceful demands have been heeded, and the employers in nearly every instance have been compelled to discharge those in their employ who have the misfortune to be the countrymen of Shakspeare, Hampden, and Milton. In Paris, meetings have been held of French domestics out of place, in which violent denunciations were uttered against those Frenchmen who employ English servants, and against the servants themselves. Deputations of these "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" gentlemen have gone round to families wherein English servants were known to be kept, and notice given if they did not instantly dismiss their English servants they must take the consequences. What the consequences would have been, I do not undertake to explain; but that they would have been of an unpleasant nature, is inferable from the fact that the threat had the desired effect.

It is related that the Prince de Beauveau was ordered by a deputation of liveried horse-coupers to discharge his grooms, coachman, and jockeys, and he was threatened, in case he refused, to have his race horses' legs broken. The Prince acceded to the knights of the curry comb request, and dismissed his servants, This made him popular—but at the same time he declared that, not being allowed to keep servants he could trust, he should sell his stud, curtail his establishment, and live within the narrowest limits. This he did, and it has made him very unpopular. About ten days ago, a meeting of grooms and coachmen was held, in which it was resolved that no English coachman should be employed, on pain of "being torn from the boxes of the carriages whenever they appeared." At present, there is hardly an English servant to be found employed in Paris. At Havre, on the 13th, the mob menaced the mills in that heighborhood with conflagration, unless the British workpeople were immediately dismissed. At Lisieux Malauey, outrages have been committed, arising from the same disgraceful cause. Some three or four thousand poor people have thus been thrown out of employment, subject to the senseless fury of the mob, and without means of getting back to England; for many of these people had deposited their hard earning in the Caisse d'Epargne in this city, and the recent decree of the Provisional Government, which renders it impossible to withdraw deposits exceeding 100 francs, making the rest of the capital bring five per cent, interest, beggars many of the industrious mechanics.

The proceedings of the first two sittings of the National Commission to regulate the hours of labor, and bring about an industrial paradise, have been published. M. Louis Blanc is the reigning deity in this new device. Any labor, he says, beyond ten hours a day is oppressive: therefore it is decreed that no mechanics shall work more than ten hours. The next thing is to establish four buildings, each capable of holding 400 families of workingmen. Great economy is expected from this, in the purchase of victuals by wholesale, and by a general system of cooking. In each establishment there is to be an asylum for infants during the absence of their "anxious mothers," a school, yards for exercise, gardens, baths, &c. The first expense is to be raised by mortgages upon the establishments themselves. This plan is to be submitted to the government, for their approval. It takes, and will be tried. Some of the workmen, however, have already objected to the ten hour clause.—Nine hours, they say, is enough, with wages undiminished. Several factories in the quartiers St. Martin and St. Dennis have been visited by bands of workmen, and the masters had to sign a contract to limit the day's work to nine hours, and not reduce the wages. They are not to reduce the number of workmen, or stop their work, on penalty of having their machinery broken.—These lawless bands say they are the government, and the masters have been forced to submit. Is this freedom?

The Republican enthusiasm covers the whole land, and invades every sanctuary, holy or unholy. A highly wrought scene took place last week at the Theatre Francais, now called "La Theatre de la Republique." Mademoiselle Rachel, the great tragedian, was called upon, after the performance of *Camille*, to sing *La Marseillaise*. She appeared in a Roman costume—the same she had worn in the tragedy—with the addition of a tri-color ribbon. She was never grander than in her acting of this song. It was more than singing—it was sublime—and partook of the character of a religious chaunt. Parts of it she gave in a low, tremulous voice. Her whole frame appeared quivering with patriotic fervor.—A writer says, that "when, at the last verse, she seized the Republican flag, threw herself upon her knees, and hugged it in her arms, she seemed to present, at once, the real and ideal Joan of Arc."

There were about three hundred pictures at the Chateau of Neuilly when it was pillaged, one hundred and fifty of which were destroyed, mostly modern, and of little value. The remainder have been conveyed to the Louvre.

Napoleon was called the child of the Old Revolution. M. Lamartine is emphatically the man of the New. His labors are overwhelming, and yet he is ready for any emergency. The power he exerts over the masses is almost miraculous. Nor is it less felt in the proceedings of the Provisional Government. He is earnest, real, of undoubted courage, and strictly honest. It is well known here, that shortly after the flight of Louis Philippe, a Council was held of the Revolutionary

leaders, to dictate to the Provisional Government. The Government felt compelled, though aware of the incendiary principles of Lagrange, to make him Governor of the Hotel de Ville. He held it two days, and was replaced by another. His resentment was so wild and terrible, that fear came upon several of them.

Lamartine, alone, blenched not. He kept his self-possession, and when Lagrange, in the wild fury of his rage, drew a pistol from his pocket and pointed it at him, exclaiming, "Thou art no true patriot! What hinders me from taking thy life on the instant?" "Your own conscience," coolly replied Lamartine, "and the utter uselessness of such an outrage; for should I fall there will still remain my colleagues, who all, to a man, have resolved to die rather than submit to violence or to return to the senseless anarchy of '93." Lagrange shook with fear, turned pale as death; he dropped the pistol and sank into a seat; his eye quailed before the steady glance of Lamartine, while he muttered between his teeth—"Thou art not a true Republican, nor yet a true patriot, but I verily believe thou art an honest man."

It was then that his neighbor, La Caussidiere, managed to seize the pistol which he had placed beside him, and by his presence of mind saved the Assembly from a dreadful catastrophe; for in the space of a few moments Lagrange arose, and with the most frightful yells and howlings began to rend the clothes from his back and to tear the flesh from his bosom, and the blood spurted forth, all the while uttering the most fearful imprecations and blasphemies. In an instant the whole Assembly was in an uproar—the terror of the scene was greater than words can describe. It was evident that the fierce excitement of the last few days had turned the brain of Lagrange and produced a fit of raging madness. He was secured with difficulty, and borne to a *maison de sante* at Montmartre, where he now remains, I believe, still a raving maniac. The Assembly all gathered round Lamartine with congratulations, but the effect of the scene was such that many were forced to retire, and the meeting broke up. Much commiseration has been felt for Lagrange, who, it cannot be doubted, is a warm and disinterested, though misguided Republican. His violence was much dreaded by the other members of the Government, and his absence is a great relief.

Money and Maladies.—The want of money, I am inclined to think produces physical changes which have not as yet been sufficiently noticed by the faculty. It causes a gradual and considerable accumulation of bile, which lies lurking in the system, until the incivilities of friends, or the importunities of creditors, cause it to become completely vitiated or inspissated: after which a man, especially one predisposed to melancholy and contemplation, looks at every thing on earth through a pair of yellow spectacles. The unhappy patient becomes saturated, body and mind, with jaundice; he shuns the society of his fellow men, buttons his coat up to his chin, pulls his hat over his eyes, deposits his hands in the pockets of his small-clothes, and takes extraordinary long walks into the country. But even the fair face of nature becomes changed; the barrenness of his pockets throws a corresponding sterility over the landscape, deducting "the glory from the grass and splendor from the flower." The blossoming of the earth is no longer pleasant to his sight, or the music of the merry warblers of the woods delightful to his ear. His "heart is out of joint," and all nature seems to be filled with unpleasing comparisons between his own state and hers.—He stalks about with lowering brow and upturned lip, and unpleasant discord amid the universal harmony and fitness of things. At this juncture let intelligence arrive of a heavy legacy left him by some appropriately defunct distant relative—and lo! the change! It is a dark cloud passing from the sun. Monsieur Il Penseroso become L'Allegro in a twinkling. He draws his hands from the extensive vacuum in which they have been dangling, takes the yellow spectacles from his eyes, raises the hat from his brows, unbuttons his coat, and turns, with a feeling of leisurely enjoyment, to welcome the fresh spring breeze.—The song of birds and the odor of flowers are again grateful to his senses. The rivulet tinkles once more pleasantly in his ear, and the cheerful song of the lark finds a corresponding echo in his own bosom. He indulges no longer in speculations on the vanity and insufficiency of things, but hies homeward cheerful, free, enfranchised, independent. He orders an approved cookery book, lies a-bed and studies it, and marvels in a short time, how melancholy ever gained a footing in this mighty pleasant world. Oh money, money!—marvellous indeed are the changes thou canst produce! Would that I were a bank director!—*The late Wm. Cox.*

The Mission of the Teacher.—Many fine things have been said concerning the mission of teachers; a mission truly important, inasmuch as they are commissioned not only to teach a few elementary branches of knowledge to the children of the people, but to direct their education as men and citizens. The best that has perhaps been written on this subject, is to be found in a memorial which the Minister of Public Instruction addressed to them. "Humble as the career of the schoolmaster may be," says the Minister, "and though doomed to pass his whole existence most frequently within the sphere of a small community, his labors are, nevertheless, felt throughout society at large, and his profession is as important as that of any other public functionary. It is not for any merely local interest, that the law demands that every man should acquire, if possible, the knowledge which is indispensable in social life, and without much intelligence often languishes and degenerates; it is for the state itself and the public interest; t is because liberty is certain and steadfast only among people enlightened enough to listen, in every circumstance, to the voice of Reason. Public elementary instruction is one of the guarantees of order and social stability. Doomed to pass his life in discharging the monotonous duties of his vocation, sometimes even in struggling with the injustice or the ingratitude of ignorance, the schoolmaster would often repine, and perhaps sink under his afflictions, did he not draw strength and courage from another and higher source than that of immediate and mere personal interest. A deep sense of the moral importance of his duties must support and encourage him; and the austere pleasure of having rendered service to mankind, must become the worthy recompense which his own conscience alone can give. It is his glory to pretend to nothing beyond the sphere of his obscure and laborious condition; to exhaust his strength in sacrifices which are scarcely noticed by those who reap their benefit; to labor, in short, for his fellow beings, and to look for his reward only to God."—*From the Education of the People, by J. Willm, Inspector of the Academy at Strasburg.*

☞ A girl, only 14 years of age, has been arrested in Boston on a charge of causing the death of her mother, a Mrs. Pinkerton, by giving her arsenic.

From the Knickerbocker.

Heretofore.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

"From all its kind this wasted heart
This moody mind now drifts apart;
It longs to find the tideless shore
Where rests the wreck of *Heretofore*."
[*Motherwell.*

Fresh are the roses of to-day
With hues that match the sunset's glow,
But sweeter, dearer far than they
Are flowers that withered long ago;
Young flowers, that graced a radiant shore
Washed by the waves of Heretofore.

Take back this tome with gilded leaves,
The work of one by wo untaught;
The soul of constancy that grieves
Within can find no food for thought;
I love alone to ponder o'er
The blotted scroll of Heretofore.

Names written on that record dim,
And stained with unavailing tears,
While airy visions round me swim,
Bring back the joys of other years;
And beams, outshining noontide, pour
Through the torn clouds of Heretofore.

Discordant to my mood of mind
Its music of the present hour,
For only in the Past I find
A voice that hath a spell of power;
A voice that wakes to life once more
The buried forms of Heretofore.

I love the home, so glad of old,
Though damp and mouldy now its walls,
And converse sweet with phantoms hold
That glide at midnight through its halls;
For they are wanderers from the shore
Of thy dim realm, oh, Heretofore!

Kind looks, as slowly they depart,
On me the wan procession cast,
For well they know that one poor heart
Keeps green remembrance of the Past;
A heart that trembles to its core,
When sung the songs of Heretofore.

I love old oaks that feebly wave,
And weeds that hide a ruined hearth;
Pale moss upon a sunken grave,
And every crumbling wreck of earth,
For they are teachers of a lore
That lends a charm to Heretofore.

For the Western Literary Messenger

The Mission of Flowers.

True Beauty points to heaven as its birth-place. Being an attribute of Deity himself, it accompanies every manifestation, and is visible in all nature around us. Upon the soul which is not lost to all appreciation of the pure and holy, it exerts a refining and hallowed influence. It is as faithful in its mission as the star which led the wise to the glory-crowned manger of Bethlehem. Dim though it may be upon our sin-beclouded vision, who can for a moment enter the world of the beautiful and not feel chastened and made better by it? Under its influence we instantly lose sight of the darker forms of earth, its stern realities sink away, and we feel ourselves less of earth and more of heaven. O, it is glorious to cease for a bright moment to be a prisioner of this sickly body, and become as large and pure as nature.

An ardent love for the beautiful is surely akin to worship, for in proportion as we come to a just appreciation of it do we gain exalted views of its author who has dispensed it so liberally. But how few are the eyes unsealed to discover this all-pervading element. Man gazes enraptured at the monuments of art, but never for once sees the greater skill and beauty which is manifest in all the breathing universe around him.

One of the purest forms of beauty in nature is presented us in the flowers. They are her mildest, sweetest expressions. They "touch us like poetry," and talk to the heart. They are eloquent instructors of morality. But, like all blessings so freely enjoyed, they are illy appreciated. Who would not shudder at the thought of walking amidst all the master-pieces of painting and sculpture and yet never behold one of them? How many there are who never for once pause *to* observe these emblems of the lovely and pure, which spring up all along our pathway in life.

How much flowers resemble the young heart, in its bright morning, ere it has stained the plumage of its sinless years. Tradition of them tells us that they were once like youth even in this—that they loved, and talked, and had passions like ours. Whether the golden age of flowers has passed or not, they are still invested with these susceptibilities in song. How often, and how fondly the poet revels in the field of flowers. Do they not talk to him? Who has ever heard the soft, low whispers of the green leaves and bright flowers on a spring morning, who did not feel rainbow gleams of gladness running through his heart? Like beauty in the human form, flowers hint and foreshow relations of transcendant delicacy, and sweetness, and point to the beautiful and unattainable, From the garden favorite to the dainty wild flower of the mountain, all have a charm inexpressible, a beauty unapproachable, leading the way, and wooing the spirit onward and upward. How sweetly and instructively the flower bows its head to the breath of night, or the rude storm. At morning it yields its fragrant orison borne to heaven on the soft wings of the dew-drop. Thus the heart learns to bring a holier offering to the shrine of all good.

The ancients called beauty in the human form the *flowering* of virtue, and flowers were wreathed around their imagined Elysian. They greet life's dawn with their smiles, and sweetly bloom over the grave. In all ages great minds have blessed them, and gracefully listened to their instruction. Some one has asked "why are external nature and man so separated?" Not from any necessity is it thus. Man in his riper age has ruthlessly torn himself from the kind mother of his youth. Nature is ever the instructor of the soul. From her its first teachings are derived. She will never prove recreant to her trust. Let the soul, conscious

of her continued favors, child like, love and learn, and it has rich reward. It becomes the favored child. Its eyes are unsealed to discover her rare beauties. Thus she draws it into so close and endearing intimacy, and so happily beguiles the hours of a weary life that it almost forgets its own mortality.

But flowers die. That which bloomed to tell us of purity, beauty, and heaven, in the sweetness of its fading glory bears a yet higher and plainer lesson—a lesson not forgotten, and which this little monitor must teach or it is untaught. We listen, for it is a sweet, though mournful voice which bids us mark the bright emblem of our own mortality,

The departure of beauty—like the nightingale's death-song, touches us sweetly yet sadly, and reminds us how much was lost in our Eden-home. Under this influence the soul rises from earth in its power, and looks, and longs for the land where flowers will never fade. Ion.

Madison University.

The News from Europe.

The Carlists mean to make a desperate push to carry the elections. No money or arts will be spared. Their cry is now that France, with universal suffrage, would be a Republic, whether that head were elective or hereditary!

It is considered by many that a strong Conservative majority will be returned to the Assembly from the Provinces. Should this be the case, Paris will not accept it, and new troubles will spring up. On the other hand, it was feared the majority would be ultra-democratic, and that too many inexperienced men would be elected.

Persons of all parties are offering themselves as candidates for seats in the impending National Assembly. A large number are partizans of the Bourbon and Orleans governments.

A growing jealousy was beginning to be manifested by the departments at the absolute domination over them assumed by the Parisians, and it was apprehended that the returns for the elections from the provinces would tell against the Provisional Government.

The following official communication has been made by the Government: "A despatch from Berlin, of the 14th of March, announces that the Emperor of Russia has declared, in the most positive way, that he will abstain from all intervention in the affairs of France so long as France shall not attack foreign territories."

A vast wooden building is being erected in the court of the chamber of deputies, for the meetings of the National Assembly.

The famous Champs de Mars is being raised on the whole of its surface about a yard. A magnificent fete, like that of the federation, will be held here on the 20th April.

M. Alexander Dumas, has proposed that the statue of the Duke of Orleans be restored to its situation in the Place du Louvre, as when alive, all the advanced portion of the nation, had their their hopes in him.

A recent statistical work on France states that the bulk of the property of Louis Phillippe was in forests and, as Duke of Orleans, his income thence was at least £300,000 a year. The crown estates he possessed as King was also principally in woods, yielding him £250,000 more.

The private domain of the ex-King is not to be sold but to be sequestrated for the use of the state, and its revenues applied.

The Duchess of Orleans and her two children were expected at Berlin. They were to reside in the Palace of Bellevue, in which Charles X. was received by the Royal family of Prussia on his way to Austria, after the revolution of 1830. At the last dates the Duchess was living at Ems, in Nassau, in great privacy. Beside her two sons—the oldest one, it will be remembered, is the Count de Paris, in whose favor Louis Philippe offered to abdicate—she had but few persons with her, among whom was the Count de Mornay.—Her mother, the Duchess-Dowager of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, arrived on the 8th, to assist and console her daughter, who, on her arrival, was destitute of the commonest necessaries.

The Austrian Monarchy is virtually dissolved. The dismissal of Metternich, and the overthrow of his despotic system, snap asunder the links which bind together the heterogeneous states of Hungary, Bohemia, Moravia, Gallicia, Styria, Tyrol, Lombardy, and Sclavonia; and it remains to be seen what future limits will be fixed to the authority of Austria Proper. The independence of Bohemia and Hungary is inevitable. Already the people, in a delirium of joy, are taking steps to secure their freedom

Advices from Genoa announces the arrival of an American Squadron in that port on the 3rd March.

The Turin papers of the 4th March, announces the departure of the Jesuits from that city, in consequence of an order from the Government. Some slight disturbances took place on the occasion

Austria.—The dates from Vienna are to the 18th ult. The following official announcement has been made:

His Imperial Majesty has been graciously pleased, by a royal resolution of the 17th, to command the constitution of a responsible Council of Ministers, for the deliberation and execution of the principles laid down in the imperial patent of the 15th of March. His Majesty the Emperor has been pleased to command the Lord High Chancellor to make known to the burghers of the capital his Majesty's satisfaction at the faithful loyalty which, as in times of old, they displayed during the last few days, and to express to them, as the new constituted National Guard, his high approbation of their fealty and loyalty, their zeal and praiseworthy exertions for the restoration and consolidation of public peace and security, with the full assurance that they will ever retain the same honorable bearing. In like manner, the admirable conduct of the academic students is equally appreciated by his Majesty, who desires that his high satisfaction may be conveyed to the University and the polytechnic institutes, viz.: to the President, the Professors, members of the faculty, and students, for the devotion which they evinced during the last few days, and their very strenuous exertions for the restoration of the public peace and security, and these thanks are heightened by the certain conviction that, in so far as is compatible with the duties of their calling, they will ever be equally willing to co-operate for the consolidation of public tranquility. His Majesty, the Emperor, by an imperial decree of the 17th of this month, in consequence of a humble petition presented to him, has been pleased to decree that bills of exchange which ought to have been presented for acceptance or payment from the 13th to the 18th of the current month inclusive, in Vienna, and in the places appertaining and included within the police circle,

shall be valid for presentation on the 20th of this month.

IOHANN TALATZKO,
Baron Von Gestieticz.

VIENNA, March 18.

Various addresses have been presented to the Emperor, expressive of gratitude and loyal attachment.

The procession by torch-light took place last night, (March 16.) It commenced at seven and lasted till ten. The whole city was splendidly illuminated, and the *tout ensemble* was the most imposing spectacle, perhaps, ever witnessed in Vienna.

Letters from Presburg of the 14th say that immediately the dismission of M. Metternich was known, Mons. de Kossuth announced it to the Chamber of Deputies, and proposed that they should go in a body to the Archduke Palatine, to ask him to convoke the Chamber of Magnates to adopt an address of the Deputies. The Deputy Zala declared every one who should not join M. de Kossuth a traitor. The Deputies went to the Archduke, who was addressed in their name by M. de Kossuth. The Archduke replied with much energy, and was loudly applauded. The address was to be sent immediately to the Emperor. The joy is universal.

PRUSSIA—LIBERATION OF THE POLISH PRISONERS.—By the Cologne *Gazette* of March 22, we have news from Berlin to the 20th inclusive.—The Poles had been set at liberty, and had celebrated the event with a great triumph, accompanied by the people.

The King has nobly and promptly redeemed his pledge to forget the past animosities. The following general amnesty appears in the *Allgemeine Preussische Zeitung* of March 21:

"Yesterday I declared that from my heart I have forgotten and forgiven. But, in order that no doubt may remain of my whole people being embraced in this forgiveness, and because I will not have the great future of our Fatherland now dawning upon us dimmed by painful reminiscences of the past, I hereby proclaim pardon to all who have been accused of or condemned for political offences or offences perpetrated by the instrumentality of the press. My Minister of Justice, Uhden, is charged to give immediate effect to this amnesty.

FREDERICK WILLIAM.

BERLIN, 20th March, 1848."

BELGIUM.—REVOLUTIONARY AND REPUBLICAN MOVEMENTS.—Letters received on the 24th, from Belgium, state that an insurrection had occurred at Ghent, with a view to expel the Jesuits from that city. A mob of between two and three thousand, vociferating "Vive la Republique!" bent their course to the church and residence of the Jesuits, the latter of which they demolished, and then commenced operations upon the church; and but for the timely arrival of the cavalry, gendarmes and police, this splendid church would have been demolished and sacked of its valuables. The city, however, still continued under great excitement, and it was feared that the mischief was not yet over.

We learn from Antwerp, by a letter dated Monday, that all the Jesuits had removed the whole of their valuables from the town, and taken flight.

The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier are living in retirement at Brussels.

RUSSIA—MILITARY PREPARATIONS.—The Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, in an ukase directed to the Minister of War, has commanded the immediate organization of all the military reserves. A large portion of the army of Russia is to be placed on a war footing, and to be assembled on the 1st (13th) April. This step, says the decree, "is required by the events transpiring in the west of Europe, manifesting the sinful design of subverting legal authorities. The alliance of friendship and the treaties by which Russia is connected with the neighboring powers, impose upon us as a sacred duty to take timely measures for placing a portion of our troops upon a war footing, that in case circumstances should demand it, a firm front may be opposed to the direful spread of anarchy."

Beyond these preparations it is not anticipated at present, that the Emperor will take any steps beyond the confines of his own dominions, the tranquility of which will not, it is expected, be sensibly disturbed.

POLAND—REVOLUTION IN CRACOW.—On the 18th, the inhabitants of Cracow proclaimed a Republic. Fifteen thousan insurgents are under arms. On the previous day, the Governor was compelled by the people to release 400 political prisoners implicated in the recent insurrection.

BAVARIA.—The telegraphic despatch received at Paris announces that the King of Bavaria has abdicated Previous intelligence informed us of a constitutional revolution. The people were in transports of delight at the success. The students and the soldiers had sworn allegiance to the new Constitution.

SICILY.—Sicily has obtained the constitution of 1812, and seems determined to enjoy a free government, independent of Neapolitan thraldom, notwithstanding the government had reinforced the garrison at Messina. The Messinese stormed the fortress of St. Salvadore, March 7th, and put great numbers of the garrison to the sword.

The English fleet remained on the coast, and it is confidently affirmed that Great Britain has determined to support the Sicilians in the maintenance of the constitution of 1812.

Lola Montes has found a new protector in a son of Sir Robert Peel, who is the British Charge d'Affaires at Berne, Switzerland. She is seen daily walking arm in arm with him, and he greeted her on her arrival, by a public dinner.

A MARRIAGE BY TELEGRAPH—ALMOST.—The Milwaukee Sentinel of the 4th, relates the following. We don't approve of the interference of Chicago *by no means*. The operator should be dismissed:

The following interesting chit-chat with Michigan City, occurred at our Telegraph Office yesterday afternoon. When Michigan City was called, a young lady of our town happening to be in the office, sent her compliments to the operator, and requested him to find her a husband. Answer—Will you accept of me? Lady promptly responded, "Yes." Operator—"A clergyman is just passing; shall I call him in?" Lady—"Yes." Operator—"Here is the clergyman." Clergyman—"Are you willing to have this man H—— to be your lawful and wedded husband?" Lady—"Yes." Clergyman—"Now, in the name of the Telegraph Company and to the extent of my authority, I pronounce you *man and woman*." Chicago—"Hold on! hold on! I forbid the banns—you are too late, young man." As the lady left the office with glowing cheeks, I fancied that she secretly blessed Morse for his useful invention.

FATHER MATHEW NOT COMING.—A letter by the *Hibernia*, (says the N. Y. *Express*) from Father MATHEW, to the Rev. Mr. MARSH, states that his projected visit to America must be deferred for the present.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

YOUNG MAN, HAVE FAITH IN YOURSELF.—Next to christian, human faith is necessary. It is indispensable to temporal success. "In great crises," says Professor Vinet, of Switzerland, "in grand exigences, the favorable chance has always been for him who hoped against hope. And the greatness of individuals or of nations may be measured precisely by the greatness of their faith."

Such was the principle which guided Ledyard through his perilous itinerancy in the journey of life He early formed the resolution to *see* and to *know*, and no human obstacle could turn him from his purpose. "I am accustomed," he once wrote "to hardship: I have known both hunger and nakedness to the utmost extremity of human suffering. I have known what it is to have food given me as charity to a madman; and I have at times been obliged to shelter myself under the miseries of that character, to avoid a heavier calamity. My distress has been greater than I have ever owned, or ever will own, to any man. Such evils are terrible to hear; but they never yet had power to turn me from my purpose. *If I live, I will faithfully perform, in its utmost extent, my engagement to society;* and if I perish in the attempt, my honor will still be safe, for death cancels all bonds."

With a spirit like this in your bosom, young man! you may look an envious world, with its ugliest imps of malice, in the face; may scale Alps of adversity; and, should you meet the Nemæan lion of Temptation in your pilgrimage, may pursue him to his den and choke him to death! or, better still, trusting in God, you may snatch the girdle from the queen of the Amazons of Iniquity, and hang her with it! Live not for yourself alone, but for society, for your country, for Heaven; and come what may, your honor, like that of Ledyard's, will be safe; and glorious, in the end, will be the cancelling of your bonds!

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for April, re-published by Leonard Scott and Co., has already been received. It contains the Fall of the Throne of the Barricades, by Alison; A German Ditty; Two Sonnets; My Route into Canada (No. 2); The Conquest of Naples; Travelling in Taffyland; Life and Times of Lord Hardwicke; How we got possession of the Tuilleries; and the Caxtons—a Family Picture. A future number of our paper may be enriched with choice extracts from some of these articles.

For sale by Andrew Burke.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters addressed to the editor, as well as the publishers, unless post paid, are not sure to be taken out of the Postoffice.

NEW DRAMATIC POEM.—MRS. ELIZABETH OAKS SMITH has lately written a Dramatic Poem called the "Roman Tribune," which is highly commended by Mr. BRYANT, in the N. Y. *Evening Post*: It is founded on that chapter of the history of the Roman empire in which the barbarian invader Attila is recorded to have extorted a tribune from the weak emperor, Theodosius." We find the following, among other extracts, in the *Literary World*:

DESTINY.

Ye iron Fates
Unhuman—gods above—cased in your walls
Of adamant eternal! our puny strength
Is crushed in contest with you! The universe,
With all its goodly shapes, submission owns,
Hymning obedient harmonies, while we,
The toys and puppets of your moving will,
Wrench at the bars of our poor prison house,
In strivings to achieve a way not yours;
And all our aspiration, all the dreams,
That make us hardly less than gods,
Ye mockingly return in broken chalices,
And we are left like him, whose rooted strength
Upheaved a temple from its base—and died—
Amid the wreck.

LATENT EVIL.

Listen! I've slumbered with thee until now
A nameless, shapeless, wingless, couchant thing,
Within the filmy vesture of the soul,
Until thy evil hour evoked me forth.

MYSTERIOUS SOUNDS.

The child starts from his innocent pillow,
And answers with a smile, for he believes
The angels called him with their sweet, rose lips.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW for April contains a likeness of J. A. LOWELL, ex Governor of Maine, and fourteen political and miscellaneous papers. The first two on the French Revolution and the Reforms of Pope Pius IX, are very valuable. We also like the one on Woodchucks.—There is raciness in the author's pen. The article on Freedom of Opinion was evidently written by an enemy of Evangelical Religion, and we regret that it should poison the pages of so influential a periodical as the Democratic Review.

COLLEGE ADDRESSES.—Dr. T. M. FOOTE, editor of the Commercial Advertizer, has received and accepted an invitation to address the literary societies of Clinton College, at the next commencement; and Rev. L. TUCKER, paster of the Washington street Baptist church, has received and accepted an invitation to address the literary societies of Franklin (O.) College.

THE LADY'S BOOK FOR MAY has been on our table several days, and it is a splendid issue. The Queen of May, a picture painted in colors, is not only new and unique, but transcendently beautiful. The other embellishments, which are numerous, are also fine; and the literary contents are by such writers as Miss Leslie, Grace Greenwood, Chas. Lanman, T. Mayne Reid, L. F. Tasistro, etc., etc. Success to Godey!

From the Boston Traveler of Saturday.

Mysterious Circumstance.—Two years ago last February, a lad named J. Bruce, of Winchendon, Mass., was despatched by his father to this city, with a sled and two horses, to sell a load of straw, since which time he has never been heard of. Recently a keg was found in Eastman's stable, in Deacon street, in this city, which was known to have been in the possession of the boy, and this led to a disclosure that at the time of the boy's disappearance, the horses had been left at Mr. stable by the boy, and never claimed, and that E.'s Mr. E., after keeping them a proper time and advertising them, sold them, and has on hand the balance of money, deducting charges.

The man has been found who bought the sled of the boy. Finally after a long search, the body of the boy himself was found buried in one of the city tombs in the South burying ground, with his clothes still on.

There is no record of his death or burial upon the books, which leads to the supposition that he was buried under a feigned name, and that there has been foul play in the matter. The body has been taken home to Winchendon.

A long account in the Boston Journal adds a variety of details, among which figure the revelations of a Mesmeric clairvoyant who was consulted by the father. This person described, it is said, the departure of the lad from his home and added that:

Although he was of unexceptionable character, he had fallen into bad company, was induced to drink something, soon after which he was seized with convulsions and died in that state; that he was then buried under a heap of manure, but was subsequently removed and taken out upon the water, and his body sunk in the harbor; that it was afterward found, and was placed in a tomb in the South burial ground.

From reasons which were satisfactory to Mr. Bruce no examination of the tomb was had at that time, and the matter rested without any farther developements being made, until some few weeks since, when two relatives of the family were in the city, and more from curiosity than any other reason, visited the clairvoyant referred to, and the same circumstances were detailed to them that had been previously related to Mr. Bruce, with the addition that the coffin containing the remains was in a particular position in the tomb No. 15, in the South burial ground.

Mr. Lincoln, superintendant of burials, Mr. Bruce and two or three of his friends, repaired to the South burial ground. They opened the tomb No. 15, moved several coffins, and upon raising the lid of that described by the clairvoyant, Mr. Bruce exclaimed, "that's my son—I remember those pantaloons."

The Eagle Street Theatre, we regret to learn, will soon be opened for the season. It is said to be undergoing thorough renovation from pit to dome. Pity this renovating process could not be extended to its actors and puffers.

Fire.—The stable wood shed and back part of the dwelling of Judge Love, on the corner of Mohawk and Franklin streets, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday afternoon.

Shocking Accident.—At the launch of the schooner Emblem, at Wilson, Niagara county, on the 8th instant, Mr. Knowlton Harrington was run over by the schooner in its course to the water, and instantly crushed to death. He was 48 years of age.

☞ Whether or not the French will be able to establish and maintain a true Republican government, that shall avoid the danger of despotism on one hand and licentiousness on the other, they have at least, thus far, proved themselves consistent in their professions. They have not proclaimed that all men are created free and equal, and then falsified it by insisting that thousands of their fellow-men shall be held in hereditary bondage. On the first day of their accession to power, the Provisional Government issued a decree abolishing Slavery in all the Colonies of France.

The colored and mulatto citizens of Paris—among whom is classed Dumas, the celebrated writer,—rejoicing in this act of justice, designated a deputation to address the Provisional Government. They were replied to by M. Cremieux, one of the new Cabinet, in the following beautiful address:

Fellow citizens, friends, brothers—I am happy to hail you in the name of the Provisional Government of the Republic, every part of which has entertained the great thought of emancipating such of your fellow countrymen as still remain in slavery. Slavery, slavery in the midst of liberty! Why, this is the most odious, the most afflicting inconsistency. Distinctions between men! This is a violation of the law both of God and man. (Loud applause.) We have only proclaimed the principles which dwell in the hearts of all mankind. Yes, the national convention—that grand, that immortal assembly, had restored you all to freedom, but the error of a great man again placed you under the yoke which you had believed was broken forever.

You, who, having been slaves, had become freemen, rendered to the liberty which had been restored to you such great and important services—you yourselves were cast back into servitude! The new Republic will accomplish what the Republic of 1792 proclaimed. You shall again become free. There shall no longer be a slave on the soil of liberty. In our colonies as well as in continental France, every man who inhabits the land shall be free. You will prove yourselves worthy of it, for you ever have been so. And when slavery shall have disappeared, our descendants will exclaim with pride—it was to the revolution of 1848 that the final abolition of slavery was due.

This was re-echoed by the repeated cries of "Vive la Republique! Vive la gouvernement provisoire!"

Boston—Sunday, April 16.

The U. S. Steam Frigate *Mississippi*, Com. McKenzie, arrived at this port this day from Vera Cruz, which place she left on the 2d inst., via Havana on the 8th. As she came out from Vera Cruz the propeller *Massachusetts* arrived there from New Orleans, having on board Mr. Clifford, Associate Commissioner for securing the ratification of the Treaty.

The general impression at Vera Cruz among well informed persons having communication with the Capital was, that the treaty would be ratified by the Mexican Congress notwithstanding the modifications made by the U. S. Senate.

The Vera Cruz Free American of the 21st ult. says:

We learn from good authority that Santa Anna requested Col. Hughes, the governor of Jalapa, to receive him as he had a passport to leave the country.

Col. Hughes went out with two companies of dragoons and one of artillery, to meet the gentleman at Hacienda, at Encero. He will probably embark on board the English steamer for Havana. Gen. Valancia died of Apoplexy in the city of Mexico, on the 25th ult.

The Mexican Congress had not assembled at the latest acounts. The Court of Inquiry was hearing the testimony in the case of Gen. Pillow on the 25th ult. Major Burns, who claims the authorship of the Leonidas letters, was under examination.

The spirit of revolution was said to be fomenting in San Luis and Guadalaxara.

On the 29th ult., Col. Wilson, acting Governor of Vera Cruz gave notice, that on the following day he should surrender the entire civil administration of that city with the archives, funds, courts, post office, &c., into the hands of the Mexican authorities, in accordance with the armistice entered into by General Butler. The American residents were loud in their disapprobation of the measure.

City Tract Society.

A Semi-Annual Meeting of the Buffalo City Tract Society was held last Sabbath evening in the North Presbyterian Church. A large assembly, consisting of members of the English Lutheran, Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian congregations in the city, was convened. AZEL ENSWORTH, M. D., President of the Society, presided. The devotional exercises of the evening were under the direction of the Rev. CHARLES RICH, pastor of the North Presbyterian Church. The services were introduced by singing, after which the Rev. F. W. GRAVES read a portion of Scripture, and offered prayer. In the absence of Mr. L. DANFORTH, the Secretary, Mr. C. D. COWLES read the semi-annual Report, of which the following is an abstract:

The Buffalo City Tract Society was formed in October 1846. In the first year of its operations, the Society distributed tracts during six months only; and in this period 3000 families were visited, and 36,000 tracts distributed at an expense of a little more than $100. Numbers were persuaded to attend church; many children were gathered into the Sabbath School; the destitute were supplied with the word of God: suffering families were relieved; a few backsliders were reclaimed, and some souls, we trust, were brought to accept the Saviour as their only hope.

During the four months of the present year, 2500 families have been visited, and more than 50,000 pages of tracts have been distributed. The society has already expended $67, and at this rate will need $134 for the remaining eight months. Our city, (say the report) contains over 5000 families, and to supply these with tracts requires the labor of 150 distributers. Thus far the work has been but partially accomplished, not only for want of means, but of laborers And now, in view of what has been effected, in view of the wants of the city, and the encouragements we have to go on with the work;—what shall be done? Shall the means be placed at the disposal of the society for furnishing tracts? Will the persons needed volunteer to scatter these messenger of salvation? And thus the work of the Lord be accomplished, and sinners brought to a knowledge of the Redeemer.

The Report was adopted.

The following resolutions were then proposed, and after having been sustained by appropriate addresses, were adopted.

On motion of the Rev. Mr. HEACOCK, of the Lafayette St. Presbyterian Church.

Resolved, That the Report, which has just been adopted, exhibits a wide and growing field of usefulness, demanding of those who are engaged in it a new consecration to their work, and loudly calling upon the friends of Christ to come to their help, and to pray the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth more laborers into this field, and crown their prayers and their efforts with His blessing.

Resolved, That this Institution, by calling forth the activities of individual Christians in direct and personal efforts to win souls to Christ, is doing essential service to the cause of true religion, and contributing greatly to the strength and spirituality of the people of God.

On motion of the Rev. Mr. SHELDON, of the Cottage Baptist Church, it was

Resolved, That the Divine blessing, which has so eminently attended and prospered the labors of tract visitors, powerfully recommends and entitles those who are engaged in these ministries of love to the friendly and favorable regards of the families, on whom they call in their monthly visitations, and to the prayers and sympathies of all Christians.

On motion of the Rev. Mr. THOMAS, of the Niagara St. Methodist Episcopal Church, it was

Resolved, That this enterprize, by encouraging the co-operation of Christians of different denominations, has a happy influence in promoting that unity of spirit among the followers of Christ for which the Saviour prayed; and that we regard this fellowship in good works as one of the most favorable signs of the times, and a sure earnest and harbinger of better days to come.

This resolution was seconded by G. B. RICH, Esq., who expressed his deep interest in the subject of it, and his wish that all present might be requested to vote on its adoption.

After singing a hymn, on motion of the Rev. Mr. STERNBERG, of the English Evangelical Lutheran Church, it was

Resolved, That the success, which has already attended the Colporteur enterprize, abundantly proves the great importance of the system of Colportage, and its adaptedness to all classes, and to every part of our country; and lays us under obligation to praise God for what has already been accomplished by this agency, and to pray that it may be more extensively and vigorously employed in every city and county in our land.

Resolved, That, in view of the great influx of foreigners, flocking to our shores from the different nations of Europe, the work of supplying them with evangelical truth in their own language is a service which is demanded as well by the dictates of charity and patriotism, and by the exigencies of the times as by the peculiar circumstances of these immigrants and strangers in this land of their adoption.

After making some remarks in support of these resolutions, Mr. STERNBERG introduced to the audience Mr. EHLNER, a German Colporteur, of the American Tract Society, sustained by the Ladies' Colporteur Association of the First Pres-

byterian church, and laboring among the German population of this city. Mr. E. stated some facts illustrating the practical workings of the Colporteur enterprize, and with much fervor recommended it to the regard of all Christians by pointing out its fruits, and showing the great need of such labors of love in behalf of all immigrants and especially among his fellow countrymen.

The resolutions offered by Mr. STERNBERG were seconded and sustained by Dr. C. C. HADDOCK, who submitted a resolution, which was seconded by the Rev. Mr GRAVES, that a collection be now taken up in behalf of the Buffalo City Tract Society. This resolution, to the regret of many of the congregation, was afterwards withdrawn.

On motion of the Rev. Dr. TUCKER, of the Washington st. Baptist church, it was

Resolved, That we regard the Press as a mighty instrument for good or for evil; and that the people of God are required, by the extensive abuse of this power, by the plain indications of Providence, and by the wants of a perishing world, to inscribe "*Holiness to the Lord*" on this instrumentality, and to employ it diligently and faithfully in promoting the interests of Christ's Kingdom.

On motion of the Rev. Mr. BURTIS of the First Presbyterian church, it was

Resolved, That while we feel under special obligation to provide for the spiritual destitutions of his city, by distributing Evangelical tracts and volumes among its inhabitants, we deeply sympathise with those who are endeavoring to disseminate a Christian Literature throughout our land; and also, with the Missionaries of the cross, who are circulating the productions of the Press in the dark places of the earth, and bring the heathen, by this instrumentality, to the knowledge of Christ, and thus contributing to the coming of that day, when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

On motion of CHARLES E. CLARK, Esq., it was

Resolved, That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting and of the resolutions passed, be sent to the several papers in this city for publication.

After the Dexology and Benediction, the assembly was dismissed.

PITTSBURGH, April 12—1 o'clock P. M.

FIVE DESTRUCTIVE FIRES IN PITTSBURG—IMMENSE AMOUNT OF PROPERTY DESTROYED.—Our city this morning was visited with no less than five terribly destructive fires. The first fire broke out in a stable near the canal, and before the flames could be subdued, twenty-six houses were destroyed and three smoke houses, containing seven hundred thousand pounds of bacon, the property of Holmes Brother, Jordan & Son, Acheson & Dagg, J, Dalzell, and Carson & McKingle. The smoke houses were insured.

Four houses were consumed at the second fire, including Hill's paper factory.

At the third fire four houses were destroyed, two of them dwellings, besides a stable.

At the fourth, two houses.

At the fifth, three stables and a dwelling in Mulberry Alley.

The five fires were raging in the different parts of the city at the same time, producing the utmost consternation, as the belief was general that it was the work of incendiaries. The loss must be immense, although no correct estimate can be made at present.

Fortunately there was no wind, or else half the city would now be a mass of smouldering ruins. The flames are completely subdued.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Title of Acts

Passed by the Legislature of the State of N. York at the 71st Session thereof, 1848.

To incorporate the Clinton Monument Association.

To authorise the formation of Gas Light Companies.

To authorise the formation of corporations for manufacturing, mining, mechanical and chemical operations.

To authorise the wife and heirs of Peter Alphonse Le Couteulx to take, hold and convey real estate.

To amend the several acts in relation to fraudulent debtors.

To amend an act entitled "An act to authorise the canal commissioners to drain certain lands near Skajaquada creek, in the town of Black Rock," passed April 28, 1847.

To amend the act entitled "An act to consolidate and amend the act to incorporate the city of Buffalo, passed April 28, 1832, and the various acts amendatory, thereof," passed April 17, 1843.

To punish abduction as a crime.

To incorporate the city of Auburn.

To punish seduction as a crime.

To incorporate the city of Oswego.

To authorise the formation of the Niagara Falls House Company.

To provide for the distribution of the annuities due from the State of New York to the Cayuga nation of Indians.

To provide for the election of County Treasurers and fix their term of office.

To authorise the formation of Railroad corporations.

In relation to existing railroad corporations.

To improve the Cayuga creek road in the Co. of Erie.

In relation to the appointment of commissioners of deeds in and for the cities of this State, except the city of New York.

In relation to the Canal Department.

To amend an act entitled "An act to enlarge the powers of the boards of Supervisors," passed May 18, 1838.

In relation to the Madison University.

Making an appropriation to the Erie canal enlargement.

Making an appropriation to the Black River canal and Erie canal feeder.

In relation to the funds appropriated for the canals.

To provide for deficiencies in the Sinking Funds under the provisions of article seven of the constitution.

Making an appropriation to the Genesee Valley canal.

In relation to the Chemung canal.

To amend an act passed December 14, 1847, entitled "an act to amend the acts relating to the Buffalo and Hamburgh Turnpike Company" passed January 23, 1830, and amended April 7, 1847.

To authorise the formation of the Niagara Suspension Bridge House Company.

To appropriate certain portions of the income of the United States Deposite and Literature Funds, to certain Colleges, Academies and for other purposes.

To incorporate the American Dramatic Fund Association.

To provide for the incorporation of Bridge companies.

To provide for the payment of certain expenses of government.

Declaratory of the meaning of the words "Delaware and Hudson" in act passed April 8, 1845.

Making appropriations for State Library.

To provide for the incorporation and regulation of Telegraph Companies.

In respect to the funds and securities in possession of the Clerk of the Court of Appeals.

To remove the obstructions below the ship lock in Lower Black Rock in the Niagara river.

To amend the act for the better regulation of county and state prisons.

To facilitate the determination of existing suits in the courts of this State.

To fix the time for electing officers for the Seneca Indians residing on the Cattaraugus and Allegany reservation in this State.

To declare the public use of a railroad from Buffalo to the State line between New York and Pennsylvania.

Congressional.

WASHINGTON—April 12.

SENATE.—The bill to define the franking privilege of members of Congress was passed unanimously.

A bill to amend the Naval Pension Law was read twice and referred to the Committee on Pensions.

The bill dispensing with the Justices of the Supreme Court from Circuit duty for the space of one year was lost.

The California bill was taken up. Mr. Mason spoke in favor of the bill in defence of the Mexican war, and moved to refer the bill to the Military Committee, with instructions to report an amendment providing for the appointment of two Commissioners by the President and Senate, with permission to examine and decide upon all claims arising out of our claims in California.

HOUSE—The House resolved itself in Committee of the Whole, Mr. Burt in the chair, and took up the bill providing for the carrying of the Foreign Mail.

Mr. Goggin proposed a substitute for the bill and spoke in defence of it.

Mr. Nichol advocated reciprocity in Foreign Postage.

Mr, Tompkins advocated the bill—opposed an amendment, and advocated the bill as a general measure. It was then laid aside, and the Revolutionary Pension bill taken up.

Mr. Van Dyke made a speech against the War.

WASHINGTON—April 13.

SENATE.—Sundry private bills were reported and read twice.

The bill to repeal the pilot laws was taken up and advocated by Mr. DIX. Mr. Miller replied. John Davis rejoined, when the bill was informally laid aside.

The bill for the payment of the California claims was then taken up, when an interesting debate arose on the question of the power of Congress to appoint Commissioners to examine and decide upon the claims.

Mr. Badger contended with much earnestness that Congress has power to appoint the Commissioners. Mr. Rush took the same view of the subject.

Mr. Benton vehemently denied the power of Congress in the premises. Messrs. Butler and Phelps coincided with Mr. Benton.

The Senate adjourned without action on the subject.

HOUSE.—Mr. Horace Mann, successor of Mr. Adams, appeared and took his seat.

The bill for the establishment of a branch mint in New York was read twice and referred to the Committee of Ways and Means.

The contested election case of Monroe and Jackson, in the Sixth District of New York, was taken up. Mr. Thompson, of Indiana, spoke in favor of Col. Monroe's claim. Messrs. Murphy and Cobb advocated the claim of Mr. Jackson. No action was had.

The House then adjourned.

WASHINGTON, April 14.

SENATE.—Mr. John Davis introduced a bill for amending the act of Congress for the promotion of useful arts and inventions, which was read twice.

The bill conferring judicicial powers on American Consuls resident in China and Turkey, was made the special order for Wednesday next.

The bill for the repair of a coffer dam at Cumberland, in the Ohio River, was passed, and the balance of the session was devoted to private bills.

HOUSE.—The contested election case of Monroe and Jackso was taken up. Mr. Van Dyke advocated che claims of Mr. Monroe in a speech of considerable length and earnestness, when the subject was laid aside and the House resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and took up the private calendar, Mr. Morse, of Louisiana, in the Chair.

Several private bills from the Senate, were taken up and passed, when the House adj.

REPUBLIC OF SIERRA MADRE.—The New Orleans *Delta* says it is a clear and notorious fact that "there is a deep laid and settled determination, on the part of many persons of influence and capacity, to complete the work which the United States, under Mr. Trist's treaty, leaves unfinished, to wit, the conquest and occupation of the whole Mexican territory lying North of Sierra Madre." The conquest will be made principally by the uneasy spirits in the army, who will be turned loose upon the community by the consummation of the treaty. The Delta predicts that "the republic of Sierra Madre will be the legitimate offspring of the Trist treaty." Should such be the case, the locofoco party will feel bound to "annex" *if they have the power*, another bloody war will result, another hundred millions more of treasure will be spent, the work will be consummated and the Union will be dissolved owing to the impossibility of keeping together such a mass of States with discordant opinions and interests.

MAN SHOT.—We regret to learn that a Mr. Hartney, of Ogdensburg, was fired upon by one of our officers of Customs, a few nights ago, while endeavoring to make off with some smuggled property, which had been seized, and so severely wounded that his life is in danger. We have not heard the particulars of the affray, but we understand that the officer was discharging his duty, and fired only after the smuggling party had rescued the property from him. Rumor says that two or three other man were wounded at the same time. The occurrence took place between Maitland and Brockville.—*Prescott (C. W.) Telegraph.*

THE CODE OF PROCEDURE.—The Senate bill, amending the 90th section of the Code of Procedure, as regards the limitation of time for commencing suits, was lost in the Assembly yesterday for want of a single vote—ayes 64, noes 30.

The Attica and Buffalo extension to Hornellsville, was also lost—ayes 59, noes 30.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Life and Death.

LIFE.

It is a strife
Where each against his mate
Urges, with mining will or open hate,
A struggle fierce for fame or power or bread;
Where every broad cast dragon tooth ripens an armed head.
And yet the few apart a better path do tread,
Seeking the thorny way the Savior led,
Insult retorting not again;
Hating dishonest gain,
Knowing that brief
Is life.

DEATH.

Conquereth
When to the ditch or monument
The empty casket of the soul is sent.
The beggar's carcass to the trench all coffinless
though thrown
Sleeps soft as Cheops, spiced and wreathed in pyramid
of stone.
The soul then feels its strength from chains of earth set
free,
When through new opened senses pour'd new wonders be,
Speeding with angel wings to heaven on high,
To blessed immortality,
Crowns radiant glow,
On each young brow,
A conqueror hath
Death.

BLOOMSBURGH, Pa. H. R. W.

NEW YORK, April 17—7 P. M.

The steamship Ohio has arrived at New Orleans with Vera Cruz dates to the 31st ult., and Tampico to the 2d inst.

The most interesting portion of the news is that in relation to the movement of Santa Anna, during the latter part of March.

One of the agents of Santa Anna, obtained a passport for him from the American commander at Orizaba, thence proceeded to Vera Cruz, for the purpose of chartering a vessel to convey him away from the country.

The agent chartered a brig, which at the last accounts was lying off Antiqua, 12 miles North of Vera Cruz, where Santa Anna proposes to embark and proceed thence to Jamaica.

A train from the city of Mexico arrived at Vera Cruz, on the 30th under command of Captain White.

The troops consisted of the Louisiana Foot, with a squadron of Louisiana Cavalry, under Capt. Besancon, and a company under Captain Kerr. The General met Major Graham at Plandel-Rio.

The guerillas were still very troublesome on the roads

All the civil authority had been turned over to the Mexicans.

It was the conviction at the Capital, Vera Cruz, and Tampico, that Congress would assemble before the end of March, and that the Treaty would be immediately ratified.

On the 21st and 22d ult., seven Senators left the Capital for Queretaro, in order to take their seats.

The arrival of Gen. Scott, who is reported to be on his way home, was hourly expected at Vera Cruz.

Purser R. M. Price, arrived at New Orleans on the steamer Ohio, bearing despatches from the Pacific squadron to the Government.

Commander R. Reed and Purser Christian had joined the squadron. They were wrecked on their passage from San Francisco to Mazatlan, in the brig Commodore Stockton, when near Magdalena. The brig was a total wreck, but the passengers were saved by the providential appearance of four whale boats.

WHEAT.—An intelligent friend, who resides in York, Livingston Co., informs us that the wheat crop in that section, and all the way between this city and Mt. Morris, is looking remarkably well, with the exception of a few pieces which were too much injured by the winter to be revived. The fine weather of the last three weeks has had a surprising effect in bringing the crop forward; though rain begins now to be needed.—*Rochester American.*

QUICK TRAVELLING.—Last week the stage from Cherry Valley to Albany performed the distance, fifty-two miles, in seventy-two hours. The roads *were* heavy, it must be admitted.—*Troy Whig.*

MARRIED.

At Black Rock, on the 13th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Sturgress, Mr. JOEL A. BEAN, and Miss JENET CUMMINGS, both of this city.

At the Christian Church, Honeoye Falls, April 16th, by the Rev. Mr. Eaton, Doct. E. JUDSON, of Chicago, to Miss MARY M. SHATTUCK, daughter of Levi Benton, Esq.

DIED.

Last night, CHARLES F., child of Joseph B. and Ann S. Gardner, aged 3 years, 3 months, and 13 days.

FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE regular Spring and Summer Sessions of the BLACK ROCK FEMALE SEMINARY will commence on the first Wednesday in May, and continue twenty-two weeks, under the direction of Mrs. C. M. STEELE, as Principal, aided by competent Assistant Teachers.

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☞ Circulars, containing farther particulars, may be obtained by applying to the Principal or Trustees.

April, 15, 1848. a112t.

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Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1848. NO. 13.

For the Western Literary Messenger

To Minna.

The picture represents beautiful Minna sitting alone, on a wild, secluded rock, looking out upon the ocean, with her eyes suffused in tears.

Say, why, sweet Minna, thus alone
Sitting in sadness now?
Why that dark shadow, not its own,
Wreathing thy thoughtful brow?

Why gaze so mournful on the deep?
Bears it a treasure dear,
For which thy love doth vigils keep
All trembling in that tear?

Or, hath its wave too envious proved,
And claimed thy jewel rare,
Whither affection warm hath moved
That ocean-couch to share?

Or, art thou now by nature wild
To pure devotion here?
She'll own and bless her loving child,
But asks no sorrowing tear.

O, turn to me those soft, sad eyes;
I'd read thy soul's deep thought,
And watch its swelling fountains rise
With mournful message fraught.

Perchance thy heart hath sweetness poured
Upon some shrine approved,
And hand too rude swept its frail chord:
Say, Minna, hast thou loved?

And o'er thy youthful bower and shrine,
Hath sorrow wrought her part,
And all round whom affections twine,
Lift but a broken heart?

'Tis all unknown what wreaths of woe
Within those tear drops shine:
This stern world *may* a dart can show
To pierce a breast like thine.

It matters not; my heart must be
By storms and tempests riven;
Earth hath no home for thee and me;
Minna, there's rest in heaven.

MADISON UNIVERSITY, N. Y. ION.

The Yankee Girl.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

If you wish to investigate the flowers of a country, you do not look for them under the shade of damask curtains, in the windows of drawing rooms, but seek them, as they grow free and individually at the roots of old mossy trees, and in the clefts of overhanging ledges of rocks, or forming eye-lashes to the thousand bright eyes of merry brooks. So if you would see the Yankee girl as she is, take a flight with us, up—up—not to the skies, but to the north of New Hampshire. Alight with us now in this cosy little nook, where the retiring mountains have left space for cultivation, and hard hands have been found to improve it. There, on the green roasted turf, have been dropped some dozen or so of dwellings, a meeting house, and a school house, all in very nondescript and unutterable styles of architecture. There, in that village which never was aroused by the rattle and tramp of the mail coach, whose only road has a green ribband of turf in the middle, with a little turfy line on each side, you will perhaps find what I speak of. How still and Sabbath-like seems the place to-day—does anybody live here? There is nobody to be seen in the streets—nothing stirring but the leaves of the dense, heavy sugar maples, that shade the old brown houses, and the blue flies and humble bees which are buzzing about, with great pretension to business, in the clover fields. But stay! there are signs of life; else why the rows of shining milk pans,—and hark! by the loud drawl from the open windows of yonder school house, you perceive there is a rising generation in the land. Come with us, where a large, motherly, old-fashioned house seems to have set down to cool itself on that velvet slope of turf, while the broad masses of the maples and the superb arches of the elms, form an array of foliage about it, truly regal. That house is the palace royal of one of the soverign people of New Hampshire, to wit, Jonathan Parsons, Jonathan is a great man, and rich in the land, a wise man, and a man of valor, moreover. He is great, politically, for he keeps the post office. He is rich too, for he is the undisputed possessor of all that he wants. He is wise, for he knows a little more than anybody about him, and as to his valor, it is self-evident from the fact that he has been promoted with unparalleled rapidity to be Captain, Colonel, and finally General Parsons. Accordingly he is commonly recognised by his martial title, "the General." He is a hale, upright, cheerful man of fifty or thereabouts, with a bluff, ruddy face, and a voice as cheerful and ringing as a sleigh-bell. He turns his hand to more kinds of business than any one in the village, and, what is uncommon, thrives in all. He keeps the post office, and therewith also a small assortment of groceries, thread, tape, darning needles, tin pans, and axe-heads, and the usual miscellaneous stock of country stores. He has a thriving farm,—possesses legal knowledge enough to draw deeds and contracts, and conduct all the simple law business of his neighborhood, and besides this, he attends, in a general way, not only to the government of the United States, but of all the countries in the world; for Jonathan takes a weekly newspaper, from Boston, and makes up his mind once a week as to all the matters and things the world around, and his convictions, doubts and opinions of these points, are duly expounded to his townsmen, while he is weighing out sugar or tea, or delivering letters in the course of the week. It is a pity that the President of the United States or the crowned heads of Europe never sent to Jonathan for his opinion,—for they would always find it snugly made up and ready for instant delivery. We have only to say in addition, that besides the patriarchal wealth of flocks and herds, Jonathan had a patriarchal complement of sons and daughters, among whom we shall only mention the eldest, whom we introduce by the ever verdant name of Mary. The village had called her mother a beauty before her, and Mary has borne that name ever since she shook the golden curls of

careless childhood. Yet it is not the impression of mere physical beauty that she produces upon you: there is both intelligence and energy in the deep violet of her eye, and decision as well as sweetness in the outline of her beautiful mouth. Her form, naturally slender, is developed by constant and healthful exercise, and displays in every motion the elastic grace of her own mountain sweet brier. And, more than all this, there is a certain cool, easy air, a freedom and nobility of manner, a good taste in speaking and acting, that give to her, though untaught in the ways of the world, that charm beyond beauty, which is woman's most graceful gift. For this instinctive sense of what really is due to one's self and others—this perception of times, places and proprieties, which forms the highest attraction of the lady, though it may be wrought out by laborious drilling, and the tutelage of etiquette, is often the free gift of nature, poured on the fair head of some one who has never trod a carpet, seen a piano, or taken one step in the labyrinth of artificial life.

Mary's amount of accomplishments, so called, was small,—including not a word of French, and no more music than was comprised in the sweetness of natural voices, taught in the common evening singing school of the village. But as a daughter and sister and housewife, her accomplishments were innumerable. Enter the cool, quiet house, not a room of which boasts a carpet, but whose snowy floors need no such concealment. The chief of all that is done in the house, in providing, making, mending, cleaning, and keeping in order, is by the single hands of Mary and her mother. We know this may lead the minds of some of our readers to very prosaic particulars. We have heard a deal of heroines playing on the harp and so forth, but who ever heard of a heroine washing or ironing? The most that has ever been accomplished in these respects, was by the lovely Charlotte of Goethe, whom he introduces to us cutting bread and butter for her little brothers and sisters. We can assure all our fair readers who are inclined to be fastidious on the point, however, that had they lived under the roof of Jonathan Parsons, they could scarcely have been scandalized by any disagreeable particulars. Even at the wash bench, our heroine, in her neat, close fitting calico, never looked so little like a lady as some fair ones we have seen in curl papers and morning gowns, before they were made up for company; and moreover, much that seems so laborious would be over with and out of sight, long before they are in the habit of having their eyes open in the morning. Many days they would find our heroine in possession of leisure to draw, read, write, sew or work muslin, quite equal to their own. They would see that by ingenuity and that quick observation in which pretty women are seldom lacking, she could fashion her attire so as not to be far from the rules of good usuage; and that though her knowledge from books was limited, her mind was active and full of thought, and as ready to flash at the entrance of knowlenge, as a diamond at the entrance of light.

You are not to suppose that a lady of such accomplishments, natural and acquired, a lady of rank and station, moreover, passed to her seventeenth year unwooed. So far from it, there was scarcely a personable article in the way of a beau, who had not first or last tried a hand in this matter. There were too dilapidated old bachelors, one disconsolate widower, half a dozen school masters, one doctor and one lawyer, already numbered among the killed and wounded, and still Miss Mary carried her head with that civil, modest, "what do-I-care-for-you" air, that indicated that her heart remained entirely untouched—and all the wonder was, whom would she marry.

It came to pass, one bright summer afternoon, that as two young gentlemen, strangers in the village, were riding by the house of Jonathan Parsons, the sudden explosion of a gun caused the horse of one of them to start, and threw his rider, who, falling against a post in the front of the door, was very seriously injured. The consequence of all this was, that the two very good looking young gentlemen were detained at the house for some two or three weeks. They were from Canada, and had come down into New Hampshire on a summer shooting and exploring expedition. The younger of them was the young Earl of Beresford, and the gentleman with him, a Mr. Vincent his travelling companion, to whom happened the unlucky accident. He was so seriously hurt as to be confined entirely to his bed, and my young lord being thus suddenly thrown out of business, and into a dismally calm, roomy, clean, uninteresting old house, with no amusement but to tend a sick friend, and no reading but Scott's Family Bible and the Almanac, thought himself in very deplorable circumstances, until he caught a glimpse of the elegant form and face of Mary, which suddenly roused him from his apathy. Now when one is treading carpet floors, lounging on damask sofas, and smelling cologne water, a pretty girl is very much a matter of course, unless her beauty be of a peculiarly rare and striking character. But where there are no curtains, no pictures, no carpets, and nothing more luxurious than a very high backed, perpendicular rocking chair, a pretty girl becomes an angel forthwith, and such was the case at present. The young earl really thought, all things considered, that he would do our fair young Yankee the honor to institute a flirtation with her—so at least said his manner, when he made his first advances. He was repulsed, however, with a cool and determined indifference, which seemed to him quite unaccountable. We could have told the young gentleman the reason. It was not that Mary had not a woman's love of admiration, when honestly and sincerely offered, but there was something in the gallantry of Beresford altogether too taking-for-granted and condescending. She could perceive from his travelling equipments, his general air and manner, that he had alighted among them from quite another orb of society than any of which she had ever conceived, and there was a something indefinite even in his politeness, that told her, he looked down both on her and her parents as beings of a vastly inferior order,—and the thought roused all the woman's pride within her. No princess of the blood could have been more stately, self-possessed and politely determined to keep one at a distance, than our village beauty.

The Earl of Beresford was a mere man of fashion, with no more than a barely comfortable degree of reflection and feeling. Entirely incapable of estimating the real worth of Mary's character, and valuing her merely by the rules of conventional life, he was still struck by the quiet determination of her manner, into something like respect. Our gentleman, however, had been thoroughly accustomed to have his own way, and as is usual with such persons, the thing he could not attain assumed in his eyes a sovereign value. He, moreover, piqued himself particularly on his success with women, and was not disposed to yield his laurels in an obscure country village. Consequently, the more Mary receded, the more eagerly he advanced—the less she seemed disposed to value his attentions, the more obsequious they became, till at length my young lord grew so excited, that he determined on the magnanimous

expedient of declaring his name and rank and making love in regular form, rather than lose the game.

"Vincent," said Bersford to his friend, one evening, after walking up and down the room several times, adjusting his color and brushing up his whiskers, like a man that is getting ready to say something.

"Well, Beresford, out with it," said Vincent.

"Vincent, I have come to a very serious determination."

"I should think you might have," said Vincent, laughing. "We have been in serious circumstances lately."

"Nay, but without joking—"

"Well, without jokrug then."

"I have determined to be married."

"For the two hundred and twentieth time," replied Vincent.

"Vincent, do be serious."

"Serious! have I not been dolefully serious, ever since I came head first into this philosophic retreat? However, Will, proceed to particulars, for any news is better than no news."

"Well, then, Vincent I am determined to marry this lovely little hostess of ours."

"Not old Mrs. Parsons, I presume," said Vincent, laughing, "there would be little eclat in an elopement with her."

Beresford grew angry, but as Vincent continued to laugh, was at last obliged to join, though with a very poor grace.

"Now Vincent," he resumed, "you may spare both your wit and your wisdom, for my determination is unalterable:—you know, of course, I mean the lovely Mary."

"Pshaw!" said Vincent, growing serious in his turn. "Now, Beresford, is not this just like you? Because you are here, in a stupid place, and in want of amusement, must set yourself to ruin the peace of an honest, artless country girl:—it's too bad,—I'm ashamed of you."

"Ashamed! too bad! what do you mean?—Did I not tell you that I am going to marry her?"

"And do I not know that you will do no such thing!" replied Vincent,—"did you ever see a handsome woman, of honorable principles, that you have not had a six-week's vow of marrying?"

"But Vincent—"

"But, Beresford," interrupted Vincent, "do you not know, well enough, that all your vows and promises will wear only till you get to Quebec—and after the first ball, then comes the old story — unavoidable alteration — cruel necessity must prevent, and so forth—and so the poor girl who has been the dupe of your good looks and fair speeches is forgotten. Now, Beresford, you know all this as well as I do."

"But, Vincent, you do not understand the case."

"So you have told me regularly in every flirtation since you have been in the country. Come, now, Will, for once be advised, and let this affair, alone. Besides, think of the absurdity of the thing —introducing a wife whom you have picked up like a partridge, on a shooting tour—no body knows when or where."

"Oh, as to that"' replied Beresford, "I can take her to Quebec and put her in a convent to acquire accomplishments. She has an air and manner worthy of a countess now—and then one can make up some little romance as to her parentage,—at all events, marriage is the only terms on which she can be gained, so marry her I will."

"And you have gained her consent, and that of her parents, to this wise scheme?"

"Her consent!" said Beresford,—"of course she will consent, though I have not yet opened the subject with her."

"And pray, how do you know that"

"How do I know! why, I shall tell her who I am, and plead the cause officially you, see,—and with all deference to the elite of this region, such offers do not occur every day—she must see this, of course."

"Well," replied Vincent, "I have seen little of her, to be sure, but from the sobriety of mind and good sense that seems to characterize the family, I have some hopes that you will not succeed."

"That's past praying for, I fear," said Beresford, "if I may judge from certain little indications, and so forth," and Beresford turned on his heel and whistled himself out of the room, with a very contented and assured appearance.

His confident expectations had arisen simply from the fact that our heroine, from the joint influence, acquaintanceship and natural good humor, had grown, of late, much more approachable; besides which, for a few days past, a more marked change of manner had supervened:—Mary had become absent-minded, occasionally melancholy and more than usually excitable,—her color was varying, her eye was restless, and there was a nervous tremor of manner, entirely different from anything she had ever before exhibited. The truth was, that she was wholly engrossed by certain little perplexities and sorrows of her own; but as Bersford knew nothing of the kind, he formed for himself a very natural and satisfactory theroy, as to the cause of her altered manner.

Accordingly, at the close of a still afternoon, when Mary's mother and sister were absent, Beresford stole suddenly upon her, as she was sitting by an open window curtained by green vines. He commenced his enterprise by a series of complimentary remarks, in just that assumed comfortable way, that is inexpressibly vexatious to an inexperienced sensitive woman—a manner that seems to say, "I understand all about you, and can manage you to admiration." Mary felt annoyed, yet conscious of her own inability to meet, on his own ground, the practised and ready man of the world, who had addressed her.

"Mr. Bersford," she said at length, after some silence, "I presume that all this is very fine in its way, but I beg you will not waste it upon me,—I really have not the cultivation to appreciate it."

Beresford protested that he was entirely and devoutly serious in every word.

"I am very sorry for it, if you are," said Mary, smiling.

Beresford proceeded to reveal his real name and title, and make an offer in regular form.

With some surprise, but with great simplicity and decision, our heroine declined his proposal.

Beresford pleaded the advantage of station he had to offer, his own disinterestedness, and so forth.

"Indeed Mr. Beresford," replied Mary, "I do not know enough about these things to feel in the least honored or tempted by them. It may very possibly, seem to you that you do me great honor by this proposal, but I have no such feeling. You are accustomed to such a different kind of society, such a different manner of estimating things, from anything I have ever known, that I cannot very well understand your feelings. If I ever marry, it will be one who can fully appreciate the affection I give, for its own sake, and not one who will always look upon me as a sort of ornamental appendage to his station."

"Some Yankee pedler or tinker perhaps," replied Beresford, angrily.

"Very possible," replied Mary, calmly, "and he may yet be more truly noble, than the only earl I ever had the honor of knowing," and our heroine left the room.

"Handsomely done, that!" said the earl, walking up and down the room—"upon my word, a duchess could not have executed the thing better. I was a fool for being angry with her, for, after all, it would have been awkward if she had consented," and the earl, who never in his life troubled himself five minutes about any thing, made up his mind to pass off the whole as a good joke; and in less than three weeks from this time, he was desperately in love with a captivating little opera dancer at Quebec.

And yet on the evening of that very day, you might have caught a glimpse of the white dress of Mary, as she stood beneath the old vine arbor, in the garden, alone with one other, listening to the oft told tale again. But this time one might perhaps see that she listens with no unwilling ear, while a manly hand clasps hers, and words of passionate feeling are poured forth.

"I must go, Mary—brightest, dearest, loveliest,—with such a form and face, such a soul, what might you not demand in one that dared hope for you, and I have nothing to offer—nothing."

"And do you think that I count a heart and soul like yours for nothing?" said Mary.

"Yes, but there is so long an uncertainty before me—so much to be done single-handed, and not a soul thinks I'll succeed—not a soul—not even my own mother."

"Yes, George, you know *I* do," said Mary, "and you know that what I say is worth more than all put together."

"Indeed I do—indeed I do—or I should have given up in despair long ago, my life, my angel."

"To be sure I am an angel," said Mary, "and so I beg of you believe every word I say:—that six or seven years from this time, you will come back here the great George Evarts, and every body will be making bows and shaking hands."

"Ah, Mary!" said the young man, smiling, and immediately after, his face changed; an anxious and thoughtful cloud again seemed to settle upon it,—he took her hand and spoke with an expression of sorrow, such as she had never before seen.

"Mary, I fear I have done you wrong, to involve you in any uncertainties—to make your happiness in any respect dependent on my doubtful success in a long hard struggle. I ought not have you bound to me by any promise. If, during these future years, you see one who makes you an immediate offer of heart and—one worthy of you—and you think that if it were not for me—"

"I am to take him of course," said Mary. "Well I will remember it. Oh, George, this is just like you,—always desponding when you hope most. Come back to me, five or ten years hence, and if you have any advice of the kind to give then, why I'll think of it.

But what was said after this, we will not stop to relate; we will only pause a little in our story to explain the "who and what" of the last scene.

There dwelt in the village, a poor, pale, sickly, desponding widow, whose husband had been a carpenter, but being suddenly killed by a fall, had left to his wife no other treasure than a small house and garden, and as bright and vigorous a shoot of boyhood as ever grew up, fair and flourishing, by an old, decayed stock. Little George was a daring, resolute fellow, with a heart running over with affection and protecting zeal for his mother, and for a while he hoed in the garden, drove the cow, milked, and helped in various matters in-doors, with an energy and propriety that caused him to be held up as a pattern in the neighborhood. But when the days drew on that he sould be put to some effective way of making a living, the various wise advisers of his mother began to shake their heads, for with a deal of general ability he seemed to have no elective affinity for any thing in particular.

There was a good natured shoemaker, who offered fully to teach him in the mysteries of the craft, and his mother looked upon it as a providential opening, and George was persuaded to essay upon the lap-stone; but it would not do. Then Jonathan Parsons, being a neighborly, advised man, thought he knew what was best for the boy, and offered to take him on his farm and make something of him, and so George wielded spade and hoe and axe, and a very capable young farmer he promised to be; but after a while he declared off from this also. In short, he seemed in the eyes of many to be in danger of falling into that very melancholy class of instances of clever people, who in common phrase, "don't seem to stick to any thing."

But the gossips of the place were for once mistaken, for there was that which George did stick to, after all. He had in his being that instinctive something or other, which leads one to feel after and find what he is made for. George had come across various odd volumes of books—history, travels, biography,—and these had awakened in his mind a burning desire to be or do something in the world—something he scare knew what, and so he determined he would go to college. and what a sighing and wondering there was from his old mother, and what talking and amazement among the village worthies. Jonathan Parsons gave the young man a faithful and fatherly lecture, from the top of a codfish barrel, on the subject of tempting Providence, and other kindred topics, enforcing his remarks by alluding to the example of Jack Simpson, a poor nondescript, who was generally reported in the attempt to study Latin as a more forcible illustration of his argument. Poor George had but one friend to encourage him amid all this opposition, and that was our warm hearted and trusting Mary. He had become acquainted with her during his stay at her father's, and she had entered warmly into all his plans, and encouraged his schemes with all a girl's confident, undoubting enthusiasm. They had never, until the evening interview we relate, settled any definite expectations for the future, for both knew that it was not a subject to be mentioned to Jonathan Parsons, who would set it down for as clear indication of lunacy on the part of Mary, and of something worse on that of the gentleman.

We will not tell o. the year-long efforts that had been made by our hero, up to the date of his last interview—of the ragged Latin Grammar studied by firelight at his mother's hearth—the Euclid poured over during the long hours of the night, while he was tending a saw mill for a neighboring farmer. Suffice it say, that alone and unassisted, he had now conquered the preparatory studies necessary to fit him for college, and had earned, beside, a small stock of money. This, his little all, he laid out in a pedlar's box and the necessary outfit for it, and after bidding adieu to Mary, and promising his mother to send her a portion of all his earning, he left his native village with the determination never to return, till he had fulfilled the destiny he appointed for himself.

Six years from this time, and Mary was a beautiful woman of three-and-twenty, and not only beautiful, but educated and accomplished; for her own efforts had procured for her advantages of culture superior to what it is the lot of many to attain. George returned to his native village, a newly admitted lawyer, with the offer of a partnership in a very extensive business in Boston. Of course, everybody in the village altered their minds about him directly. His old mother laughed and almost blushed when complimented on her son, and said that somehow George always did

seem to have it in him, and his neighbors, one and all, remembered how they had prophesied that George would be a remarkable man. As to Jonathan Parsons, he shook hands with him in extra style, invited him to drop in and see him any time, and even inquired his opinion as to one or two measures of Congress, about which he professed he had not yet made up his mind; and Mary —— ah, well! Mr. George and Miss Mary had a deal of business by themselves in the little front room, from which came in time as gay a wedding as ever made an old house ring with merriment; and then they took a house in Boston, and Mr. George Evarts began to make a figure in the papers, as a leading young man in the political world, which made Jonathan Parsons a more zealous reader of them than ever; for, as he often took occasion to remark, "he felt that he had some hand in forming that young man's mind."

Many years after this, the Earl of Beresford and our heroine again met at a court drawing room in his own land, and to her, as the wife of the American Minister, his Lordship was formally presented. He was now a regular married man, somewhat gouty, and exceedingly fastidious in the matter of women, as his long experience on these subjects had entitled him to be. He was struck, however, with the noble simplicity of Mary's manners, and with a beauty which, though altered in style, time had done little to efface; nor did he know, till the evening was over, that he had been in close attendance on the little village beauty of New Hampshire and the wife of a Yankee Pedler.

Letters from John Quincy Adams to his Son, on the Bible and its Teachings.

The whole system of Christianity appears to have been set forth by its Divine Author in His Sermon on the Mount, recorded in the 5th, 6th, 7th chapters of Matthew. I intend hereafter to make them the subject of remarks much more at large; for the present I confine myself merely to general views. What I would impress upon your mind is infinitely important to the happiness and virtue of your life, as the general spirit of Christianity and the duties which result from it. In my last letter, I showed you, from the very words of our Saviour, that He commanded His disciples to aim at absolute perfection, and that this perfection consisted in self-subjugation and brotherly love, in the complete conquest of our own passions, and in the practice of benevolence to our fellow creatures. Among the Grecian systems of moral philosophy, that of the Stoics resembles the Christian doctrine in the particular of requiring the total subjugation of the passions; and this part of the Stoic principle was adopted by the academies. You will find the question discussed with all the eloquence and ingenuity of Cicero, in the fourth of his Tusculan disputations, which I advise you to read and meditate upon. You will there find proved the duty of subduing the passions. It is sometimes objected that this theory is not adapted to the infirmities of human nature; that it is not made for a being so constituted as man; that an earthen vessel is not formed to dash itself against a rock; that in yielding to the impulses of the passions, man only follows the dictates of his nature; that to subdue them entirely is an effort beyond his powers.

The weakness and frailty of our nature, it is not possible to deny—it is too strongly tested by all human experience, as well as by the whole tenor of the Scriptures; but the degree of weakness must be measured by the efforts to overcome it, and not by indulgence to it. Once admit weakness as an argument to forbear exertion, and it results in absolute impotence. It is also very inconclusive reasoning to infer that because perfection is not absolutely to be obtained, it is therefore not to be sought. Human excellence consists in approximation to perfection; and the only means of approaching to any term, is by endeavoring to obtain the term itself. With these convictions upon the mind—with a sincere and honest effort to practice upon them, and with the aid of a divine blessing which is promised to it, the approaches to perfection may at least be so great as to nearly answer all the ends which absolute perfection itself could attain. All exertion, therefore, is virtue; and if the tree be judged by its fruit, it is certain that all the most virtuous characters of heathen antiquity were the disciples of the Stoic doctrine. But let it even be admitted that a perfect command of the passions is unattainable to human infirmity, it will still be true that the degree of moral excellence possessed by any individual is in exact proportion to the degree of control he exercises over himself. According to the Stoics, all vices were resolvable into folly; according to the Christian principle, it is all the effect of weakness. In order to preserve the dominion of our own passions, it behooves us to be constantly and strictly on our guard against the influence and infection of the passions of others. This caution above all is necessary to youth; and I deem it indispensable to enjoin it upon you, because as kindness and benevolence comprise the whole system of Christian duties, there may be, and often is, great danger of falling into errors and vice merely for the want of energy to resist the example or enticement of others.

On this point the true character of Christian morality appears to me to have been misunderstood by some of its ablest and warmest defenders. In Paley's 'View of the Evidences of Christianity,' there is a chapter upon the morality of the Gospel, the general tenor of which (as of the whole work) is excellent, but in which there is the following passage: "There are two opposite descriptions of character, under which mankind may generally be classed: the one possesses vigor, firmness, resolution, is active and daring, quick in its sensibilities, jealous of its fame, eager in its attachments, inflexible in its purposes, violent in its resentment; the other meek, yielding, complying, forgiving, not prompt to act, but willing to suffer, silent and gentle under rudeness and insults, suing for reconciliation where others would demand satisfaction; giving way to the pushes of impudence, conceding and indulgent to the prejudices, the wrong-headedness, the intractability of others with whom it has to deal."

The former of these characters is, and ever has been, the favorite of the world: it is the character of great men—there is a dignity in it which commands respect. The latter is poor-spirited, tame and abject. Yet, so it has happened, that with the Founder of Christianity, the latter is the subject of His commendation, His precepts, His example, and that the former is so in no part of its composition. Dr. Paley in this place adopts the opinion of Soame Jennings, whose essay on the "Internal Evidences of Christianity," he strongly recommends; but I cannot consider it either as an accurate and discerning delineation of character, nor as exhibiting a correct representation of Christian principles.

The founder of Christianity did indeed pronounce distinct and positive blessings upon the "poor in spirit," which is by no means synonymous with the "poor spirited;" and upon the meek; but in what part of the Gospel did Dr. Paley find Him countenancing by "commendation, by precept or example, the tame and abject?"

The character which Christ assumed upon earth, was that of a Lord and Master; it was in that character His disciples received and acknowledged Him. The obedience He required was unbounded, infinitely beyond that which was ever claimed by the most absolute earthly sovereign of his subjects; never for one moment did He recede from this authoritative station; He preserved it in washing the feet of His disciples; He preserved it in answer to the officers who struck Him for this very deportment; to the High Priest; He preserved it in the agony of His ejaculation on the Cross, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." He expressly declared Himself "the Prince of this world, and the Son of God."—He spoke as one having authority, not only to His disciples, but to His mother, to His judges, to Pilate the Roman Governor, to John the Baptist, His precursor; and there is not in the four Gospels, one act, not one word recorded of Him, (excepting His communion with God,) that was not a direct, or implied assertion of authority. He said to His disciples, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart;" &c. but where did He ever say to them, learn of me for I am tame and abject? There is certainly nothing more strongly marked in the precepts and example of Christ, than the principle of stubborn and inflexible resistance against the impulses of others to evil.

He taught His disciples to renounce everything that is counted enjoyment upon earth; "to take up their cross," and to suffer ill-treatment, persecution and death for His sake. What else is the book of the "Acts of the Apostles" than a record of the faithfulness with which these chosen ministers of the Gospel carried these injunctions into execution? In the conduct and speeches of Peter, John, and Paul, is there anything that could justly be called "tame or abject?" Is there anything indicating a resemblance to the second class of character into which Dr. Paley divides mankind? If there is a character upon historical record distinguished by a bold, inflexible, tenacious and intrepid spirit, it is that of Paul. It was to such characters only, that the commission to "teach all nations," could be committed with certainty of success. Observe the impression of Christ, in His charge to Peter (a rock); and upon this rock will I build my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Dr. Paley's Christian is one of those drivelers, who, to use a vulgar phrase, can never say no, to anybody. The true Christian is the "Justum et tenacem propositi virum" of Horace, (the man who is just and steady to his purpose.) The combination of these qualities, so essential to heroic character, with those of meekness, lowliness of heart, and brotherly love, is what constitutes that moral perfection of which Christ gave an example in His own life, and to which He commands His disciples to aspire.—Endeavor, my dear son, to discipline your heart, and to govern your conduct by these principles thus combined; be meek, be gentle, be kindly affectionate to all mankind, not excepting your enemies; but never be "tame or abject;" never give way to the pushes of impudence, or show yourself yielding or complying to prejudice, wrong headedness, or intractability, which would lead or draw you astray from the dictates of your own conscience, and your own sense of right: "till you die, let not your integrity depart from you;" build your house upon the rock, and then let the rains descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat about that house—"it shall not fall, it will be founded upon a rock." So promises your blessed Lord and Master, and so prays your affectionate father,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

A Novelist's Plantation.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.

WOODLANDS, Barnwell District, S. C, April 10, '48.

I now write you from the plantation of the novelist and poet William Gilmore Simms, Esq., where I am spending a few days as the guest, not only of that gentleman but of his father-in-law, an accomplished gentleman of the old school. It is a very beautiful and secluded retreat, within a mile or so of the railroad leading to Augusta, and seventy-two miles from Charleston. It contains about 4000 acres, and produces in great abundance cotton, rice, and almost every variety of the most delicious fruits. The family mansion is spacious, and surrounded with a brotherhood of superb trees, and when viewed in connection with its out houses and an occasional group of polite and happy slaves, (with the white and black children frolicking under the trees,) produced a truly charming and comfortable effect upon my feelings. At the present time all nature is decked in her summer garb, and a thousand birds, (chief amongst them the mocking bird,) are filling the air with their sweet singing.

Before reaching this place I was told that I should find "Woodlands," to be a fair specimen of a southern plantation, (or "farm" as it is called,) and judging from this specimen, I am convinced that the gentry of the South have brought the art of rationally enjoying life to its perfection. Though I have barely commenced my journey through the Southern States, I have seen enough already to impress me with the idea that the people of this region are eminently distinguished for their intelligence and hospitality. On plantations like that of "Woodlands," the proprietors reside only about one-half of their time, spending the summer and autumn in the larger cities on the sea-board, particularly in Charleston. Much attention is paid to the cultivation of fruits, and though these ripen when the planter is in the city, arrangements are always made by which they receive an abundant supply from their attentive slaves, who continue on the plantation.

On enquiring of Mr. Simms, yesterday morning how he managed to take the exercise usually required by the scholar, he led me through the winding paths of an extensive forest, which he is gradually transforming into what he designates a woodland. Every tree seemed to him a familiar friend, and the grape vines which bound together many of his favorites, struck me as the most luxuriant and beautiful that I had ever seen. The natural beauties of every thing I looked upon, even to the sparkling brooklet or the exquisite swamp scenes, seemed to have been quietly enhanced by the hand of the poet.

On one side of Mr. Simms's plantation flow the clear waters of the Edisto, a lovely and picturesque stream, which has already been made classic by the productions of the Poet and Novelist of the South, *par excellence*. Mr. Simms tells me that the Edisto abounds in fish, such as the bream, the trout, the black perch, sunfish and catfish. Alligators are also found here, but they are small and harmless. Of game, such as deer, partridge, woodcock, rabbits and squirrels, there is an abundance throughout the surrounding country; and in an "aside," I was informed that there were few men in the lowlands of Georgia, who could "bark" a squirrel in a handsomer style than my host.

The indoor attractions of Woodlands are fully equal to those of fields and woods. This is not the place for me to speak of the delightful family with which I am staying, but I may allude to Mr. Simms's Library. It must have cost, I should suppose, from ten to twenty thousand dollars, and

is made up of rare and well selected works in almost every department of literature. Of the productions given to the world by the proprietor himself, I counted no less than 35, including histories, novels, poems, and miscellaneous matter. It is not at all strange therefore, that Mr. Simms's reputation should be co-extensive with the country, and even with the enlightened world.

The Indian Chief.

The following beautiful story is literally true, and was first published in a lecture delivered by WILLIAM TRACY, Esq., of Utica, on the early history of Oneida County. It has been altered by somebody, but we have not at hand the means of correcting the alterations, nor are they sufficiently important to greatly mar the beauty of the incident as gracefully related by Mr. TRACY—whose fine pen, we would take this occasion to say, it is a reproach to him that he has suffered to lie idle so long:

One of the first settlers in Western New York, was Judge W———, who established himself at Whitestown—about four miles from Utica. He brought his family with him, among whom was a widowed daughter with an only child—a fine boy about four years old. You will recollect, the country around was an unbroken forest, and this was the domain of the savage tribes.

Judge W——— saw the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Indians, for, as he was nearly alone, he was completely at their mercy. Accordingly he took every opportunity to assure them of his kindly feelings, and to secure their good will in return. Several of the chiefs came to see him, and all appeared pacific. But there was one thing that troubled him; an aged chief of the Oneida tribe, and one of great influence, who resided at a distance of a dozen miles, had not yet been to see him, nor could he ascertain the views and feelings of the sachem in respect to his settlement in that region. At last he sent him a message, and the answer was that the chief would visit him on the morrow.

True to his appointment, the sachem came; Judge W——— received him with marks of respect, and introduced his wife, his daughter and little boy. The interview that followed was interesting. Upon its result the Judge was convinced his security might depend, and he was therefore exceedingly anxious to make a favorable impression upon the distinguished chief. He expressed his desire to settle in the country, to live on terms of amity and good fellowship with the Indians, and to be useful to them by introducing among them the arts of civilization.

The chief heard him out, and then said:—"Brother, you ask much and you promise much. What pledge can you give of your faith? The white man's word may be good to the white man, yet it is wind when spoken to the Indian."

"I have put my life in your hands," said the Judge' "is not that an evidence of my good intention? I have placed confidence in the Indian and will not believe that he will abuse or betray the trust that is thus reposed."

"So much is well, replied the chief, "the Indian will repay confidence with confidence, if you will trust, he will trust you."

"Let this boy go with me to my wigwam—I will bring him back in three days with my answer!"

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother, she could not have felt a deeper pang than went to her heart, as the Indian made this proposal. She sprang forward, and running to the boy, who stood at the side of the Sachem, looking into his face with pleased wonder and admiration, she encircled him in her arms, and, pressing him to her bosom, was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the Sachem's brow, but he did not speak.

But not so with Judge W——. He knew that the success of their enterprise, the lives of his family, depended on a decision of a moment.

"Stay, stay, my daughter," he said. "Bring back the boy, I beseech you. He is not more to you than to me. I would not risk a hair of his head. But, my child, he must go with the Chief. God will watch over him! He will be as safe in the Sachem's wigwam, as beneath our own roof."

The agonized mother hesitated for a moment; she then slowly returned, placing the boy on the knee of the Chief, and kneeling at his feet, burst into a flood of tears. The gloom passed from the Sachem's brow, but he said not a word. He arose and departed.

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the ensuing days. She was agitated by contending hopes and fears. In the night she awoke from sleep; seeming to hear the screams of the child calling on its mother for help. But the time wore slowly away—and the third day came. How slowly did the hours pass. The morning waned away, noon arrived; yet the sachem came not. There was a gloom over the whole household, The mother was pale and silent. Judge W—— walked the floor to and fro, going every few minutes to the door, and looking through the opening in the forest towards the sachem's abode.

At last the rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the trees around, the eagle feathers of the chief were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly—and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief—his feet being dressed in moccasins, a fine beaver skin was on his shoulders, and eagle feathers were stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud was he of his honors that he seemed two inches taller than he was before. He was soon in his mother's arms, and in that brief minute she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting—too happy for me to describe. "The white man has conquered!" said the sachem; "hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted an Indian, he will repay you with confidence and friendship."

He was as good as his word; and Judge W. lived for many years in peace with the Indian tribes, and succeeded in laying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.

☞ We like the sentiment of the following scrap, though the author is unknown. Whoever he may be, if his practice accords with his precepts, we would like to shake hands with him:

"A genial and happy disposition finds materials of enjoyment every where. In the city, or the country—in society, or in solitude—in the theatre, or the forest—in the hum of the multitude, or in the silence of the mountains, are alike materials of reflection and elements of pleasure. It is one mode of pleasure to listen to the music of "Don Giovanni," in a theatre glittering with light, and crowded with elegance and beauty: it is another to glide at sunset over the bosom of a lonely lake, where no sound disturbs the silence but the motion of the boat thro' the waters. A happy disposition derives pleasure from both, a discontented temper from neither, but is always busy in detecting deficiencies, and feeding dissatisfaction with comparisons. The one gathers all the flowers, the other all the nettles, in his path. The one has the faculty of enjoying everything, and the other of enjoying nothing. The one realizes all the pleasure of the present good; the other converts it into pain, by pining after something better, which is only better because it is not present, and if it were present would not be enjoyed.

The Holy Land.

[We find the following translation of a poem by Lamartine, the great French revolutionist, in the National Era. The translation is made by the American poet Whittier. The poem was written by Lamartine on the eve of his departure for Palestine.]

I have not felt o'er seas of sand
The rocking of the desert barque;
Nor laved at Hebron's fount my hand,
By Hebron's palm-trees cool and dark;
Nor pitched my tent, at even-fall,
On dust where Job of old had lain,
Nor dreamed beneath its canvass wall
The dream of Jacob o'er again.

One vast world-page remains unread:
How shine the stars in Chaldea's sky,
How sounds the reverent pilgrim's tread,
How beats the heart with God so nigh!—
How round grey arch and column lone
The spirit of the old time broods,
And sighs in all the winds which moan
Along the sandy solitudes!

In thy tall cedars, Lebanon,
I have not heard the nations' cries,
Nor seen thy eagles stooping down
Where buried Tyre in ruin lies.
The Christian's prayer I have not said
In Tadmor's temples of decay,
Nor startled with my dreary tread
The waste where Memnon's empire lay.

Nor have I from thy hallowed tide,
Oh, Jordan! heard the low lament,
Like that sad wail along thy side,
Which Israel's mournful Prophet sent!
Nor thrilled within that grotto lone,
Where, deep in night, the Bard of Kings
Felt hands of fire direct his own,
And sweep for God the conscious strings!

I have not climed to Olivet,
Nor laid me where my Savior lay
And left His trace of tears, as yet
By angel eyes unwept away;
Nor watched at midnight's solemn time
The garden where His prayer and groan,
Wrung by His sorrow and our crime,
Rose to One listening ear alone!

I have not kissed the rock-hewn grot
Where in His mother's arms he lay,
Nor knelt upon the sacred spot
Where last His footsteps pressed the clay;
Nor looked on that sad mountain head,
Nor smote my sinful breast, where wide
His arms to fold the world He spread,
And bowed his head to bless, and died!

A Remarkable Meeting.—The following notice, by an American Missionary of a late meeting in Constantinople, shows the harmonizing tendency of missions:

"Think of a great union meeting, consisting of Armenians, Jews, Americans, English, Scotch, Germans, Catholics and Greeks, and all sitting down together at the table of the Lord—Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Baptists, Methodists, baptized Jews and Protestant Armenians. The elements were distributed by a Jew, a German, and the two deacons of the Protestant Armenians. Prayers were offered in three languages, Turkish, English and Armenian. Remarks and exhortations were made in four languages, German, English, Armenian and Turkish. And hymns were sung to the same tune, and at the same moment, in three different languages, Armenian, German and English. The first tune was *Old Hundred*, the same that will be sung in the Millennium. There was no confusion, no discord. No one was out of time or out of tune. The harmony was perfect; while each, with the spirit and the understanding, and with the greatest power and might, was singing in his own tongue wherein he was born, or with which he is now familiar, '*the high praise of our God.*' The effect was overpowering. It was 'the voice of a great multitude,' redeemed out of many nations, kindreds and tongues; and it rose on high like 'the sound of many waters.' Our chapel was crowded with communicants; and our hearts were filled with emotions too big for utterance."

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Astronomy—The new Planet.

The study of Astronomy was a favorite pursuit in the palmy days of the earliest civilization.—When Literature was in its cradle and Art had reared no monument to genius, the Chaldean shepherds, as they watched their flocks on the banks of the Euphrates, beguiled the tedious hours of night by grouping the constellations, and noting the motions of the planets—and thus laid the corner-stone of that noblest of edifices that the genius of man has ever reared—the science of *Modern Astronomy*.

In every subsequent age Astronomy has had her votaries, and enrolled among them many of the choicest and most gifted of our race; by whose untiring efforts, and profound investigations, the boundaries of human research and knowledge have been extended to an almost unlimited range; the littleness of man, and all terrestrial things, the magnitude and gorgeous magnificence of the universe, and the majesty and glory of Him who "stretched out the north over the empty places and hung the worlds on nothing," have been taught to the human heart and understanding in a way to humble its pride, and abash him in the dust before the august presence and power of the great Architect and upholder of all things.

The discovery of the new Planet, Neptunus, on the 23d September, 1846, by M. Le Verrier, or as the English astronomers maintain (and with some show of reason), by Mr. N. Adams, has given a new impulse to astronomical research and awakened profound interest, not only in the circles of the scientific, but in every department of the world of letters, and throughout the walks of ordinary *practical* life. It has called forth the highest encomiums upon its most fortunate discoverer, and enrolled the name of Le Verrier with the Newtons, the Herschels, and the Galileos—names that will live through all time, and sound like household words to the ears of the most distant posterity—glory enough for one man.

A double interest attaches itself to this discovery. All other such discoveries had been made by the practical astronomer, with his glass, ranging the wastes, and sounding the depths of space. But here, a Mathematician, in the seclusion of his study, with the simple record of the annual perturbations of the planet Uranus for his data, by the power of a rigid and profound analysis, deter-

mines not only the *existence* but *demonstrates* to the most infallible certainty, the exact position, of a new member of our system which till then was unknown, and hardly suspected by any human being! and then directs an astronomer, hundreds of miles distant, where to point his telescope, that he might welcome, in his eye-glass, this stranger planet, which he had hailed through his analysis. M. Galle, of Berlin, is the happy man who was first gladdened by the light of this new world as it came struggling through the vast intervening wastes! What a triumphant display of the power of analysis! If the Pythagonian rightly revered numbers as divine, surely before such an astounding exhibition of their divinity, we might well prostrate ourselves and adore.

This is the eighth planet that has been added to our system. Its distance from us is more than three thousand four hundred millions of miles; its magnitude is two hundred and fifty times greater than the earth, and its time of revolution is about two hundred and twenty-four years. At this distance, the sun dwindles into a mere star (though above the brilliancy of any that deck our heavens,) whose light and heat is to that at the earth as 7 to 10,000.

Thus have the lateral dimensions of our system been extended more than one thousand five hundred millions of miles, a new illustration furnished of the mighty reach of solar attraction.—A sister orb has been revealed to our astonished vision, which yields to the high behests of the same far-reaching law is warmed into life and mantled with beauty, by the same genial light as that which guides the course, and clothes in the glad livery of spring or the sober hues of autumn, our own terrestial home; and the music of whose solemn march, struck to the same great key-note, and mingling with the grand harmony of the skies, completes the *celestial octave*, and perfects "the music of the spheres." Here the hand of Deity is seen moving forward in its century-cycles this dweller on the confines of our system; and we may believe dispensing and upholding *life*, in its endlessly diversified forms—moral and physical, and here the increase of grateful devotion may rise, amid these wastes and solitudes of space.

IRIS.

ENORMOUS PROFITS OF FARMING.—A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator, states the success of a man who left a lucrative business in the city of Philadelphia, for farming, to make a profit. After two years trial, he was asked if he did find the profits small, compared with those of trade? He answered, "Quite the contrary; I have realized far more than the most I had dared to anticipate, and I am, at the end of two years, richer than I ever could have become by twenty-five years of successful trade. It is true, I made more dollars and cents in trade than I do now, but that is dross compared to the blessings of health, of body and peace of mind, which gold and silver could never purchase. I eat, drink and sleep with an appetite; yawn at bed time, and never in the morning; am up before the sun, and yet the day is never too long; and more than all, I have no acceptances to take up. Money! why what use have I for it? I raise my own food in the richest profusion, and my own clothing—my estate is annually increasing in value—then what is the use of money?—I can't eat or drink it, even if it were cut into mince meat."

Recent Intelligence from Yucatan.

The Boston *Post* says:

More than a hundred towns and villages, 500 haciendas, and 1000 ranchos or smaller estates, spread over half the territory of Yucatan, have fallen into the hands of the Indians. This territory contained a population of more 250,000, of whom about 180,000 were Indians. The remaining 70,000 being of the proscribed colors, white, mestizos, or negroes, have either been put to death or have fled in utter destitution from their homes. The savage barbarity of the Indians has led them, in some cases, even to eat the white infants whom they had slain. The principal chief of the Indians is Jacinto Pat. The second in consequence is Chi. Each has a standing force under his orders of about 12,000. They act in concert. Numerous smaller bands are scattered over the country, each under its separate leader, all animated by the common setiment of extermination of the whites and mestizos, and murdering, burning, and violating in terrible rivalry of each other.

Yucatan, though perhaps the poorest province of Mexico in fertility of soil, was one of the most flourishing from the industry and frugality of its inhabitants. It was covered every where with extensive establishments for the culture of sugar, Sisal hemp, and the raising of cattle. The buildings of its haciendas were spacious, and many of them remarkable for their architectural elegance. The laboring population lived with as much comfort as those of any country except our own. Their cottages made of reeds, and thatched with palm leaves, afforded all the protection that the climate called for. In addition to maize, they received rations of animal food from the proprietors, and each could have his milpa or corn field, and had the privilege of raising pigs and poultry for use or for sale. A cleaner or more appropriately dressed population than that of Yucatan could nowhere be seen.

It is believed that party spirit, the struggle for office in this petty state, first invoked the demon of discord and civil war in this heretofore happy, but now doomed country. The Yucatecos, though deemed the bravest and most warlike of the Mexicans are everywhere panic stricken at the numbers and ferocity of their enemies. Desolation and barbarism seem the inevitable destiny of a state which a year ago was the abode of prosperity, comfort, and an advancing civilization.

On the 1st of April a vessel arrived at Vera Cruz with despatches from Commander Bigelow, Governor of Yucatan, to Commodore Perry. It was said that the people of Campeachy, a fine old Spanish town of 15,000 inhabitants, the seat of no inconsiderable wealth and luxury, was in great panic at the approach of the Indians. Commander Bigelow had sent off the Iris steamer and schooner Falcon to give countenance, and if necessary, a refuge to the inhabitants. The Vesuvius bomb vessel had already been left off Campeachy with that view by Commodore Perry, on the occasion of his recent visit in the Mississippi.

Laguna, in the possession of the United States, will at any rate give refuge and protection to all who may flee thither.

VIENNA, MARCH 14.—In walking through the town this afternoon, I met Mr. Styles, the American Minister. He tells me that he was accidentally very near to the Landhaus when the firing took place yesterday, little dreaming that such an attack would be made on an unarmed people; he had only just time to take refuge in the Walner strasse, and six men were shot dead within a very short distance of the place where he was.—*Corr. London Times.*

Using up a Gang of Robbers.

The western hunter (though rarely) has been set upon by robbers, for the pack of furs he was carrying upon his back to some of the seaport towns to dispose of; but as the fur hunters are generally on foot, and from habits of watching about for either hostile Indians or wild animals, are always on their guard, and as the robbers well know that they are, to a man, riflemen who seldom miss their mark, they avoid them. During my rambles in the wilds and fastnesses in California, I became acquainted with many of them, some from the back settlements of the United States, others from Canada.

I have hunted for months with them, and witnessed some conflicts between them and wild animals, in which the utmost daring and recklessness were exhibited by the hunter. These are not the men that robbers like to oncounter, but I have said they sometimes take a liking to the valuable packs of furs, which, if they find any facility for obtaining, they may make the attempt upon. It is the very climax of cruelty to plunder those poor fellows of packs which were procured only by outlying for months in the depths of the forest and wilds of the country, and not unfrequently in the hunting grounds of a tribe of hostile Indians.

I once hunted three months in company with a hunter well known in California. In idea, he was wild and imaginative in the extreme; but in his acts of daring, &c., the most cool and philosophic fellow I ever knew. A commerciante, or merchant, at San Francisco, on whose veracity I know from experience I can depend, told me the following story of this man, which will at once illustrate his general character.

This hunter was, some months before I had fallen in with him, making the best of his way down the valley of the Tule Lakes, from the interior with a heavy pack of furs on his back, his never-erring rifle in his hand, and his two dogs by his side. He was joined at the north-most end of the valley by the merchant I have spoken of, who was armed only with a sword and pistol.—They had scarcely cleared the valley, when a party of robbers galloped out before them. There were four whites, fully armed, and two Indians with their lassoes, coiled up in their right hands, ready for a throw.

The hunter told the merchant, who was on horseback, to dismount instantly, and to "cover." Fortunately for them, there was a good deal of a thicket, and trunks of large trees that had fallen, were strewed about in a very desirable manner. Behind these logs the merchant and the hunter took up their position, and as they were in the act of doing so, two or three shots were fired after them without effect. The hunter coolly untied the pack of furs from his back and laid them beside him. "It's my opinion, merchant," said he, "that them varmints there want either your saddle-bags or my pack, but I reckon they'll get neither." So he took up his rifle, fired, and the foremost Indian, lasso in hand, rolled off his horse. Another discharge from the rifle, and the second Indian fell, whilst in the act of throwing his lasso at the head and shoulders of the hunter, as he raised himself up from behind a log to fire.—"Now" said the hunter, as he reloaded, lying on his back to avoid the shots of the robbers, "that's what I call the best of the scrimmage, to get them brown thieves with their lassoes out of the way first. See them rascally whites, now jumping over the logs to charge us in our cover."

They were fast advancing, when the rifle again spoke out, and the foremost fell; they still came on to within about thirty yards, when another fell, and the remaining two made a desperate charge close up to the log. The hunter, from long practice, was dexterous in loading his gun. "Now, merchant," said he, "is time for your popguns," meaning the pistols, "and don't be at all nervous. Keep a steady hand, and drop either man or horse. A man of them shan't escape."

The two remaining robbers were now up with the log, and fired each a pistol shot at the hunter, which he escaped by dodging behind a tree close to him, which he fired with effect. As only one robber was left, he wheeled round his horse, with the intention of galloping off, when the pistol bullets of the merchant shot the horse from under him. "Well done, merchant," said the hunter, "you've stopped that fellow's gallop." As soon as the robber could disentangle himself from the fallen horse, he took to his heels, and ran down a long sloping ground as fast as he could. The hunter drew his tomahawk from his belt, and gave chase after him. As he was more of an equestrian than a pedestrian, the nimbleness of the hunter shortened the distance between them, and the last of the robbers fell.

Thus perished this dangerous gang of six, by the single hand of this brave hunter, and, as the "commerciante" informed me, he acted as deliberately as if he were shooting tame bullocks for the market. The affair was rather advantageous to the hunter for, on searching the saddle-bags and pockets of the robbers, he pulled forth some doubloons and a few dollars, with other valuables they had, no doubt, a short time previously taken from some traveller. The saddle-bags, arms and accoutrements of the four white men were packed up, and made fast on the saddles of two of the horses, the hunter mounted a third, the merchant another, his horse being shot, and thus they left the scene of action—the bodies of the robbers to the wolves which were howling about them—and entered St. Francisco in triumph.

A Wife and Husband forcibly Divorced.—On Monday morning, as the person whose duty it is to sweep out the cars at the Depot, opened one which came up with the preceding train, but which was not required by the diminished number of passengers who went to Buffalo, he was much surprised to find a woman, safely locked in. It seems she, in company with her husband, were on their way west, in the night train; and when the cars reached Rochester, she was in such a profound sleep, that all the noise and tumult did not wake her. The husband, on the principle of "every man for himself," went on his way to Buffalo. The car in which the woman was seated, was run on to another track, and by the time she awoke, and was released, her husband was in Buffalo.—*Rochester Daily Advertiser.*

Swinish French.—A drunken Frenchman, having mistaken a pig sty for a human habitation, knocked at it most violently and awoke the inmates, who had long retired to rest, of whom the Frenchman inquired—"*Quelle heure est il?*"—The old pig whom he had disturbed began to grunt out—"*Neuf, neuf.*" On which the Frenchman exclaimed—"*Est il si tard?*" At this moment a young pig thrust forth his head singing out—"*Oui, oui, oui!*" On which the inquirer walked off very well satisfied with his information.

☞ The Zanesville *Courier* states that a flash of lightning visited the telegraph office at that place, passed through the magnet, heating it almost red hot, and then off on a very small spiral wire used as a spring. Melting this, the fluid went out of the open window in front.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

YOUNG MENS' ASSOCIATION.—The twelfth annual Report of the Young Mens' Association has been published, and it exhibits the society in an unusually prosperous condition. It is a source of profound gratification that such an association has existence among us; for its influence in promoting the cause of science and general intelligence, is incalculable. It is just such a society as ought to be found in every city and large village; and the fact that its thrift is increasing, speaks well for its supporters. We notice by the Report that the property of the Association has lately been insured for the sum of $5,000 which is $1,000 more than any previous insurance. The publications received regularly, are 14 daily papers; 15 weekly; 6 monthly periodicals; and 9 quarterly reviews. The number of books in the Library does not, we believe vary much from 6,000 volumes. The Report concludes as follows:

"In conclusion your Committee would congratulate you upon the prosperous state of the affairs of the Association. By the exertions of those who preceded us, the difficulties with which it was surrounded, and by which its usefulness was diminished, have been dispersed; and to us has been committed the comparatively easy task of strengthening its position, and enlarging the circle of its influence. Much, however, remains to be done. So long as we are compelled to rely upon the liberality of our citizens for additions to our Library, the Association may not justly be deemed in a wholly prosperous condition. Its legitimate revenue, derived from the dues of its members, should be so large as to amply suffice for this object.

The Association has the foundations of its prosperity broadly and deeply laid; but it is the foundation alone, of such an institution as we need; and the duty still remains, of erecting a superstructure which, in its fair proportions, shall command the admiration and respect of our community, and those who visit us from the older and more favored sections of the country. To accomplish this, however, is beyond the ability of any Executive Committee; and whoever may be entrusted with the administration of its affairs, should receive the energetic co-operation of all those whose interests are committed to their charge."

THE WATER IN OUR HARBOR has not been so low for thirty years as it was on the 18th instant. The steamer Lexington grounded in the creek abreast of the Light House. The Lloyd street canal was almost completely dry.

THE BETHEL CHURCH.—The Rev. J. G. WITTED, of the Methodist Episcopal order, has assumed the pastoral charge of the Bethel church of this city.

SUBSCRIBERS IN THIS CITY who change their place of residence the first of May, will be particular to leave word of the same at the counting room, the *early* part of next week.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The following passage is introductory to a sketch of the history of Buffalo, by GEORGE W. CLINTON, Esq. It is classically beautiful:

"In the Eastern hemisphere, after rude and warlike hordes had occupied them, centuries were required to populate countries; and hamlets swelling by slow, natural increase, and by the accretions of sluggish commerce, grew into cities as infants grow to manhood, and became great only as they became venerable. The free institutions and virgin soil of our country infused immediate energy, encouraged immigration, and promoted increase, and its progress has outstripped all calculation, and astonished plodding Europe. Rich in all the material elements of wealth, and richer still in equal and unrestrictive laws, it has realized a better than the fabled Golden Age. For our pursuits are not purely agricultural, but are most happily diversified, and our time is marked by a wholesome, but intense activity, rather than by the lethargic composure of Saturnian days. So wonderful has been the augmentation of our numbers, that Fiction might almost be excused for transferring hither the Cadmean story, and proclaiming that our exuberant soil, eager to be enjoyed, had given sudden birth to myriads of people, armed and prepared, not for mutual slaughter, but for all peaceful avocations. In Europe, great improvements in arts, or commerce, make epochs, and are centuries apart;—Here they succeed each other unintermittingly; or rather, our sustained, onward march is but an epoch in the world's history. Eastern nations have moved tardily, and laboriously towards power, like hunters scaling the Alps with hesitating and uncertain feet. But our young Republic flew like a victor, to the goal, and grasped the prize at once. Our national existence outruns the alloted span of individual life, but by a single year, and a happy and hopeful people swarm over its vast surface, everywhere developing its limitless resources. Our cities are often, but the growth of yesterday, and so have no time-honored monuments, and present but meagre annals. The few trivial facts concerning them, which posterity will seek to know, when time has dignified them, are yet fresh in the memory of living witnesses.

"Buffalo affords one of the most prominent of the many illustrations of these truths, presented by our country. It is emphatically a young city—the offspring of a commerce, which was itself created but five and twenty years ago. About forty-six years since, it first received a name, and took its place upon the maps; but for more than twenty years thereafter, it remained at best, a petty frontier village. Now it ranks high among our chief cities, and is named and known throughout all Europe, and wherever civilization rules or roves."

MAY, month of returning flowers, reviving hopes and new-born joys, is at our door. No visitor could be more welcome than she. Beneath her smiles childhood is given to double merriment, and the heart of age is rejuvinated. Every body feels young in May.

> —— "This season of delight
> Hath magic yet to make more bright
> The tombstone of the Past;
> And Memory 'a-May-ing' goes,
> Reviving many a withered rose
> In gardens dim and vast."

THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE for this month is embellished with two engravings, one of "Myra Clarke" (Mrs. Gaines) the other of "Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives." Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Sigourney, Anna Blackwell, John Inman and William Wallace are among the contributors. The last mentioned writer has furnished a poem called a Hymn to the Hudson from which the following extract is taken. No mortal but a born-poet could write like it:

"Thy lip
Meets Ocean here, and in deep joy he lifts
His great white brow, and gives his stormy voice
A milder tone, and murmurs pleasantly
To every shore, and bids the insolent blast
To touch thee very gently; for thy banks
Hold Empires broad and populous as the leaves
That rustle o'er their grave—Republics gone
Long, long ago—before the pale men came—
Like clouds into the dim and dusty Past;
But there is dearer season; for the rills
That feed thee, rise among the storied rocks
Where Freedom built her battle-tower; and blow
Their flutes of silver by the poor man's door;
And in the ripple innocent childhood dips
Its rosy feet, and from the round blue sky
That circles all, smiles out a certain Godhead."

SIR WALTER SCOTT was not only a great poet and the prince of novelists, but precocious a grammarian as will be seen by the following anecdote: "When he was at school, a boy in the same class was asked by the 'dominie,' what part of speech "with" was. "A noun sir," said the boy. "You young blockhead," cried the pedagogue, "what example can you give of such a thing?" "I can tell you, sir," interrupted Scott, "you know there's a verse in the Bible which says 'they bound Samson with *withes*.'"

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.—The corner stone of a new Catholic church on Batavia street was laid on Monday. The designer of the building is Mr. H. G. HAMMOND. It is to be of the Corintian order, and to cover 188 feet by 80—the height to be in proportion.

☞ The London *Standard* of the 20th ult., in speaking of the death of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, quotes extracts from the speeches of the Hon. Messrs. HUDSON, of Mass., MCDOWELL, of Va., and BENTON, of Mo., and concludes with the following language:

If the speakers whom we have quoted are representatives of the prevailing spirit of the United States, there is little cause to wonder at their prosperity; at all events, the gentlemen from whose speeches we have made extracts, have faithfully discharged their duty in sustaining the religious feeling of their fellow citizens; and with such a glorious subject as the religious life of John Quincy Adams before them, they have had a great opportunity. Such men as he, "being dead, yet speak;" and they who commemorate his worth, do little more than give a voice to piety and every other virtue. We own that we are humbled when we reflect that, except it were Sir Robert Inglis or Lord Ashley—men otherwise distinguished above the reach of sneers, by talents, character, and services—scarcely any member of our House of Commons would dare to speak with the courage with which the American gentlemen have illustrated that freedom from "that consummation of all folly, the fear of man," by confessing "the fear of God, which is the beginning of all wisdom." It is thus that a man like John Quincy Adams, even from his grave, pours blessings upon his country.

European News.

As full details as our limits will allow of the news brought by the *Sarah Sands*, briefly reported by Telegraph last Friday.

The intelligence from Lyons is important. The *Courrier de Lyons* says, that the workmen in that city were in revolt. They demanded and took forcible possession of the powder magazine, and seized on a quantity of arms, and at the time the paper was going to press orders had been given that no public carriage should be allowed to leave the city. M. Arago, the Commissary of the Government, had sent to Paris for orders, and had expressed his determination to carry them into execution to the last extremity.

The disturbances in Lyons still continued. On the 26th 2,000 workmen attacked the military stores of Perrache and plundered them of several thousand carbines.

The Government has given orders for the immediate assembly of a camp of from 30,000 to 35,000 men between Vienne and Grenoble.—"This measure," says the Union, "has no doubt been caused by the intelligence received from Italy."

A Lyons Journal, the *Salut Public*, says, "We are assured that orders were given yesterday morning to the troops in garrison at Grenoble to leave immediately for Savoy, to take possession of it in the name of the Republic. It is said that these orders were obeyed immediately, so that the entry into Savoy will have taken place today. This news, given to us as positive, seem to us to require confirmation."

Napoleon Bonaparte, son of Jerome, bids for the representation of Corsica. In his address he quotes the words of his uncle, who, from St. Helena, prophesied that, "before fifty years Europe would be Republican or Cossack."

The condition of Ireland is still matter of serious concern to the Government. Disaffection, it is believed, is spreading, and a rumor prevailed that the Government was in possession of information of grave import.

Tipperary, Clare and Limerick seem to be the principal scene of symptoms of disaffection. Signal lights are often burnt during the night, the object of which is not apparent.

A meeting of the Privy Council was held at Dublin on the 29th of March; when the subject of consideration was the propriety of putting into force the Irish Coercion Act in the city of Dublin, and other large cities.

All concurrent accounts bear testimony that the present position of affairs in Ireland is most alarming. Some account of the sayings of the members of the Confederation and clubs we gave last week. We have now to record some of the accounts of their doings.

The Dublin correspondent of the Times says: "I can state as a positive fact, that the Confederates now meet nightly in their club rooms for the purpose of being drilled, and that, under the hands of practiced teachers, they are taught to march in time, form sections, close and open columns, &c.; and, further, that the 'rifle clubs' are in full operation; that new pikes, twelve feet long, are becoming plentiful in the arms market, some of the misguided owners, acting on the advice of Mr. Mitchell, really believing that the time for an out-

break has arrived; and, to cap the climax of insane folly, a gentleman, at least in appearance, parades the streets of Dublin dressed in the uniform (green and gold, with yellow facing) of the Irish National Guard that is to be organized at the bidding of Mr. Smith O'Brien and his co-sedition mongers."

The correspondent of the Morning Chronicle says: "Day by day the evidences of increasing disaffection are becoming more and more apparent. I refer not to mere rumors of armings, or to speeches of excited persons at the meetings, but to facts which, I believe, are well ascertained by competent authority. A large portion of the working classes in this city are arming. Rifles, muskets, pikes, and other weapons have been obtained in considerable quantities, in accordance with the suggestions of the Jacobin newspapers.—One wholesale dealer in those articles has declared that he is unable to supply further orders at present. You may see butchers' boys, on leaving the markets, marching home with rifles on shoulder. Such is the anxiety to obtain arms of any kind, that in some instances the long blades used by cork cutters have been converted into a species of bayonet or dagger. Regular meetings of rifle clubs take place for practice in firing. Numbers of persons congregate occasionally, for drill, in enclosed yards and obscure streets."

Death of the American Consul.—Gibraltar, March 20.—Horatio Sprague, Consul of the United States of America at this port, died this day at a quarter to 1 o'clock, in the 65th year of his age.

The rumored abdication of the King of Bavaria, in favor of his son, is confirmed.

All continues tranquil at Berlin, and the popularity of the King is increasing. The Berlinische Zeitung says that the King has taken a large number of those of the citizens who were wounded in the combat of liberation on the 18th ult. in his palace, and the apartments of the Duchess of Mecklenburg, where every attention is paid to their comfort. The Queen has given her own beds and family linen, and has the meals for the patients cooked in her own kitchen. She pays daily visits to the sufferers, whom she comforts and cheers.

The attempts to establish a Republic in Prussia have all signally failed. The feeling in favor of re-establishing the nationality of the Poles is every where increasing. The Poles are on guard with the burghers of Berlin. They wear the German cockade combined with the Polish national colors. The King openly recognized them, and it is every where understood that the desire in Prussia is to interpose the Poles as an independent nation between Germany and Russia.

In the city of Milan, on the 18th of March, some disturbance occurring between the soldiery and the people, a general battle ensued, which resulted in the complete success of the people, and the total rout of the Austrians, with *two thousand slain!*

"Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," was then proclaimed, and a Provisional Government established.

From this body a proclamation had been issued, congratulating the people on the success of their arms, and concluding thus:

"Valiant citizens! The disgrace of thirty years has this day been effaced. All Europe will speak of the brave Milanese! Long live Pius IX."

At Rome, on the 21st ultimo, on the arrival of the first news from Milan, the people tore down the arms from the palace of the Austrian Embassy. The ambassador has fled.

The Paris Moniteur du Soir publishes the following summary of the Italian news: "The Italian journals have brought the following accounts: The King of Sardinia has himself marched at the head of his army. The viceroy of Lombardy is at Verona with his family. His third son, the Archduke Sigismund, has been arrested at Bergamo. The Austrians, to the number of 5000 and 6000, are stationary at Marignan. The Milanese have blown up the bridge of Sambro, to cut off the communications with the enemy.—Venice is in full insurrection."

Austria and Prussia continue tranquil, but there appears every probability of a war between United Germany and Russia, Poland being the battle field. The great object of the Germans is to interpose an independent nation between themselves and Russia, and this object is distinctly avowed in the following article which appears in the Cologne Gazette:—"If we look carefully at our position towards foreign states, nothing is more certain than that we shall shortly be in open war with Russia. *One month hence, at the latest, we must be in the field.* The will of the German people has pronounced itself in favor of the re-establishment of Poland. The words in the royal proclamation of the 21st of March, recommending a federative army, and an army of neutrality, are equivalent to a call to arms."

The Hamburgh Correspondent, of March 24, says, in allusion to the warlike preparations of the Emperor of Russia, "In the eyes of Russia Louis Philippe was not a legitimate King; hence the opinion generally prevails that the great armaments which Russia is at this moment preparing are not intended for the creation of an invasive or retributive war, but for the sole purpose alone of supporting Austria in case of urgent necessity, and, further, for the establishment of better defensive measures in the event of a movement in Poland."

The National reproduces, from the Abeille du Nord, the personal organ of the Emperor of Russia, an article on the French Revolution, which must have been written by one suffering under the most agonizing pangs of impotent rage. If we are to attribute this article to the inspiration of the Emperor, he evidently, on the receipt of the news, played "the woman with his eyes and braggart with his tongue." How will he act when he hears of the revolution of Berlin and Vienna, and Lombardy and Poland? Will he follow the example of "the scorpion girt with fire?"

The Constitutionel states that there are 30,000 Russian troops concentrated on the frontier of Gallicia, a few leagues from Cracow. 50,000 Russians occupy Russian Poland, and Warsaw alone contains a garrison of 20,000 men. The Russian Imperial Guard has already marched towards the frontiers of the Grand Duchy of Posen. The army of reserve has been called from the interior, and the army stationed towards Odessa has received orders to send 15,000 men towards Gallicia.

The army of Caucasus is to be diminished, and has received strict orders to confine itself to the defensive. Schamyl has established a regular estafette service with Constantinople, in order to obtain the earliest intelligence of what passes in Europe. His intention is to assume the offensive as soon as hostilities shall have commenced in Poland. It must not be forgotten that there are from 60,000 to 80,000 Poles in the Caucasus. The state of Southern Russia is very uneasy. The Cossacks are greatly irritated by the harshness with which the Czar has treated them. The province of Kusan, situated between the White Sea, the Ural Mountains and the Wolga, is in a state of great excitement. The four millions of Tartars who inhabit it are eagerly expecting an opportunity of throwing off the iron yoke of the Emperor. This province supplies Russia with

her wealth; it is here are her funds, the mines, of platina, of gold, copper, and of iron, and here are the forests which furnish the finest timber.

The accounts from Poland have been contradictory. Statements have appeared that Cracow and Warsaw, are both in open insurrection. The inhabitants of Warsaw are said to have risen *en masse*, and murdered hundreds of the Russians.

Telegraphic accounts say that revolution in Poland broke out at Warsaw, the inhabitants rising as one man against the Russian garrison.—The troops retired to one of the adjacent forts and thence bombarded the city, which was reduced to ashes.

The revolution was extending throughout Poland but apparently with divided counsels, some declaring for union with Prussia, others for the kingdom of Poland.

Advices have arrived from Lemberg, (Gallicia,) of the date of the 22d of March, which announces that a great popular demonstration took place there on the 19th. The people demanded a constitution, the liberty of the press, a general amnesty, the national guard, the adoption of the Polish language, and that the Emperor of Austria should take the title of King of Poland. Count Stadion undertook to transmit these demands to the Emperor,

On the 22d a courier from Vienna brought the reply of the Emperor: Two hours after, the students, the pupils of the School of Arts and Manufactures, followed by an immense crowd, went to the Governor's palace. The Count Stadion read from the balcony the answer of the Emperor, which is in substance as follows:—"1. Arms shall be distributed to the people on condition that they should only use them against the enemies of the country. 2. The Emperor to be proclaimed 'King of Poland.' 3. Political and civil equality to be decreed: The Germans and Jews to be considered as natives."

Arrival of the Acadia.

NEW YORK, April 24—3 P. M.

The steamer *Acadia* arrived last night, bringing five days later news. The commotion on the Continent increases.

The King of Sardinia with 30,000 men has made war on Austria, invading Lombardy. The Austrians were driven before him from Parma and Brescia.

It is supposed all Austria will be overrun.

Savoy declared a Republic.

Switzerland remains strictly neutral.

Prussia is likely to quarrel with Denmark for Holstein.

Russia was making vigorous preparations to retain Poland. She had ordered every man between 18 and 35 to be removed from Russian Poland to the interior of Russia. She is constructing large armies in southern Russia.

In Belgium all attempts at revolution had failed.

Violent disturbances had taken place in Madrid. 268 people and soldiers fought all night, and many were killed.

Queen CHRISTINA, it is said, ran away, and the city was declared in a state of siege, but was subsequently tranquil.

Portugal is tranquil.

Greece also tranquil. Ministry resigned.

In France the government ordered the army to assemble on the eastern frontier. In Sicily, Parliament is formed. The separation from Naples is complete.

The Irish Address was presented to France, in Paris, on the 3d inst. LAMARTINE replied, expressing sympathy for Ireland, but adhered to strict neutrality, condemning Mr. PITT for interference in 1798.

Abdel-Kader is removed to Paris, and allowed some liberty.

Proclamations are made exhorting quiet and subordination.

Lamartine has discharged all English workmen in French steamers.

Ten thousand men are to be sent to reinforce the Algiers army. Paris workmen are crowding to Hotel de Ville with contributions in aid of Government.

Belgian, Prussian and Austrian Ministers complain of the demonstration for liberty of their countrymen in Paris.

Lamartine said he could not control the opinions of any one. France would be neutral. He expressed the possibility of interference with Poland.

The Provisional Government have taken possession of railroads and will redeem shares.

The Bank of France has been allowed farther latitude in discount.

Banks in Lyons, Rouen, Bordeaux and Nantes, Lille, Havre, Marseilles, Toulouse, and Orleans had suspended specie payments.

Relief banks have been established in all large towns, and expense of protesting bills, registering dues, and some other emoluments, reduced 35 per cent.

Election lists closed April 20.

The National Guard elect officers for themselves.

Grenadiers and Voltigeurs suppressed. All foreigners of five years residence are worthy of being naturalized.

Fifteen days farther delay in paying exchange bills have been granted.

Wine and spirit transit and sale duties have been abolished and consumption tax levied.

Arago has been appointed Minister of War.

Archillo, the great banker, succeeds Garnier Pages as Finance Minister.

Ireland is in great excitement. The students of Trinity College, Dublin, are arming in defence of the Government. More troops have arrived from England. The Repealers still defy the law. Dublin will soon come under arms. Martial law will be the order of the day, and all arms in the hands of the people will soon be ordered to be given up.

Many presses and men are out for a Republic in England, and the great Chartist meeting of the 10th inst. was forbidden by Government.—The route of the procession was marked, and a great wagon was constructed to carry a monster petition. Government, however, forbid the meeting or procession of Chartists.

All the Chartists, however, were firmly deter-

mined to hold the meeting and declared they would forfeit their lives if necessary in the attempt.

Fergus O'Conner recommends all Charters to withdraw all their money from the Savings Banks which will embarrass governments, the gross amount being £25,000,000.

Troops have been brought into London, so that the force now is more than 10,000. Many strong anti-Chartist presses protest against the conduct of the Government.

In India some warlike demonstrations are making against China.

The Telegraph.

Although there are four lines of this wonderful invention in operation at this place they excite apparently but little attention, and but few are familiar with the *modus operandi* by which communications are transmitted and received. The following from the clever editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* gives as good a description of the "way it works" as we have seen:

An Hour with the Telegraph.—Every day, at half-past three, we, in connection with the Herald, receive our Telegraphic Reports, and it is necessary for us to be present and transcribe said Report as it is read off the "ribbon" by the operator.

It is not every one who visits a Telegraph Office that is admitted behind the screen, as publishers are, and therefore we propose to give such outsiders a peep into the mysteries of this forbidden apartment. There are queer doings here, things but recently dreamed of in philosophy, and not yet mentioned in the books.

As you enter this electro-magnetic sanctuary, your attention is first attracted by the incessant clicking of a piece of brass machinery, with wires, wheels and weights, standing, perhaps untouched, upon a table before you. It is the register of the Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Wellsville lines, and is responding to the touch and magnetic influence of fingers in Pittsburg, or Cincinnati, or Louisville, Ky. Should an operator in Philadelphia wish to communicate with St. Louis, not only all the intermediate offices, but a branch station like this, can "take off" his message. He makes every machine talk that is connected and open to the electrical current, and operators, if they wish, can know all that is going on.

At present we patronize only the Buffalo line, as the news from St. Louis is just as fresh coming from New York, as though it was sent directly to us. However, we shall soon have it via Chicago.

Imagine it half past 3 P. M., ourself and better conditioned neighbor seated at a small table behind the high board partition, waiting for the telegraph to talk. Here it comes—"Click, click—click—click, click !"—This is a mere call from the operator at Buffalo, and is a notice that he is ready, and a warning to operators and reporters here to be also ready. The operator mounts his stand, seizes the ribbon, and commences reading the report, in characters as follows. It is a copy of a report sent from New York to Buffalo one half hour before:

New York, Feb. 15—3 P. M.

M r C a l h o u n
s a i d h e w a s
a n o l d m a n h e
w a s a l m o s t
a m o n g

[Here the operator is thrown into a flurry by a break in the communication.] "What's the matter, Mr. Operator?" "Oh, the Sandusky man, who is receiving the same report, has got baulked; he don't understand the last word—'among'—and has sent to the Buffalo office to have it explained." In an instant, it is re-telegraphed in more distinct characters, and the Sanduskian says—

i i

(Aye, aye.) "Go ahead, &c." It will be seen that these characters are fac similes of the indentures made by the machine on the ribbon paper, from which the operator reads.

s t r a n g e r s
a n d i f h e h a d
u r g e d a n
y t h i n g t h
a t w a s s t r
a n g e o r p e
c u l i a

Whir-r-r-r! What's the matter now?

The Toledo operator wants to send a message of pressing importance to Buffalo. Permission is granted by this and the Sandusky station. Now the missive goes; (click, click, click.) We could look into it as it passed along, were we so disposed, and could translate the "ribbon," but this art belongs to the operators, who are sworn to mind their own business. It has been but a minute, and the message is sent.

Report resumed:

r u p o n t h e
S e n a t e t h e y
m u s t a t t r i
b u t e t o t h e
a s s o c i a t i
o n s o f t h i r
t y f i v e y e a r
s a g o

Now, Mr. Operator, give us the New York makets up to this hour. (Here they come—Stocks up; produce down, &c., &c.) Tell our reporter at Buffalo to get the Commercial Advertiser of today, and send us the markets as therein quoted. (He calls Buffalo; makes the request, and receives for answer that the reporter has just gone for the paper. Here is a pause of three minutes. Reporter returned with paper, and "click, click" comes the report.)

"Commercial Adv., Feb. 15—4 P. M.

"Market buoyant. Weather fine," &c.

Sandusky and Toledo receive this same report at the same time. Detroit will soon be hitched on. And thus this new discovery operates. From half to three-quarters of an hour we have been sitting here, and have received all the important news afloat or known in the principal cities or on our great thoroughfares, besides our New York and Buffalo

market reports. We bid the gentlemanly operators "good-day," with the hope of meeting them again tomorrow. Our manuscript is put into the compositor's hands, our Steam Press is waiting with steam up, and as soon as Bennett's readers in New York, or Foote's in Buffalo, get the news, the readers of the Cleveland Plain Dealer will have it.

THE PASSION FOR SURGERY.—THEODORE S. FAY, in a letter to the Home Journal, relates the following anecdotes of DIEFFENBACH, the celebrated German Surgeon whose recent death has been deeply regretted by scientific men:

"He was a small man, with a high, shrill voice, and nothing externally remarkable, except a pair of brilliant black eyes, and a good deal of dash and style in dress and equipage. His thirst was for those terrible operations for which he was so celebrated. Among others, this:—He one day saw a student in the street, with some unhappy excrescence growing out of his head or neck, and that glittering eye once fixed on the poor fellow, it was not possible to escape. Dieffenbach addressed him, and proposed to operate for nothing. The man refused. He offered a bribe. In vain. He described the probable course of the deformity. It would lead to torments—to death perhaps. The student impatiently replied, when he felt the approach of those grave inconveniences, he would address himself to the operator, and not before,—Dieffenbach left him at length, and the young fellow returned to his books, pipe and lectures, laughing heartily at the perseverance of his formidable enemy, and congratulating himself upon a happy escape. But one morning about daybreak, a knock at his door announced, as the sleeper supposed, the *Stiefelputzer*, the boot cleaner, who usualy came at that hour. He rose, unlocked the door, and lo! Dieffenbach stood before him, with those supernatural eyes, and four stout medical students at his back.

"We have come to operate upon you!"

"No! *Donner Wetter!*" cried the student.

The surgeon made a sign. The subject was thrown upon the bed and held there by firm force. He had scarcely time to express his sense of his treatment, by certain German exclamations, when his frightful infirmity was whisked off from him, and he lay a month or two in bed, recovering from the effects. He did recover, completely, and the students, the subordinate demons of this diabolical drama, declare the ungrateful dog was no sooner on his legs again, a corrected and mended man, than he went and sued his benefactor; and recovered heavy damages.

Another person had a protuberance upon the end of his tongue. Up to a certain day, the history is the same as the preceding. On that day, Dieffenbach, having received a final negative to all his prayers and remonstrances, requested at least one farewell look at the beautiful object of his desire. The unsuspecting patient put out his tongue, and, in the twinkling of an eye, there was a needle through it, about half a foot long, retaining it immoveably in its place, and cutting short all expressions of disapprobation and ineffectual arguments. The happy artist now had everything his own way. And what his own way was, I leave you to imagine."

FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—This afternoon, about half-past 12, as the freight train from Rochester was about to make a momentary stop at Shortsville, a man named Wm. Adams, a tailor by trade, who got on the cars at East Vienna, intending to stop at Shortsville, by some means unknown to the conductor and hands, was precipitated into the track. The wheels passed over him, nearly severing one of his legs and crushing his body in a most shocking manner. He leaves a family. It is said he exhibited strong evidence of being intoxicated.—*Canandaigua Repository.*

☞ The following is a list of new counterfeits which must be avoided: 2's, on the Washington County Bank, Md.; 2's, on the Commercial Bank, Lockport; 5's, on the Franklin Bank, Malone; 1's and 2's, on the Erie Bank, Pa.; 10's, on the Montgomery Co. Bank; 50's, on the Western Bank, Balt.; 5's, on the Chautauque Co. Bank; 1's, on the National Bank, Providence; 10's, on the Thomaston Bank, Me.; 2's, on the Randolph Bank, Mass.; 2's, on the White Plains Bank; 10's, on the Ohio State Bank, (branch); 1's, on the Bank of Utica, N. Y.

Price Current—April 27, 1848.

Flour, bbl.	$4 87½@5 00	Turkeys, lb.	10
Pork, bbl.	@@ 00	Chickens, lb.	10
Do slaugh. cwt.	@5 00	Geese, each	25
Beef, cwt.	@4 00@5 00	Clover seed, bu.	@2 25
Butter, lb.	12@15	Timothy seed, bu.	@2 00
Lard, lb.	5½@5½	Flax seed, bu.	@1 05
Cheese, lb.	6@7	Grass seed, bu.	—
Hams, lb.	6@7	Whitefish, bbl.	@6 00
Shoulders, lb.	5½@5½	Codfish, cwt.	—
Corn meal, cwt.	@1 50	Potatoes, bu.	50@62
Wheat, bu.	@1@1 10	Salt, bbl.	@1 25
Corn, bu.	32@38	Apples, bu.	@2
Oats, bu.	31	Dried apples, bu.	@1 00
Slaughter hides, lb.	3½	Onions, bu.	@1 25
Dry hides, lb.	8@10	Eggs, doz.	8
Calf, lb.	4½	Saleratus, lb.	6½
Sheep, slaughtered, lb.	75	Soap, lb.	4@5
Lamb, slaughtered, lb.	12½	Whiskey, gall.	17
Dry hides, lb.	3	Highwines, gall.	17½@18
Hard wood, cord.	@3 00	Lead, cwt.	@4 00
Hemlock, cord.	@2 00	Beans, bu.	@1 25
Bit. (O.) coal, ton.	@5 50	Wool, lb.	30@30
Blossburgh, ton.	—	Hay, ton.	@14

FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE regular Spring and Summer Sessions of the BLACK ROCK FEMALE SEMINARY will commence on the first Wednesday in May, and continue twenty-two weeks, under the direction of Rev. C. M. STEELE, as Principal, aided by competent Assistant Teachers.

The Seminary buildings are commodious, and are pleasantly located within a mile of the limits of Buffalo, on a site overlooking Lake Erie and the Niagara River—uniting the advantages of country air and quietude with all the privileges of the city.

TERMS.—For Board, Washing, and Tuition in all the English Studies, $112 per annum. The extra charges are, for lessons on the Piano or Harp $16 per Quarter; on the Organ $15; on the Guitar $8; the German or French Language $7 50; Drawing and Painting $6.

☞ Circulars, containing farther particulars, may be obtained by applying to the Principal or Trustees.

April, 15, 1848. m152.

CHEAP CASH BOOK STORE.

The subscriber, dealer in Books and Stationery, at 186 Main Street, 4 doors above Seneca, keeps constantly on hand, an extensive stock, embracing the most valuable selections from Ancient and Modern Literature—and a general variety of Theological, Classical, Gift and School Books, &c., &c. The Amateurs of Knowledge and all interested in the purchase of Books or Stationery are respectfully solicited to call. Print and Cap Paper at wholesale.

Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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Steam Press of Jewett, Thomas & Co.

Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1848. NO. 14.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

A Song for May.

From the wintry frost set free,—
Sweetest month of all the year,—
Earnestly we welcome thee,
Our deserted lot to cheer.
Now the joyous birds are singing;—
Now the early flowers are springing;—
Airy hopes their flight are winging,
O'er the surface of our sphere.

What tho' clouds obscure the light,
Sorrows dim the rising day?
Sunshine, but appears more bright,
When those clouds have passed away.
What tho' hearts with grief are swelling?
Sunny smiles those griefs dispelling,—
Love triumphant, still excelling,
Shall life's gloomy passage cheer.

Life, like thee has in its tide
Stormy nights and sunny days,
Grief and joy go side by side,
And attend us all our ways;
But like thee all care denying,
From our eyes the salt tears drying,
We, the ills of life defying,
Nobly, proudly onward bear.

MAY 1, 1838. ADELIA.

Blennerhassett and his Island.—The Romance of the Ohio.

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

In 1806, Aaron Burr was denounced, for *attempting* what in 1836, Samuel Houston attempted, succeeded in, and was glorified for! The transitions of History—the mutations of Opinions—the vacillations in the wave of Human Society, and the tremendous roll and power of that Wave, as it tumbles its tides over the American Continent, were never better illustrated in any thirty years of human existence!

We do not say that the plan of Burr and of Houston were identical, for Burr was charged with an attempt to separate the Union, and whether truly or not, can never be proven. But in their *conduct*, as to the attempt on the Spanish or Mexican Provinces, they were so nearly alike, that one can never be proved innocent, while the other is guilty. Thirty years made a most wonderful difference between the two! In 1806, the genius of Andrew Jackson was limited to the banks of the Cumberland, but in 1836, it had taken flight and accompanied Houston and his Squatters beyond the Sabine! The spirit of the drama was changed, and the prudent, republican, peaceful policy of Jefferson was exchanged for the doctrines of Annexation, and Conquest, of golden dreams and eagle flights, beyond the Sabine—beyond the Trinity—beyond the Rio del Norte, even to the Halls of the Montezumas, the orange-blooming land of the Aztecs, and the wave washed shores of the Pacific! Such is vaulting Ambition, the circle of whose desires the round globe, and all which it contains can hardly limit!

Burrr, with an ambition equal to any of them, and with scarcely greater crimes, was far less fortunate that the modern adventurers, and might well lament that his plans, like his sins, were *too early for his times!* His history, however, was more various, and his life one of a very singular and mysterious interest. The chief mystery was, that the world could never understand how a man, so eminent in ability, and station, could ever be so wicked! Latter illustrations, however, have made it perfectly credible, that one of the most eminent men, should also be one of the worst.—The country is, in this respect, improving in the number of moral curiosities which it can present to the examination of the moral Physiologist.—We wish to speak, however, of Blennerhassett and his Story. The "American Review" for April contains a most interesting article on this subject, in which most of the facts, concerning the Life and Fate of Blennerhassett are correctly given. Burr's Expedition has nothing about it, which is so deeply interesting as this little episode, whose scene was laid on an island in the Ohio.

Herman Blennerhasset was one of those not very uncommon men, who are weak in judgment, but brilliant in abilities. His wife was beautiful, accomplished, graceful, and ambitious. He dealt in philosophy and the Fine Arts; she in taste, elegance and gaiety. He was of an Irish family—she an English. He was related to Emmett—she to British nobles. He inherited fortune, but was a Republican. Not finding quite as much freedom to speak in England, as he liked, he came to the United States, to think and speak as he pleased. Soon after, he heard of the beautiful Valley of the Ohio, then the El Dorado of the aspiring Emigrant. He came, and was one of the first of the thousands and millions, who have come to this lovely Western Vale, to seek the Visions of Hope, and realize, in part, their Dreams of Terrestrial Beauty! They came, and what they imagined, they made! The garden bloomed; the air was fragrant; philosophy and poetry danced attendance; grace and elegance presided, where Ease and Learning were guests; and, in fine, that fancy colored Creation of the eloquent Wirt was all but realized!

We said that Mr. Blennerhasset was weak in judgment, though possessed of shining qualities. This was manifested clearly enough, in leaving all the places in which he was calculated to succeed, to seek, like some Paul and Virginia, happiness in "Nature,"—that is the nature which is found in the sylvan retreats of a new and unsettled country. In such places, the men of hardy habits and vigorous business minds, do well enough; while the refined and elegant are lost.—Mr. Blennerhasset, however, partook of the spirit of the last French Revolution, and wanted the "anchor of the soul," without which human mind is but an unballasted, unruddered vessel, the sport of fickle winds and waves:

In common with many of the distinguished men of his time, he gave no evidence of that clear religious faith, without which, there can be no true contentment in any condition of life. The works of the French skeptics and enthusiasts, which were his favorites, could not guide his intellect to the simple truths of Christianity. He laid out his plan of existence for the indulgence of every lawful pleasure,

but lacked those higher motives of action, which inspire men with firmness and dignity.

Margaret Agnew, then Blennerhasset, was not overrated so much as many people think by the rich coloring of poetic eloquence. She was, in fact, a remarkable person. All who saw her in her prime and glory know that fact.

The Review says:

A very intelligent lady, who was familiarly acquainted with her in her best days on the island, and has since visited and seen the most elegant and beautiful females in the courts of France and England, as well as Washington city, says that she has beheld no one who was equal to her in beauty of person, dignity of manners, elegance of dress, and in short, all that is lovely and finished in the female person, such as she was when "queen of the fairy isle."

She dressed in brilliant colors, and threw over dress, manners and style, the roseate hues of her own brilliant imagination.

Marietta is fourteen miles below the island, and is the place where Mrs. Blennerhasset sought society, and purchased many of the supplies of the family; for Mrs. Blennerhasset was a business woman, as well as an elegant lady. Sometimes she rode down, and sometimes she went in a boat. In her equestrian style, she is thus described:

When she rode on horseback, her dress was a fine scarlet broadcloth, ornamented with gold buttons, a white beaver hat, on which floated the graceful plumes of the ostrich, of the same color. This was sometimes changed for blue or yellow, with feathers to harmonize. She was a perfect equestrian, always riding a very spirited horse, with rich trappings, who seemed proud of his burthen, and accomplished the ride to Marietta, of fourteen miles, in about two hours; dashing through and under the dark foliage of the forest trees, which then covered the greater part of the distance; reminding one of the gay plumage and rapid flight of some tropical bird winging its way through the woods.

The manner in which Herman Blennerhassett was beguiled of property, reputation and happiness, by that artful and wicked man, Aaron Burr, is well enough known.

We must skip all the intermediate passages of their lives, and come to the closing scene of this elegant woman, this bird of pleasure just skimming through these Western woods, as we have seen the Paroquet illuminate the verdure of the forest with the brilliance of its colors.

For a long time we could not discover what had finally become of Mrs. Blennerhassett. The Review gives us the first information of her end.—Before, however, we attend the death of Margaret Blennerhassett read one verse, written by her own pen, in memory of the lovely island, when *that* was desolated by a ruffian mob, and she was living at Montreal, in the ruins of the past, with her flowers all withered and scattered

v.

"The blackening fire has swept through her halls,
The winds fly whistling through them, and the wave
No more in spring floods o'er the sand-beach crawls,
But furious drowns in one o'erwhelming grave
Thy hallowed haunts, it watered as a slave.
Drive on, destructive flood; and ne'er again
On that devoted Isle let man remain.

vi.

"Too many blissful moments there I've known;
Too many hopes have there met their decay;
Too many feelings now forever gone,
To wish that thou wouldst e'er again display
The joyful coloring of thy prime array;—
Buried with thee, let them remain a blot,
With thee, their sweets, their bitterness forgot."

We believe there is yet a cabin or two on the island and cornfields where the gardens stood.—But the Palace of Fancy, the home of Philosophy, of Beauty and Grace, will be reared no more!—Burr and Jefferson finished the scene.

Must we relate the last days of Margaret Agnew? Providence has furnished mankind with many lessons, but few more remarkable or instructive than this. We close with the words of the Review, which are apt and touching.

"The reverses in this accomplished woman's fortune, and in that of her amiable husband, illustrate the uncertainties of human life, and unfold the mysterious doings of Providence with the children of men.

"More than forty years have passed away since these events were transacted, and not a vestige now remains of the splendid and happy home of Herman and Margaret Blennerhassett. All has passed away like the vision of a pleasant dream; while the thousands of passengers who travel up and down the Ohio, in steamboats still eagerly inquire after, and gaze upon 'the Island of Blennerhassett' with wonder and delight."

From the London Times.

We can easily imagine the exultation of triumph with which the news of this month will be received on the other side of the Atlantic. The proved hollowness of despotisms, the liberation of intellect, the majestic advance of a young democracy—we think we hear already the magnificent periods with which the American "caucusses" are by this time ringing on such themes as these, and to which each successive mail will give a louder and loftier tone. Nor can it be denied that things look as though the philosophic vaticinations of M. De Tocqueville were about to be realized, and the old world were going to learn a new political alphabet at the feet of her Transatlantic offspring. The exiles whom the Europe of the 16th and 17th centures, disinherited as prodigal children, planted their ideas in a congenial soil, and the luxuriance of their growth is overshadowing and blighting the parent tree. It would be considered irrelevant at this juncture, to inquire accurately into the respective *merits* of the two systems of government which are at issue; as to which produces the greatest amount of individual happiness, of national greatness, of moral and intellectual fruit. *There is no question at any rate as to which is the most powerful and prosperous*, and America may be allowed to take full advantage of the popular tendency to cry *væ victis*, and shout with the winning side.

No doubt it is a good and valid argument, as far as it goes, against despotism, that it appears to be in its nature evanescent, and to carry with it the seeds of its own decay; the civilized world seems to have outgrown it so gradually as to have been unconscious of its own progress; till at a touch from without, the mask falls off, and the whole pageantry of arbitrary power, vanishing "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaves not a wreck behind." Strength and stability are essential points to be considered in deciding the respective merits of different forms of government, and it is useless to prove, on paper, that a certain constitution is the best, if, as a matter of fact, we find that it cannot stand alone, when we attempt to realize it. Just now, the fact that if the American people were polled to-morrow, from the Rio Grande to the St. Lawrence, every single individual would vote for precisely the form of Government which he now possesses, is undoubtedly *a strong argument in favor of that Government*.—Of course, we do not say that it is a conclusive one; we ourselves happen to like something different—only we imagine that, as between a stable, that is "Conservative" democracy and a decadent, that is, "revolutionary" despotism, there can be but little doubt which to prefer. And so

we may assume that for the present at least, and till we see what the upshot of the new state of things may be, the advocates of arbitrary power will be silent, if not convinced; and the constitutional questions which will be henceforth warmly urged, with a view to practical results, are rather those which concern the degree of power which the people should hold in their own hands, the definition of the word "people" the modes in which they can best exercise that power, and the mutual relations of different communities and States.

Dropping, therefore, for the present the question between popular and arbitrary principles of government, which will not be stirred, at least for some time to come, we wish to draw attention to another great principle which we think likely to be brought prominently forward, and to exercise great influence; a principle the exemplification of which, in the fullest extent, we also owe to the Americans; we mean the principle of Federalism. The most important improvement in the practice of modern constitutional countries, as compared with ancient, is the introduction of the system of representation. In the Athenian *ecclesia*, and in the Roman *comitia*, the people deliberated, discussed, and voted, in the mass, upon each separate question of policy. The idea of electing, from time to time, plenipotentiary delegates to do their political business never occurred to them. It is needless to point out the extreme inconvenience of the ancient plan, and the incalculable extent to which the transaction of public affairs has been facilitated by its abolition. But it would seem that the idea which representation embodies has as yet been but partially and inadequately carried out in Europe, and that we must look for its most effectual and consistent developement to the United States. We conceive that idea to be the union of individual participation in power with an effective combination of individual powers for common purposes; in modern technical phraseology, legislative centralization with administrative localism.

There is at this moment a very evident tendency, all over Europe, in two directions, apparently opposite; to local self-government, and to national unity. In 1815 certain lines were drawn upon a map, according to which States were carved, as it were, out of the Continent, without reference to language, habits, race, feelings, antipathies, or any of those influences which constitute real nationality. The consequence was, that the desire for a national independence, in the provinces thus subjected to foreign dominion, went hand in hand with the wish for popular institutions; they became convinced that they could not have the one without the other, they have long struggled for both, and at length they appear on the eve of winning them. But these provinces have, in almost every case, national unities of their own, to which, when rid of the crude and Procrustean arrangement of 1815, they are beginning naturally to look, as supports to their new-born independence, and rallying points for their awakened patriotism. Thus Italy is gathering under one name and banner her estranged and provincialized children; the scattered and disunited States of Germany are craving earnestly for union; Poland is uniting; Switzerland is uniting; it will not, perhaps, be long before we see a Panslavonic nation constituted in the East of Europe. Yet none of the provinces would like the idea of ceasing to manage locally their own affairs, in order to secure the safety and dignity of a greater father land.—The question, then, for them to consider, is, whether, by an adoption of the principle of federalism, their wants may not be supplied and their tendencies satisfied.

Let them observe the working of Federalism in America. The most complete national unity is there preserved as regards foreign nations; complete freedom of trade, complete uniformity of action in all respects essential to national life; while, at the same time, the estimable habit of self-government is created and retained, and the power of adapting local institutions to local wants exercised so fully, that no American citizen has to complain that the interests of his locality suffer by the distance or neglect of the legislative centre. The German in Pennsylvania, the Frenchman in Louisiana, the Spaniard in Florida, had no need, when they came to participate in the advantages belonging to the great American Union, of sacrificing one iota of the local institutions to which they were attached. So wonderfully elastic and expansive is this principle of Government, *that the entire American continent might, as it appears to us, be absorbed in one vast federation, with but little inconvenience or danger resulting from its extent and diversity of characteristics.* If a similar system of permitting local self-government, in subordination to a supreme legislative head, had been pursued in Lombardy and Poland, we do not believe that even the fact of the central head being an arbitrary monarch would have induced, in either case, the declaration of independence which has now ensued. The Spanish monarchs had no subjects so loyal as the inhabitants of the Basque provinces; the fidelity of the Tyrolese to Austria is proverbial; because the former lived practically under the shadow of their own *fueros*, and the latter were not deprived of their ancient *grundgesetz*. The Romans understood this principle, and left to the *municipia* of their own enormous empire the full enjoyment of their institutions, and management of their affairs. This was the cause of the astonishing duration of their rule, and of the general contentedness of their subjects.—In France, on the contrary, where the utmost point of administrative centralization had been obtained, the "people" are utterly demoralized and incapacitated for liberty by the habit of having everything done for them; the consequence now is, that the mob of Paris now rules France; the 35,000,000 individuals who inhabit the provinces follow like sheep after a leader, even though it be down a precipice.

If there be any truth in these speculations, the object of which we have rather indicated than explained, the good or bad success of the unprecedented movement now going on in Europe will depend, in great measure, upon the extent to which the different nations engaged in it may succeed in reconciling and turning to account the principles which we have been describing—that of local self-government, the true nurse of freedom, and that of national unity, the best safeguard for peace, civilization, and social progress. It is impossible to lay down, beforehand, how far and in what manner it may be possible, in each particular case, to do this; but the tendency of the attempt, however imperfectly developed, is in the right direction; the ideal perfection of it would be a Utopia,

"Where the drum should throb no longer, and the battle flag be furl'd,
In the Parliament of man, the federation of the world."

A Curiosity.—Mr. James Crane, of Shalersville, in this county, while engaged a short time since in splitting barrel staves from a white oak tree, which was perfectly sound, and after he had worked up twenty or twenty-five feet from the butt end, discovered what he supposed so be a knot, at least eight inches from the outside; but upon opening it, found it to contain a middling size toad, which had remained in this space until there

had grown eight inches of timber over him. Mr. Crane says he made staves from all sides of the tree where the toad lay. When the little customer was shown daylight, he stretched himself, hopped a short distance at first, until he reached a puddle of water, where he took leave of Mr. C. and left him to his own meditations. The place in the timber from which the toad was taken, leaves a fair imprint of this little inhabitant, who must have been locked up in his narrow cell many years.—*Ravanna Star*,

Napoleon's Prophecy.

The following is said to form part of the suppressed portion of the Journal of Las Casas. We know of no reason to doubt its authenticity. It was published a long time ago, and whether or not the sayings imputed to Napoleon were actually uttered by him, recent events in Europe afford a fulfilment of them more exact than awaits or has followed most modern prophecies. Speaking to Las Casas, on the island of St. Helena, Napoleon is reported to have said:

"Never was a web more artfully woven over a nation than that horrible debt which envelopes the people of England. It has been the means of enriching the aristocracy beyond all former examples in any country; whilst it has, at the same time aroused as many fast and powerful friends to the government as there are individuals who receive interest for that money, so extravagantly squandered to crush liberty in other countries; but even that must have an end; some accidental spark will ignite the combustible mass and blow the whole system to the devil! If the mighty debt were due to foreigners, these cunning islanders would not bear the burden an hour, but would on some pretext or other, break with their creditors and laugh at their credulity; but they owe the money to individuals among themselves, and are therefore likely to enjoy the pleasure of paying the interest for generations to comer France too has got a debt. Those Bourbons think to maintain themselves on my throne by borrowing largely of the present generation, in order to lay heavy taxes on the next, and all future ones. But I know the French too well to suppose that such a system can long be tolerated. I know that they have too much affection for their offspring to entail upon them a national debt like that of England, however artfully incurred. No, no! my subjects are too sharp-sighted to allow the property accumulated for their children to be mortgaged to pay the Russians and English for invading them, and for the restoration of the Vielle Cour des Imbeciles, who now insult them. They will, after a time, make comparisons between them and me; they will recollect that the expenses of my government were defrayed by imposts during the war—that my wars cost France nothing—that I left her not one fraction in debt—but that I enriched her territory. Such comparisons will not be favorable to the Bourbons. The French will cast them and their debt from their shoulders, as my Arabian would any stranger who should dare to mount him.—Then, if my son be in existence, he will be seated on the throne amidst the acclamations of the people; if he be not, France will go back to a republic, for no other hand will dare to seize a sceptre it cannot wield. The Orleans branch, though amiable, are too weak, have too much of the Bourbons, and will share the same fate, if they do not choose to live as simple citizens, under whatever change takes place."

Here the emperor paused for a few moments, then waving his hands, he exclaimed, in an animated tone, his dark eye beaming with the enthusiasm of inspiration—

"France once a republic, other countries will follow her example. Germans, Prussians, Poles, Italians, Danes, Swedes, and Russians, will all join in the crusade of liberty! They will arm against their sovereigns, who will be glad to make concession of some of their rights in order to preserve a minor authority over them as subjects.—They will grant them representative chambers, and style themselves constitutional kings, possessing a limited power. Thus the feudal system will receive its death blow, and like the thick mist on the ocean, it will dissipate at the first appearance of the sun of liberty, but things will not end there; the wheel of revolution will not stand still at this point; the impetus will be increased in a ten fold ratio, and the motion will be accelerated in proportion. When the people recover a part of their rights as men, they will become elevated with the victory they have achieved; and, having tasted the sweets of freedom, they will become clamorous for a larger portion. Thus will the states and principalities of Europe be in a continual turmoil and ferment, perhaps for some years—like the earth, heaving in all directions, previous to an earthquake. At length the combustible matter will have vent; a tremendous explosion will take place—the lava of England's bankruptcy will overspread the European world, overwhelming kings and aristocracies, but cementing the democratic interest as it flows. Trust me, Las Casas, that as from the vines planted in the soil which encrusts the sides of Ætna and Vesuvus, the most delicious wine is obtained, so shall the lava of which I speak prove to be the only soil in which the tree of liberty will take firm and permanent root. May it flourish for ages! You perhaps consider these sentiments strange and unusual; they are mine, however. I was a republican, but fate, and the opposition of Europe, made me an emperor! I am now a spectator of the future."

Horrors of Slavery!

Correspondence of the Evening Journal.

Washington, April 22, 1848.

Friend Weed—Last evening, in passing the Rail Road Depot, I saw quite a large number of colored persons gathered round one of the cars, and from manifestations of grief among some of them, I was induced to draw near and ascertain the cause. I found in the car towards which they were so eagerly gazing, *fifty colored persons*, some of whom were nearly as white as myself. A large majority of the number were those who attempted to gain their liberty last week, in the schooner Pearl. About half of them were females, a few of whom had but a light tinge of African blood in their veins; they were finely formed and beautiful. The men were ironed together, and the whole group looked sad and dejected. At each end of the car stood a ruffian-looking guard, with large canes in their hands. In the middle of the car stood the notorious slave dealer of Baltimore, who is a member of the Methodist Church, in good and regular standing. He had purchased the men and women around him, and was taking his departure for Georgia. While observing this old grey headed dealer in the bodies and souls of men, the Chaplain of the Senate—a Methodist brother—entered the car, and took his brother Methodist by the hand, chatted with him for a short time, and seemed to view the heart-rending scene before him with as little concern as he would look upon cattle! I know not whether he came with a view to sanctify the act, or pronounce the parting blessing; but this I do know, that he justifies Slavery. A Presbyterian Minister, who owned one of the

fugitives, was the first to strike a bargain with a Slave Dealer, and make merchandize of God's image. Some of the colored people outside, as well as in the car, were weeping most bitterly.—I learned that many families were separated.—Wives were there to take leave of their Husbands, and Husbands of their Wives; Children of their Parents, and Parents of their Children. Friends parting with friends, and the tenderest ties of humanity severed at a single bid of the inhuman Slave Broker before them. A husband, in the meridian of life, begged to see the partner of his bosom. He protested that she was free—that she had free papers, and was torn away from him, and shut up in the jail. He clambered up to one of the windows of the car to see his wife, and, as she was reaching forward her hand to him, the black hearted Slave Dealer ordered him down.—He did not obey. The husband and wife, with tears streaming down their cheeks, besought him to let them speak to each other. But no; he was knocked down from the car, and ordered away!—The bystanders could hardly restrain themselves from laying violent hands upon the brute. This is but a faint description of the scene which took place within a few rods of the Capitol, and under enactments recognized by Congress. Oh, what a revolting scene to a feeling heart, and what a retribution awaits the actors. Will not their wailings of anguish reach the ears of the Most High?—"Vengeance is mine—I will repay, saith the Lord."

You have already heard of the fugitive case and the mob here. A very exciting discussion has been going on in the House for the last two days, growing out of these riots. The galleries were thronged, and the most intense interest was manifested while Northern and Southern members were discussing.

I have the honor to be your sincere friend and obedient servant,

JOHN I. SLINGERLAND.

A sewing Machine has at last been produced which is said to be one of the most useful and curious of all Yankee inventions. The inventors are J. B. Johnson and Chas. Morey, of Boston Mass. The Boston Traveller gives the following notice of it:

"It is a contrivance of great ingenuity, but of remarkable simplicity; and so far as we know is the only machine for sewing which has ever been put into successful practical operation. Several of the machines have already been constructed, and we yesterday had the pleasure of seeing them perform with a sort of vivacious accuracy, rapidity and ease, the hitherto slow, toilsome, and monotonous, 'stitch—stitch—stitch.'

"It is difficult to describe this machine so as to give the reader an intelligible idea of it. To sew the seams of pantaloons, for instance, the cloth is fastened to a bar, so constructed as to obviate the necessity of basting. This bar, with the cloth attached, is moved horizontally in front of the needle, by means of a feed motion, which measures with perfect accuracy the length of the stitches. This motion can easily and instantly be so adjusted as to make longer or shorter stitches, at the will of the operator. The needle—which has its eye in the point, or very near it—is driven through the cloth by means of a peculiarly formed cam. The thread—which runs from a spool through the end of a spring, so that it can be tightened at pleasure—passes with the point of the needle through the cloth, till it is caught by a hook on the other side. This hook holds the thread in a peculiar manner, forming it into a loop, until the needle has passed out and been again driven through—the bar upon which the cloth is, having in the mean time been moved along the length of one stitch. The hook then drops its first hold and again seizes the thread—which has now passed through the loop—and repeats the process; thus interweaving the thread so as to form a uniform and substantial stitch, such as the ladies call a chain stitch.

From 250 to 300 stitches can be taken in this way in a minute; and one machine can do, and do well, the work of six and perhaps eight seamstresses. The work for which the machine is peculiarly adapted, is the sewing of long straight seams; but it is obviously susceptible of variation and improvement so as to adapt it to needle-work of a more complicated description. It is destined, we doubt not, to work a great change in one of the most laborious departments of female industry."

The Ghost of Canargwa—"Murder most Foul!"

From the Rochester Daily Advertiser.

The excitement in reference to the mysterious knocking in a house at Hydesville, Wayne county, still continues, and the revelations which it makes daily, are astonishing the multitude. A pamphlet has been published, containing a great number of certificates from individuals residing in that neighborhood, who have heard the mysterious knocking, and have propounded to his ghostship a variety of questions, all of which have been answered by *raps*. The occupant of the house is named John D. Fox, who formerly resided in Rochester, and himself and his wife both make a certificate in regard to the mysterious thumping.

They state that they first heard this noise about the 30th of March, in the evening, just after the family had retired to rest, and that it has continued from that time to the present. The ghost not only answers all questions put to it, but readily gives the age of each child in the family, and of others in the neighborhood, but the "spirit's" history of its own affairs is altogether the most marvellous. The "story of its wrongs" runs somewhat thus:

It states the body it once inhabited was that of a pedlar; that it was 31 years of age, and was murdered about four years since by the then occupant of the house, by having its throat cut with a butcher knife; that it left a family of five children, two sons and three daughters, who are now living in Orleans county; that its wife died about two years since; that the amount of money taken was $500, besides a trunk and pack of goods; that the wife of the man who committed the murder had gone away that night, as well as a girl who worked there, named Lucretia Pulver; that it was murdered on Tuesday night at 12 o'clock; that the first letter of its given name was C., and that of its sir-name was B., but it refused to give the entire name, (a very considerate ghost!)

The manner in which these questions are said to be asked and answered, is this: For instance, when they wish to ascertain the first letter of its name, the questioner goes through the alphabet, and when the right letter is called, it *raps*. So also of the county where its children now reside, On calling over the list, when the one it wishes to designate is named, it manifests it by rapping.—In this way, all the answers have been given.—Sometimes there has been as many as two or three hundred persons at the house at a time, and it is said that all have distinctly heard the noises.—Some fifteen or twenty of them certify to the fact over their own signature.

In the course of their questions, it was asked who committed the murder, and each individual was named who had occupied the house from its erection. No knocking was heard until the name of a very respectable man now residing at Lyons, Wayne county, was called, when it made three knocks louder than common, and the bedstead jarred more than it had done before! It states that the murderer cannot be punished because there

were no witnesses of his crime, and yet so many are the absurd stories about the matter, that the individual has felt constrained to procure a certificate of good character and respectability, signed by some forty or fifty of his former neighbors.

Thus the matter stands, and what renders it still more remarkable is the fact that individuals who have resided there previous to the present occupant taking the premises, now come forward, and over their own signature certify that they too heard these same mysterious noises when they occupied the premises! According to the unquiet "spirit's" story it was buried ten feet under ground, in a particular part of the cellar designated, and that since, on account of the body affecting the water in a neighboring well, it was removed from its first resting place, and buried on the bank of "Mud Creek," more recently known as the "Ganargwa." It says that it shall keep up the rapping until its remains, a portion of which are still underneath the building, are discovered, and the residents round about have made a vow that his ghostship shall be attended to just as soon as the water in the cellar will permit. We await further revelations with a good deal of interest. In the meantime we trust that the neighborhood will keep "cool," and that the ghost of the murdered pedlar may continue to make all needful and proper suggestions in reference to the matter.

Farther News by the Acadia.

The general commotion of the Continent has gone on increasing. The intelligence respecting the insurrection in Lombardy has been confirmed with the farther important feature that the King of Sardinia at the head of an army of 80,000 troops crossed from the Piedmontese territory into Lombardy, issuing, as he passed the frontiers, a formal declaration of war against Austria, and marched direct to Milan. The Austrians defeated at every point, fled as he approached, and having successively been driven from Parma, Brescia and Des Senzano, have endeavored to establish themselves on the line of the Mincio.

The Italian Duchies have burst out into open insurrection. Modena and Parma are revolutionized, and Venice, which has been dying daily since the fatal 18th of Jan, 1798, now just half a century, when the Austrians took possession of that city in virtue of the treaty of Campo Formio again show signs of life.

In Austria proper every thing seems disorganized, and amid the chaotic confusion which prevails it is quite impossible to fix the hourly changing scene. It is anticipated that the Austrian General Radetsky, who is afraid to enter Mantua for want of provisions, will be compelled to capitulate upon the appearance of the Sardinian troops.

It is said that a disposable force will be shortly at the command of Charles Albert of not less than 250,000. With such an army not only will all Lombardy be liberated, but Austaia may be threatened, even at the gates of Vienna.

Savoy has declared itself a Republic.

In Switzerland a strict neutrality seems to be aimed at, and the levying of troops is discountenanced by the Vorort. All the countries on the right bank of the Rhine have been violently convulsed.

At Baden, Wurtemberg and Saxony, liberal Governments have been conceded to the people.

In Hanover the triumph of popular feeling has been complete.

In Prussia, after the bloody scenes which took place in Berlin, the King has put himself at the head of the German Confederation, and promises extensive Constitutional reforms. At the same time he has plunged headlong into a dispute with the Danes respecting the long contested affair of the Duchess of Holstein and Schleswig, which by force he seems resolved to detach from Denmark. By encouraging the Poles to erect a free government, on the other hand, he is exasperating the Autocrat of Russia to the highest bounds of passion, in the Grand Duchy of Posen.

All Silesia, Breslau, and even Lithuania appear to be in an alarming state of convulsion. It is rumored that 50,000 Cossacks have suddenly appeared at Tilsit, and in the state of excitement in which the Emperor is at this moment, should the King of Prussia waver, the consequences may be serious. The Emperor himself is vigorous and decided. He is said to have ordered every man in Russian Poland between 18 and 35 to be removed into the interior of Russia.

Nicholas is concentrating a vast army in Southern Russia which we should deem sufficient to crush any attempt at a republic in that division of the Empire.

Hanover is preparing an army to march in favor of the German side of the quarrel.

In Belgium all attempts to overthrow the Government, or to create disturbances, failed. Belgium and Holland are comparatively quiet.

It is reported that the Turkish Government, under the influence of the Russian Ambassador, refuses to acknowledge the French Republic.

A violent emeute took place at Madrid on the evening of the 26th. The people and the soldiery fought in the streets from 7 in the evening until 3 or 4 in the morning, and a considerable number were slain on both sides. The cause was said to be a republican movement, and it was wholly unexpected. Court martials have been held on many of the the prisoners, but no executions took place. Queen Christina is said to have fled.

In the conflict M. Escosura, the Minister, was shot in the leg and a Mr. Whitwell an English engineer, killed. On the 27th the city was declared in a state of seige. Tranquility has since prevailed. But the Provinces are excited to an alarming degree. M. Olozaga and M. Escosura have both been arrested by Narvaez.

In Portugal matters continue tranquil at present.

In Sicily the Sicilian Parliament is constituted and the separation of the Island from Naples is complete. It is generally believed that the King of Naples has altogether abdicated his rights over Sicily.

The advices from Athens state that the Greek ministry had resigned and that Senator Conduriotto had accepted the task of forming a new Cabinet.

Republic of Savoy.—The Lyons Gazette of the 4th gives the following under date

Chamberry, 31st.

Savoy will tomorrow constitute itself a Republic; a Provisional Government will be constituted, and the Republic of Savoy proclaimed; the country will be immediately convoked to decide on its political condition. There is in this no hostility to the King, who has given us very liberal institutions. Nothing of disaffection to the French Republic, for which we preserve our sympathies; nothing, in short, which prejudges any course. This intelligence is, however, doubtful, and is not confirmed by the letters from Lyons of the same date.

The Viceroy of the Emperor of Austria who fled from Milan, was at Botzen, a town of the German Tyrol, on the 29th ult., waiting the issue of events. The Milanese have sent an address to Pius IX, in which they ascribe to the Pontiff all the honor of the emancipation of Italy.

Washington's Library.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, April 25.

An inquiry is to be made, after it is too late, as to the *library of Gen. Washington*, with a view to secure it for the United States. What has become of the Regency of the Smithsonian Institution, and of the Smithsonian library fund, and of the Act of Congress providing for a large expenditure from the interest of the fund for a library? what has become of these, that such a library should go a begging, and then be sold for a song to a speculator for the English market?

This was not the collection of books left at Mount Vernon by General Washington and Judge Washington, and to which Mrs. Jane C. Washington refers, in her contradiction of the late rumor as to the sale of the Washington library.—Mrs. Washington says that that library has not been sold for 5,000 dollars, and would not be sold for five times the sum.

But it is the library left by General Washington to Col. George C. Washington, of Maryland, that has been sold. Three thousand volumes of this library has been sold by Col. Washington to Mr. Stephens for $5,000; and they are packed up, in this city, for transportation. They are said to be, and no doubt are, destined for England.

Many of them were sent to General Washington with the respects of their authors, and many were gifts of friendship. Four or five hundred of them have General Washington's autograph.

The Washington medals were sold in this city twenty years ago, for $500, and fell into good hands, having been purchased by, and being still in the possession of Daniel Webster.

IMPORTANT ARREST OF COUNTERFEITERS IN CANADA.—On the 11th inst., High Constable Clark arrested, at Barnston, near Sherbrooke, in Canada, seven persons, and lodged them in Sherbrooke jail; having found on the premises of some of them a quantity of bad money, and some tools for coining; a quantity of bank bills and a printing press, under a forge in a blacksmith's shop. Also some counterfeiting apparatus, and about one hundred counterfeit half eagles. The person at whose house were found coining and printing apparatus had fled. At another place was found a *Bogus* or drop press for stamping hard money, portions of it having been removed to a large ash heap, and other portions of it in the bed of a brook.

This *Bogus* press with its appendages, weighed about half a ton. At the house of one of the villains the "exploring party" found three engraved plates for bank bills, about $4,000 in counterfeit bills, a portable bellows, and sundry other materials. In a field were found two sets of dies for making dollars and half dollars. There is pretty good evidence that between the visits of the constables, about *half a bushel* of counterfeit bills were burnt at one of these houses. Two persons who were arrested on the first visit made their escape.

About $20,000 in counterfeit bills, 120 Mexican dollars, 220 half dollars, and 160 American quarter eagles, with a lot of half eagles made of copper for galvanizing, were secured. The bills are on the following banks: 1's, 2's and 3's on the Marblehead Bank, Mass.; 1's and 2's, Atlantic Bank, Boston; 2's Hartford Bank, Ct,; 10's Indiana Bank, (well executed, said to be from the original plate;) 2's Eastern Bank, Bangor; 1's Atlantic Bank, Boston; 10's Suffolk Bank, Boston; 2's Lebanon Bank, N. H.; 2's Worcester Bank, Mass; 5's Lansingburgh Bank; 5's Danbury Bank, 2's Derry Bank, N. H.; 1's New England Bank, Boston; 2's Burlington Bank, Vt.; 5's Dover Bank; 1's Kingston Bank, N. Y.; 2's Mechanic's Bank, Newburyport; 5's and 1's Chillicothe Bank, Ohio; 1's Vergennes Bank, Vt.; 1's Washington Bank, Boston; 5's Nashua Bank, Mass.

The plates secured are a $3 Hungerford Bank, Adams, N. Y.; a $3 Bank of Chenango, N. Y.; a $2 Gloucester Bank, Mass.; and on the opposite side of the same plate a $5 Suffolk Bank, Boston. There was also secured about two reams bill paper, 10 or 12 pounds of printing ink, a quantity of arsenic, three printing presses, &c., sufficiently to show that the business has been carried on upon a very extensive scale.

Congressional.

HOUSE—Mr. MCKAY's resolution providing that the House meet at 11 A. M. hereafter was adopted on motion of Mr. VINTON.

The rules were suspended in order that Mr. VINTON might offer a resolution fixing a day for the consideration of appropriation bills. Adopted.

Mr. ASHLEY's death was announced by a message from the Senate, when Mr. JOHNSON of Arkansas, pronounced a feeling and appropriate eulogy, and moved the usual resolutions.

Mr. WHITE followed in a few remarks when the House adjourned.

SENATE.—Mr. BORLAND announced the death of Mr. ASHLEY, of Arkansas, and pronounced an eulogy on the life and character of the deceased.

Mr. BREESE of Illinois, followed briefly, when the usual resolutions were passed, and a committee was appointed to make arrangements for the funeral, which is to take place to-day.

SUMMARY PUNISHMENT OF TWO THIEVES.—During the trip of the steamer Saladin, betweun Memphis and New Orleans, about ten days ago, two passengers attracted great notice for their elegant dress, fine accomplishments, and supposed singular piety. They played their parts admirably until one night finding all on board asleep, they proceeded to rifle the pockets of their fellow passengers, when their true characters were made known, having been arrested and discovered on the spot. The next morning a court was held on board, Judge Davis, of Lexington, Ky., presiding; J. D. Fuller, of New Orleans, prosecuting; Dr. Stiver of Alabama, clerk, with 12 jurymen.—After hearing the evidence, the two prisoners were convicted of stealing $37, and each sentenced to receive 39 lashes well laid on. This sentence, however, was waived, as the court was opposed to lynch law, and in its stead they were ordered to pay over the stolen money, and the captain was then directed to set them both ashore, one on each side of the Mississippi, which was immediatdly done. The official proceedings of the court are published in the New Orleans papers.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—A most shocking and fatal accident occurred in Lowell, Monday evening, about 6 o'clock. A runaway horse with the fore wheels of a wagon attached, knocked down a young lady who was crossing the street at the time, and her clothes becoming entangled in the wheels, she was dragged some thirty or forty rods to the stable, her head and shoulders upon the ground, and most shockingly mangled. She breathed but a few seconds after. She was about 21 years of age.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Lines:

ADDRESSED TO J. M. LE R.

I kneel at Friendship's sacred shrine,
And pay the tribute that is due;
And own the life that values mine
Is dearly loved, if always true.

The tender ties of human love,
Are stronger than the chains of power;
For those no strength can ever move,
Or sunder in a needful hour.

Then let our greeting ever be,
On Friendship's footing, firm and sure;—
With willing heart, I bend the knee,
And worship at a shrine so pure.

BUFFALO, April 18, 1842. D. W.

The People of Accomac.

In a letter published in the National Intelligencer, is given an interesting account of the inhabitants of that long peninsula of the State of Virginia which lies between Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic, and is divided into two counties—Northampton, comprising the southern extremity, and Accomac, the northerly portion. The people and some of their customs are thus described:

Of the twenty-five thousand souls who inhabit the peninsula, I suppose that not more than one thousand could distinguish the difference between the English and the Cherokee alphabet. In the counties of Accomac and Northampton, the idea of even a weekly newspaper was never dreamed of. The people are fond of amusements, which consist principally of dancing and card-playing parties, and the Saturday of each week is usually appropriated as a holiday. Any event which can bring together a crowd is gladly welcomed, so that court days, training days, election days, the fourth of July, Christmas day, New Year's day, and Tanksgiving day, are among the white days of the unwritten calendar of the Accomacians. The roads of the country are all by nature very good, and the people exceeding fond of going through the world as pleasantly as possible; so that each man who can own a horse is sure of owning a gig, and many of them are particularly unique and tottleish, someting like a scow-boat in a gale of wind.

But the crowning peculiarity of this nook of the great world has reference to the custom of raising and taming wild horses. Like every thing poetical connected with the habits of our people, this custom is rapidly becoming obsolete, and will soon be remembered merely as an idle and romantic tale. The very idea of having to do with wild horses excited my fancy the very moment I heard the custom alluded to; and I made every effort to collect reliable information upon it, as it existed half a century ago. As good fortune would have it, I found out an intelligent and venerable gentleman, who supplied me with many interesting particulars. The "oldest inhabitant" to whom I allude is the Rev. David Watts, of Horntown, who is now in the 82d year of his age, and the substance of his information is as follows:

In the Atlantic ocean, off the northeastern shore of Accomac, lies a long and sandy island known by the name of Assateague. The distance from one extremity to the other is perhaps ten miles, and in reaching it you have to cross a bay that is perhaps eight miles wide. At the present time there are only four families residing upon the island, one of them having charge of the light-house, the remaining three being devoted to the fishing business. From time immemorial it has been famous for its luxuriant grass, and from the period of the Revolution down to the year 1800, supplied an immense number of wild horses with food. When these animals were first introduced upon the island has not been ascertained, but it is said that they were the most abundant about half a century ago. At that period there was a kind of stock company in existence, composed principally of the wealthier planters residing on the main shore. The animals were of the pony breed, but generally beautifully formed and very fleet; of a deep black color, and with remarkably long tails and manes. They lived and multiplied upon the island without the least care from the hand of man, and, though feeding entirely on the grass of the salt meadows, they were in good condition throughout the year. They were employed by their owners, to a considerable extent, for the purposes of agriculture, but the finer specimens were kept or disposed of as pets for the use of ladies and children. The prices which they commanded on the island varied from ten to twenty dollars, but by the time a handsome animal could reach New York or New Orleans, he was likely to command one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars.

But by far the most interesting circumstances connected with the wild horses of Assateague had reference to the annual festival of penning the animals, for the purpose, not only of bringing them under subjection, but of selling them to any who might desire to purchase. The day in question was the 10th of June, on which occasion there was always an immense concourse of people assembled on the Island from all parts of the surrounding country; not only men, but women and children; planters who came to make money, strangers who wished to purchase a beatiful animal for a present, together with the grooms or horse-tamers, who were noted at the time for their wonderful feats of horsemanship. But a large proportion of the multitude came together for the purpose of having a regular frolic; and feasting and dancing were carried on to a great extent, and that too upon the open sandy shore of the ocean, the people being exposed, during the day, to the scorching sunshine, and the scene being enlivened at night by immense bonfires, made of wrecked vessels or drift wood, and the light of the moon and stars. The stable business of these anniversaries, however, was to tame and brand the horses; but to give an account of all the particulars attending these exciting scenes would require more time than I can spare at the present moment.

Suffice it to say that the horses were usually cornered in a pen, perhaps a hundred at a time, when, in the presence of the immense concourse of people, the tamers would rush into the midst of the herd, and not only noose and halter the wild and untamed creatures, but mounting them, at times even without a bridle, would rush from the pen and perform a thousand fantastic and daring feats upon the sand. Few, if any, of these horsemen were ever killed or wounded while performing these exploits, though it is said that they frequently came in such close contact with the horses as to be compelled to wrestle with them, as man with man. But, what was still more remarkable, these men were never known to fail in completely subduing the horses they attempted to tame; and it was often the case that an animal which was as wild as a hawk in the morning could be safely ridden by a child at the sunset hour.

MARINE DISASTER.—The brig Cumberland and schr. William in Mackinaw, during the blow drifted afoul of the schr. Wyoming and carried away her head gear and fore rigging.—*C. Herald.*

The Chartist Demonstration.

From the London Times of April 17.

The metropolis presented yesterday a scene of unusual excitement and alarm. The determination announced by the members of the Chartist National Convention to hold their meeting and procession in defiance of the law and the constituted authorities—the military preparations, almost unparalleled for extent and completeness, made by the Duke at the head of the army to put down any insurrectionary attempts that might be made—and the remarkable unanimity with which the middle and higher classes placed their services at the disposal of the Government—had each in turn contributed to interest large numbers of the population in the results of the day's proceedings, and to increase the general feeling of undefined apprehension with which the intentions of the Chartists were regarded. The weather was exceedingly favorable for the demonstration; no obstruction was offered by the police to the trades' and other processions which left the Middlesex side of London for Kennington-common; a free thoroughfare was permitted to all who wished to take part in the public meeting; and yet, instead of the 300,000 persons who were told would assemble upon Kensington-common, and proceed thence to the House of Commons, the most liberal estimate of the number of persons within view at one time at Kennington-common does not reach 50,000, and ought not probably to exceed 20,000.

Our description of the events of the day will perhaps most fitly commence with the proceedings of THE CHARTIST CONVENTION. The delegates re-assembled at 9 o'clock yesterday morning at the Literary and Scientific Institute, John street, Fitzroy Square.

The Secretary (Mr. C. Doyle) said that he had received a written communication from the Police Commissioners of the metropolis, stating that the national petition would be allowed to be taken to the House of Commons, but that no procession would be permitted to take place through the streets of London.

The delegates left the hall with Mr. O'Connor at their head, and took their place in the car prepared for the delegates.

THE DELEGATES' PROCESSION TO KENSINGTON-COMMON.—Mr. O'Connor and the principal members of the Convention were loudly cheered by the crowd assembled outside the Institute as they took their places in the car, a large and strongly-built vehicle drawn by six horses, sufficiently large to contain upwards of 50 persons. The delegates' car was preceded by another car of the same kind, intended to convey the national petition, and drawn by four horses. Both cars had been expressly constructed for the occasion, and were gaily painted and decorated with flags, banners, and mottoes. Upon a large banner, at the head of the first car, in the Chartist colors of alternate red, white, and green, were inscribed the "six points" of the People's Charter, viz.: universal suffrage, annual Parliaments, vote by ballot, no property qualifications, payment of members, and equal electoral districts.

The petition was rolled up into five huge bundles, resembling bales of cotton in size, and placed upon a platform appointed to receive it on the car. This having been accomplished amid the cheers of the crowd, the procession was again put in motion, and slowly advanced along Holborn.—Most of the shops at the western end of Holborn were closed; but, as the procession approached Holborn Hill, the shutters of very few were up, and no alarm appeared to be felt. The windows of the houses throughout the line of procession were generally filled by spectators, mostly women, but with scarcely an exception no marks of sympathy were exhibited in the objects of the procession.

The cars reached the bottom of Holborn-hill in safety, and here a crowd were assembled who cheered the delegates. The shops in Farringdon street were for the most part closed. A large concourse of persons swelled the procession, at the intersection of Ludgate-hill and Fleet street, and the spectacle, when it arrived upon Blackfriars bridge, had become very imposing. The narrower thoroughfare had compressed the crowd into a vast moving mass, and the shifting sunlight of an April day gave increased effect and animation to the scene. By a judicious arrangement, a strong body of Chelsea pensioners were drawn up on the city side of the bridge, and stationed on the floating pier, at such a distance from the crowd that their military clothing and accoutrements could be discerned without exposing the more feeble and superannuated of the pensioners to the criticism of the mob. On the Surrey side of the bridge a strong force of police was stationed, and this was the first point at which the police force presented themselves to the notice of the procession.

By the time the procession had reached the Elephant and Castle it had received great accessions of numbers; and from this point along the Kensington road to the common, the crowd presented the appearance of a moving mass of upwards of 100,000 persons.

It proceeded almost in silence until the cars arrived within sight of the congregated thousands already assembled upon the common. The scene which burst upon the view of the delegates at this point was certainly grand and imposing. The processions of the various trades and societies which had already arrived were drawn up in military array at the outskirts of the common, with their several flags and banners, and also formed a line, through which the cars advanced to the place of meeting. The centre of the common was occupied by a vast assemblage, many of whom were soon seen hurrying in rapid motion to welcome the Chartist leaders. As the cars advanced into the centre of the common, they were surrounded by a crowd, which every minute became more dense, and who rent the air with their shouts. It was evident that the police authorities, having permitted the common to be occupied by so large a body of the Chartists, had decided upon allowing the meeting to be held without interruption, and that it would be next to impossible to clear the common of the thousands now congregated there.

Here a person approached the car and addressed Mr. O'Connor with a message from Mr. Mayne, one of the Commissioners of Police, requesting to have an interview with him before the commencement of the proceedings. Mr. Mayne announced to Mr. O'Connor that the authorities would not object to the meeting taking place, but that the procession would not be permitted to pass over the bridges, that the Government were prepared with means of preventing it from taking place, and were fully determined to use them if necessary. Finally, that if the procession was persevered in, he (Mr. O'Connor) must take the responsibility of the consequences, whatever they might be. Mr. O'Connor at once consented to do all that the Government wished, to abandon the procession altogether, and he gave his hand to Mr. Mayne, as a pledge that he would do all in his power to induce the meeting to disperse peaceably.

On the motion of Mr. Clark, seconded by Mr. Adams,

Mr. Doyle was appointed President of the meeting, amidst very vociferous cheering. He said—Men of London—This is a sight such as was never witnessed in this vast metropolis before.—Friends, I need not ask you to be peaceful in your conduct this day. I need not ask you to conduct yourselves with the greatest propriety; for, recollect that on your good conduct this day, on your peaceful but firm demeanor, depends the success of one of the most glorious causes ever agitated by man. The delegates of the people will do their duty, but they will expect you to do yours. (Loud cheers, and cries of "We will.")

Mr. O'Connor proceeded to address the meeting, dissuaded them from violent and injudicious conduct. In the course of his remarks, he said, well, then, we must tell you that the government has taken possession of the bridges. I have always been a man of determination, as you know, and a man of courage too; but how should I rest in by bed to-night, if, through any incautious advice or expressions of mine, I made any of your wives widows? How should I rest in my bed if I made any of those children who are dependant upon your exertions fatherless? If you have any true love for the cause—if you appreciate the trouble, anxiety, the loss I have sustained to secure its promotion, I beg of you to countenance no violence this day. Therefore, my friends, what the Convention have decided upon is this, that we should not attempt to cross the bridges which are guarded by armed forces. The huge petition which you have prepared, will be taken down to the House of Commons by the executive, and I shall be there ready to present it, to protest against the injustice which has this day been inflicted upon you, and to make your voice heard throughout the length and breadth of the land. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. O'Connor again exhorted the meeting not to damage the cause by intemperance and folly, and before concluding obtained, by a show of hands, a promise not to violate the law.

The five huge bundles comprising the petition and its signatures were then deposited in two cabs, and conveyed, in the charge of the executive committee, to the House of Commons. The cars were dismantled of their trappings, and removed to a neighboring stable. The vast assembly then quietly dispersed, and in half an hour there were not an hundred people left on the Common.

The military in accordance with the well known tactics of the Duke of Wellington, remained invisible throughout the day, and no one would have dreampt that within hail almost of the spot where the Chartist demonstration took place their lay in ambush a little army of disciplined troops complety equipped and ready for action.

We learn that Mr. O'Connor was himself the first person to report the result of the meeting at the Home office. At 1 o'clock he waited on Sir George Grey, and after stating that the meeting had quietly dispersed, expressed his thanks to the Government for the forbearance with which they had acted on the occasion.

It is not a triumph over Chartism that we are claiming; nor do we charge on those opinions any necessary contradiction to the spirit of the British Constitution. On the contrary, we fully admit that the "six points of the Charter" are honest and allowable doctrines. No one can pretend that our representative system is free from abuses and scandals, which demand a continual rather than a final reform.

We were told that 200,000 men were to march through London and take up their station on this new Runnymede. Every attempt was made to procure that number. The railways all brought their contingents, far and near. The remotest suburbs were ransacked and swept for contributions. The snow-ball was to increase as it rolled from Stepney, from Highgate, or Paddington.—The programme contained an endless enumeration of trades. Irish rebellion hoisted its banner; and forty thousand Irish laborers of the metropolis were invited to muster under Emmett's name. The *fasces* of the Republic and the crimson cap of liberty were displayed to attract their admirers.

The sum of all the processions that crossed the bridges towards Kennington-common yesterday was not more than seven thousand. We doubt whether more than three thousand were added from south of the Thames. At the crisis of the meeting, the total number on the Common, including the most incurious and indifferent of the spectators and the bystanders, was not 20,000.—Our estimate is confirmed by the best authorities. Of these 20,000 only 10,000 had any thing to do with the demonstration, or gave their "moral" weight to the cause of the day. Look now to the other side. There were 150,000 special constables spontaneously enrolled *against* the movement, and testifying to its dangerous and reprehensible character. There you have the proportions of the day: 150,000 to 10,000—15 to 1.

The Chartist Petition.—The Chartists have certainly nothing to complain of in the manner in which their petition was received on *Monday* night. The Marquis of Lansdowne, speaking of it in the Lords, said feelingly and emphatically,

That it had, in the other House of Parliament, received that attention which all petitions emanating from the people were entitled to have.

In the House of Commons the scene was most impressive,

Mr. Feargus O'Connor, amidst almost breathless silence, said: Sir, I rise to present a petition, signed by 7,560,000 persons; also another petition, signed by 100,000 persons, whose names are not appended to this large muster. The petitioners pray for annual parliaments, universal suffrage, vote by ballot, equal electoral districts, no property qualification, and payment of members. I beg, Sir, to state, that from the courtesy I have already received from the House, I shall say no more than simply move that the petition be read by the clerk ot the table.

The petition was accordingly read by the clerk.

At the conclusion of the reading of the petition,

Lord Morpeth rose amid much cheering, and said—Sir, my right honorable friend the Secretary of State for the Home Department would have been in his place had he not been greatly occupied by the necessary business of his department this morning. (Hear, hear,) I may, however, in his absence, state, that whatever may be his opinion of the sentiments contained in that petition, he does not wish that he should be considered in his absence as wanting in that respect which a petition so numerously signed was undoubtedly entitled to. (Hear, hear.)

The petition was then removed from the floor of the house by four of the messengers.

The measure brought in by Sir George Grey for assimilating the laws of Great Britain and Ireland, as they respect overt acts of treason and sedition, was carried, on the second reading, by 452 against 35, being a majority of 417. The measure is being pressed rapidly through Parliament, not, however, without great objections to that clause in the bill which constitutes felony, the "*open and advised speaking*, tending to levying war, and by force of constraint upon, to intimidate or overawe the Parliament, or to stir up foreigners to invade the United Kingdom," which has been qualified by a proviso.

In consequence of the vast number of foreigners from the continent, who have recently appear-

ed in the streets of London and Dublin—it has been determined by Government to revive the Alien Act, for a limited period, and in certain cases, in order to compel the departure of those obnoxious visitors from our shores; and, accordingly, the Marquis of Lansdowne has introduced a bill to that effect in the House of Lords.

It was distinctly stated by the Marquis of Lansdowne, on the 11th, that the Earl of Clarendon has expressed an opinion that some measure was necessary to counteract the efforts made by foreign emissaries in Ireland.

FRANCE.

By Telegraph to the London Times.

The Moniteur of Friday, April 14th, publishes the weekly account of the situation of the Bank of France, which is negatively satisfactory; the situation of the Bank had neither improved nor become worse.

The elections and the preparations for war continue, however, to distract public attention from the contemplation of the financial and commercial crisis.

Party feeling in respect of the former was beginning to display itself in very unsatisfactory forms.

The promotions in the army and other movements led to the belief that in a very brief space of time France would be engaged in foreign war.

The riots in various parts of the Republic were assuming a formidable character. An additional instance of military revolt had also occurred.

Two seizures of arms took place in Paris on Wednesday.

The French Revolution.—The news from the departments, says La Presse, is deplorable—emeute at Havre; emeute at Troyes; disorders at Beziers; in the Landes, &c.; agitation everywhere. The more warmly the departments accept the Republic, the more stifly do they rise against dictation:

The same journal observes:

We have before us a list of candidates to the National Assembly, prepared by the central committee of Paris, and published by the National. It fills 18 columns. It would appear that the number of Republicans that inspire confidence is extremely limited, for we see the same names reproduced *ad infinitum*.

Not only do the writers of the National figure upon the list of 34 candidates for the department of the Seine, but there is hardly a departmental list which is not decorated by their names. Almost at each line you find the name of a writer of the National repeated for the third, fourth, fifth, or sixth time.

From La Presse.

It is believed that the national workmen will amount to 75,000 individuals before the end of the month of April; and, at the rate of 1f. 50c. per day, they will cause an expense of 112,500f. per day, or 3,375,000f. per month.

It appears that M. Louis Blanc and M. Emilie Thomas have themselves allowed that it will be impossible for the State to continue such expenses, unless the works undertaken be really useful and profitable. In consequence, measures are at present being taken to ascertain the trade of each workman, in order to class them. Vast workshops for all kinds of trades are to be immediately organized. The workmen accustomed to out-door labor will probably be sent to the railways in course of construction.

The Constitutionel has the following, relative to the Government commissaries in the departments, which is curious for the light it throws on the feeling of the provinces:

"The spirit in which these changes are made is really extraordinary. When a commissary suits the people among whom he is sent, he is no longer pleasing to the central authority from whom he derives his power. The list of the functionaries thus changed or dismissed, from the honorable names which it contains, shows the motive of these removals.

"All these men, who have for a long time been guarantees of liberty, cannot carry out the policy inspired by the circulars of M. Ledru Rollin.—They certainly cannot agree with the principles expressed by M. Saurnac, the commissary of the department of the Tarn and Garrone, who, in a conversation which has been since published, announced the approaching disappearance of all private property.

"It is by propagating such doctrines that the commissaries excite against them the animadversion of all citizens."

The correspondent of the London *Times*, referring to the interview of the Minister of Finance (M. Garnier Pages) with the representatives of the railroad companies in France on the preceding night, observes that the difficulties that presented themselves to the absorption of those enterprises by the State afforded strong hope that the project would be found utterly impracticable.

The financial difficulties of the country continued to press heavily upon the public mind, as they did upon the government itself. Every practicable economy was ordered, and great reductions of the public expenditure had already ensued. These would ultimately place the expenditure below the income, provided that the revenue could be maintained at the amount which it reached under the late Government, but the stagnation of trade and commerce precluded hope that the income would continue to be on the same scale, while new heads of outlay, for the support of unemployed workmen, and the expenses connected with the increase of the army and National Guard, more than counterbalanced the savings.

DENMARK.

From the European Times, April 11.

The first Battle—The Danes Victorious.—By the arrival of the Hamburg, Capt. Brown, at Hull, we have "Bersenhallo," of the 11th inst., from which we extract the following:

Hostilities have seriously commenced between the forces of Denmark and those of Schleswig Holstein. A very fierce battle has been fought near Flonsburg, in which the Danes had a decided superiority in numbers, as well as in their cavalry and artillery. The Schleswig-Holstein army was defeated and compelled to retreat towards Rendsburg. The loss of life has been very great on both sides.

The Danes entered the city of Schleswig, yesterday.

The Prussians have received orders to drive the Danes out of Schleswig, in order to the re-establishment of the *status quo ante*. This being done, the King of Denmark is to be informed that should he in retaliation for this step on the part of the German Powers, stop the passage of the Sound, the Prussian forces would immediately advance into the Danish territories and vigorously prosecute the war.

The Duke of Augustemburg and Prince Waldemar arrived here yesterday from Berlin, and immediately left for Rendsburg.

The Duke brings the order for the Prussian troops to enter Schleswig.

Pursuant to this order, two Prussian battalions have been directed to advance, but it stated they will have to await the arrival of cavalry and artillery.

At the latest dates it was generally expected

that the questions at issue would be amicably settled.

PRUSSIA.

BERLIN, April 6.—Some excitement existed here last night. Labor is beginning to fail, and the price of provisions is increasing. At four o'clock a mob of about 200 workmen crossed the square of the Palace, taking the direction of the Koenigstrasse. They wanted to destroy a manufactory in this street, but were quieted, and the night passed off without disturbance. It is the opinion of many professing knowledge of what the movements of the people are, that all is not finished, but that there will be another disturbance.

AUSTRIA.

The *Wetner Zeitung*, of the 4th of April, announces that the Emperor has just suppressed the Council of State, and given to the parties composing it another position, which will not interfere with constitutional intentions of the Council of Ministers,

A letter of the 4th, Vienna, addressed to the *Zietungshalle* of Berlin, says that the government will abandon Italy, but only after having obtained indemnities in money, and settled important commercial treaties for the future. The committees charged to revise the new laws on the press have decieded that newspapers may appear without authorization or caution money, and without necessarily having an Austrian for editor. They have also decided that libels on the imperial family shall be tried in the same manner as those on private individuals.

GERMANY.

The riots among the country people of the States of South Germany continue. The castle of Wallenbourg, in the Province of Saxony, belonging to Prince Schoenburg, was burned down on the 4th of March. The Prince fled to Altenburg. The troops called up from Leipsic and Zwickau were too feeble to resist. Serious anxiety existed for the safety of the castle and town of Glaucha. A general insurrection among the highlanders of Saxony was imminent. At Donaueshigen, in Wurtemberg, a bloody conflict took place between the population and a detachment of Wurtumburgese troops, which came to occupy the Schwarzwald, Both parties had several killed and wounded.

The Committee of Fifty, sitting at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, are actively pursuing their duties. They have published several regulations for the approaching elections.

Some disturbances took place on the 11th, at Cologne, which caused the calling out of the National Guard.

NEW LIGHTHOUSES ON LAKE MICHIGAN.—Mr. Wentworth, writing to the Chicago Democrat, under date of the 8th of April, says: "The Committee on Commerce, have agreed on a bill for Light Houses. The proposition introduced to provide for buoys on the St. Clair flats, and also for a Light House much needed at *Death's Door*, has been inserted. The bill also provides for a Light House at *Port Washington*, Wisconsin, and also one on the end of the *pier at Milwaukee*, like that now at Chicago."

The Committee will also report favorably for a Marine Hospital at Chicago.

The timbers of the bridge over the Marcovey river on the line of the Northern Railroad, West Lebanon, N. H., gave way yesterday, while two cars laden with iron, containing about 40 tons, were going over. One man was injured very much and not expected to recover.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Puffing.

Puffing is a pernicious practice. It injures all parties. The puffer debases himself and weakens the power of conscience by uttering a falsehood; the puffed is raised to an unnatural height, preparatory to a painful fall; and the public are misled and for a time deceived.

Like certain baleful maladies, puffing is an epidemic. In plain language, like other vices, it is imitative and catching. Some little great man, whose breath of life consists in gratifying his vanity by hearing himself praised and his egotism in praising himself—writes a puff on some wingless angel who butterflies herself in a *nom de plume* of alliterative sweetness, and *forthwith* a thousand editors catch the key note and sound her praise from Plymouth Rock to the Rocky Mountains.

At present the burthen of the puffer's song is "Grace Greenwood," a lady of fair talent who seems destined to fall a sacrifice to the thousand toad-eaters of Prince Puffer. The latest edition of these puffs which has met our eye is as follows:

"Grace Greenwood, the most graceful of the Graces, graces now the editorial chair of the "Ladies Dollar Newspaper," a truly *feminine Journal* which all her fair countrywomen should cultivate as a boudoir and household grace. The young, spirited, and (so they say) beautiful Editress, is one of the proudest daughters of genius that our literary clime has ever given birth to; her charming mind seems the very well-spring of all that is beautiful, etherial, flowery, and gloriously dashing; the vein which the accomplished authoress has struck out of her sweet imagination, she is working with universal *eclat*. The sparkling gems in the magazines of the day have encircled her brow with Genius' dazzling coronet."

We know not the author of the above, but we sincerely pity its victim. If Grace Greenwood—who has assumed a very flat name—is a woman of good sense, such "compliments" must be extremely disgusting to her, and she may well pray to be delivered from her friends.

Charles Dickens, a really clever writer, was, six years ago, the great central orb of the literary system. He was *puffed*, however, and going "up like a rocket, he came down like a stick." Let lesser orbs beware.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications are on hand from "P. S." "J. H. B."

"*The Insulted Boy*" we have already seen in print—or such is our impression.

Next week the lecture of S. WILKESON, Jr., on the *Limitations to the Right of Suffrage*, will be published.

THE FOREIGN NEWS is of such interest that we have given an unusual space to this department. It will be handy for reference years hence.

STEAMBOAT ASSOCIATION.—An association has been formed between the steamboat and propeller owners on the lakes; and the following tariff of prices has been adopted:

PRICES OF PASSAGE ON LAKE ERIE.

	Cabin Passage.	Steerage Pass.
From Buffalo to—		
Erie	$3 00	$2 00
Conneaut and Ashtabula,	4 00	2 00
Fairport and Cleveland,	4 50	2 50
Black River, Huron and Sandusky,	5 00	3 00
Maumee River,	6 00	3 00
Monroe and Detroit,	6 00	3 00

Furniture and Luggage to any port, 50 cents per hundred.

PRICES OF PASSAGE TO THE UPPER LAKES.

	Cabin Passage.	Steerage Pass.
From Buffalo to—		
Mackinaw,	$10 00	$6 00
Milwaukee, Racine, Southport and Chicago,	12 00	6 00

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.—This deservedly popular periodical for May, has not reached us. We regret this, for it is a work of starling merit, and we regret to have our files broken.

RUNNERS.—The hotel keepers, owners and masters of steamboats and propellers, forwarders and citizens generally, of Buffalo, have pledged themselves to dispense with, and discountenance the use of runners this season. Travellers will rejoice at this act.

FRIGHTFUL RAIL-ROAD COLLISION!! LOSS OF LIFE!!

The passenger train of cars which left this city yesterday noon for Schenectady, met with a frightful disaster when about a mile this side of Herkimer. In turning an abrupt curve in the road at that point it came in collision with a freight train bound up. The whistle of the freight train was heard a moment before it came in sight, two or three rods distance, and the passenger train somewhat checked. The engineer, firemen and conductor saved themselves by jumping off, but we understand that Mr. Brower on the passenger train maintained his post till within a very few feet. The collision was terrible. The two locomotives reared on end, like two combatant beasts, and fell over down the embankment perfect wrecks. The baggage car was torn to splinters. The express and mail car was driven completely through the way passenger car, and the platforms of the three other passenger cars broken and other injuries done.

Two persons were instantly killed and three injured; two of them very seriously.

Mr. James Welsh, of this city, moulder in Higham & Co.'s Vulcan Works, and Mr. Wm. F. Smith, stage proprietor at Herkimer, were either on the tank of the locomotive or the platform of the baggage car. They were horribly mangled, the former being torn from his lower jaw down, so that his heart could be seen, and the latter having his head cut into and brains scattered on the road.

Mr. Bennett, of Hamilton street, Albany, was in the baggage car, and when extricated from under its ruins, was found to have his thigh broken, and also below the knee, besides being injured in the head. He was considered to be in a critical condition.

A young man named Howard, from Watertown, was standing on the platform between the third and fourth cars. Both his legs were broken near the thighs. It is thought one must be amputated.

The roof of the mail car, after it had gone completely through the way passenger car, fell upon the heads of the passengers, but no one was much injured except the father of Mr. Crittenden, the baggage man, whose head was considerably cut.

The Express agent had a most remarkable escape, being thrown upon the top of the baggage car.

The blame is attributed to those having charge of the freight train, who were attempting to push on to Frankfort before meeting the passenger train.

The loss to the railroad company is probably from $12,000 to $15,000. It is the first loss of life that has ever occurred on the Utica and Schenectady road.

Mr. Welsh leaves a wife and five children. He was going to Herkimer to return in the next train. Mr. Smith had also a wife and child.

Arrival of the America.

LIVERPOOL, April 15.

Corn trade firmer on the 14th of April. Indian Corn 24s a 26s 6d. Flour 25s a 26s. Meal 10s a 11s. White wheat 7s a 7s 10d.

There are indications of improvement in trade. Cotton had been down, but recovered.

The *Chartist Meeting* was a complete failure, and passed off quietly. Two hundred thousand special constables turned out.

Consols in London were 82¼.

The Prussian troops are advancing into Holstein.

The King of Denmark left Copenhagen to join the army.

Hungary had declared herself independent.

Serious disturbances have broken out at St. Petersburgh.

Some disturbances occurred at Cologne, but they were suppressed.

The Sicilian Independent Parliament are in session.

Large bodies of troops are concentrated on the Sardinian frontier.

The Austrian and Sardinian troops are approaching each other in Lombardy.

In Venetian territory each defile is guarded to prevent the Austrian reinforcements from entering Italy.

The general character of Continental advices are much more satisfactory than for some time previous.

In Berlin several banking houses have failed.

GENERAL BUSINESS.—Under the head of General Character of Continental Advices, the Liverpool Mail says that business affairs are now much more satisfactory than they have been for some time. Commercial affairs begin to wear a more cheerful aspect.

Several Banking Houses had failed in Belgium, France and Berlin.

There had also been several heavy and serious failures in Marseilles.

Hurneysen & Co., one of the most respectable banking houses in Paris have failed.

All is quiet, and there are indications of an improvement in trade.

The Chartist Petition had been carried to Parliament by appointed Deputies.

The Chartist meetings called in Manchester and Glasgow, had fallen throgh.

Earl Grey had brought forward a proposition in Parliament, assimilating the laws of England and Ireland in regard to overt acts of treason. It was carried through by a large majority.

The alien act had been revived in England.—The consequences were that no foreigners had arrived.

There had been no important changes in Ireland since the 7th. The people appeared to be waiting the movements of Parliament.

J. O'Connell had had an interview with Lord John Russell. He asked that government would make large concessions to Ireland; but Lord John declined to make known the intentions of government in regard to that unhappy country.

The Repeal excitement continues strong.

There is but little improvement in the financial affairs of France.

Paris and Lyons were tranquil.

The *Landes* state that the workmen were in full insurrection in Toulouse.

The people of Strasburgh were in collision with the military.

Serious disturbances had broken out among the laboring classes of Havre.

Fighting on the Continent.—A battle had been fought near Rendsburgh, in Schlesing. The Holstein army was defeated. The loss was great on both sides.

The Danes had entered Schlesing. The Prussians were ordered to drive them out.

The Piedmontese had marched victoriously through Lombardy. The Austrain troops fled in dismay, at all points.

A battle was expected on the banks of the Mincio. Should the Italians be defeated, France could not, probably, remain neutral.

Tranquility prevailed in Belgium and Holland.

Metternich was at the Hague.

The government of Turkey has recognized the French Republic.

Austria is willing to acknowledged the independence of Lombardy.

Madrid was quiet at last advices, but the people were discontented.

The Duke of Montpensier had arrived at the capital.

The Ministers of Spain and Russia have exchanged friendly assurances.

Prussian troops were advancing upon Holstein.

The King of Denmark had left Copenhagen to join the army to repel the invasion of the Prussian troops.

Hungary had declared herself independen of the government of Austria, and chosen Arch Duke Stephen King.

At Botzen, the Tyrol Citadel had yielded to the new government, and all was quiet.

The Government of Prussia was actually preparing for war.

A new Ministry has been formed at Naples. It was composed of liberal men.

St. Patersburgh, March 31,

The Emperor, it is stated in letters from St. Petersburgh, in consequence of the receipt of despatches from Berlin and Vienna, had suddenly countermanded the warlike preparations which were on foot all over the Russian Empire. This rumor is countenanced in some degree by letters from Koningsberg a Prussian frontier fortress, which distinctly deny the reported accumulation of large masses of troops upon Warsaw, Konow, Kalish and other places in Russian Poland and Western Russia.

Commercial matters in the manufacturing districts do not at all improve. Nothing but the exceeding low price of Cotton could prevent the stoppage of the mills, as there is no demand and prices are at minimum.

The Prussians have received orders to drive the Danes out of Schleswig in order to the re-establishment of the *status quo ante*.

This being done, the King of Denmark in retaliation for this step on the part of the German powers, will stop the passage of the Sound. The Prussian forces would immediately advance into the Danish territories and vigorously prosecute the war.

Some riots have occurred at Saverne in the Department of the *Bas Rhin*, and at Sloner, an attempt was made to pillage some of the shops, but it was prevented by the National Guards.

At Dunkirk the people rose to prevent the departure of some English vessels laden with Indian corn, and injured the ships, but the National Guard turned out and restored order.

The new police *Gardiens de Ville* had just come into service, In the central parts of Paris they are unarmed and wear no uniform.

Warlike preparations in France, on a great scale continue both in respect to land and sea-forces. All of the regiments of Infantry and Cavalry in the Departments of the north, have received orders to place their battalions and squadrons on a war footing.

The National states in an article dated Toulon, the 4th ult., that the fleet, under the orders of Admiral Boudin, had been instructed to sail the moment after their crews should have voted for Deputies to the National Assembly.

A proclamation calls on the German people to proceed to the work of the elections, and not to rest until they have made Germany united and free.

The Constitutionel has the fotlowing: "All the Kaliffs and other Arab chiefs of the Province of Algiers, had presented their homago to the new government."

Later From China.

New York, April 28—7 P. M.

Advices from Hong-King, to January 29th, have been received here today.

Nothing decisive has been done as yet towards the settlement of the difficulties between the Chinese and English. It is thought that a military and naval chastisement of the Chinese will be resorted to.

There was a great fire at Shanghai, on the 2d of January, 50 houses were destroyed, Alarm had been occasioned at Shanghai on the 11th of January, by an intimation that certain lawless Chinese were organizing a gang for the purpose of attacking and plundering some of the foreign Hongs. Precautions were taken in consequence, and all remains quiet.

Frozen to Death.—A man named James Charlton left Washington Island about the 1st of January last, to go to Sturgeon Bay for the purpose of fishing, and was not heard of until the 8th of March last, when he was found frozen, on the beach about sixty miles from Green Bay. It is supposed that, as his journey was long, he laid down through fatigue and was frozen. When found, he had a small sum of money on his person.

The deceased was unmarried, about twenty-two years of age, and temperate. His parents reside at Brockville, Canada. Ralph Stone, of this place, will furnish any information in relation to the deceased.—*Green Bay Adv.*

The Foreign News.

The papers containing the details of European news did not come to hand till after 1 o'clock, too late to allow a proper selection to be made and put in type for this afternoon's paper. The main points are substantially embodied in the telegraphic summary. As that summary alluded but very slightly to the condition of Ireland, now looked to with much interest, as the theatre of a possible outbreak, if anywhere in the British Empire, we copy the following from the N. Y. *Com. Adv.*:

In this country there appears to be no present indication of disturbance, unless disturbance should result from the over-zeal of those who are desirous to support the government. Adhesions from various associations were pouring in upon the authorities, with promises of aid in the persons of "brave and effective men."

Some of the more violent, it seems, had recommended that arms should be distributed among the supporters of Government, that they might be timely prepared to quell any outbreak, or overawe the disaffected. This, however, the Earl of Clarendon had discountenanced, by which judicious policy a counter-demonstration had no doubt been avoided.

Troops were concentrated in the most turbulent portions of the country. In Cork there were about 2000, and in Dublin an armed force, including the police, of 10,000.

A prospectus of a Protestant Repeal Association had been issued, having the following for its principles:

1st. The suppression of all religious differences, and the union of the Protestant middle classes in Ireland, for legislative independence. 2d. The exercise of public opinion as the sole means to effectuate their object. And 3d. Loyalty to the Queen, defence of the rights of property as they exist at present, with the repudiation of all republican principles.

Sir Charles Napier had attended a meeting at Conciliation Hall, but without any farther participation in it than appearing upon the platform.

The news from America had caused great excitement, and addresses to the repealers in the United States were talked of. The merchants of of Belfast, on the other hand, had signed a requisition to the mayor requesting him to call a meeting for the following objects:

1st. To declare the public abhorrence of the wicked and rebellious spirit, so boldly manifested in the capital and certain parts of the south of Ireland; and, at the same time, express confidence in the wisdom, energy, and power of the executive, to suppress the seditious movement now in progress. 2nd. To express our unabated attachment to the throne of these realms and the legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland. 3rd. To offer our services to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, in any way which may tend to uphold order and promote peace and good-will among all classes of her Majesty's subjects.

The "gentry, merchants and citizens" of Dublin, in public meeting convened, had passed resolutions requesting the Mayor to put in force the special constables' act rather than allow societies to arm for the security of the public peace.

The Bishop of Kerry, the Right Rev. Dr. Egan has addressed a circular to the clergy of his diocese, earnestly urging on them the necessity of maintaining peace and order in their respective parishes. The Bishops of Cork and Cloyne are about to issue similar messengers of peace and good-will.

Destitution in the West and South.—There are melancholy details of the sufferings of the poor in the papers received from Mayo, Galway and Limerick this day. Several deaths from actual starvation are reported, while deaths from diseases, superinduced by unwholesome and insufficient food, are of constant occurrence. The poor-houses in some parts are represented to be mere charnel houses, full of disease, and deaths constantly occurring.

Poor people requiring relief are, according to the rules, obliged to enter those frightful buildings where they are tolerably sure of taking the fever which rages in them. Those discharged carry the infection with them, and so pollute whole districts. The following particulars are really revolting. The Mayo Constitution, let it be observed, is a moderate Conservative journal, and here is its picture of the poor of that country.

"The poor are dying in hundreds—the dead are huddled into shallow pits, unshrouded and uncoffined—the diseased are allowed to die without an effort being made to heal their maladies—and thousands of famishing wretches are sinking into the arms of death from absolute starvation."

Plunder of Food.—Such being the state of the poor in the county of Mayo, it is not to be wondered at that the plunder of food has again become a general offence. Sheep and lambs are killed and the flesh carried away. The *Constitution* gives the following:

On the 1st inst., three carts laden with meal from Dalina to Foxford, were attacked at a village called Onloge, by about 100 persons, principally women, and having assaulted the carriers, they succeeded in carrying off the entire of the loads, amounting to three tons weight.

On the 3d inst., seven carts with Indian meal for the relief of the poor, proceeding from Swinford to a very distressed district on the borders of the county Sligo, were attacked by about forty men and women, and having succeeded in cutting the bags, carried off about 7 cwt. of the meal. None of the parties have been arrested.

The Savings Banks.—The people have been extensively acting upon the foolish recommendation to withdraw their deposits from the savings banks. On Monday week, in Dublin, large sums were withdrawn, and on Monday last £11,000 were removed by small depositors.

The provincial jouanals intimate that similar demands on the savings banks in the south and west of Ireland are made. A circumstance has just occurred in Tralee which will probably have some effect in stimulating this folly of the people. The secretary of the Tralee savings bank, after 25 years acting in that capacity, has been found a defaulter. The depositors will not lose, but the circumstance will shake public confidence in such a time of excitement.

One of the London papers, speaking of Ireland, under date of the 15th, says:

The Repeal movement has reached a crisis which, it must be confessed, it has never hitherto attained. The present posture of affairs in that country is the most complicated and perilous, and no lengthened period can elapse before the English Government and the majority of the Irish people will have joined issue on the subject of Repeal.

The news from Ireland, today, (April 15,) is more unfavorable for the Government. The disaffection in the army is still on the increase, and the Repeal journals more violent than ever.

☞ The steamer America made good time—exactly fourteen days—from Liverpool to New York. It was her first voyage from Europe to this country.

Congressional.

WASHINGTON, April 29.

SENATE.—Message received from the President in regard to the request of Yucatan, asking military aid from the U. S. to prevent any farther massacre of the whites by the Indians.

Mr. Hannegan proposed to refer the message to the Committee on Foriegn Relations.

Mr. Calhoun thought the proposition extraordinary and dangerous. He hoped that the Mexican war had proved a lesson to Mr. Polk.

HOUSE.—The motion of Mr. McClay to reconsider the vote of yesterday, letting out the Government building contract, was discussed briefly, and then postponed.

A message was received from the President in regard to the Yucatan difficulties.

J. Rockwell moved to refer it to the committee on territories, and spoke at some length on the subject of annexing territory to the U. States.

Mr. Stephens moved that the message be referred to a special committee of nine,

On motion of Mr. Botts, it was referred to the committee on Foreign Relations, and ordered printed. Adjourned.

May 1.

Both Houses abjourned early today after hearing the eulogies of Senator Ashley. Mr. Johnson of Arkansas, addressed the House, and Messrs, Breeze and Borland the Senate.

NEW YORK, May 1,—7 P. M.

Advices from Venezuela to April 1st. state that the revolution is going on. No details.

Accounts from El Paseo to March 3d. Price left Chihuahua with his whole force.

Senator Ashley, of Mo., died shortly after the Senate abjourned.

A fire broke out last night in 11th st. in which three horses were consumed. Also another in 28th st., in which a boy of 8 years old and three horses perished.

E. G. Greenwood, mate of the brig *Col. Taylor*, of Beverly, just arrived from St. Jago, Cuba, was arrested this morning on charge of having murdered Mm. Coybell, a seaman on board the *Taylor*. It is alledged that he killed him by a blow of the Ship's axe, and also that he tried to induce the murdered man and steward to aid him in killing the Captain.

CANAL NAVIGATION.—Notwithstanding the opening of the canal, it can hardly be said that navigation has commenced. There is not yet sufficient water to float a loaded boat, and probably will not be before this evening or tomorrow morning. Up to 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, 45 light boats had been cleared west and south, but no loaded ones.

A boat came down the Valley Canal yesterday, with some few hundred bushels of wheat, and another with 500 barrels of flour. The canal in the region of the city is thronged with boats, waiting for water.—*Roch. Amer. of yesterday.*

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A CAT.—A youth named Keeler, lately died in New York, raving mad, from the effects of a bite. The boy was bitten some six months ago by a cat, supposed at the time to be rabid, but no evil effects were observed at the time, or since, until a few hours before his death, when the symptoms of hydrophobia became apparent and assumed a most violent and distressing form.

AMERICAN CREDIT ABROAD.—We are pleased to learn that in the present unsettled state of Europe, the London Bankers very generally give a preference to bills from the United States, and this class of paper is now anxiously sought after.

Price Current—May 3, 1848.

Flour, bbl	$4 87½@5 00	Turkeys, lb	10
Pork, bbl	$6 50@6 75	Chickens, lb	9
Do slaugh. cwt	$5 00	Geese, each	35
Beef, cwt	$4 50@5 00	Clover seed, bu	$3 50
Butter, lb	12@14	Timothy seed, bu	$2 00
Lard, lb	5@5½	Flax seed, bu	$1 00
Cheese, lb	6½@8	Grass seed, bu	—
Hams, lb	5½	Whitefish, bbl	$6 00
Shoulders, lb	3½	Codfish, cwt	—
Corn meal, cwt	$1 50	Potatoes, bu	56@62½
Wheat, bu	$1@1 12	Salt, bbl	$1 62½
Corn, bu	35@36	Apples, bu	62½
Oats, bu	31	Dried apples, bu	$1 00
Slaughter hides, lb	8½	Onions, bu	$1 25
Dry hides, lb	8@9½	Eggs, doz	5
Calf, lb	6½	Saleratus, lb	8½
Sheep, slaughtered,	65@75	Soap, lb	4@5
Lamb, slaughtered, lb	18¢	Whiskey, gall	17
Dry hides, lb	—	Highwines, gall	17½@18
Hard wood, cord	$3 00	Lead, cwt	$1 00
Hemlock, cord	$2 00	Beans, bu	$1 25
Bit. (O.) coal, ton	$5 00	Wool, lb	29@30
Blossburgh, ton	—	Hay, ton	$12@13

MARRIED.

In New York, on the 16th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Everts, Mr. FRANKLIN L. HALE, formerly of this city, and Miss ELIZABETH KNIGHT, of New York.

DIED.

At Canandaigua, on the 17th ult., of Consumption, Mr. CHARLES H. BOUGHTON.

On the 20th ult., Mrs. ELIZABETH MAYER, mother of C. S. Mayer, of this city, aged 72 years and 4 months.

☞ Albany papers please copy.

FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE regular Spring and Summer Sessions of the BLACK ROCK FEMALE SEMINARY will commence on the first Wednesday in May, and continue twenty-two weeks, under the direction of Mrs. C. M. STEELE, as Principal, aided by competent Assistant Teachers.

The Seminary buildings are commodious, and are pleasantly located within a mile of the limits of Buffalo, on a site overlooking Lake Erie and the Niagara River—uniting the advantages of country air and quietude with all the privileges of the city.

TERMS.—For Board, Washing, and Tuition in all the English Studies, $112 per annum. The extra charges are, for lessons on the Piano or Harp $10 per Quarter; on the Organ $15; on the Guitar $5, the German or French Language $7 50; Drawing and Painting $5.

☞ Circulars, containing farther particulars, may be obtained by applying to the Principal or Trustees.

April, 15, 1848. n17tf.

CHEAP CASH BOOK STORE.

The subscriber, dealer in Books and Stationery, at 182 Main Street, 4 doors above Seneca, keeps constantly on hand, an extensive stock, embracing the most valuable selections from Ancient and Modern Literature—and a general variety of Theological, Classical, Gift and School Books, &c., &c. The Amateurs of Knowledge and all interested in the purchase of Books or Stationery are respectfully solicited to call. Print and Cap Paper at wholesale.

Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

AMBROSE S. CARNER,

DRAPER AND TAILOR, Nos. 294 and 296 Main street, (Kremlin block, up stairs,) Buffalo.

NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE AND WHOLESALE BOOKSTORE.

The subscribers beg to inform Booksellers, buyers and dealers in Books, and all interested in education and literary advancement, that they have recently opened an extensive Book and Stationery Establishment. Their assortment of Books in the various departments of literature is complete and well selected; comprising a full assortment of School and Classical Books in general use, Law, Medical and Theological Books, in great varieties. Their facilities as Publishers enable them to offer Books on as favorable terms as most of the Eastern Houses. Orders from the country solicited and promptly answered.

Citizens and the public generally are invited to call and examine Books and Prices, where will be found the one progressive principle "Small Profits on numerous Transactions."

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TERMS.—To mail subscribers, $1,50 per annum in advance, four copies for $5,00, ten copies for $10,00. To city subscribers who receive their papers from the carrier, $2,00. Mail subscribers will also be charged $2,00 if payment is not made in advance.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publishers.

☞ All communications must be post paid, in order to be taken from the Post Office.

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Steam Press of Jewett, Thomas & Co.

Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1848. NO. 15.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Sonnet.

Wake, sleeping bard! too long bedimming rust
Hath rested on the chords of thy rich shell!
Awake! arouse, and people mount and dell
With deathless beings of the mind!—from dust
The gifted men of olden time call up;
And speak to them when Night is on her throne;
Oh! raise the gilded and enchanted cup
Of Romance to thy thirsting lip, and drink!
And in the chain of inspiration be
A dazzling, proud, imperishable link.
Let thy rapt muse, emerging from thick gloom,
Like Venus rising from the misty sea,
Quaff joy from winds that fan bright isles of endless bloom

W. H. C. Hosmer.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Limitations to the Right of Suffrage.

From a Lecture before the Young Men's Association of Buffalo.

BY S. WILKESON, JR.

I propose to fix in theory the limitation that should exist to the Right of Suffrage in the State of New York.

* * * * *

By the laws of the United States, an alien immigrant must have resided in the country for five years before he can be admitted to the rights of *citizenship*. The Constitution and the laws of the State of New York have limited the right of suffrage to *male citizens* of the age of twenty-one years, who shall have been citizens for ten days and inhabitants of the State for one year next preceding any election, and for the last four months residents of the county where they may offer their votes—excepting firstly, *men of color*, who are not possessed of a real estate worth at least $250 over and above all their debts, and excepting, secondly, all men who may have been convicted of bribery, larceny, or any *infamous crime, for which they shall not have received a pardon*, and all persons who may have betted upon the results of any election, who are, thereby debarred from the right of voting at that election.

The limitation of the right of suffrage to voters who have attained twenty one years of age, is proper. The right evidently should begin at that period in life, when men ordinarily begin to do business upon their own responsibility. Some commence at the age of fifteen, and are at that time competent to manage Capital and Labor. Others are never competent to control a business which requires for its profitable pursuit, judgment and method. But as a general rule, in our climate and in our society, men at the age of twenty one, are fitted to undertake the duties of civil and social life. It is not material to decide whether the right of suffrage should begin sooner or later in life, or whether some should be entrusted with its exercise at an earlier day than others. It is important only to determine *when* it shall begin, and to fix the time, by a *general rule* that shall be applicable to all cases, and that shall rest in convenience. The rule as fixed by the New-York law, is a rule of convenience, based on reason.

But what shall be said of that other rule which declares that, however matured may be the intellect, or rich the experience of the citizen, if he happen to have been born and bred upon the Eastern shore of the Atlantic, instead of the Western, he cannot vote till he have lived five years in our midst, and during that time, have not only intended to become a citizen of the United States, but have actually declared his intention upon the records of a court of justice?

Our law calls the citizen of foreign birth an *alien*. Itself an alien, reared and matured in the East, and on Feudal soil—when received in the West and adopted, it was not strange that it should be found to incorporate the prejudice, that from the remotest antiquity has drawn a deep line of distinction between the stranger to the soil and the native. *Alien!*—an odious word that in our literature has got to be synonymous with outcast, and is oftenest employed there in hard and painful contrast to the sweet image of home, of affection, and of love—a word that in the Jewish polity, designated a stranger to the high privileges of Hebrew birth, and a stranger to the protection of Hebrew law—the victim of its disabilities and its prejudices—that in the laws of Greece and Rome, designated a barbarian—cruelly signified even to this day, by the term *stranger*, *stranger* in chivalrous and polished France, whose *droit d'aubaine* swept into the coffers of the king, the property of the foreigner who was so unfortunate as to die on his soil; a word denoting in the great body of the common law of England, a mere sojourner in the land, one necessarily hostile to its government, and not to be permitted to acquire a foothold on its soil; who can measure the influence of its echoes in the hearts of men inside and outside of our courts of justice, and halls of legislation, and as uttered by the great voice of the press?

During the entire history of the world, literature, law and politics, have conspired to efface the image of brotherhood that God has ever presented to man, as the symbol of his relations to his fellow man. Seas and rivers that he appointed to be the highways of intercourse between the members of a common family, have been made the boundaries and barriers of rival territory. Mountains designed benevolently in the economy of Nature have ever been lines of non intercourse and castellated fortifications of State jealousy and pride. It is amazing that the divine idea of community of relationship and of interest between the peoples of the earth, should have made so little progress in the last two thousand years. It is only when we apprehend the power of the confederation of pride, rapacity, cruelty, and ignorance, that has existed age after age, in all the old States of the world, as the teacher of political truths, that we know how its maxims have been severally transmitted to our day, each as of the true gospel of policy, and how they have defeated everywhere the recognition of the brotherhood of Nations.

Our laws salute the foreigner as he lands on our shore and call him *alien*. He has bade an eternal farewell to his native land. He has brought with him his household goods—his wife

and his children are at his side. and with him are his plough and his reaping hook. He has sundered every political and social tie that bound him to his European home, and offers to our country, all that he has and all that he is—all that he loves and all that he hopes for, and asks to be admitted to the rights of citizenship. Our laws reply that he must first serve a five years apprenticeship to Democracy. And yet that man at the very instant he touches the soil with the *intention of making it his home*, is in every respect as completely a citizen as if he had been born and bred upon the soil.

Why not! What is the relation of Man to the soil? The whole earth is the theatre of human conduct. God gave it to man to weave his destiny in. To no part has he confined his life, Upon any circle of the globe's latitude may he live, and he may track the sun in his course, plying the loom of time as he goes. The domain of the earth is as free to the step of man, as the air is free to the wing of the bird: and the man whose migrations are restricted by any law except what is imposed upon him by the constitution of his nature, is restrained in his rights. The territory of the globe never was given by God to Governments. It was designed for individuals. Governments are not known in God's providence. They are not spiritual, and therefore are not accountable. The territorial soil is not owned by the government, whose force and spirit pervade its limits. The soil and actual territorial property is in the people, who in their collective form compose the State. The government is but the application of the rules by which their civil association is regulated. Any man may go out from the authority of these rules when he ceases to share the common faith in their wisdom and justice. If a man cannot be required to maintain his ideas unchanged, he cannot be required to submit himself forever to the control of the power which executes the political ideas of any number of associated individuals. The doctrine of perpetual allegiance is therefore false. Man is not a tree and never was *planted* by the Creator in any quarter of the great garden of life.

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A State cannot rightfully make laws to regulate the intercourse of foreigners with its citizens, which the citizens themselves cannot make, each in their individual cases. Now suppose that an Englishman in the course of his travel had scaled the Chinese wall and penetrated the country within. He comes upon a cultivator gathering leaves from the tea plant. The Chinaman, with looks of amazement and disgust, orders the Englishmen to retrace his steps and quit the realm. The Englishman equally amazed, asks 'why?' Instead of replying that it his right to order him out, the Chinaman embodies that idea in telling the Englishman that he is a foreigner, and that for that reason he will hold no intercourse with him. "A foreigner!" says the Englishman—"true I am. But am I not a man as well as yourself!" "You are." "Am I infected with any contagious disease?" "You are not." "Do I look like a mischievous or a dangerous man?" "Your face betokens a just and manly character." "I am an artizan," says the Englishman—"I labor usefully. If you will interrogate me, you will learn that there is nothing in my character, my habits, or my sentiments from which you can apprehend the least danger to any of your rights or your interests. And now let me ask you a single question. Will my presence here displace you from any soil necessary to your well being, or abridge your means of developing your nature?" The Chinaman is compelled to answer, "No!" "Why then," says the Englishman, "do you order me out of your country—why have I not as perfect a right to be in it as you have?" The Chinaman falls back upon a law to maintain himself, and says that the policy of his government has for ages forbade intercourse with foreign nations—and that the Englishman has no right to be there, because it is against the law of the country. But the whole world have declared that the law was wrong—and this judgment whether consciously or unconsciously rests on this basis—that a government has no rights higher or wider than those of its citizens, and that it cannot establish a rule which an individual cannot establish, and require to have obeyed. If it be true that the whole surface of the earth was given by God to man, as a platform for his life and the fulfillment of his destiny, and that no one has an exclusive right to more soil than is essential to his well being—and if it be true that by the constitution of man's nature he is a gregarious being, designed for society and to be perfected only in society—and that he have a right to repel only such association as will expose his life or his property to destruction or injury, or will hurt his character, then the policy of non-intercourse, established by the Chinese Government, was wrong. And the entire civilized world think so, and tacitly justify the English in their violent disruption of the anti-social bands wound about that empire, and their hewing out what will in time, be an open pathway into the bosom of its territory, and the heart of its population. Though the Chinese were entitled to the sympathy due to a people struggling to avert from themselves the curse of a poison so destructive as opium, yet they did not receive it. Enlightened nations have found a deep satisfaction in the issue of the war waged by Great Britain—and in its results. Without stopping at the alleged cause of the war, the interruptions of the opium trade, and the losses sustained by the English who were engaged in it, and which they know to be frivolous, they go lower down and find a real justification for it in the right of any one power to compel another, to abandon a policy so opposed to the rights and interests of the human race as the prohibition of friendly intercourse.

It is undoubtedly the privilege of a State to regulate its intercourse with another so as to prevent the introduction of contagious disease among its citizens—to exclude from its limits, men who live by the commission of crimes, and whose migrations are only from one field of plunder to another, and to make itself independent of other countries, for the supply of all the products of the earth which its own soil and climate will produce, and to secure to its people the privilege of continuous labor, and of drawing for themselves from every department of art and of science, the means of elevating and adorning their lives. Quarantine laws, imigration laws, and tariffs, either for protection or revenue, are rightful in principle.

But when we have enumerated these restrictions upon the intercourse of people of different States, have we not named all that can be rightfully imposed? What title to *exclusiveness* can be made out?

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Take the strongest claim that our own history furnishes us with. The PURITANS left their homes in Europe to find a place where they could worship God after their own hearts. They wrested the New England wilderness from the possession of savages and wild beasts, and subdued it to themselves. The State among the Puritans was a religious corporation. They planted a colony, and organized its government for the express purpose of enjoying their own religion in their own

way. Now had they a right to banish the Quaker? Not to speak of their right to hang him for his heresy, had they to begin with, the right to forbid his being there at all? Certainly they had not. The only territory assigned to Creed is the soul. No portion of the earth is adapted to it Neither a State, nor a county, nor a township, nor an acre, were given to Puritanism. The globe was not constituted for, nor given to Calvinists, or Quakers, Jews or Turks, Christians or Infidels; but to MAN. If truth be the test of the right of a Creed to prevail, what stability can there possibly be in the jurisdiction of religions—nay how can their authority be settled by the test of *Truth?* Human belief is changeable—and as the elements of *Faith* are the same in all minds, each mans convictions are to himself absolute truth, and one creed of equal validity with another. To put this case of the Puritans in the strongest position—let us suppose that their Creed was true and essential to the soul, and that banishment of the Quakers was not a punishment, but an act of self-protection. As we have already said, the soul is the boundary of the empire of Faith. It has no geographical limits. Truth repels error and maintains itself. It is indestructible and eternal. Banishing error from its presence is not simply useless, but unphilosophic. How shall Truth spread, but by conquest of error, and how shall this conquest be made if they be not allowed to meet! But banishment of Quakers from out of a Puritan colony, was not simply an expulsion of heresy, but a driving out of a man with his physical wants and necessities all upon him, and his rights all within him. The right to banish from Connecticut is the right to banish from New Amsterdam—and the right to banish from New Amsterdam is the right to banish from the Jerseys—and if the Quaker was so unfortunate as to get upon a circle of States which all punished non-conformity with banishment, he might have been driven restless round the earth, and have found no home upon its surface. It is clear that the right to drive a man out of any particular portion of the world, is the to drive him out of the world entirely. For if he can be banished from one State for the same reason he can be banished from all States, including the state of existence. The right to banish stands upon the same basis as the right to kill—and I affirm that under no circumstances has a State authority to expel one of its citizens from its territory. It is his home, and his title to it comes from a source higher than the State. Residence is not a social right—but a natural right—and it never can be forfeited except by the consent of the citizen, for any crime or cause whatever. Political residence is as sacred as human life. God gave it, and the State cannot take it away. Is it not manifestly so? Life *on* the soil —residence that is, and in *society*, political residence—is just as necessary to the developement of character, as physical life itself is. The one cannot exist without the other.

Let no one lose the distinction between a religious society and a political society—each composed of men, professing a common faith. It is the same distinction that exists between a State and a convent. This is a human creation, and its builders and owners can manage it as they please. All the rights connected with it are artificial and not natural, and spring from the caprice of its proprietors. But the earth is not the property of States, nor of man. It is a condition of human existence, as is the atmosphere we breathe, and is common to all by a right as clear and as strong, as is the common right of the human race to air and light. Into the convent can come only such as are permitted to come. None have a right to be there but such as have an interest there. But into Italy the Protestant has a right to go and to stay. *Catholic* Italy has its title in literature, but not in nature. *She* is not Catholic —*she* is of no religion. Her *people* adhere to the church of Rome, but her soil has been pressed every where by the altars of the Latin, the Greek, and the Goth, and the statues of the Madonna are now built over the ashes of a succession of dead Creeds.

If Religion has no exclusiveness to throw around a territory, and cannot establish an absolute ownership over it, can Politics make out an exclusive title to it? It seems to me not. If a statesman object to imigration, that the political system of his country may be changed by it, he is answered by being told that Nature has not guaranteed the perpetuity of his system, or any other body's system. A system will stand just so long as it ought to stand, and no longer. If it is natural, it will be eternal. The entertainment of certain political ideas by a people affords no reason for excluding from their territory one who holds different views of civil society. If he be a monarchist, and is told at the barriers, that the country is a democracy, he may well say—"What of that? I am aware that some soils are adapted to the oak, and others to the pine—but I never heard that any soil was adapted to democracy, and that, for that reason democracy had an exclusive right to grow upon it. All that you can say of your democracy is that the people of this section of the globe like it. So you do, and you have a right to like it, and you have a right to force it upon all who come to you *if you can*. Every man who joins you does so under the condition that he must conform to your democracy if you have the power to make him conform. That is all there is of it." The danger of a political system being pulled down about the heads of its builders and directors, and a new one erected in opposition to their feelings and wishes, is hypothetical rather than real. But grant that it is real. I then know of but one condition in which a State can prohibit imigration, in order to avoid the danger of having its political constitution forcibly changed. And that is where its territory is filled—and it has as many citizens as its soil can sustain. This condition has never existed, and probably never will exist. And yet it is the only one which will sanction an absolute and general prohibition of imigration. If this protection cannot be had, then there is none whatever. The constitution has got to run its risk of overthrow by the hands of a majority. But it ought not to be afraid of the majority. A just constitution will stand forever. It is embedded in the will of the majority. That is the basis of all *permanent* government. There can be no other basis, and there ought to be no other—for it is rational and just. The maxim that "the majority is right" when interpreted means, that of a number of men equally wise, and equally good, the determinations of the majority are more likely to be right than those of the minority. It is assumed to be true that men are equal in intelligence and virtue upon the obvious intention of Nature that it should be so. For men are similar in their organization. When a majority wish to change a constitution, it has answered its end and must pass away, Its partizans must submit to its destruction, or seek a new territory.

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Let us not be misled by Cant. Out of her utterances lent to the purposes of selfishness and injustice, political proscription has availed itself of several with great effect. "The children of the soil," is a phrase grown familiar to us, and poten-

tial too. But what is there of it, save the expression of the accident of material birth—that it took place in Massachusetts instead of Germany. That is all. And how little that is, we can appreciate when we realize the fact that though the birth places of two men, born ten thousand miles asunder, cannot be made even neighbors, yet the men themselves are brothers at the instant of their birth. For they have a common organization and a common destiny.

What is there in those other words "a home carved out for us in the wilderness?" Are they not sheer cant? Whose home is this American Continent? It had sheltered in turn, successive races of animals and successive races of red men, when our European fathers came to it. As they found it, it was used and occupied as a home. To make of it a home for themselves, they extinguished man and beast, and swept its vegetation from the face of the earth. Does it do for us to boast upon such a title? But better than this.—Our European parents, the colonists, were but the advance guard of an army movement from all the States of Europe. Nor was this vanguard made up of one people. There were English, French, Dutch, and Spanish names upon its muster-roll. In the recent mighty emigrative movement from the old world here, we have seen the coming up of the main body, whose advance marched but a little while ago. Whom do these masses meet here but compatriots—and from whom will they hear the inhospitable welcome, "this is *our* home," but from men of their own blood and their own speech? May it not be said too that the colonization movement from Europe into America has been continuous till this day—that it has been interrupted at no time—the stream varying only in volume and current, but continuously advancing from East to West by a succession of influxes, like a succession of waves encroaching upon a plain, and that therefore it is impossible to say to what part of our population, or to what epoch in the colonization of our country belongs the right of proclaiming to the Old World "this is *our* home!" Colonists may be considered the missionaries of civilization. They labor, not for themselves alone, not for their children; but for their race. Of them eminently may it be said, their title is a tenancy during the divine will, created by the impressive form, "occupy till I come." At the close of their work, they leave but a vacant possession, and a gift to History.

"The land purchased for us by the blood of *our* fathers," is another utterance of Cant, as hackneyed, as it is hollow, and much in the mouths of the advocates of an illiberal and exclusive policy. Yet the war of our Revolution is regarded quite generally as conferring an exclusive right upon the descendants of those who fought it through, to control the territory which Great Britain lost at the close of the contest. But all such, misapprehend the nature of a revolution and the character of a patriot. What is a true political revolution? Certainly not the wresting of *territory* from the possession of one man or of one party into the control of another. Nor is it the forcible transfer of the powers of Government from one set of hands to another. *These* are but disturbances. A revolution is a change of the structure, or of the forms of the State, in which Wrong rolls under and Right rolls up. It is a triumph of principles. If the change do not come from a conflict of ideas and in which truth and justice prevail, it is not a revolution—but is rebellion or anarchy. A true revolution is based upon the fundamental rights of man. It does not regard party, sect or family, but labors for the race, and though local in its action, its fruits are the property of the World. A revolutionist then is the servant of God, for he is the servant of man. A true revolutionist is a patriot. He is a volunteer in the great army of truth and justice that for all time has waged unceasing battle against wrong and falsehood. He fights not for woods, waters, and plains—for rocks and hills—but compels with the sword the recognition of the rights inherent in man as a social being. He fights for humanity and not for himself. His conquests belongs to his race. Could we if we would, localize revolutionary action, and monopolize its results? Did not the voices of the Girondists and the Jacobins leap the walls of Paris and echo all round the globe—and did not French republicanism leaven more or less every state in Europe? Did the truths contained in our Declaration of Independence and illustrated by the entire history of the revolutionary war, describe the circuit of the old Thirteen States, or did they penetrate every part of this hemisphere, and were they more or less completely absorbed into the political ideas of every subject of every government in the West? Our revolution left us conquerorors *on* a field, which was not itself the subject of contest—but only the theatre of a contest. Not a drop of blood was shed *for* the soil we occupy. Its title and possession were never in dispute. We fought for civil liberty.

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Now, with the help of the principles we have too briefly evolved, will we find any difficulty in settling the claims of an imigrant to be deemed a citizen, with all the rights and obligations of a citizen, from the moment he enters the country with the intention of making it his home forever. Is he not in the most liberal and in the most literal sense of the word a CITIZEN? Here is he—his wife and children—here are his ambition and his pride—his wants are here right upon him—here his fortune is to make—his capital is here in his hands or head—or occupying small space lies in the bottom of his chest. His interest in the prosperity and glory of the country, in the excellence of its government, and in the wisdom and justice of its laws, is as complete in twenty-four hours after he lands as it would be in twenty-four years. Nay, it is complete the very instant he lands, and at that instant I affirm that he ought to be invested with the right of suffrage.

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From a partial view of his case it seems to me, his right can be demonstrated. We allow him to acquire property. The grant is a mockery, if it does not carry with it the right to protect his labor from unfavorable influences, and to save his acquisitions from depreciation by causes within human control. Is it not absurd as well as unjust to say that a man may labor at any Art, or in any department of Science, but yet shall not withdraw his labor from unequal and hurtful competition—that a man may acquire property, but shall not stop a war which will depreciate property—that he may sell his energy and skill, but shall not have any influence in creating a demand for them. Are not all these exceptions repugnant to the grant and void?

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The objections to allowing imigrants to vote, and the policy of putting them on a five years probation, are well summed up by the late Chancellor Kent, in these words:—"Strangers on their first arrival, and before they have had time to acquire property and form connections and attachments, are not to be presumed to be acquainted with our political institutions, or to feel pride or zeal in their stability and success."

To work backwards through this conclusion, do we not all know, that no one feels such zeal in our institutions, and such pride in citizenship as the voter of foreign birth, and of scanty property?

Is it not a standing reproach of the editors of the Whig Party of the State of New-York, and particularly of the city of New-York, against their wealthy and native associates, that they are indifferent to political affairs, and can be got to the polls only with difficulty, while the poor members of the party, generally vote, and the poor of foreign birth *always* vote. The possession of property and an intelligent comprehension of our system and its workings, are not necessarily connected with an interest in public affairs. On the other hand they are naturally and almost unavoidably calculated to distract the interest from the State, and center it upon self. The reason is obvious, and the facts are abundant about us to prove it. We will therefore not delay here. But what connection has property with good citizenship and how does a knowledge of our political system, lead to an appreciation of its worth, and consequently to its stability? From what source has come every danger that has threatened either the spirit of our system—the permanency of our Union, or the quiet of the State? From Burr's Rebellion, down through Burr's project upon Mexico—the Nullification of South Carolina—the Rhode Island rebellion—the Repudiation of State Debts and the doctrines of Anti-Rent—to the causes of the war in which we are at present engaged, every act hostile to the interests of the Union—hurtful to its reputation and dangerous to its existence, has proceeded from native born citizens, and not aliens, and from men of intelligence and wealth—and not from the ignorant and needy—every one of them without exception. The true conservatives in our country are the poor, and the keenest guardians of democratic forms and principles are those who have felt the oppression of power, and who forget, in the equality of citizenship, the inequality of condition. The steadiest man in the State, is the one who has nothing but his labor—and no means of acquiring but by labor—who has the habits of labor and the love of labor. Change has no allurements to him. Disorder is fatal to him. To him, above all others, is our political theory precious; and if despotism, or military tyranny, or anarchy shall ever attempt our form of government, it will be upon the breasts of the poor and the humble, that they will meet their check, and by the hand of labor will they be crushed.

"Acquainted with our political institutions," is the language used by the great Chancellor.—What does he mean;—a knowledge of our laws, and of the spirit and tendency of our institutions—an analytical apprehension of American democracy? If an European were to be denied citizenship till he acquired this knowledge, he might wait forever before he would be qualified. In that sense, few among us are qualified. Or does the great Chancellor intend to say that the foreigner should have a practical knowledge of the great principles of our system before he should be permitted to take part in the government. If he does, then there will be no difficulty in the case. For an hour will suffice to teach the theory that the people govern themselves by laws which they enact through representatives selected by themselves, and which they execute through representatives appointed by themselves. But if he means to say that the foreigner should know the details of our system—the functions of the public officers—the forms of public business, and the questions of policy discussed and decided at the polls, would it not be asking too much? That extent and variety of information is not required of our own native born citizens. No test of intelligence is applied to them, and it would certainly be unjust to apply it to the foreigner. Nor, indeed, is it necessary, either in the case of the native or the foreigner. For what constitutes good citizenship? It is the *habit* of living an orderly life and of observing the laws—a habit so near to nature that we are unconscious of its operations, except we watch them, as men are unconscious of their breathing except when they listen to it. And in this is the great safeguard of our society from the apparently dangerous admixture of foreign and antagonistic elements. Our laws, and our forms of civil and social life, are adapted to the constitution of man. The imigrant adapts himself to them immediately and with pleasure. The State governs and protects him without his being aware of it, and he yields obedience to the laws, and is a good citizen without knowing it. In one word, he lives *naturally*.

To refrain from violence, and to respect property—are those difficult things to learn? Is the twentieth part of a century needed to teach them? Does the chafed, fiery, and ignorant Irishman, fresh from the misery and fury of his wretched island, require five years to calm himself into an orderly and quiet man? Do we have to teach him political rights and duties with the whip and the bayonet—or does Nature kindly lead him into his place in the State immediately upon his arrival here, and does he keep it because it is a pleasant place to him—the only place he knows, and the only place he desires to know?

We have long been accustomed to our naturalization laws, and to the idea of a political discipline they are intended to submit the foreigner to, before he takes a part in the government of the country—and are attached to them from the force of habit. But do we ever estimate their *practical* value with the view of testing their theoretical worth? And what are they intrinsicly worth? What are they worth in a Presidential election? Nothing whatever! Neither the pains and penalties of perjury, or of subornation of perjury—neither the disabilities, nor the fines and imprisonment visited upon fraudulent voting are sufficient to deter unprincipled partizans from presenting and procuring to be presented votes that ought not to be offered, and that are finally forced into the box by false oaths, nor are they sufficient to deter reckless wretches from violating for a price every provision of the election laws. The frauds in our contested elections are innumerable. They are in proportion to the extent and magnitude of the interests at stake—rising in enormity with the importance of the canvass, till the shocking and discreditable fact has become matter of history, that a President of the United States has been indebted for his grand position to a fraud upon the ballot box. The practical operation of the naturalization laws upon our political contests is to throw the chances of a majority into the hands of partizans to whom success is dearer than principle and who resort to crime to ensure it. In this field honorable men can maintain no struggle. They retire from it, and in retiring too often retire from a contest in which good policy struggles against a bad one, and surrender the fruits and consequences of a victory into hands certain to abuse it. Were all citizens voters, the competition for votes would be equal to two parties. Both could maintain it, if neither disgusted and repelled the other by the exhibition of perjury and fraud.

If the apprehension of danger to our system from the exercise of the right of suffrage by European imigrants immediately upon settling in the country *were* well founded *at present*, there can be no doubt that all foundation for this fear will be removed when the revolution in our policy now in progress is complete, and the confederacy of interest which constitutes party is broken up. The life of party is office, and the power of party

is its patronage. When the people shall elect mainly all of their public officers, and Presidents and Governors shall lose the right of appointing them, the stimulus to activity at the polls will be gone, and candidates for office will have to present other credentials, than adroitness and energy in effecting majorities. Then will voters unsolicited, and unstimulated, permit an election to pass without care except on rare and great occasions—and we shall see throughout the country what we saw a year since in our own State whose Constitution had just stripped the Executive of patronage—apathy on the part of the people, and a falling off in the votes of both parties. Frauds upon the elective franchise will then suddenly cease—for no one will have an interest in perpetrating them, because there will be no reward for perpetrating them.

But in any event, and under any policy with respect to foreigners, we may be sure that Nature will vindicate herself and that right will prevail. They that ought to govern this country and direct its affairs will do so. Here as elsewhere the strong will rule the weak, and the wise will guide the foolish. I care not how many come to us from Europe, nor under what conditions they enter the country. So long as the Yankee preserves his present superior organization, and leads the civilization of the New World, so long will he impress himself and through himself our political forms and principles, upon the entire mass. He stands above *all* his European associates—and stronger than them all, he will draw them up to him, and they cannot pull him down to them.

In taking leave of this branch of our subject I will again call attention to the point that it is not *property* only that is the object of governmental care. Persons, and personal interests, and personal rights, are within its province. Every element of civilization is more or less affected by the laws and the administration of the State, and every citizen has a right to try to impress his wants and his sentiments, upon the policy of the State by the ballot, or other appointed means of adapting a government to the wishes of a people.

Our laws give the right of suffrage to *male* citizens only. Women are excluded from the polls.

It was my privilege, eight years ago to argue before this association, womans right to the right of suffrage. My convictions have experienced no change in the interval. An enlarged knowledge of the character and worth of woman, and a more matured judgment do but confirm me in the conclusion I then attempted to lead my audience to—that the right to vote was inherent in the person of woman as a citizen of the State—and that her enjoyment of the right was entirely compatible with delicacy and dignity, and the discharge of every duty imposed upon her by her organization.

That provision of our Constitution which excludes from the right of suffrage men of color who have not the property qualification has been thoroughly discussed. And I do but speak the sentiment of every liberal and just thinker when I say that the restriction can not get a particle of justification either from right or from policy. It is totally indefensible.

I will now in few words question the equity and the policy of the law excluding from the right of suffrage persons convicted of infamous crimes. But two reasons are given for this exclusion. One is that such persons cannot safely be trusted with the *right*—the other is that they have forfeited the *right* by the commission of the crime: that is, the forfeiture is one of the penalties of the crime—is a part of our penal system, and is designed to operate as a restraint from the commision of public wrongs.

As to the first, why cannot persons convicted of infamous crimes be trusted to vote? The answer must be—I cannot imagine the answer in gross to be made to that question. Each different offence would require an exposition of its relation to the public, and of its relation to the right of suffrage. But we will suppose an answer that will give to the law every advantage—and that is they cannot be trusted to vote because they are unjust and corrupt. Then the evidence of their injustice and corruption is the commission of the crime for which they are convicted. That follows certainly. Now granting that in all cases the conviction is right, who is there so ignorant of the nature of crimes and of the philosophy of human action, that he does not know that crimes have no specific, and uniform moral characteristics, and that they are not in themselves evidences of anything except themselves. Who shall say that a forgery evinces the characteristics of theft—that it is an insidious and fraudulent taking away of anothers property—when it may have been committed to give a tempory relief to an overburthened merchant, and to sustain a cherished reputation—when it may have been committed to enable a failing family to maintain its social position. Who shall say it! How is it with the highest offence known to our laws—with murder? Is it uniformly characterized by cruelty—or characterized either by an active love of destruction, or a ferocious indifference to human life? We know that it is not. This one is driven to the act by the stings of a wounded honor. To that woman it is an atonement for a wrong to her which life itself could not repay. Justice demands it in her case and the act is a punishment, springing from a sentiment of right. The crime again is committed in a fit of furious jealousy inspired by love—or it is committed to avenge fancied wrongs—or in defence of imaginary rights. It is done in the frenzy of drunkenness. Shame and wounded pride impel to it; and hunger and cold seek in it a sudden relief from miseries that are intolerable. How widely distant from each other, and from what incongruous sources are the causes which lead to the crime of murder! They have no uniform origin, nor has the crime any distinctive character. Yet in every case the man who is convicted of it is pronounced by the law, an unsafe depositary of the right of suffrage. Is it necessary to argue that this conclusion is an unsound one? Is it not glaringly false? That man ought not to be trusted with the right of suffrage who votes with a mischievous or destructive motive, or who votes in vicious and reckless ignorance of the consequences of his act. Granted! But who ever saw such a man? Was he ever at any poll, from Maine to Mexico? The temper the man was in, when he committed murder, must be his temper when he offers to vote to make the crime a sound objection to him. It will not do to say that because a man was once in his life destructive and cruel he was so, ever thereafter—nor will it do to say that because twenty years since he was unfitted by a burst of furious passion to vote, he continues unfitted to this hour. The reason revolts from such a conclusion. You are driven then in order to maintain your objection, to admit that the convict when he offers to vote is inspired by the same impulses which impelled him to his crime. These *may* arise suddenly, on the emergency of a contested election: or they *must* have been contiuuous in their action from the time the offence was committed. The voter must put his ballot into the box in the same spirit with which he put his knife into the breast of his victim. This conclusion however defies

the constitution of human nature—and is a sheer absurdity. But granting for a moment that the commission of a crime does permanently modify human character and that ever thereafter all the conduct of the guilty proceeds from a mould bearing the exact impress of his crime, how is it possible that it should express itself in the act of voting! How could a man vote as he forged a note? How could he vote as he committed a highway robbery? What possibility is there of sustaining a spirit of cruelty or rapacity upon a ballot? What is there in the act of voting to excite or to feed either the one or the other? A New Yorker votes in favor of enlarging the Erie canal—it is utterly impossible for us to conceive that in doing so he should be actuated by the feelings with which one man kills another.

But, conceding that certain passions and propensities *ought* to disqualify for the right of suffrage, the greatest difficulty will be to derive evidence from the commission of an infamous crime, of the existence of those qualities in human character that make a man an unsafe voter. The law gives to every crime a specific character. While it defines its being, it also measures to it a distinctive share of infamy, and in every case, derives its origin from evil. But Truth does otherwise. She judges the moral character of acts by their circumstances. Now a homicide in itself proves—what? Nothing whatever, but that human life has been destroyed. The circumstances under which it was committed must be known, before we can determine whether it was the act of a cruel and depraved spirit, and so was murder in the harsh sense of the law, or whether it was a far different thing. The sense of the whole world accords with the law in its abhorrence of the deliberate killing of a human being for the purpose of obtaining his property. But the sense of a just civilization recoils from the law which stigmatises and punishes as murder, the killing by the victim of seduction, of the villain who worked her ruin by false promises, and who abandoned her to shame and want.

Let us not be concluded by the sweeping declaration of a statute—or by the tyranny of use. Let us look at facts. The citizen who is convicted of having taken the life of another by a blow given in resentment of an injury to what is most precious to man—his honor—is disfranchised. Yet how does one passionate flush of pride and fury effect his capacity to vote intelligently, and his desire to vote honestly? In no way whatever. For otherwise, every burst of furious passion, unaccompanied by destructive force and every mere *desire* to kill would work a disqualification. A robbery upon the highway, procures the means of relieving the wants of a distressed family. The law calls it an infamous crime, and disfranchises its author. Yet how does the temporary paralysis of a man's conscientiousness, and the excitement of his acquisitiveness and combativeness by an unendurable pressure upon his tenderest affections, affect his capacity to vote intelligently, and his desire to vote honestly? In no way whatever.

Our law disfranchises the forger, though his crime was committed to enable him to meet commercial engagements, and though it was done in the supposed certainty of being able to take up the false paper from means to be derived—say from a conversion of landed property into money. Throughout the fraud runs a trace of justice and duty, as clear as a vein of silver through a rock. The man does not intend to deprive any of the endorsers upon his paper of a particle of their property—nor does he intend fraudulently to obtain advantage to himself at the expense of another. How, then, does a casual yielding of his morality and his prudence into the seductive expedient of forgery, to raise a temporary loan, affect his ability to vote intelligently, and his desire to vote honestly? In no way whatever; and yet the forgery *is* a forgery, and a crime.

One reason of the law for disfranchising men convicted of infamous crimes, we have said, was because of their unfitness to exercise the right of suffrage, and the *evidence* of this unfitness was the commission of the crime. Now if this reason is a good one, unfitness to vote ought to be visited with disfranchisement when evidenced in any *other* manner than by the commission of crime. The crime is but the *evidence* of the unfitness, and any other description of proof equally good, ought to be admitted, to fasten upon a party the disability that should attach to unfitness. This follows rigidly. Now all conduct is but the expression of character. An external act is but the movement of a muscle—but a mechanical result, if it have not a spiritual impulse. And if it does proceed from the spirit it is but a mechanical result, for good and evil are in the soul, and good and evil are expressed by the soul only through the organs of the body, which of itself has no more moral character than a steam engine, and which acts simply as a piece of machinery as it is moved by the wipsimply of

a severe morality, but of truth, an unholy desire executed, and an unholy desire unexecuted are equal in degree of guilt;—more than that they are one and the same thing. The law finds adultery in the physical fact; but Christ found it in the lust, and said, that in the heart already was committed the offence, of which the *fact* that the law takes cognizance of, is but the outward expression. Let then the characteristics of unfitness to exercise the right of suffrage be what they may—venality, ferocity, treachery, rapacity, falsehood, dishonesty even to a total abnegation of principle, whatever they may be, they are each and all as conclusive testimony upon which to disfranchise a voter, as are the crimes of which they are severally the elements. If there is a sound reason for disfranchising a citizen who has been convicted of an infamous offence on the score of his unfitness to vote then would a just and consistent law disfranchise the venal man, the rapacious, the treacherous, the taker of usury, the trickster in trade, the cruel to animals, the hypocrite in religion, the liar and thief in politics, the oppressor of the poor, those who grasp at inequitable advantages, or push their interests by fraud or trick—each and every of them would be disfranchised. Where would this process of purgation end? How many would be left electors? Few indeed, and they would constitute an oligarchy as remarkable for its virtue as for its numbers. But it would be totally impracticable to make a full and honest application of the principle. It is inconceivable that there should be a registration of the citizens into two classes, the fit and the unfit, the good and the bad. The division never could be made, in the first place, and never could be enforced in the second. And yet, justice and sound reason demand that it should be made and maintained, or that the law should recede from its assumption, that the commission by men of infamous crimes proves that they are unfit to vote.

Now we come to the alternate reason for disqualifying voters convicted of infamous crimes; and that is that they have forfeited the right of suffrage. The forfeiture is a penalty, and like all the penalties of the English law, has a double view—to punish the guilty, and to deter the innocent from crime.

Every rational theory of civil punishment must rest upon rights—the right of society to protect its members from injury, and the right of the offender

to have his punishment graduated to his offence, adapted to the constitution of his nature, and directed to the reformation of his character. All beyond this is usurpation and tyranny. Cropping and branding under the common law, were arbitrary exercises of power, in punishing offences. It is needless to say that they were in the highest degree unphilosophical and barbarous. When the State, in adapting a penalty to a crime, has reached that point where it has—(I *must* risk the phrase) "indemnity for the past, and security for the future," there it should stop. This principle is latent at least, in every penal system which prescribes more than one punishment for offences; and yet how poorly has it been elaborated, and how little has it been infused into the codes? If a violation of one law was a violation of all laws, there would be no need of graduating punishments. But nowhere in the world, out of the pulpit, is this doctrine maintained. The graduation of punishments all over the globe proclaims the universal sentiment of man, that crimes should not be punished with more severity, than is requisite to prevent a repetition of them by the offender, and to compel from him satisfaction for the wrong. This truth seems to be self-evident, and argument will but dull it. Prohibiting a citizen, who has in times past been convicted of an infamous crime, from voting, from giving testimony in a court of justice, from sitting on a jury, is somewhat of an improvement upon the old English judicial pastimes of cropping, branding, and exposure in the pillory. But they are utterly unjust and indefensible. Our punishment for felonies (with the exception of death for a few capital cases) are all by solitary imprisonment at hard labor. We deem this to be the only true system of punishment, for we use it in different degrees for all felonies short of capital, and generally by the tenderness or the scruples of juries in most of those. We have adopted the system from a conviction of its fitness—that it is best adapted to effect the design of all punishment, which is the protection of society, and the reformation of the guilty. In this respect it harmonizes, as it must do, with the constitution of man. The citizen who manifests by his crime that he is inclined to prey upon the rights of others, or is dangerous to the persons of individuals, or to the public peace, is withdrawn from his associations, and shut up for a prescribed period in the society of good books, and his own thoughts. He is regularly employed in mechanical labor, to preserve his health, to keep active his intellect, and to impart to him the happiness and the good resulting from occupation and order. His discipline, his associations, his employments are all designed to restore to society a useful, industrious and good citizen, in the place of the criminal who disturbed its repose or violated its laws, and whom the courts sent away for a season, to a place of reformation. Now no part of this system is the stripping of the convict of the right to vote. This superadded punishment has no place in a scheme of moral reformation, no more than branding or cropping. The disability is vindictive, and vengeance is no element of an enlightened plan of punishment. It is brutal in its spirit and unphilosophic in its aim.

If all convicts were sentenced for life, and none for a term of years, it would be of small consequence whether disability or infamy were heaped upon them or not. But the most of them return to their families and society, and surely it is desirable to have them back, provided and hedged with as many incitements to self-respect and good citizenship as can be given them. Pride, the parent of so much good, should be left to them without a wound. They should not be obliged to feel by galling disabilities that they are distrusted and despised. No mark should be put upon them They should bear no brand rehearsing unceasingly the story of their shame; nor should they be excluded from participating with gentlemen and men of honor, in the discharge of the most important duties of freemen. They should be put upon a footing of complete civil equality with all other men.

Does it not occur naturally to us to ask if it is good policy to prohibit discharged convicts from voting, would it not be better to prohibit them from acquiring property? If the disfranchisement has any virtue, it has it from its character of penalty—and on *principle* it would seem politic to increase the disabilities convicts now labor under. Why would it not be well to prohibit them not only from voting, but from laboring—from having a home—from bringing suits in courts of justice—from contracting marriage—from participating in public worship? Why? If the principle involved in the penalty is worth anything, it is worth everything, and the reasons that will suffice to maintain the policy or the right of excluding a discharged convict from the polls will be sufficient to prove the right to strip him of every attribute of citizenship and of manhood.

But, once more. The service by a convict of his term of imprisonment, *is an expiation of his offence.* Society can claim no more from him on that score He has paid the debt and is entitled to an acquittance. For by releasing him from confinement we admit, *we admit* that he *is* fit to resume his social functions—that he needs no longer to be seperated from his fellow men and subjected to discipline to reform his character. If he is not so fit he ought not to be let loose, and the system under which he can get a discharge is defective. But if he *is* fitted to return to society, he ought to return, and return invested with every privilege he enjoyed when he went away.

I am myself entirely persuaded that no evil effects would follow, from allowing discharged convicts the right of suffrage; and I presume every one of this audience is divested of all fear upon this point—not only from the trifling numerical influence of these citizens in a population so vast as that of our State, but from the want of a *common object* for political association, which would bind them together, and make them formidable as a body. They are too few, too scattered—and of all men in our country have the greatest inducements to identify themselves with the mass.

A spirit of enlightened enquiry ought to, and soon will approach this entire subject—and I am confident that when our laws shall be modified to meet its suggestions that they will extend the right of suffrage to every *actual resident of the State* without regard to sex, color, or condition, who shall have attained the age of majority, and who shall not be an idiot or a lunatic, or under confinement by the sentence of a court.

If this change shall seem too great to any one—if it shall appear to him to menace the purity and the stability of the elective process and of our representative system, can he not borrow the strength necessary to an absolute confidence in a just principle, however novel or startling it may be by looking at the working of our present suffrage system and rewakening in his memory the dissonant cries of mingled dismay and sorrow, that disturbed the first revision of our Constitution when it was proposed to abolish the *property qualification.* What one of the ills then predicted has befallen us! Can he not confirm his faith by passing in review the generally excellent selection made by the people of Justices of the Peace, whom the timid and the doubting throughout our State said would be the representatives of the wishes and interests of corrupt and intriguing men, and devoid of firmness and independence when they ceased to be appointed by the Executive.

Does not the most sceptical in political changes feel faith to commit himself absolutely to the truth and the right, when he looks upon our *elective judiciary* system. How beautiful, how strong, how reliable it is! Our judges—how able, how honorable! And the Convention which gave them to us, how wise it was to rely upon its own convictions of right when unaided by the presence of the great people—unencouraged by the voice of the great people, (for it had no advocate at their door,) it decreed this glorious reform a place in the new Constitution, and continued deaf to the storm of protest that bear about its sessions! Has one of the innumerable ills predicted from this change, befallen us? Have we upon the bench as was foretold to us a single representative of vice or crime, put there by a villain constituency to shield them from justice? Not one, and never will we have!

Oh most safely can we trust ourselves to Truth! Her ample support will never fail. Through every revolution of principle, or of form, however violent to our habits and alarming to our fears, she will carry us swimmingly above the flood, and safe from danger.

Letters from John Quincy Adams to his Son, on the Bible and its Teachings.

The fourth and last point of view in which I proposed to offer you some general observations upon the Scriptures, was with reference to literature; and the first remark that presents itself is, that the five books of Moses are the most ancient monuments of written language now extant in the world; the book of Job is nearly of the same date, and by many of the Jewish and Christian commentators is thought to have been written by Moses. The employment of alphabetical characters to represent all the articulations of the human voice, is the greatest invention that ever was compassed by human genius. Plato says "that it was the discovery either of a God, or a man divinely inspired." The Egyptians ascribed it to Thot, whom the Greeks afterward worshipped under the name of Hermes. This is, however, a fabulous origin. That it was an Egyptian invention there is little doubt; and it was a part of that learning of the Egyptians, in all of which we are told "Moses was versed." It is probable that when Moses wrote, this art was, if not absolutely recent, of no very remote invention. There was but one copy of the law written in a book, it was deposited in the Ark of the Covenant, and was read aloud once in seven years, to all the people at their general assembly in the Feast of Tabernacles; there was one other copy of the law, written upon stone, erected on Mount Ebal. It does not appear that there existed any other copies.—In process of time the usage of reading it thus must have been dropped, and the monument upon Mount Ebal must have perished; for in the reign of Josiah, about 800 years afterward, the book of the law was found in the Temple. How long it had been lost is not expressly told; but from the astonishment and consternation of Josiah upon hearing the book read, its contents must have long been forgotten, so that scarcely a tradition of them remained. We are indeed told that when the Ark of the Covenant was deposited in the Temple of Solomon, there was nothing in the Ark save the two tables which Moses put therein at Horeb. The two tables contained not the whole law, but the ten commandments: the book of the law was therefore no longer in the Ark, at the dedication of Solomon's Temple; that is, about 500 years after the law was given, and 300 before the book was found by Hezekiah the High Priest in the 18th year of Josiah. From these circumstances, as well as from the expedients used by Moses and Joshua, for preserving the ceremonial law and the repeated covenant between God and the people, it is observed that the art and practice of writing was extremely rare, and that very few of the people were even taught to read; that there were few books extant, and of those few, only single copies; the art of writing speaking and thinking with their several modifications of grammar, rhetoric and logic, were never cultivated among the Hebrews, as they were (though not till a thousand years later than Moses) among the Greeks. Philosophical research, and the spirit of analysis appeared to have belonged among the ancient nations exclusively to the Greeks; they studied language as a science, and from the discoveries they made in this pursuit, resulted a system of literary compositions founded upon logical deductions.

The language of the ancient writers was not constructed upon the foundation of abstruse science; it partakes of the nature of all primitive languages, which is almost entirely figurative; and in some degree of the character of primitive writings and hieroglyphics. We are not told from what materials Moses compiled the Book of Genesis, (which contains the history of the creation, and of 3000 years succeeding it, which terminates three generations prior to the birth of Moses himself;) whether he had it altogether from tradition, or whether he collected it from the more ancient written or printed memorials. The account of the creation, of the fall of man, and all the antediluvian part of the history, carries strong internal evidences of having been copied or (if I may express myself) translated from hieroglyphic or symbolical record; the story is of the most perfect simplicity, the discourses of the persons introduced are given as if taken down verbatim from their mouths, and the narrative is scarcely anything more than the connecting link of the discourses; the genealogies are given with great precision; and this is one of the most remarkable peculiarities of the Old Testament: the rest is all figurative; the Rib, the Garden, the Tree of Life and the Knowledge of Good and Evil, the Apple, the Serpent are all images which seem to indicate a hieroglyphic origin. All the historical books, both of the Old and New Testaments, retain the peculiar characteristics that I have noticed; the simplicity and brevity of the narrative, the practice of repeating all discourses in the identical words spoken, and the constant use of figurative, symbolical and allegorical language. But of the rules of composition, prescribed by the Grecian schools, the unities of Aristotle, or the congruities of figures taught by the Greek philologists, not a feature is to be seen. The Psalms are a collection of songs; the Song of Solomon is a pastoral Poem; the Proverbs are a collection of moral sentences and maxims apparently addressed by Solomon to his son, with the addition of others of the same description; the Prophetical books are partly historical and partly poetical—they contain the narrative of visions and revelations of the Deity to the Prophets who recorded them. In the New Testament the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles are historical—they contain memoirs of the life of Christ and some of His apostles, and the proceedings of some of His principal apostles, for some years after His decease. The simplicity of the narrative is the same as that of the Old Testament; the style in general indicates an age when reading and writing had become more common and books more multiplied. The Epistles of Paul are the productions of a mind educated in the learning of the age and well versed in the Grecian literature:

from his history it appears that he was not only capable of maintaining an argument with the Doctors of the Jewish law, but of discussing principles with the Stoic and Epicurean philosophers; his speech at Athens is a specimen of eloquence worthy of an audience in the native country of Demosthenes. The Apocalypse of John resembles in many respects some of the prophetical books of the Old Testament; the figurative, symbolical and allegorical language of these books, shows a range of imagination suitable only to be the record of dreams and visions—their language is in many parts inextricably obscure. It has been, and it is to this day, among the follies and vices of many sects of Christians to attempt explanations of them adapted to sectarian purposes and opinions. The style of none of the books, either of the Old or New Testaments, affords a general model for imitation to a writer of the present age; the principles and rules for composition derived from Greek and Roman schools, and the example of their principal writers, have been so generally adopted in modern literature, that the Scriptures —differing so essentially from them—could not be imitated without great affectation: but for pathos or narrative; for the selections of incidents that go directly to the heart; for the picturesque of character and manner; the selection of circumstances that mark the individuality of persons; for copiousness, grandeur and sublimity of imagery, for unanswerable cogency and closeness of reasoning; and for irresistible force of persuasion, no book in the world deserves to be so unceasingly studied, and so profoundly meditated upon as the Bible.

I shall conclude here the series of letters, which I proposed about two years ago to write you for the purpose of exhorting you to search the Scriptures, and of pointing out to your consideration the general points of application; with a view to which, I thought this study might be made profitable to the improvement and usefulness of your future life. There are other and particular points to which I may hereafter occasionally invite your attention. I am sensible how feeble and superficial what I have written has been, and every letter has convinced me more and more of my own incompetency to the adequate performauce of the task I had assumed; but my great object was to show you the importance of devoting your own faculties to this pursuit; to read the Bible is of itself a laudable occupation and can scarcely fail of being a useful employment of time; but the habit of reflecting upon what you have read is equally essential as that of reading itself, to give it all the efficacy of which it is susceptible. I therefore recommend to you to set apart a small portion of every day to read one or more chapters of the Bible, and always read it with reference to some particular train of observation or reflection. In these letters I have suggested to you four general ones. Considering the Scriptures as Divine Revelations; as historical records; as a system of morals; and as literary compositions. There are many other points of view in which they may be subjects of useful investigation. As an expedient for fixing your attention, make it also a practice for some time to minnte down in writing your reflections upon what you read from day to day: you may perhaps at first find this irksome, and your reflections scanty and unimportant, but they will soon become both easy and copious. Be careful of all not to let your reading make you a pedant or a bigot; let it never puff you up with pride, or a conceited opinion of your own knowledge, nor make you intolerant of the opinions which others draw from the same source, however different from your own. And may the merciful Creator, who gave the Scriptures for our instruction, bless your study of them, and make them to you "fruitful of good works!"

From your affectionate father,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Distress in Ireland—Eating of Human Flesh.—The following is an extract of the speech delivered by Mr. Reynolds in the British House of Commons, April 11, during the discussion on the bill to punish seditious speaking with transportation for seven years or for life:

All the towns of large population in Ireland were quiet and obedient to the law; and yet Honorable Members, who knew no more of that country than of New Zealand, said they would vote for this bill because Ireland was disturbed. He denied the allegation, as a libel upon his country. Let Honorable Members consider the distress that existed. Let him remind them that, in Ireland, 1,000,000 of human beings had sunk into their graves from starvation within eighteen months. Let them remember the horrible case that within a fortnight had been brought before the Galway Assizes, in which a man had been convicted of sheep-stealing, and Mr. Dobbin, a stipendiary magistrate, had applied in favor of the prisoner, on account of the extenuating circumstances in his case. One of his children had died of starvation, and the wife of the man had fed upon the flesh of that child before he violated the law to procure food. Mr. Dobbin had caused the body to be disinterred and the limbs were found picked to the bone. In that case the judge shed tears, and the jury shed tears, and the jury shed tears, and the man was discharged. That case was an illustration of the widely-spread and terrible distress under which his countrymen were suffering.

Population of Paris.—Of the population of Paris, nearly one half are working and laboring people, the rest follow some trade or profession or live upon their income. It is said that there are nearly 100,000 servants, and about an equal number of paupers. There are at no time less than 15,000 patients in the Hospitals, and four times that number pass through the hospitals each year. Twenty thousand foundling children are constantly supplied by the state, and as many infirm persons, incapable of work. The average population of the prison, is stated at 4000.

It is said that families, constantly residing in Paris, soon become extinct, and that out of the whole population, not more than 1000 individuals, can reckon their ancestors, as inhabitants of Paris, from father to son, farther back than two hundred years. A Parisian youth of the second or third generation, has the form and manners of a woman —seldom has any children that live, and thus it is that all families, which, from taste or necessity, pass their lives in Paris, are irrevocably doomed to extinction.

Extraordinary Remains.—While some persons in the employ of Maj. Bates, of Guernsey, Ohio, were engaged in quarrying stone for the repair of the national road, on the hill west of Cambridge, they found, in a petrified state, what was supposed to have been the body of an Indian child, which, perhaps centuries ago, was deposited in that rpot. This extraordinary specimen of ancient remains was found imbedded in a mass of solid rock, and has the appearance of a strange image, somewhat imperfect in its outward form, yet having the general appearance of the human shape. The material of which it is composed appears to be a species of limestone. In the same cavity was also found a small row of what appeared to have been Indian beads, matted together.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Materialism and Idealism: A Dialogue.

Prof. Longhead, Solomon Arctosh, A. B., and Dr. Vagueman.—*Characters.*

[Scene, Prof. Longhead's Study.]

Prof. L.—[*alone.*] Mankind are becoming problematical. It is difficult to solve the mysteries of their nature. They are merging everything into the abstract and the abstruse. Ultraism in every thing is the order of the day. Principles as well as actions are all carried to the *ne plus ultra.* Alas, for the sober views of our rational forefathers! they are vanity in the eyes of the ten thousand Solomons of the present age. Every wheel in the machinery of human thought is turned by the breath of Haste. The intellectual world has the poles of its axis inverted, and nothing moves in the right direction. The sentiments of Locke and Bacon are now all moonshine; and even Reid, and Stuart, and Abercrombie are misguided dunces! Indeed, the system of things is so completely changed, that all metaphysical views of half a century's standing, are shown to be false. Even the poetical "calculations" of such intellectual astronomers as Shakspeare, will not answer for *any* latitude on this remodeled globe. Instead of all the world being a stage, and all the men and women sober players, it has become a steamboat, and all mankind inveterate steamers.

[*Enter Mr. Arctosh.*] Arc.—Prof. Longhead, I am heartily glad to find you at home. I have long had an itching desire to explain my new science of things to you.

Prof. L.—I will listen to an exposition of it with the utmost pleasure, and I presume it will be with much profit.

Arc.—Well, then, to come right home to the subject at once, every thing is *actual.*

Prof. L.—Actual what?

Arc.—Why actual reality—real substance. The world is composed of things, and we cannot conceive of a thing which has not tangibility.

Prof. L.—But there are two worlds; the natural and the intellectual.

Arc.—I recognize but one, and that is as much as we can *handle* in our discussion.

Prof. L.—I know it is, if we take the intellectual. for there is nothing to hold on upon, (smiling) it being immaterial.

Arc —(After a short pause.) Every thing consists of things.

Prof. L.—Well, let us come to some point—to particulars. What sort of a *thing* is genius? Is that corporeal?

Arc.—Certainly, nothing can grow but the corporeal; genius grows, therefore genius is corporeal. The genius of Shakspeare, which was too small to be discovered for some time, has at length become a prodigious giant. Milton's, in its infancy, was no bigger than a Lilliputian; now it is a full grown Brobdinag: and a genius of Modern size feels in its presence as insignificant as Gulliver did in the fingers of the giant sixty feet from the earth.

Prof. L.—I must confess your views are enormous.

Arc.—Views are of all sizes. While some are *enormous*, others are so small that thousands of them could roost on a musquetoe's bill.

Prof. L.—Really you believe views are material!

Arc.—I do. The brain is full of them.

Prof. L.—What is the most marked characteristic of these animals, (smiling) or in other words, to speak phrenologically, what are their strongest developments?

Arc.—Locality.

Prof. L.—But do they never migrate?

Arc.—Only from one part of the brain to another.

Prof. L.—People sometimes *change* their views; how do you reconcile that?

Arc.—We all have different classes of views, or rather, they are divided into parties, just as people are in politics. One party conquers to-day and we are led in a certain direction: to morrow, another party predominates, and we take a contrary path. This is all we mean by *changing* our views.

Prof. L.—You make the cranium a sort of battle field, where mock heroic deeds are done.

Arc.—Not so much of the *mock* heroic as you may suppose. The fate of nations is often pending on the issue of these conflicts. Had not the martial views of Napoleon got and maintained the mastery in his head, Europe would wear a very different face from her present one. The fact is, those little invisible monads which cause the brain, as Ben Jonson says, to be "rammed with life," are "clothed in a *little* brief authority." They govern the man.

Prof. L.—Your thoughts are so amusing that—

Arc.—Thoughts *are* amusing and *musical* too. Did you never feel a buzzing in your head? That is caused by the uncommonly loud flapping of the wings of thought. They are then drumming on the nerves of the brain just as a partridge does on a log. Thus has it been ever since the morning stars pitched their first tune, or rather ever since the Adam of thought lit up the brain of our universal forefather!

Prof L.—I fancy my ideas are about giving a concert or an oratorio; and if it would not be a disappointment to you to leave this subject where it is till another time, I should like to be alone for a while.

[*Exit Arctosh.*]

Prof. L.—A fair sample of the crazy metaphysical speculators of the day. Well, it does no good to reason with such deluded beings Their views have become so incorporated with their brains, that it would be as difficult to remove the one as the other. But I must turn my thoughts from these phantasmagorias, or like some of their mushroom generators, I shall soon imagine myself

astride of a flash of lightning, playing upon a thunder cloud—calm as a lady at her piano—causing the sun and moon to vibrate, and the stars to leap in ecstasy from the sphere of their eternal gyrations. *(Seats himself and takes a newspaper. Enter Dr. Vagueman.)*

Dr. V.—Good evening, Professor Longhead.

Prof. L.—Ah Doctor, you have come at a lucky moment. I have been straining my nerves of thought in order to ascertain the meaning of certain mysticisms which I find—

Dr. V—Straining nerves of thought! Thought is immaterial and cannot be strained.

Prof. L.—I only used a figure of speech.

Dr. V.—But speech has no figure. Why talk of the form of a thing formless. Things are intangible and invisible; ergo, they are without shape. Ahem.

Prof. L.—Dear Doctor can you tell me the composition of Jacob's ladder?

Dr. V.—(*With much seriousness.*) It was an immaterial essence, like everything else.

Prof. L.—Immaterial like every *thing!* That brings us to the point where I wish to stick at present. The straining before spoken of was occasioned by reading a short poem in this old paper, the Dial, which was devoted to the interests of Transcendentalism. This article, it strikes me, deals in some such metaphysical or mystical speculations as I have heard you express. I cannot understand it.

Dr. V.—Perhaps I can render it.

Prof. L—I wish you would *rend* it. I should like to examine it piecemeal.

Dr. V.—Very well. Rend it, a line or so at a time, and I will dissect as you go along.

Prof. L.—The article is headed stanzas—

Dr. V.—Stanzas—that signifies anything. It is a name given to a poem that has no name. The word in the original imports a preamble to a poetical resolve. Hem!

Prof. L.—Umph!—I will now read:—

"We are spirits clad in veils,"*

Dr. V—Certainly man is an abstraction.

Prof. L,—But can we conceive of an abstraction clad in a veil?

D. V,—O, that is a mere form of expression.

Prof. L.—But according to your views, expressions can have no form.

Dr. V.—No,—yes—well,—you know what I mean. My view of the thing is this: Man, like our ideas, *is* an idea. He is a certain something, which, viewed metaphysically, is nothing. We talk of the functions of man, but no one ever saw them. They are the mere essence of what is left after every thing is taken away. Yet *it* constitutes the whole man. We speak of eyes, by which we can mean nothing more than imaginary orifices through which the meteors of vision shoot. We speak of the senses—of taste, smell, touch, &c., but who ever felt of a touch. They are all abstract essenses, and yet they constitute the man. You see the bard of Avon lied when he said we "are just such stuff as dreams are made of," for neither we nor dreams are made of any thing. We are abstract, incorporeal idealities. When we say man is a sentient being we speak absurdly; an abstraction cannot be endowed with sensation.

Prof. L.—Then man has no more feeling than this floor. *(Stamping on the Doctor's toes)*

Dr. V.—Oh! my soul and body!

Prof. L—I thought you had no body—was incorporeal. But what is the matter?

Dr. V.—Matter! you've crushed my foot. *(Rubbing it.)*

Prof. L.—Oh, ho! I thought your foot was an insensible abstraction.

Dr. V.—Do read along; and be in haste, for I can't endure this. *(Still rubbing his foot.)*

Prof. L.—*(Reading,)*

"Man by man was never seen,"—

Dr. V,—Certainly, abstractions are invisible.

Prof L.—

"All our deep communing falls
To remove the shadowy screen."

Dr. V.—We cannot penetrate a veil woven of shadows or any other essence.

Prof. L.—Shadows and essence.

Dr. V.—Read along. *(Still writhing.)*

Prof. L.—

"Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet"—

Dr. V.—Abstractions cannot meet,

Prof. L.—

"We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete."

Prof. L.—What does that mean?

Dr. V. *(Hesitatingly.)* It means—why, I suppose—yes, it means that we are broken columns of the temple of Babel.

Prof. L.—But that was a tower, and never completed.

Dr. V.—Then it was *completely* unfinished. We are spoken of metaphysically; and so is the temple or tower, and both are destitute of tangibility. Had Diogenes known the essence of man he would never have lit his lamp in the day time to find one. Knowing that "man by man is never seen," he would have kept out of sight himself.

Prof. L.—Your reasoning reminds me of another anecdote of Diogenes. Plato defined man *a two legged animal without feathers.* Diogenes forthwith caught a "rooster," stripped off his feathers, and presented him to Plato as a *man.*

Dr. V.—You may read another verse.

Prof. L.—

"Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but star-light here."

All is "star-light." That is what we mean when we say all is *moonshine,* eh? *(Smiling.)*

*This article with the exception of the last verse, is taken *verbatim* from the Dial.

Dr. V.—(*Gravely*). It is a further exposition of my views of metaphysics. All is *like* light, whether star-light or moon-light: that is, all is without tangibility. We have no more idea of the moon's beams than of her horns, which visionaries speak of. An account is somewhere given of darkness which was so thick that it could be felt; and it so blinded the people's eyes that they could not see to light a lamp by which to look at it. Such darkness as that would stare at Aladdin's lamp, I guess. Crazy-head verse-weavers tell of catching the fleeting moments as they pass, as though we could fill our hats with little winged minutes and seconds just as we used to stuff our pockets with butterflies and grasshoppers in the schoolboy time of life. Now the fact is, all this, like the wings of the fantastic bardling's imagination, is itself imagination. It is composed of such materials as the axis of the earth, Cadmus' soldiers, Pandora's box, Jupiter's trident, Mercury's wand, and Vulcan's bellows—all windy abstractions, like every thing else. Who ever in reality ate the sugar loaf of friendship, or drank the sweet cider of young affection, The fact is, these are mere bread and molasses terms, coined simply to fill up the œsophagus of the man metaphysical. Hem! But you may read the next verse.

Prof. L.—And glad am I to say it—the last.

> "What's our social company
> But skim milk devoid of cream?
> Like the Realist's philosophy
> 'Tis the blubber of a dream."

Dr. V.—That is a thrust at the doctrines of the anti-idealists, who, like yourself, believe the moon is composed of green cheese, and that ideas are a species of owl that hoot in the hollow caverns of the brain.

Prof. L.—Are you serious, Doctor?

Dr. V.—I certainly am, for I perceive you have no faith in my speculations.

Prof. L.—Well, to be candid, I have not. Furthermore, I think they are too whimsical to be seriously combatted But do not charge me with such views as you have just accused me of harboring.

Dr. V.—The *charge* will not produce a *shock*, I presume.

Prof. L.—I *am* shocked at your blindness and your impudence.

Dr. V.—The shock is mutual. Dunces alone will deny the correctness of my views.

Prof. L.—Dunces alone will waste time in listening to their expositor, or bear his insults; so be off immediately, or I will show you, by demonstration upon your back, [*seizing a cane*] that a hedgehog is not devoid of sensation.

Dr. V.—Well, well, I'll be off if you'll only keep your cane away from my feet.

[*Exit Arctosh.*]

Prof. L.—O these intolerent, self-sufficient, dogmatical ultraists! There is no getting along with them. To use reason with them is madness. Two-thirds of them are laboring under a hallucination of mind. They will neither listen to, nor can they understand, sound reasoning. They have raised the battering ram of misguided fanaticism against the walls of their understanding until the fair fabric is nearly demolished. They have combatted their judgment until it is completely dethroned, and folly has become their sovereign dictator and guide. They are Don Quixots at the windmill.

NOTE.—This dialogue, one of our academic efforts, in its younger days fell a victim to misplaced type.

THE UNION MAGAZINE is profuse in rich embellishments; and Mrs. Child, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. C. H. Butler, the editor, and others, have presented worthy offerings at the shrine of Literature. As Mrs. Kirkland, the editor, has gone to Europe, the readers of the Union may soon look for some very entertaining sketches of travel from her pen,

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SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE, No. 5, contains no less than twenty pieces of music, such as Jeanie Morrison, Let Erin Rember, Ole Gray Goose, Palo Alto, Row gently Hose, Scotland's Burning, etc., etc The illustrations exceed in number the pieces of music. We hope Bieber & Co. are well encouraged in their new enterprise.

MURDER.—A man named John Winter late of Chatauque county, in this state, murdered his wife in Le Roy, Calhoun county, Mich., on the 24th ult. The cause was (probably unnecessary) jealousy.

We wish the stirring invocation of Mr. HOSMER to the Poet HALLECK, (found on our first page) *might* cause the sleeping bard to awake.

Congressional.

WASHINGTON, May 5.

SENATE.—The bill for the occupation of Yucatan being before the Senate, after Mr. HANNEGAN had concluded a speech in favor of the measure, Mr. CLAYTON spoke briefly against it. He regarded it as a violation of the treaty with Mexico. The bill also violated the armistice.

Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS proposed a substitute, authorising the President to send a portion of our troops now in Mexico to Yucatan and supply their places with new volunteers.

Mr. CRITTENDEN opposed both the bill and the amendment with his usual force and eloquence.

Mr. FOOTE defended the measure and the administration, and without taking the question the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—The Speaker presented a communication respecting the present of a portrait of Baron DE KALB, from his relatives through Mr. WALSH; Consul at Paris, which was referred to Library Committee.

The Canal Board is to meet at Syracuse on the 16th inst., for the purpose of examining the Salt Lands owned by the State, and from thence to look after the Public Works at Buffalo and Black Rock.—*Alb. Eve. Jour.*

Arrival of the Britannia.

NEW YORK, May 8th—9 A. M.

The Britannia arrived at Boston at 2 o'clock yesterday. The news was received here by government express.

General tone, corn trade firmer. The supplies from abroad continue limited. There were numerous buyers. Holders were enabled to realize better prices.

At Mark Lane, U. S. wheat 43sa48s.

Indian Corn 24sa27s.

Demand for American flour moderate—fair supply—U. S. 26sa27s—same prices for Canadian.

At Liverpool trade firm. Value mostly on articles advanced. Canadian wheat, 6s 6d to 8s 1d; Flour, 27s 6d to 28s for best Western Canal; 27s to 27s 6d for Canadian. Good export demand for Indian Corn for Ireland. Exports exceeded imports 8,000 quarters during last week, White, 24s to 28s 6d; Yellow, 27s to 28s 6d; Mixed, 25s to 26s.

Beef commands full prices, 76s to 90s—fair inquiry. Pork—good qualities would realize 60s to 75s—prospects of higher prices sound. Cheese is in very limited supply. Lard again receded. Breadstuffs will be in good demand for some time. Appearance spring crops still encouraging.

Iron trade dull. Scotch pig 40s to 43s, trade. Manufacturing district continues dull. More working short time. Some entirely unemployed. Last quotations, Consols 82⅞ a 83.

Arming goes on in Ireland. The run on the savings bank continues. J. O'CONNELL refused to go beyond constitutional limits. Earl TEWKSBURY said was favorable to repeal.

The trial of MITCHALL O'BRIEN and MEAGHER was proceeding.

TOM STEEL attempted to commit suicide.

Regular armed Chartist force was organized in Scotland.

House of Commons passed Crown and Government Security Bill by an overwhelming majority.

Reform meeting in held London; forty members of Parliament participated. COBDEN and HUME, President.

Prussian Ministry has been dissolved.

Berlin is agitated by the labor question.

The insurgent Poles erected entrenchments at Posen. They have an army of 10,000 with artillery. The insurrection news does not appear serious. Prussian commanders were Poles.

Another report says the Poles number 22,000.—All Germany is in a state of anarchy. In Baden the people rose in revolution against the troops.—Formidable revolt in Hesse Cassel. Incendiary insurrection north of Saxony which the government has not been able to suppress. Another battle in Schleswig Holstein, Germans had slightly the advantage.

Trade at Vienna entirely destroyed.

AUSTRIA.—A party at Vienna was waiting opportunity to make counter revolution. There had been fear of the operatives in Vienna. Burgess Guard prevented any demonstration.

New Austrian Constitution published.

Power is placed in the hands of Parliament; trials to be in open court by jury; laws to be proposed and sanctioned by the Emperor; Parliament to be assembled annually; freedom of speech, religion and press; the right of petition by public meeting guaranteed; free exercise of religious worship; all classes equal before the law; two houses of parliament.

The Austrian government has ordered the Jesuits to quit.

The King of Sardinia attacked Peschiera, a strong town held by the Austrians, but did not carry it.

Verona was taken by the Piedmontese army.

The King of Naples has been compelled to issue a proclamation in favor of an Italian Independent Union.

There has been a revolutionary demonstration in Egypt. The Pacha promised reform as soon as the people were quieted.

Affairs in France were in great confusion.—A plot was formed to upset the Provisional Government and assassinate LAMARTINE, headed by LEDRU ROLLIN. It was to commence in a meeting of workmen 150,000 strong, in the *Champ de Mars*, and march to the Hotel de Ville, crying *a bas Lamartine, a bas Gouvernment Provisoral.*

The National Guards and troops turned out in great numbers, and overawed insurgents. No outbreak occured at the national festival to celebrate fraternization of the army and national guards took place on the 20th. The whole force under arms, consisting of 330,000 National Guards, *gardes mobiles*, 5,000 troops of the line, marched around the Boulevards and through the city. The procession was eight hours in passing any given spot.

The greatest enthusiasm prevailed and most kindly dispositions were manifested towards the troops, National Guards, and Government. Up to the hour of Post, the greatest tranquility prevailed. It is considered this demonstration will strengthen immensely the power and moderate the French Government. Funds advanced 3 per cent to 62, 75.

Large amounts of gold had arrived at Paris from England. Business was improving slightly.

In some parts of the Continent disturbances continue to take place.

An important battle is reported to have been gained by RADETSKY. Insurrection in his absence.

Whole Prussian army advanced into the Danish territory.

The Poles have apparently made little progress.

Cotton at Liverpool, high grades rather better—low grades dull.

The Caledonia arrived on the 18th, and Herman was to sail on the 26th ult.

☞ Lamartine, who stands at the head of the government of Franch is said to be a devoted yet liberal minded man attached to the Romish church. Arago an Atheist, Cremieux a Jew, Louis Blanc a Socialist; Ledru Rollin not known. What a medley!

Georgia Gold Region—Gold Diggers.

Correspondence of the National Inteligencer.

DAHLONEGA, (Geo.) April 30, 1848.

The Cherokee word Dah-lon-e-ga signifies *the place of yellow metal;* and is now applied to a small hamlet at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains, in Lumpkin county, Ga., which is reputed to be the wealthiest gold region in the United States. It is recorded of DeSoto and his followers that, in the sixteenth century they explored this entire Southern country in search of gold, and unquestionable evidences of their work have been discovered in various sections of their work have been discovered in various sections of the State. Among these testimonials may be mentioned the remains of an old furnace and other works for mining which have been brought to light by recent explorations. But the attention of our own people was first directed to this region while yet the Cherokees were in possession of the land, though the digging of gold was not made a regular business until after they had been politely banished by the General Government. Soon as the State of Georgia had become the rightful possessor of the soil, (according to *law*) much contention and excitement arose among the people as to who should have the best opportunities for making fortunes; and, to settle all difficulties, it was decided by the State Legislature that the country should be surveyed and divided into lots of forty and one hundred and sixty acres and distributed to the people by lottery. For several years subsequent to that period deeds of wrong and outrage were practised to a very great extent by profligate adventurers who flocked to this El Dorado. In the year 1838, however the Government established a branch mint at this place, since which time a much better state of things has existed at Dahlonega.

The appearance of this village, though not more than a dozen years old, is somewhat antiquated, owing to the fact that the houses are chiefly built of logs, and, having never been painted are particularly dark and dingy, but uncommonly picturesque in form and location. The population of the place is about five hundred. It is located upon a hill, and though the country around is quite uneven, having been deeply ravined by atmospheric agents, when viewed in connexion with the mountains, (some ten or fifteen miles off,) which seem to hem it on three sides, presents the appearance of a pit to a magnificent amphitheatre. On approaching Dahlonega I noticed that the water courses had all been mutilated with the spade and pickaxe, and that their waters were of a deep yellow; and having explored the country since then, I find that such is the condition of all streams within a circuit of many miles. Large brooks (and even an occasional river) have been turned into a new channel, and thereby deprived of their original beauty. And of all the hills in the vicinity of Dahlonega which I have visited, I have not yet seen one which is not actually riddled with shafts and tunnels. The soil is of a primitive character, quite yellowish in color, composed of sand and clay, and uncommonly easy to excavate with the spade. Heretofore the gold ore of Lumpkin county has been obtained from what is called the deposite beds, but the miners are now beginning to direct their attention to the veined ore, which is supposed to be very abundant in all directions.

It is generally found in quartz and a species of slate stone. The gold region of Georgia, strictly speaking, is confined to a broad belt, which runs in a northeastern and southwestern direction from Dahlonega, which may be considered its centre. Several auriferous veins traverse the town, and it is common after a rain to see the inhabitants busily engaged in *hunting* for gold in the streets.—That huge quantities are thus accumulated in *these* days I am not ready to believe, whatever may have been done in former years. I know not that any very remarkable specimens of gold ore have been found in the immediate vicinity of Dahlonega, but an idea of the wealth of the State in this particular may be gathered from the fact, that several lumps have heretofore been found in different sections which were worth from five hundred to one thousand dollars. More valuable specimens have been found in North Carolina; but while Virginia, the Carolinas, and Alabama have all produced a goodly amount of gold, I have heard it conceded that Georgia has produced the largest quantity and decidedly the best quality.

And now with regard to the fortunes that have been made in this region. They are very few and far between. But, by way of illustration, I will give two or three incidents which have come to my knowledge. In passing, however, I may repeat the remark made to me by an intelligent gentleman, that the expenses of digging out the gold in this section of country had ever exceeded the gain by about one hundred per cent. Immense amounts of labor, as well as money, have been expended, and, generally speaking, the condition of the people has not been improved; the very wealth of the country has caused the ruin of many individuals.

The following story is a matter of popular history. After the State Legislature had divided the Cherokee Purchase into lots and regularly numbered them, it was rumored about the country that lot No. 1052 was a great prize, and every body was on tiptoe with regard to its distribution by the proposed lottery. At that time 1052 *figured* in the dreams of every Georgian, and those figures were then far more *popular* than the figures 54 40 have been in these latter days. Among the more crazy individuals who attended the lottery was one Mosely, who had determined to draw the much talked of prize *or purchase it of the winner*, even though it should be at the cost of his entire property, which was quite large. The drawing took place, and 1052 came into the possession of a poor farmer named Ellison. Mosely immediately mounted his horse and hastened to Ellison's farm, where he found the child of fortune following the plough. The would-be purchaser made known the object of his visit, and Ellison only laughed at the impetuosity of his impatient friend. Ellison said he was not anxious to sell the lot, but if Mosely *must* have it, he *might* have it for $30,000.—Mosely acceded to the terms, and in paying for the lot sacrificed the most of his landed and personal property. The little property which was left him he was compelled to employ in working his mines; he labored with great diligence for several years, but he could never make both ends meet, for his mines were not at all distinguished for their richness.

In process of time he was compelled to sell 1052 for what it would bring, and having squandered that remnant of his former wealth, he left the country for parts unknown, a veritable beggar.—But, what is more singular than all, the present proprietor of 1052 is that identical man Ellison, who is annually realizing a handsome sum of money from the newly-discovered gold ore found in the bowels of his lottery lot.

Another instance of good fortune, unattended with any *alloy*, is as follows: Five years ago a couple of brothers, who were at work upon the Georgia Railroad, took it into their heads to visit Dahlonega and try their luck in the mining business. They were hard-working Irishmen, and understood the science of digging to perfection.—

They leased one or two lots in this vicinity, and are now reputed to be worth $15,000.

The deposite gold is extracted from the gravel by means of a simple machine called a rocker, which merely shifts and washes out the metal.—The vein gold is brought to light by means of what is called a pounding mill, which reduces the rock to the consistency of sand, when the ore is separated by the use of quicksilver.

The *Mint establishment* is quite large, and has a commanding appearance. It was erected in 1837, at an expense of $70,000, and the machinery cost $30,000. It gives employment to nine men, who receive for their services, collectively, $12,000. The Superintendent is J. F. Cooper, (son of the famous actor,) the Coiner is D. H. Mason, who has a very interesting cabinet of materials, and the Assayer is J. L. Todd. The Dahlonega Branch Mint and the one located at Charlotteville, N. C., are the only ones which coin the gold on the very spot where it is found.—The New Orleans Branch, as well as the mother mint in Philadelphia, are chiefly occupied with foreign ores. Of the two first mentioned, Dahlonega has thus far been the most successful, the coinage in one year having amounted to $600,000. At the present time, however, the business of this Mint is said to be on the wane. The coinage of the branch mints is uniform with that of the mother Mint, and it is all systematically tested there. It thus appears that the whole establishment is a branch of the Treasury Department.

The smallest amount of ore received at the Dahlonega Mint has to be worth $100. When the miner has obtained a sufficient amount, he takes it to the Mint and receives the allotted sum. The operation of coining is performed by the power of steam, and may be briefly described by the words rolling, drawing, cutting, and stamping. Some of the Dahlonega gold is said to be as pure as any in the world, but it is commonly alloyed with silver; and yet *silver ore* is no where found in this section. The value of pure gold is one dollar per pennyweight: and every genuine American eagle is made to contain one-twentieth of silver and one-twentieth of copper.

☞ In the Telegraphic report of the news of the *Britannia*, as published in the Rochester papers, we find the following in addition to what was given

An insurrection has broken out in Alsace.

Danish war vessels appeared along the Stetin Swineland. Denmark asked England to interfere. Palmerston declined.

The Croats fired the village of Castel Nuova and burned all the inhabitants, 2000 in number.

The Swiss Diet met to deliberate on the federal constitution.

The Neapolitan army was marching to join Charles Albert,

Apprehensions were felt of an outbreak in Spain.

Montpensier is banished to Seville.

Russia still making preparations for war. 300 pieces Russian cannon are reported as arriving in Warsaw.

The troops now in Poland amount to over 80,000.

EXTRAORDINARY ARRIVAL.—This morning, the brig Walhonding, Capt. Higgins, arrived at this port from Marietta, Ohio, from which place she sailed on the 26th of March last. Her cargo of flour was shipped at Madison, Indiana, and descending the Mississippi, she arrived at N. Orleans on the 5th of April.—*Courier & Enquirer of Saturday.*

FIRE AT DETROIT.

Correspondence of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

DETROIT, May 9—2 P. M.

Terrible fire now raging—yellow store house and Mr, ELBERT'S storehouse gone; forty buildings now burning high—Steamboat Hotel on fire—American in flames. One-third of the city threatened—*Advertiser* office gone.

Price Current—May 10, 1848.

Flour, bbl	$5 12½	Turkeys, lb	10
Pork, bbl	$9 00	Chickens, lb	10
Do slaugh. cwt	$5 00	Geese, each	25
Beef, cwt	$4 50@5 00	Clover seed, bu	$3 50
Butter, lb	12@14	Timothy seed, bu	$2 00
Lard, lb	5½	Flax seed, bu	$1 12½
Cheese, lb	7@9	Whitefish, bbl	$6 00
Hams, lb	4½@4¾	Codfish, cwt	—
Shoulders, lb	3@3½	Potatoes, bu	62½@75
Corn meal, cwt	$1 00	Salt, bbl	$1 25
Wheat, bu	$1@1 14	Apples, bu	62½
Corn, bu	38@40	Dried apples, bu	$1 00
Oats, bu	25	Onions, bu	$1 25
Slaughter hides, lb	3½	Eggs, doz	7½
Dry hides, lb	8@9½	Saleratus, lb	6½
Calf, lb	6½	Soap, lb	4@5
Sheep, slaughtered, lb	35@75	Whiskey, gall	17
Lamb, slaughtered, lb	18½	Highwines, gall	17½@18
Hard wood, cord	$3 00	Lead, cwt	$4 00
Hemlock, cord	$2 00	Beans, bu	$1 25
Bit. (O.) coal, ton	$5 50	Wool, lb	25@30
Blossburgh, ton	—	Hay, ton	$11@12

DIED.

In Clarence, on the 1st instant, SIMEON FILLMORE, Esq., aged about 84 years. He was an early settler of the county, and a worthy and estimable citizen.

In Albany, on the 17th ultimo, GILBERT VAN SICE, brother of James H. Van Sice of this city, aged 31 years.

FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE regular Spring and Summer Sessions of the BLACK ROCK FEMALE SEMINARY will commence on the first Wednesday in May, and continue twenty-two weeks, under the direction of Mrs. C. M. STEELE, as Principal, aided by competent Assistant Teachers.

The Seminary buildings are commodious, and are pleasantly located within a mile of the limits of Buffalo, on a site overlooking Lake Erie and the Niagara River—uniting the advantages of country air and quietude with all the privileges of the city.

TERMS.—For Board, Washing, and Tuition in all the English Studies, $12 per annum. The extra charges are, for lessons on the Piano or Harp $10 per Quarter; on the Organ $15; on the Guitar $8, the German or French Language $7 50; Drawing and Painting $6.

☞ Circulars, containing further particulars, may be obtained on applying to the Principal or Trustees.

April, 15, 1848. a152.

CHEAP CASH BOOK STORE.

The subscriber, dealer in Books and Stationery, at 156 Main Street, 4 doors above Seneca, keeps constantly on hand, an extensive stock, embracing the most valuable selections from Ancient and Modern Literature—and a general variety of Theological, Classical, Gift and School Books, &c., &c. The Amateurs of Knowledge and all interested in the purchase of Books or Stationery are respectfully solicited to call. Print and Cap Paper at wholesale.

Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

AMBROSE S. CARNER,

DRAPER AND TAILOR, Nos. 274 and 276 Main street, (Kremlin block, up stairs,) Buffalo.

NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE AND WHOLESALE BOOKSTORE.

The subscribers beg to inform Booksellers, buyers and dealers in Books, and all interested in education and literary advancement, that they have recently opened an extensive Book and Stationery Establishment. Their assortment of Books in the various departments of literature is complete and well selected: comprising a full assortment of School and Classical Books in general use, Law, Medical and Theological Books, in great varieties. Their facilities as Publishers enable them to offer Books on as favora ble terms as most of the Eastern Houses. Orders from the country solicited and promptly answered.

Citizens and the public generally are invited to call and examine Books and Prices, where will be found the one progressive principle "Small Profits on numerous Transactions."

DERBY & HEWSON,

No. 164 Main Street, Buffalo.

JEWETT, THOMAS & CO.

PUBLISHERS,

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER BUILDINGS

MAIN STREET, BUFFALO.

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Steam Press of Jewett, Thomas & Co.

Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1848. NO. 16.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

A Wail for the Smitten.

BY MISS M. MENDER.

A wail for the Smitten! ay, weeping and wail
For the wing of the *Smiter* hath swept o'er the vale!
And shroudings, and sackcloth, and silence and woe,
Mark the flight of the Angel in dimness below.
While the green sod lies broken o'er many a breast,
Where the young and the lovely are gathered to rest!

Oh! sad were the hearts in that sheltering home,
As he folded his wing o'er a fair cradled one!—
For no sign bore the lintel that threshold to guard,
When the Summoner came in the name of the Lord!

And the deep hush of midnight woke mournfully there,
To the wrestling grief of a mother's prayer,
As she bent o'er her babe with a shielding clasp—
Though the fluttering pulse and the moaning gasp,
Gave token to all, save a mother's eye,
That the harpers of Heaven were floating nigh!

Death writeth her childless!—those prayers how vain,
To win back the cherished to earth again!
Now the last faint tint from the lip hath fled,
And she kneeleth in silence beside her dead!

And he passed by a group of boys at play,
As they trundled the hoop away! away!
And merry and clear, on the air rang out
The gladsome tones of that summer shout!
But a shaft hath sped from an unseen hand—
And one shall be *missing* from that bright band!

Anon came a group of joyous girls,
With the light winds lifting their golden curls!
And their hearts were gay with their dreams of bliss!
Could the *Spoiler* look on a scene like this?

Yet I noted one as she lingered nigh,
With a saddened smile in her downcast eye!
A gentle girl, of unsullied cheek
And lofty brow—but withal, so meek,
That I marveled much as I gazed thereon!—
She too, fair girl! was a stricken one!

A dirge for the sire when doomed by fate!
And tears for that home hearth so desolate!
A knell for the mother in matron pride,
For she slumbereth low by the loved one's side!

To princely hall, and to peasant's cot,
The Spoiler hath come—and he spareth not!
Unto youth, in his manhood's glorious prime,
And the maiden in life's own sweet spring time!
While weary age o'er his staff bent low,
Draws shuddering to Jordan's icy flow!

But thanks be to God! for that conquering faith
Which hath robbed the sting from the victor Death!
For joy to the Christian—life's labor done—
When Azrael's summons shall call him home!

WEST BLOOMFIELD, N. Y.

SIZE OF THE FEMALE WAIST.—Women ought to measure from 27 to 29 inches round the waist, but most females do not permit themselves to grow beyond 24. Thousands are laced to 22—some of them less than 20, and thus by whalebone, wood, and steel, the chest is reduced to half its proper size.—*Home Journal.*

My First Parlor—A Sketch.

BY M. A. DENISON.

"Yes, and we're to have a beautiful little parlor, grandmother. Arthur has ordered an elegant sofa, a superb pier glass, a rosewood centre table, lively chairs to match, and a carpet of such a pretty style of pattern, I know you will like it, 'tis, so neat.

And why is it, grandmother," continued the volatile girl, as she glanced around the large old-fashioned room, "why is it that you have never had a parlor? I'm sure you can afford it well enough. I asked grandpa yesterday, and he looked sad for a moment, as he replied, 'go to your grandmother, Anna and she will tell you.' I'm sure I forgot it till just this very moment, and now we are alone together, you must give me your reasons."

The speaker was an elegant young woman, of eighteen summers, seated at the feet of a grave and dignified elderly lady, whose fair smooth brow and dark hair spoke still of youth lingering with age, like the fresh green ivy clinging to the decayed and tottering wall.

"Dear Anna," she replied in subdued tones, "you have often heard me speak of my little Willie, my first, my only son; yet I have never told you the circumstances connected with his death. Here is a little manuscript, which I have lately written; take it, and if you read it carefully, it will not, I trust, be time misspent.

"O! thank you, dear grandmother," exclaimed Anna; "if it is any thing you have written, I know it will profit and interest me too."

Saying this, the fair girl eagerly took the manuscript, and bounding lightly from the room, wended her way to a beautiful garden, in the midst of which was a bower, completely covered with the clinging grape-vine, through which peeped at intervals, rich clusters of roses, shedding their delightful fragrance all around them.

Anna entered; and flinging the loose curls from her heated brow, sat upon the low rustic bench, and with pleasure in every lineament of her speaking features, prepared to read what follows:

MY FIRST PARLOR.

"Never shall I forget with what sensations of delight I walked through the pretty little cottage, forty years ago, which I was soon to call my own.

The old homestead, where I had frolicked in gleesome childhood, with its venerable mantle of moss, and its antique form, was but a little distance away, and I could look from the chamber of the cottage into the tidy farm yard, and hear the plaintive lowing of dear old Brindle, my pet cow. True, I could not see the sweet face of mother, nor the sterner countenance of father, at every hour of the day; yet it was but a *bit* across, and a few moments' walk would carry me there.

With all its home associations, there was nothing in it half so pretty as my little world of a cottage.

The exterior too was very beautiful in my eyes; first, there was a neat little rail fence all around it, a long path lined with rose bushes, leading to it, a sweet garden spot, and behind it a meadow, fresh and extensive.

The cottage itself was painted the purest white and the blinds the greenest green.

I knew nothing of its interior previous to the week in which we were married, and dear William, (not a whit the less dear now) intended to surprise me; so when I entered to inspect the whitewashed walls, and polished floors, lo! and behold it was all furnished throughout. A pretty little Yankee clock, all g lded and shining in the bright sunlight, greeted my vision first. It stood just opposite the fire place, and over a brightly varnished oaken table. Clean, new yellow chairs around the sides of the room, a little cupboard near the shining hearth, and a pair of tiny andi rons, with their little black dog faces looking straight at us, made me laugh outright with plea sure.

And this, be it remembered, kind reader, was our best, our very best room; was it not a beauty in my eye, and was there ever a happier or prouder little maiden than this very self, as I thought this is to be mine, my own home?

The kitchen, although with less costly materials, was furnished nearly the same, except that in one corner was an array of burnished pans, kettles, pails, and so forth. Under the shelves, a long line of new wooden tubs, and all thing essen tial to a good housekeeper's comfort. They spoke loudly of scalding suds and heaps of unwashed linens, clothes pins and lines, red fingers, blustering winds and freezing cold days, but I was not afraid of them, for I had been educated by parents, industrious and economical, who never forgot that soul and body were united, and therefore were to be educated together.

But I have dwelt enough on minute particulars: suffice it to say, that the whole cottage was tasteful and neat without and within; a perfect little nest of comfort.

Well, we were married; time sped on, shook his trembling finger at us, but "touched us gently." Our hearts grew more united, my William was temperate and frugal, and we prospered.

By and by a letter came to us, from relatives whom we never expected to behold; and the first we had ever received from them, stating that they were tired of a city residence; also, their wish that we would look out for a large and convenient cottage, as they should remove thither the next spring.

For the first time, my best room, in fact, everything, looked too small; and my furniture had a thin coating of meanness. I had often heard from my uncle, who had visited them when he went to the city, that they were wealthy, lived superbly, and everything about them was on a grand scale.

Their cottage was selected, a new and beautiful one, situated on a gentle declivity, surrounded by lovely orchards, and a little distance from a most romantic waterfall, and in the rear of rich grounds, which, if cultivated, might become a fragrant and delightful garden.

They came on; or rather the lady, with her children and furniture came first, and in a week after their arrival, were settled in their new house. Never shall I forget the morning, when I made ready to receive her first visit. Everything, however clean and shining it might be, required a second and thorough scrubbing or rubbing. Baby was taken up, its little frock smoothed, its clean rosy face wiped over and over again. The little looking glass in the clock, (by the way we had no other) was consulted at least a dozen times, to see if the then young lady, writing this little reminiscence, was dressed with sufficient taste. Husband's hair was smoothly combed and curled, and his hat drawn closely over his brows, with an injunction not to take it off for fear the wind would blow it awry while he was at work; and it would never do for him to comb it before the lady, to be sure.

His nice wedding suit, too, was laid carefully upon the bed, that he might slip quietly up stairs, when he saw the visiter approaching; and everything was in readiness by two o'clock.

By and by a carriage was seen winding slowly down the road, and my heart beat with anticipation, I will not say fear, as I took a hasty survey of the apartment, smoothed baby's frock down once more, and saw husband skip by me, and leap up the stairs two at a time.

As it neared the little path, which we had dignified with the name of 'Wild Rose Path,' and stopped, a lady, I supposed, for I hardly knew, stepped out and walking leisurely along met me at the door. By her side ran a little white headed fellow plucking my choice plants, without hindrance or a denial from his mother.

I did my best to welcome her, and she entered with me, and passed along through the room, as though, (poor I thought,) she was to be ushered into a better.

I blushingly offered her one of my yellow wooden chairs, upon which she sat with great condescension.

Declining to take off her bonnet and shawl she began, in a very small tone indeed, to converse with me; praised my baby, said *it was very fat*, and rosy; enquired about my parents and my husband, and then sat very stiff and silent. Not so with the boy; spying my cupboard, he pointed his puny hand at it, crying out—

"Ma, ma, that's such a cupboard as you gave Meney for her parlor, 'aint it? You know Meney, don't you?" he continued turning towards me, "she used to be mama's chambermaid, but she's married now."

I was foolish enough to feel mortified and I know I appeared so; but just then my William came down, looking so noble and handsome, that I felt confidence immediately. As I introduced him, I was pleased to see Mrs. Montgomery look at him with some astonishment. His clear, full eye never flinched at her gaze, and he returned her bow with the air of a prince; I'm sure I was proud of him then.

Very soon after, the lady, with her ill bred boy departed; perhaps as glad to leave, as I was to say "good by."

William laughed heartily, as I related the incident about the cupboard; but I could not so readily overlook it, and wished the poor unoffending thing, I forget now, but believe it was somewhere in Guinea.

Let me hasten. The visit was returned—the magnificent parlors opened for us, the lady's three children, dressed in Parisian elegance, were paraded before us, with 'he of the cupboard' at their head. They insisted upon our staying to tea, to show their munificence I suppose, and we accordingly sat down to a table loaded with silver plate, and overloaded with delicacies.

Let me here hint, that "parlor" was a word almost unknown in that time; many very wealthy farmers resided here, but they all had nothing more nor better than a 'best room," plainly furnished and sparingly decorated. Pride had not even found a resting place for the sole of her foot.

I returned home rather discontented; the best room, I will not disguise it, looked thoroughly mean. The walls, too, seemed desolate, the floor covered with poverty's carpet, that is, no carpet at all.

Baby was cross, (the poor little creature had taken cold,) all was out of humor and every thing seemed wrong. Instead of our cheerful fireside

chat, an oppressive silence weighed down our spirits for some time.

At last—before I was aware, I murmured, "I wished we had one."

"What is it, Ellen, a parlor?" exclaimed William, divining my thoughts. "well, you shall have one, but you will find no more happiness in it, than in our snug and comfortable little room."

"But can we afford it?" I asked almost beside myself with pleasure.

"Yes," he replied, "I can afford to buy furniture for a parlor, but I am afraid you will then be discontented with the rest of our house."

"O no! no!" was my answer; "we can take the large room up stairs, that has never been used; and then I should rather have down stairs just as it is, because it will look as if we studied comfort, you know."

My husband's keen glance, and my own answer condemned me instantly; yet he seemed to feel a sort of pleasure in my enthusiasm, and finally informed me that he had spoken with a gentleman respecting some handsome furniture, which he could have very cheap, as it was second hand, though it had been in use not over a month

"You must go to-morrow and see it yourself, and choose such articles as you want," he added.

To this I joyfully assented, and full of pleasing anticipation, I retired to rest.

In the morning, with a beating heart I prepared for my excursion. It would take the greater part of the day to go and return.

"What will we do with Willie?" asked my husband.

"Carry him over to mother's, dear, of course," I replied; "he is asleep now, and I can take him nicely wrapped up, without any trouble." I started as I bent over the cradle.

"He looks feverish and breathes hard," said William; "are you not almost afraid to leave him so long?"

"He does not, indeed, seem very well," was my reply, "but then I can go to-morrow?"

"No, this afternoon the sale comes off."

For a moment I was undecided. "You know he has been just this way often, William," I ventured to say, "and mother is a better nurse than I am; besides he dont seem so very unwell either; I think we had better go, it is only a little cold that he has taken."

"Just as you say," he replied; and accordingly we carried my little treasure and gave it in charge of my excellent mother. A singular feeling came over me as I laid it in her arms, and I lingered, almost hoping she would tell me I had better not leave it.

In a moment this had passed, and I was on my way to G———. When we arrived there it was near noon. It took some time to select and determine what articles I wanted, and when we seated ourselves in the wagon it was almost three o'clock. I had never before been so long away from my baby; and oh! how my heart yearned to clasp it again.

It seemed to me, as I neared my father's house, that lightning speed would not have been swift enough for me, and when William reined in the horse, I sprang from the wagon without assistance, ran to the hall door, and was just opening it, when, to my astonishment, Dr. Grey, our family physician, came out, but not recognizing me, as it was quite dark, passed on.

For a moment I almost sank upon the door-step. A faintness, deathlike, came over me, a fearful presentiment weighed down my spirits. Yet I dared not stay. William had secured the horse and come after me, as I bounded in and wended my way up the dark staircase to my mother's room. I dared not enter. I trembled like an aspen leaf, and my breath seemed almost gone as I listened. All was quiet, save now and then a singular noise, and I thought, a sob. William, to shared in my wretched forebodings. At last he whispered:

"Some of the family is sick: we had better enter at once,"

"No, no, not yet," I whispered, "William, can it be our baby? Can it be our Willie?"

My husband passed his arm around my waist to support me, as a voice exclaimed in a tone of anguish—"Oh! if his mother were only here!" then opening the door, almost carried me into the room

What a fearful scene was there before me. My boy, my darling little Willie, was struggling in the agonies of death.

White as a corpse, his dark eyes wild and restless, his bosom heaving while the hoarse rattling breath escaped, oh! what a sight for a mother.

My parents stood on each side of the bed, my brothers and sisters were weeping all around me, for Willie was almost an idol in our family. As I stood for a second speechless and nearly bewildered my baby saw me; he must have recognized me, for he raised his white arm toward me, and almost ceased that terrible breathing.

I rushed towards him, and pushing the mourners aside, raised him in my arms, and clasped him tightly to my bosom. How can I forget that wild beating heart, that laid so close to mine in the death hour?

"Mother," I exclaimed with tearless eyes, "he cannot be dying, he must not die, call in Doctor Grey; he must save him, I cannot part with my boy now, oh! Father in Heaven," I continued, as I saw the mist creeping over those beautiful eyes, and the livid blue, around the dear little lips, "Why did I leave my child?" I laid him upon my lap, and parted the silken hair, on his tender forhead; clasped my hands, and wildly, aye sinfully prayed God to spare him; then I pressed my hands heavily upon my eyes, and strove to forget that it was a reality. When I looked again the little lips were wreathed into a lovely smile, the dark eyes upturned to my own, he breathed gently yet quickly—the agony was passed. For an hour I sat with that beautiful head upon my arm, dreaming that he was only sleeping, as had been his wont in the hushed twilight.

Then, and not till then, did the whole weight of my wo fall upon my deadened spirit; I arose, laid him on the bed, to be robed for his burial, and sank down insensible beside him.

It was noon, on the day following. I had not seen my boy since he died. Weak and exhausted from mental suffering, I crept from my chamber into the room below, to take one more look of all that remained of Willie.

I entered softly—my husband stood over the coffin, weeping as only a man may weep in bitterness. Not a reproachful look or word had he given me since that fatal hour. I stole beside him and mingled my tears with his. He had just placed a white rosebud within the little plump hand of our baby, and it laid sweetly on his breast, as he laid upon his cold pillow. As we stood silently together, the heavy rumbling of cart wheels sounded in my ear. In another moment Alice, my little niece, put her head softly within the door, and almost whispered, while her lip quivered with grief, "Aunt Ella, the furniture has come; where shall it be put?"

My anguish, who can tell at this fearful announcement? William's frame shook with emotion.

The coveted furniture was the cause of all my sorrow; had I taken my babe when I first saw the symptoms of the cruel disease—the croup;

had I not been so craving, my beautiful babe had been spared me; for so the doctor assured me, would have been, in all probability, the case.

"O, William!" I exclaimed, "can you ever forgive—can you ever love me again?"

I shall never forget his answer. Lifting my head from his shoulder, he replied gently:

"Ellen, who else have I to love now, but you?"

Well, it is all past, yet it seems but yesterday. I heard the heavy clods rattle on his coffin; yet regrets are useless now; he is a happy angel in heaven. I did not keep the furniture, and though it may seem foolish, I cannot endure the word 'parlor.'

The furniture I disposed of, for I could not bear the sight of that which caused me to neglect my babe; and when I see a young mother more anxious for show and company than the welfare of her child, I remember the dreadful occurrences that accompanied my efforts to furnish "my first parlor."

Soft shadows crept all around the bower, and twilight was gathering them together, as Anna finished the little sketch which her grandmother had furnished her. Tears stood in her eyes as she arose and murmured:

"I almost wish we were not to have a parlor."

"Say, rather," exclaimed a manly voice, "that you will never allow vanity to take the place of affection in your heart, even for a moment."

The young girl turned and beheld her lover, who had been standing near, unknown to her.

"I have heard all you have been reading, from your grandfather; but come, the night air is damp; let us go into the house, dear Anna; but before we depart, let us promise each other, that we will always be careful in thought, word and deed: then we may look back with delight, instead of regret, upon our *first parlor*."—*Boston Traveller*.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

JAMES RIVER, May 1, 1848.

What idea do people form of James River?—That it is a dark, low, inconsiderable stream, struggling its way through a low, flat, vapid country, and then losing itself in Chesapeake Bay? Nothing can be more erroneous. It is a broad, bold, athletic river, pushing vigorously and vivaciously for the sea. Those indeed are noble waters all around that region where it has its embrochure.—They are characteristically *American*,—ample, rich, rolling their volume in majesty along, as if proud of the country to which they belong. Yonder below, is that basin of water called Hampton Roads, sufficient to float the navies of the world. Old Point Comfort juts out its green bosom into the cold waters, while the huge fortress opposite reposes sullenly on its submerged stone-built foundation. It was named after that plain, quiet, hard-working President, James Monroe, who, having felt the disadvantages of a defenceless state in time of war, entered on the expenditure of millions for military defences. If Monroe was lavish of the public money, he was not niggardly of his own, for he had little to spare of his $200,000 at the end of his term, A. D. 1825. I recollect seeing him on the evening of the third of March in the Chamber of Representatives, wearing and old plaid cloak after the fashion of that day, quite worn and faded. It was the expiring hour of his Presidential life, and he who was never ostentatious, felt less than ever like making a show. The occasion was the delivery of a lecture by Robert Owen, Sen., father of the late Indiana representative. He was a dull lecturer, long, prosy, involved, obscure, so that one could not know "what he would be at." Yet he fancied himself the predestined Regenerator and Restorer of the social condition of man, the Liberator of his race from conventional prejudices and civilized despotism. Where are the results of his long and wearisome labors?

The next day Monroe resigned the cares and honors of State to John Quincy Adams, on whom the burden fell with great weight. The democracy of the country was angry at his election, and resolved to "spare no arrows" until they had disenthroned one of the purest and noblest statesmen that was ever entrusted with office. Monroe retired to mingle his dust with the Virginia soil, like that of Washington, Jefferson and Madison. Travelling up this river brings these things to mind. Then, too, we have just passed the house where Gen. Harrison was born. It is in Berkley county, and stands right on the margin of the river,—a large, lofty, fine looking house, constructed of brick in the fashion of the last century, and the early part of this, and preserved in good order. The plantation around appeared to be flourishing. This spot the old General visited just before his inauguration, and in one of the private rooms of the mansion, frequently occupied by his mother, is said to have composed that paragraph of his Inaugural, in which he expresses the most elevated views of the dignity and importance of the Christian religion.

But there is one thought that besets the mind like a spectre while traversing this stream. It is, that over its bosom floated the first slave-ship that ever cursed these waters. That was a dark and ominous hour, pregnant with evils to our beloved country. Oh, had that day and that deed been blotted from the roll of time! The landing of that cargo was like the opening of Pandora's box.—How widely has the plague been diffused! What a feverish action is it this moment giving to the circulation in the body politic. And where slumber the power that can eradicate it from the vital blood of the republic? But for this, what a commerce would enrich the Capes of Virginia; what fleets of merchant ships would swarm in her noble waters, what merchant princes would dwell in rich and flourishing cities.

Norfolk, so finely situated, is said to have reached the maximum of population, at which it has slowly arrived—fifteen thousand—perhaps a third of those being negroes, or the descendants of imported slaves. Western Virginia is pressing upon Eastern, and demanding emancipation. It wishes to throw off the unsightly carcase. But difficulties thicken around the work. Garrison abolitionists are constantly throwing obstacles in the way. These reprisals on the property of slaveholders, as they and the Constitution regard it, provoke the pride and wrath of men who may be won, but will not be driven into any path of duty.—That Potomac expedition has put far back the cause of emancipation. At the same time Southern men feel that they are threatened by the steadily advancing tide. So Senator Butler of South Carolina expressed himself recently. The spirit of emancipation, like some invisible power, is believed to be drawing its parallels closer and closer to the entrenchment of the slaveholder, and to be preparing the way for demanding an unconditional surrender. This will never be made without a struggle, that will convulse the very foundations of society. Looking at this fine country, it does seem lamentable that the foot of a slave ever put its fatal imprint on the soil; but Virginia is silently throwing off the hideous thing, and will one day be revealed in her beauty. But to insolent dictation she will never submit. She, and she alone, must do it; for if there be a point in the whole circle of the political system, on which the slaveholding States are sensitive and uncompromising, it is the point of State sovereignty.

Higher up the river is the site of old James-

town, where the first colony was planted, and so often withered away.

What a struggle for existence was that! How far more promising is that colony on the coast of Africa. If it be not a moral miracle, it is a wonderful enterprise, crowned with a success unsurpassed if not unprecedented, in the history of colonies. Not Jamestown, but Richmond—not Plymouth, but Boston, were destined to be the capitals of the two mother commonwealths, the parents of a progeny of States, the fame of whose enterprise, wealth, and power, has filled the world. Hither are turned the eyes of those people that have so long groaned under the ancient despotisms of the Old World. How rapidly has Republican stock risen in the year 1848!

RICHMOND, May 2.

Arrived at the capital—the city of hills and vallies—of wealth and hospitality—the most growing town in the State. Beautiful churches have arisen on every side, their tall narrow spires shooting high in the air. Noble dwellings adorn these spacious streets, but let us pass by them all, and look for *Marshall* street, for there is the old house where lived the great Jurist of the Republic, after whom the street is named, familiarly called in Virginia the "Old Chief;" that calm, keen-eyed, intellectual, cogitative man, whose library was in his head, and whose steady hand held so gracefully the scale of Justice. Here he lived in this house which stands at the intersection of two streets, an old fashioned porch affording entrance on two sides of the domicile, and a few old trees occupying at random points the area of the yard. Other inmates than those of the family now inhabit the dwelling, but the spirit of the great man seems to linger round the place of his domestic repose, for a domestic man he was, whose strong and tender affections clung around the sacred shrine of HOME with a childish devotion. He had no fancy for pomp and parade anywhere—not even on the lofty judicial bench in the temple of justice—much less amid the serene associations of home. Walking to the cemetary on the confines of the city, I stood beside a grave, on which pressed a tabular monument with this inscription:

"Sacred to the memory
of
Mrs. MARY WILLIS MARSHALL,
Consort of John Marshall.
Born 13th of March, 1766,
Departed this life of the 28th day of December, 1831.
This stone is devoted to her memory by him
Who best knew her worth,
And most deplores her loss."

It was from the hand of her husband, John Marshall, who survived her four years, and then took his rest by her side. There, beneath a single monument, reared by the hand of filial affection, reposes the dust of that great expounder of law, and umpire of contending States. The city of Richmond, it is said, asked the privilege, and offered the pledge, to erect a noble mausoleum to the illustrious dead, but neither enjoyed the one, nor redeemed the other. This corporate negligence must not be ascribed either to the diminution of esteem or the decay of veneration for that renowned name, but probably to that spirit of procrastination and forgetfulness, so common to collective bodies, which are truly said to have no souls.—Ready hands and devoted hearts supplied the deficiency, so that there is no air of neglect around the grave of the Jurist, such as is said to be visible around that of Jefferson. Not a line of eulogy is carved on the monument of the Chief Justice—the time of his birth, marriage, and death, only being inscribed. He was born in 1755, and died in 1835; so that he was literally an *octogenarian*, and such an one!

News from Europe.

EXCITING SCENE IN PARIS.—Only last Sunday Paris was the scene of one of those extraordinary demonstrations which can only occur in that capital. Fortunately it passed off without bloodshed; but whether the causes which occasioned it, and which may produce its recurrence at any moment are not still actively at work, our readers shall judge. A. M. Blanqui, stung to madness by the publication of certain papers alleged to be found at M. Guizot's, which impeached his political character, fulminated a most bitter philippic against the Provisional Government, declared the documents published to be forgeries, and inveighed against M. Marrast and M. Lamartine in terms not easily to be forgiven. He swore to overthrow the government, and he appears to be a man whose ultra opinions give him no little influence with the communist party. It seems that a plot was actually formed to intimidate the Provisional Government, eject M. Lamartine, M. Marrast, and other moderate members therefrom, and form a new government consisting of Ledru-Rollin, Cabet, Blanqui, Albert, Louis Blanc, Flocon, Arago, Raspail, and Pierre le Roux. A meeting was accordingly got up at the Champs de Mars, on Sunday, with this ulterior object. Blanqui harangued the mob.

However, Lamartine and Marrast having got previous intelligence of the plot, circumvented their designs. The national guards, as well as the mobiles, were called out, and the critical state of things, which threatened a complete reign of terror, furnished the Government with a pretence to call in the military, all classes now deeming the lately proscribed troops of the line as the defenders of order, life and property. A couple of regiments were brought into Paris. Cannon, for the first time since the Revolution, was placed before the Hotel de Ville. Of the National Guards of Paris no fewer than 120,000 assembled on the quays and boulevards, joined by 40,000 of the *banlieu* or suburbs; to these were added 20,000 of the *gardes mobiles*, and this body, between which and the national guards some jealousy had previously existed, *fraternised* as they passed each other, and their common differences were buried in oblivion. The peace of Paris was thus secured. The usual exhibitions and speeches took place before the Hotel de Ville, and the cause of the communists sank apparently into insignificance.

A counter demonstration is of course threatened. In the course of the tumult at the Hotel de Ville, Cabet stigmatised Lamartine as a traitor to the republic. Lamartine withdrew, and, having consulted with his colleague, orders to arrest Cabet were issued in the course of the evening. There can be no doubt that the whole affair tended to strengthen materially the moderate party in the Provisional Government. Another "unlimited" circular, published in Paris, on Saturday last, in the name of M. Ledru-Rollin, contributed very greatly to indispose the Parisians to countenance the communists. Its violent tendency rendered the name of M. Ledru-Rollin so unpopular that he was compelled to disavow its authenticity, and that it had been issued from his department without his knowledge and sanction.

It is evident that the sensible and moderate men of the Provisional Government have been secretly, if not openly, at variance with the extreme party. On the Saturday evening previous to the Sunday's demonstration, high words took place between M. Marrast and M. Ledru Rollin in the Council. M. Ledru Rollin applied the opprobrious term *lache*, or coward, to M. Marrast, whom he accused of betraying his principles; M. Marrast followed this up by a blow; he struck M. Ledru Rollin, and the other members interfered and

prevented further violence. Indeed, it is openly asserted, that the plot of Blanqui and Cabet, on the Sunday, which so signally failed, was favored, if not concerted, by the extreme party in the Provisional Government, which, if it be true, must lead to its speedy re-construction.

Thus stood matters on Monday. On that evening Blanqui harangued his club, inciting them, in the most violent language, to arm and overthrow the Government. He invited the people to pay no more taxes, to raise the wages of the workmen to five francs per day, and compel the rich to minister to the wants of the sick and aged proletarians—the new classical name for the "shirtless." Commissaries were appointed to come to an understanding with a vast number of other clubs who advocate similar principles. It is now evident that the contest between the moderate clubs and their more violent antagonists has fairly commenced. The *rappel* was again beaten on the morning of Tuesday, the 18th. Vast numbers of National Guards were kept under arms during several hours, perhaps with a view to weary them out, and the whole capital was kept in a continual state of terror and confusion. It was stated that both Blanqui and Cabet were arrested by order of the Government. The report is put forth actively that the members of the Provisional Government are now again on friendly terms, and that all differences have ceased.

But whilst secret arrests of the communists are taking place in different parts of Paris, it is idle to count upon the permanence of tranquility for a single day.

Free Suffrage in England.—We perceive that an attempt is about to be made to get up a fresh agitation for the purpose of obtaining an extension of the suffrage, an equitable arrangement of taxation, a reduction of expenditure, and a general advance of reform principles throughout Great Britain and Ireland. A meeting has been held in the metropolis, at which, we understand, about forty members of Parliament assisted.

Mr. Hume has been appointed chairman, and Mr. Cobden vice-chairman of the new association. The names of the Radical party who assembled at the meeting have been published; and we see amongst them those of Sir Wm. Molesworth, R. Osborne, W. J. Fox, Dr. Bowring, J. Bright, W. Scholefield, J. Macgregor, Colonel Thompson, T. Wakley, and all those names which are usually to be found in the division lists of the Liberals, and which may be classed as the extreme Radical party.

The Scotch Chartists.—Intelligence has reached us of the regular organization of the Chartist forces in Scotland. A public meeting has been held at Aberdeen, for the purpose of electing a delegate to the "National Convention," and measures were adopted for the enrolment of volunteers. After the public meeting about 1,000 persons adjourned to the Union Hall. Five hundred members were enrolled as a "National Guard;" and after some correspondence with Birmingham, respecting the supply of arms, had been read, it was resolved, that a gun and a bayonet should be ordered for each member forthwith.

Lord Brougham's Application to the French Government.—Lord Brougham, in presenting the petition from the Earl of Dundonald on the national defences, took occasion to state, with reference to his application to the French Government to be naturalized in order that he might become a French citizen, that his sole object was the protection of his property in that country; and, in desiring to become a French citizen, he did not wish to divest himself of his rights as a British subject. It must not, however, be supposed that by this step he had shown any favor to the French Republic, or that his opinions as to a Republican form of Government were at all modified.

The War in Denmark.—The Schleswig and Holstein Duchies are now the seat of open war.—We were enabled in our last number to record the first actual battle which has taken place, in which the Danes were victorious. No fewer than 1400 fell on both sides, including members of the noblest families in the country. The corps of students were completely cut up or taken prisoners by the Danes. The whole of the Prussian troops have now advanced into the Danish territory.—The artillery was to cross the Eider on the 13th inst. A skirmish was reported to have taken place since, near Eickenforde, in which the Danes were defeated; but, if true, it must have been an inconsiderable affair, and not likely to have any influence on the ultimate success of the campaign.

In Prussia there seems a growing feeling that the Polish-Prussian provinces would be relinquished; but the uncertainty which yet prevails respecting the movements of Russia, leaves all those questions which virtually affect the political existence of Eastern Europe in a state of abeyance. Prussia seems proceeding vigorously to arm her vast population.

Congressional.

Senate.—Mr. Dix presented resolutions of the Legislature of New York in favor of the payment of French claims, from spoliations prior to 1800.

Mr. Upham presented a resolution of the Vermont Legislature in favor of Mr. Whitney's Railroad project.

The Yucatan bill was then taken up and after a personal explanation between Messrs. Calhoun and Foote, Mr. Houstot made an able speech in support of the bill. He defended the war with Mexico, and charged that annexation produced the war, and not the march of troops to the Rio Grande, which no more produced the war than the march of Gen. Taylor's force to Corpus Christi.

Mr. Jefferson Davis moved to take up the volunteer bill, which would give the President the necessary means to act promptly.

Mr. Johnson of Md., moved that the bill be laid on the table, which was debated by Messrs. Hannegan, Calhoun, Houston, Crittenden and Westcott. After its passage Mr. Cass moved to call upon the President for all correspondence relating to Yucatan, which was adopted.

House—After the transaction of unimportant business, Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, moved that the House resolve itself into a committee of the whole, on the state of the Union. Adopted.

Mr. Hilliard, of Alabama, in the chair, and took up the Land Bounty bill, in favor of officers promoted from the private ranks of the army, and others.

The bill and the amendment was discussed at some length, which closed by confusion and uproar in the way of numerous and ridiculous amendments.

The Committee finally rose and reported the bill without any amendments, which was read a third time and passed.

Senate.—Mr. Johnson's resolutions calling on the President for information in regard to the nomination of certain officers of the Army, was postponed till tomorrow.

Several adverse reports were submitted by the Committee in relation to private claims, which were adopted.

The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the Yucatan bill, and Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, addressed the Senate, discussing the question involved in the bill at considerable length.

When he had concluded Mr. NILES obtained the floor, and the Senate adj.

HOUSE.—The House took up the Wisconsin bill and passed it as amended in Committee.

Mr. BOCOCK addressed the House upon a motion formally made by him to reconsider the bill regulating the compensation of Postmasters. He said that the postmasters derived an increase rather than a diminution of the compensation. The reconsideration was carried, and after various amendments had been effected to the bill it was referred to the Postoffice Committee.

The House went into Committee of the Whole, TOOMBS, of Ga., in the chair, and took up the Revolutionary Bill.

Mr. ROCKWELL spoke warmly in defence and justification of his former speeches, in which he exposed certain blunders and mis-statements of the Secretary of the Treasury. He brought up fresh charges of errors, and produced vouchers to prove his assertions.

This subject was farther discussed by Messrs. Strong, Vinton and Sawyer.

After which several amendments were offered to the bill, but without action.

The committee rose and the House adjourned

WASHINGTON, May 12.

SENATE.—A message was received from the House of Representatives, announcing the passage of a bill for the admission of Wisconsin into the Federal Union, which was read twice and referred to the Committee on Territories.

Mr. Douglass, of Illinois, asked and obtained leave to bring in a bill from the Committee on the Public Lands, in favor of granting public lands to Iowa for the construction of a railroad connecting the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, which was read twice.

Mr Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, from the Committee on Private Land Claims, reported a bill amending the act for the adjustment of land claims in Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi, and in parts of Louisiana and Alabama.

Mr. Bagby, of Alabama, moved to take up the bill for the payment of interest on moneys advanced by Alabama for advances made to the Government of the United States, during the hostilities with the Creek Indians. The motion was agreed to, and the bill came np, on Mr. Pierce's amendment of extending the principle to all the States which had advanced money to the Government, which, after some discussion, was adopted. The bill as amended was then read a second and third time and passed.

Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, moved to take up the bill relating to Bounty Lands, reversing the decision of the Commissioner of Pensions in relation thereto. After being amended and considered, it was read a third time and passed.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, moved to take up his resolution, calling upon the President to communicate to the Senate the names of officers serving in the army, whose nominations had been withheld from the Senate, with his reasons for so doing, which was agreed to, when Mr. Johnson resumed his speech in support of the resolution, and reply to Mr. Allen. He mainly directed his argument in defence of what he conceived to be the constitutional rights of the Senate, and of the limitations to Executive authority. After he had concluded, the subject was informally laid aside.

After the transaction of some other business of no leading interest, Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, moved that the Senate go into Executive session, which was agreed to; and, after some time spent therein, the doors were opened and the Senate adjourned till Saturday, (to-morrow.)

HOUSE.—The House met at 11 A. M., and was called to order by the Speaker, when the journal was read and approved. After the transaction of some routine business,

Mr. Goggin, of Virginia, moved to reconsider yesterday's vote respecting the compensation of postmasters, which was carried; but the bill was passed and sent to the Senate.

Mr. Rockwell, of Conn., moved that the House proceed to the consideration of the regular order of business, which was agreed to; whereupon the House resolved itself into a committee of the whole on the state of the Union, Mr. Cabell, of Florida, in the chair, when the private calendar was taken up.

The first thing in order was the bill for the relief of Mr. Mead, which was discussed at length by Mr. Woodward, of South Carolina, Mr. Lincoln, of Illinois, Mr. McLane, of Maryland, and others. The committee rose and reported the bill to the House.

A motion was made to lay the bill on the table. The yeas and nays were demanded, and resulted in the affirmative, by yeas 118, nays 38. On motion, the House then adjourned over till to-morrow, Saturday.

CHIHUAHUA.—The Official Register of Durango says that private letters state that 400 of the American forces in the capital of Chihuahua and Rosales, were advancing with four pieces of artillery to take up a position at Rio Florido, and that a battalion of 500 Texans had left Saltillo, in the direction of Bolson de Mapimi, and 900 more toward the frontier of Zacatecas.

The Vice Governor of the State sent a note to Gen. Price on the 4th ult., requesting him to withdraw his forces to the line which they occupied before the 1st of March last, according to the stipulation of the articles of the armstice.

The editor adds: "We do not know the general's reply, but private letters state that he has said that he is not subject to Gen. Butler, but to his Government at home, from which alone he will receive orders." The Progresso has a similar statement, on the authority of a private letter, substituting the name of Gen. Scott instead of Gen. Butler.

PAREDES.—Paredes at last advices was at San Luis. He was at liberty, and does not seem to have any knowledge of the purpose of the Supreme Government to arrest him. He is living in a retired manner, and is making no public demonstration in behalf of his favorite projects.—*New Orleans Picayune, May 5th.*

FRAUDS IN OPIUM.—About twenty cases of opium were sold at auction today by John Tyler. It was imported from Smyrna and Liverpool in various vessels, and to all appearances was of equally good quality. Notwithstanding this, however, its price varied from $3 45, $1 35, 6 cents to 3 cents per pound. An exposition of the fraud was made at the sale. It is said to consist in the extraction of the morphine, or vital principle of the drug, before exportation. This fraudulent opium was invoiced at a lower price than that of the first quality, but still greatly above its real value.—*Boston Traveller of Monday.*

THUNDER STORM.—We learn from a gentleman who came from Auburn yesterday morning, that a very severe thunder storm occurred at that place on Saturday afternoon. The Telegraph office was the special rendezvous of the electric fluid. All communication eastward from this place by the wires was stopped for the day.—*Rochester American.*

For the Western Literary Messenger.

A Ballad.

"He told me I was beautiful;—
As beautiful as young,
And praises clothed in burning words,
Fell from his flattering tongue.

"I thought his heart was all my own,
'Twould never go astray.
But woe to me, when last we met,
He coldly turned away.

"The smiles that once were mine alone,
Another maiden bless;
And hers are now, each burning vow,
And hers, each kind caress.

"The hopes which fancy painted bright,
Were, fleeting as the dew,
The vows he spoke, how soon he broke!
How soon he proved untrue!"

Thus mourned a sad forsaken one,
And thus her tale she told,
Where gliding through its ancient woods,
The Juniata rolled.

Poor girl!—a lesson sad she learned,
But not more sad than true:
The love inspired by beauty's charms,
Is fleeting as the dew.

BUFFALO, April 21, 1846. P. S.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Loose Ends of Thought.

Thoughts in the mind may come forth gold or dross—
When coined in words, we know their real worth.—

A thought is so much gained worth saving, and when written down it is *there*. It is so much of the crude ore, at any rate, which may be assayed and its value ascertained, or its worthlessness discovered at our leisure. If of worth, it may prove the precursor of others of equal or greater importance.

To any one the practice of recording his thoughts is useful—improving to the mind and chastening to the imagination. To examine and fix our opinions on right and real grounds, we should look at them on all sides—view them in different lights, which can be accomplished most thoroughly when they are written before us.

Many valuable ideas have been lost at the time, because they were not committed to the keeping of paper—but those of no worth, though recorded upon leaves of brass or pillars of stone, have gone to a deeper oblivion. No word of truth having once fit utterance, shall wholly perish, but falsehood and cant shall crumble the monuments, and mildew the page to whose care their promulgation has been given.

To know how easy—yet how difficult to *do*. One may be perfectly convinced that a certain course is the only proper one, yet have very little power or inclination to walk there in—may understand well *what should be*, yet be content to let *what is*, however far from it, remain unchanged. O, how evil passions and habits will cling to the soul, making one despise himself that he is so powerless and changeable. Happy is he whom it leads to the "STRONG for strength to break the galling chain. Self-reliance can never do it We are never stronger than when we feel most deeply our weakness and insufficiency.

Thoughts of which we know not the origin or the occasion, and that glance thro' the mind so quickly that we can neither record nor remember them—all dim and shadowy as they are, often exert an immeasurable influence upon our actions and feelings. Why do we think of this thing or that at such an opportune moment, at times—and at others when the occasion and place for it are past, or have not yet arrived? What vague and unexplained law of association and reflection governs the flow of our ideas?

A spirit of perverseness sometimes seizes us and makes us act contrary to our better feelings—makes us do little disagreeable things just because we *should not* do them. This furnishes the only satisfactory solution of one-half the quarrels between the best of friends. It rather grates upon our self-love to feel that they possess, however worthily, so much power over us,—so we, in some such way, attempt to show off our independence.

Little opportunities of doing good are neglected by many, while waiting for an occasion to perform great acts of charity. Few have the *will* and the *means* for high deeds of benevolence, hence none should forget that the cup of cold water was commended and written in Heaven, while the rich man's alms, heralded abroad by the trumpet, had its empty and short-live tones for their only blazon.

Experience, on most subjects, gives by far the best materials for conversation—but on some, those who know, are those who say and think the least.

I long for Peace—the peace serene that laps
The spirit in realms of rapt Elysium.
A peace that breathes an air of calm content—
A holy joy—a thrill of quiet bliss,
Where we ask nothing more but to be 'left
All undisturbed, to finish out our dreams:—
Love fills our souls, and we are well beloved,
No torturing doubts, or boding fears disturb,
But Honor, Love, and Truth, bear sovereign sway.

ROYALTON, N. Y. J. H. BIXBY.

A GENEROUS MAN.—Acts of kindness and generosity are so rare and unfrequent, at the present day, that when they do occur, they seem like a refreshing shower, falling upon the parched earth. Our readers all recollect the melancholy explosion of Claudius C. Williams' fire works establishment, which occurred last week; by that unfortunate accident he lost all, but, through the kindness of friends, he was at once enabled to recommence business. Mr. W. having occasion to purchase some lumber, called upon Mr. D. Allen, of Jamestown, N. Y., who had an abundance of that article at our wharf. Mr. Allen let him have all he wanted, utterly refused security, and gave

Mr. W. his own time to pay the debt. This is pure and disinterested friendship, and particularly so, when we reflect that Mr. W. was an entire stranger to Mr. Allen. Such acts of goodness, in these selfish days of money-making mania, deserve to be recorded.—*Cincinnati Chron.*

THE PROGRESS OF THE GLACIERS.—The following extract gives a melancholy picture of the gradual enlargement and extension of the glaciers, an enemy, by which, however slowly and silently, the fertile valleys of the Alps in Switzerland would seem destined, ultimately, to be overwhelmed and lost to the uses of man. It is from the "*Switzerland in* 1847" of Theodore Mugge, recently translated from the German, and published in England:

"In travelling through the Kander Valley, I had the company of a pleasant, intelligent man, a pastor, who, in spite of rain and wind, gave me a great deal of information concerning the mode of life of the people of his parish, as well as concerning the mountains around, with which he appeared thoroughly acquainted. He confirmed the account I have invariably heard from inhabitants of the country, that the glaciers and masses of ice on the Alps are constantly increasing, and the pasture land diminishing in the same proportion. Many a valley he was himself acquainted with, which in the last century fed large herds of cattle, where now scarcely as many single head can pick up a scanty subsistence. Thus, for instance, the Gasser Valley a hundred years ago afforded pasture for six hundred cows during the summer; fifty years ago about half that number could find food; now it will barely support seventy. The same complaint I heard repeated in many different quarters by the herdsmen on the Furka, and in the Grisons. The ice and snow are continually augmenting; the glaciers are pressing down more and more into the valleys, and filling them up; the temperature is sinking; the soil deteriorating and growing marshy. What can be the cause of this alarming change? Are the Alps rising higher, forced up by some powerful action of subterranean fire? a cause that is conceivable with the chalk formations; or does this alteration of climate proceed from accidental causes of a temporary nature? This much is certain, that where large trees once grew no tree will grow now; and that large roots are found beneath what is now everlasting snow. In some valleys, where the mountain sides are clothed with firs, they are obviously dying away, and no art can make a young plantation prosper. In the Ursern Valley the few pines left by Suwarrow remain, but they do not increase; and, in descending from the Wengner Alp, at the foot of the Jungfrau, to the Grindelwald, you see to the left a number of dying pines, whose blackened branches have as spectral an appearance as those on the Altenfiord, in Norway, beyond the polar circle. On the Wengner Alp itself attempts have been made for years to encourage the growth of trees—they will not succeed; and it is not till three or four hundred feet lower that they flourish in luxuriant vigor."

READERS OF NEWSPAPERS.—It is curious to observe the different effects which the various articles of intelligence have on different persons.—Thus one person will turn up his nose at an article on manufactures and railroads, and look for paragraphs on more frivolous subjects—one delights in a tale of slander; another in an essay replete with pious instruction—one is in ecstacies at meeting with a violent political article; another eschews politics, and looks for romantic incidents or stories—one searches for scientific information, and another snaps at a humorous anecdote or conundrum—one is in raptures with a piece of poetry; another reads eagerly the account of the money market—one devours with eagerness whatever relates to war and military glory, while another reads with delight every paragraph illustrating the blessings of peace—one values a newspaper for its numerous list of deaths, another for its long array of marriages.—*Boston Jour.*

THE BOBALINKS HAVE COME.—Hear what the New Orleans *Picayune* says about them:

The rascals have an instinctive horror for cold lead, and a faculty of dodging out of its way which no other birds, so far as our ornithological knowledge extends, are possessed of. Frequently have we crept directly under a low ash or alder, upon the top of which one of the chatterers was perched, taking deliberate aim, our musket charged with about six inches of powder, and blazed away. Down the bird would come almost to the ground, and when we thought we had him secure, off he would fly. After performing divers fantastic gyrations, and flapping his wings to convince us we had not wounded nor hurt him, he would suddenly stop still in the air, perk knowingly and wickedly in our face, and in the joyousness of his exuberant fancy, would open with a song of his composition, the burthen of which sounded to us something like the following:

"Ha, ha, ha—don't you wish you could? Click bang! Wasn't I off in season? Hiti-ka-dink. Put in more powder. Chicadee, ke de. You had better shoot with a shovel. Ha, ha, ha. You can't come it. Didn't you think you had me? but you didn't though. Call again tomorrow, always find me at home, Chickadee—tip, wheat, never felt so well in all my life. Don't you feel cheap? Ha, ha, ha. Ripsidady. Catch a bobalink asleep. Zitikawheet. You are the greatest fool I ever saw. Licksa-tesplit! rattle-bang. Ha, ha, ha. Go to the deuce. Skeet!"

After indulging in this bit of extemporaneous raillery, and laughing all the while—we could fairly see him laugh—the bobalink would turn and fly off to the next bush, leaving us to load, creep up and bang away again or not, to suit our own fancy. Pert, saucy, noisy, witty fellows are these bobalinks—the Mercutios and Gossamers of the feathered tribe—but they never meddle with politics.

NEW TERRITORIES.—A bill to organize two new Northwestern Territories, designated as Nebraska and Minesota, is now before Congress. Some time since, the Toledo Blade furnished some interesting particulars in relation to Minesota.

Minesota is bounded on the North by Canada West; on the East by Michigan and Wisconsin; on the South by the parallel 43 deg. 30 min., which is the most Northern line of Iowa; and on the West by the River Sioux and Red River of the North. The line separating Minesota from Michigan, is in Lake Superior, and that separating it from Wisconsin, passes along Lake Superior to the falls of the St. Louis river, and thence South till it strikes the river St. Croix, which it follows to the Mississippi. Thence down the Mississippi to lat. 43½, the place of beginning.

Embraced within these boundaries there are about 90,000 square miles—equal to 58,000,000 of acres. It is in nearly the same latitude as the State of Maine. In area it exceeds the Island of Great Britain, and is nearly equal to France. Comparing it with old States—it is as large as New York and Pennsylvania. For the production of wheat and the grasses, its soil and climate are favorable. In commercial advantages, it will not be one of the most favored of the States, nor

yet one of the least. By means of Lake Superior, on which it borders for more than 100 miles, from Pigeon river to Fond du Lac, its northern and middle portion will have cheap communication with all the Lake shores, and the Atlantic, and through the Upper Mississippi and St. Peters, will hold easy intercourse with the whole great valley below.

Lake Superior affords abundance of good harbors, and the Mississippi offers fine navigation up to the Falls of St. Anthony, more than 100 miles above the Southern boundary of Minesota.

With the exception of its Western portion, it is well watered by rivers and lakes. Its lake border is rich in metalliferous deposits.

The most important points in Minesota, at present, and probably for all time to come, are Fond du Lac, at the Western extremity of Lake Superior, and Fort Snelling, near the Falls of St. Anthony.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.—The Siamese twins are living in North Carolina as farmers, and both are married. A correspondent of the Richmond papers, who has recently visited their home, writes some interesting details in relation to their domestic life.

The twins can chop wood remarkably fast, four hands being on the axe at the same time. They also shoot at a mark or game with their four hands resting on the gun. They drive their horses 40 miles to Wilkes, themselves; and do any kind of work about the farm. Mrs. Eng says her husband is very kind to the negroes, and that Chang is very severe with them. Mrs. Eng is also better disposed than Mrs. Chang, although Mrs. Chang is the prettiest. Mrs. Eng is very close and saving; and Mrs. Chang is disposed to indulge in dress and various other expenses. The twins rarely differ about dress; but often differ in their ideas about purchasing negroes or land.—The opinion of Eng is always the law, and Chang readily acquiesces. Eng does all the writing, including the signing of notes and other important papers. Eng is one inch taller than Chang, and Chang's wife is taller than Eng's.

Some old lady in the neighborhood a few days ago asked Eng which was the oldest? and he replied that he was just six months older than his brother. Well, says the old lady, I thought there was about as much difference, for you are pretty considerable bigger than your brother. They are both good in a joke, and the old lady was in earnest. They have a blacksmith's shop on their farm, and a shoemaker's shop also. I saw a good sized frame house that they made, without any assistance; from foundation to roof. At the table they both use a bench, and each has his own knife and fork.

I asked them if they both expected to die at the same time? and they replied that it could not be otherwise; for if the same disease did not take them off at one time, the living one would have to be separated from the dead body, and the act of separation would be his death; but their general impression is that they will both die of the same disease, and at the same time. Their affection for each other is very strong. Any of the neighbors offering an insult to the one, the other immediately resents it; and it would take a champion to cope with them in a rough and tumble fight.—To use an expression of their neighbors, "they fight like cats."

INCIDENTAL ADVANTAGES OF RAILROADS.—Among the incidental advantages which may result from the opening of railroads into the interior, is the discovery of valuable kinds of stone and minerals. Thus in cutting through the hills of Canterbury, N. H., for the Concord and Montreal Railroad, the workmen have discovered soap stone of the very best quality, and apparently of considerable extent, which is of ready sale at $20 a ton. A correspondent in the Concord Congregational Journal, estimates the quarry at 2,000,000 cubic feet, or 166,666 tons; which, at $20 a ton, would amount to the snug little sum of $3,333,320.—*Boston Traveller.*

WHAT CAN BE EFFECTED BY GENIUS AND ELOQUENCE.—A year or two ago the meeting-house in Cranberry street, Brooklyn, was deserted, and sold at auction at about one-half its real value. It was the first presbyterian church built in Brooklyn, its day supposed to be done and it was looked upon as dead property. It was old fashioned and out of repair, it had neither painted windows nor a gothic steeple, and the pious and the fashionable alike neglected it. But the purchaser of it allowed the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, a young man from the West, full of strong impulses and vigorous Americanism to get into the pulpit, and an independent congregation was formed calling themselves the "Plymouth Church;" and people began to crowd to hear the new preacher, who was earnest in his manner and above the refined conventionalism of his order. He had thoughts in his mind and he uttered them without stopping to weigh their consequences, and the fame of his greatness spread and the once deserted church was again crowded with people anxious for something earnest, plain and comprehensible. The following statement from the Journal of Commerce tells the whole story of the result of Mr. Beecher's truthful and zealous preaching.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

GREAT PEW SALE.—The pews in the Plymouth Congregational Church in Brooklyn, (the Rev. Mr. Beecher's,) were rented for one year on Monday evening. There are 150 pews on the main floor. Of these 99 were rented, and a part of the gallery, for the aggregate rent of $6,150 50. The remaining pews on the floor have been, or will be, all taken, and will produce about enough to raise the whole rent to $8,500. One gentleman took the whole gallery on one side, for the purpose of filling it with families who do not feel able to hire seats, or only at a very low price. He has 25 pews for $100, and intends to have a family for each of them. It is an excellent plan for doing good. This house was opened under the new arrangement just a year ago, without either a church or congregation.

INFLUENCE OF RELIGION.—In religion, the strong power of associations in opposition to the convictions of the understanding, is peculiarly worthy of notice, especially in the case of changes from a superstitious to a more rational and liberal creed. The force of a man's education has, perhaps, long held him in bondage, and his whole feelings have become interwoven with the tenets of his sect.—By the enlargement of his knowledge, however, he discovers his early opinions to be erroneous; different conclusions force themselves on his understanding, and his faith undergoes a radical alteration. Yet his former feelings still cling to his mind. A long time must often elapse before he can cast off the authority of his old prepossessions. It is not always that the mind can keep itself at a proper elevation for viewing such subjects in a clear light; and, till it has acquired the power of retaining its vantage ground, it may be reduced to its former state by the influence of vivid recollections, customary circumstances, general opinion, or any thing which may occasionally overpower its vigor or dim its perspicacity. Such men are re-plunged into their old prejudices, exactly in the

same way as he, who has thrown off the superstitions of the nursery, is overpowered, as he passes through a church-yard at midnight, by his infantile associations.—*Bailey.*

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

"EARLY REMINISCENCES of WESTERN NEW-YORK AND THE LAKE REGION.—The address with this title, delivered by JAMES L. BARTON, Esq. before the Young Men's Association, on the 16th of last February, and from which we have already made copious extracts, has, by request of the Committee on Local History, been published in a beautiful pamphlet of sixty nine pages, by Jewett, Thomas & Co. It embodies a vast amount of important facts, which will be of great service to the future historian, and for the collection of which the author of the address is entitled to the grateful acknowledgements of his countrymen. It is concluded in these words:—

"I wished to call the minds of the rising population which is now filling up the country, to the contemplation of these astonishing facts:—That though between the years 1787 and 1847, we were engaged in a three years' war with England, and for seven other years, the whole North Western Territory was disrupted by the Indian difficulties in it, and which impeded the settlement of the country—yet, no more than sixty years have passed away, since the great country around these lakes, from the banks of the Seneca Lake to the Mississippi River, was an unbroken wilderness: That its whole population at that time did not exceed four thousand white inhabitants, without towns or farms, business or agriculture, and that the principal means of subsistence were a little corn and the game in the woods: That this same district of country now contains a vigorous, intelligent and enterprising population, but little if any less than sixty millions, with many large and beautiful cities, rising towns, richly cultivated farms, churches in every direction for the worship of God—colleges, academies, and other institutions of learning in large numbers.—manufactures and the arts in a flourishing condition, and the blessings and comforts of wealth surrounding us in the most profuse manner: That it is but fifty years since the first little vessel was built, that we ever had on these great lakes, which are now covered with the magnificent fleets of steam and sail vessels crowding our port to overflowing, bringing to and carrying away the productions of agriculture and the arts: That the rivers of the west leading from the same district of country, are filled with steam and other craft; and that the annual transit of property through these rivers and over our magnificent lakes, exceeds in value by many millions of dollars, the whole foreign commerce of the Union with all the nations of the world!

"Truly, we have cause to be proud of the land we live in, and of our glorious institutions which permit us to exercise to the fullest extent, the best faculties God has given to us—and a high duty falls upon us, continually to advance the prosperity of, and to be ever ready and willing to guard, preserve, and defend our inheritance."

WISCONSIN ELECTION.—NELSON DEWEY, the Democratic candidate for governor of Wisconsin, has been elected by about 5 or 6,000 majority.—The Democratic ticket generally prevailed.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW for this month is embellished with a likeness of Gov. WILLIAM SMITH, of Va. engraved by T. DOSEY and accompanied by a biography of the same. In addition, it contains sixteen pages of a varied and interesting character, among which are, The United States Constitution, the Growth of the States, The East and West, and the influence of the Telegraph upon Literature. The drift and leading ideas of the last, is contained in the following extract:—

"The Telegraph is necessarily an expensive method of communication; yet it offers facilities which are indispensable to the man of business in this driving age of the world. Costly as it is, it must be employed. Now the *desideratum* of the Telegraph—the great question most important to all who have any connection with it, is this—*How can the greatest amount of intelligence be communicated in the fewest words?* Is not this the very question which has been for centuries theoretically proposed by scholars as the ultimatum of language? Language is but the medium of thought—which flies as rapidly and acts as instantaneously as the invisible element which flashes along the telegraphic wire. The more closely, then, that it follows the operation of thought, the more perfectly does it perform its office. Every useless ornament, every added grace which is not the very extreme of simplicity, is but a troublesome encumbrance.

Notice the operations of the mind in conversation. Observe how idea follows idea in such rapid succession, flitting so swiftly by that but few of them can be seized, and moulded into tangible form, even by the operation of that almost perfect instrument which the creator has given to us for communication with our fellows. How much of the freshness and beauty of even these imperfect impressions evaporates, in the slow and tedious process of committing them to writing. Especially is this the case where a vitiated public taste has introduced a style which wearies by its complicated and prolix verbosity, or one so affectedly brilliant and antithetical that it requires the most minute analysis and laborious study to resolve its meaning. Now the certain effect of the Telegraph, as far as it has any influence upon the language, (and who at the present day will dare to estimate its possible influence in the future,) will be to introduce a style of writing which shall be, *first of all, brief.* Brevity, it is said, is the soul of wit; it is indeed the soul of all language grave or gay, for every purpose, to which it can be applied, except caricature. We never yet heard that tediousness was the soul of anything in particular. The Telegraphic style, as we shall denominate it, for the benefit of all future writers upon rhetoric, is also terse, condensed, expressive, sparing of expletives and utterly ignorant of synonyms. From its subject matter it has little to do with beauty or grace; but the all important requisite in fine writing, perspicuity, cannot but be promoted by its prevalence. The first is a rare exotic, cultivated only in the gardens of the learned or the curious. The other is the hardy native plant, which is the very "staff of life" in the world of letters.

Let not the reader imagine that the influence of this invention is to be confined within the narrow precincts of the Telegraph office, or limited to the pen of the operator. When a half column or more of every paper in the Union is filled with

telegraphic despatches; when these reports form a large part of the daily reading of thousands; when correspondence is hourly prepared and revised, throughout the whole extent of the United States, with a view to telegraphic transmission, is it too much to expect that this invention will have an influence upon American literature; and that that influence will be marked and permanent, and withal salutary? We can very easily imagine that in course of time the register may be so much improved that the price of transmission will be materially lessened, and the great reason for brevity and concentration of style partially removed—but this is a thing only probable, by no means certain; and it is quite as probable that a long time must elapse before the present imperfect apparatus will be superceded by a finished invention."

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The editor of the Knickerbocker says of the number for this month, that he has tried to make it good; and although we have little more than devoured the contents of his *table*, we are inclined to think he has succeeded. Among other things, he congratulates Buffalo, "the great western end, as it were of this mighty metropolis," on receiving to its corps editorial a "valuable accession" in the person of WM. A. SEAVER, Esq., editor of the Courier. He says:—

"We have known Mr. SEAVER long and well; and we have great pleasure in adding our cordial testimony to that alike of his political friends and opponents, in favor of his talents as a writer, his judgment as editor, and his character as a man and a gentleman."

From the same department is also selected the following scrap on the dandy:

"We never see one of the genus dandy stepping mincingly down Broadway, on a pleasant sunny day, without thinking how little such a biped knows of, or contributes to, what is going on in the great land which he cumbers by his idle, aimless life. The busy hum of cities; the granite mountain, melting into light dust before the patient toilers on a hundred rail-roads; furnaces, with their 'stygian fire throats' vomiting forth flame, while the melting oar is running into countless forms for man's use—of all these what knows or what thinks he? 'He is a dandy!'"

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for March, republished by Leonard Scott & Co., New-York, has been received by A. Burke, under the Mansion House. Its papers are, Antiquarian Club Books, Scotch Topography and Statistics, Eastlake on the History of Painting, Tennyson's Princess, Our Military Establishments, Count Montholon and Sir Hudson Howe, Lord Hervey's Memoirs, and the French Revolution. We shall refer to some of these papers more particularly hereafter.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for April has appeared, and shall receive early attention. Its pages look inviting. It is for sale by Andrew Burke, the regularly authorized agent of L. Scott & Co.

"GRACE GREENWOOD."—The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post of the 13th instant, copies an article from Mrs. Joseph C. Neal's Saturday Gazette, divulging the secret that the real name of Grace Greenwood, is, as we publicly announced a year or two ago, Miss SARAH J. CLARKE.

EDWIN FORREST, the tragedian, has taken a final leave of the stage and gone to farming. "I wish," says he in his farewell address, "to withdraw from the laborious toils of the profession, while yet in the possession of an unimpaired constitution; before age has debilitated or time has shaken my faculties; for, I would not like the worn veteran, 'lag superfluous on the stage.'—Beside, I wish to engage in another pursuit; one more congenial to my present taste; a pursuit which has been rightly characterized by Washington, as the most healthful, the most useful and the most noble employment of man—the cultivation of the soil."

Mr. F. has shown himself in this act, a very sensible man.

The Fire at Detroit.

From the Detroit Daily Advertiser Extra.

DETROIT, May 10, 1848.

A large portion of the "City of the Straits" is this moment a smoking mass of ruins! Detroit was yesterday visited with the most destructive conflagration yet known in its history. A fire broke out about ½ after 11 o'clock in the morning, in the large yellow warehouse, between Randolph and Bates streets, and did not cease its ravages until, at the least calculations, between eighty and one hundred buildings were laid in ashes, including two or three large warehouses on the river, the Steamboat Hotel, Wales's Hotel, and a number of the pleasant private residences on Jefferson avenue. The district burned, includes some *half dozen blocks*.

The fire originated from the sparks of the Propeller St. Joseph, which was lying at the wharf in front of the Warehouse. The Warehouse itself was unoccupied, and when the fire was discovered it could not be got at until it had made considerable progress. The building was an old one, all wood, and being as dry as tinder, the flames spread with frightful rapidity.

The wind blew a fresh gale from the southwest, spreading the flames with maddening fury over a district of several acres, thickly dotted with buildings. Within a few moments the adjoining buildings, including the Indiana Hotel and the large Ware House of Messrs. DeWolf & McFarland were destroyed. All the efforts of our energetic Firemen proved unavailing, the flames spreading at a rapid pace along Randolph St. towards Jefferson Avenue until it reached and crossed Woodbridge St., Sweeping away Berthelet Market and the entire block on both sides of Randolph St., following up Atwater to Brush St.

The wind continued to blow with increased fury, and in a few moments afterwards the Steamboat Hotel was a mass of flames. The fate of the splendid Wales' Hotel buildings and the dwellings above, on the Avenue, now became evident.—The heat was intense, driving the firemen and citizens from its ravaging course. A few moments and Wales' Hotel was wrapt in the devouring elements, presenting a scene of terrific grandeur. The fire continued its course up the Avenue, crossing Brush street, and was only arrested in its course two buildings before it reached the Congregational Church, which at one time, was in imminent danger.

From the Steamboat Hotel, the flames passed across the alley, and communicated with the large brick block in which the Daily Advertiser office is located—and soon black volumes of smoke and terrific flames were bursting from the windows. Everything in the large block was tumbled, in sad confusion, into the streets—including all the materials of our office, our heavy printing presses, &c., &c.

The block was divided by entire walls, from cellar to roof, which saved it from utter ruin.—The roof and upper stories, between several of the partitions, were destroyed. The total loss by this terrible conflagration, we can, of course, form no correct estimate of at present: it is very great, some estimating it as high as $300,000. The number of buildings destroyed was probably between 200 and 300, and near *one thousand persons* were turned into the streets.

Several acres of the city, which yesterday morning was thickly dotted with buildings, and alive with activity, this morning can only be seen a forest of chimneys. of tattered and falling walls, and heaps of smoking ruins.

We have not been able to learn definitely the amount of insurances. Wales' Hotel buildings were insured in the N. Western Co. for $3000.—We understand there was no insurance on the Steamboat Hotel. Messrs. Barker & Bryan, tobacconists, in the same block with us, lost their whole stock, of some $5000, without insurance.—We have no time now to give farther details. The firemen displayed the utmost energy throughout the exciting scene. The fire raged from about 11 A. M. to 3 P. M. Several citizens were more or less injured in the general scramble, and we hear that one person was burned to death—being intoxicated, and asleep in one of the buildings near the Berthelet Market.

Under the afflicting circumstances in which we participate with thousands of our neighbors, we have to ask the kind indulgence of our patrons and readers for one or two days, when we hope again to be before them in our usual form. To those of our friends who so kindly volunteered in rescuing our property, and especially to our neighbors of the Free Press Office, and Mr. Munger, we tender our unfeigned thanks.

The Free Press puts down the number of buildings destroyed at 300, the number of families rendered houseless at from 300 to 400, and the loss of property, at a low estimate, at from $200,000 to $300,000. No such calamity has ever before fallen upon Detroit, and her sufferings appeal loudly to the sympathies of her neighbors. The Mayor of Detroit has called a public meeting for the relief of the sufferers.

Steam Communication Between New York and the West Indies.—Early this morning, the steamer Great Western, the old New York favorite, under command of Capt. Chapman, came into port, in 78 hours from Bermuda, agreeably to the recent arrangement of the British West India Mail Steam Packet Company, who have determined to include New York and Bermuda, now within their circuit. Monthly steam communication will now be had between this port and Bermuda.

New York has thus become the focus of Atlantic Steam Navigation, from which will radiate, in a short time, steamers to and from all parts of the known world.—*N. Y. Express.*

Guatemala.—A treaty has been entered into between Great Britain and Guatemala. It was signed on the 22d of February.

Arrival of the Cambria.

The steamer *Cambria* arrived at New York Sunday morning from Diverpool, whence she sailed on the 29th ult.

Matters in Ireland continues as before. The people arming, talking and printing rebellion.—The government are taking strong measures to subdue outbreaks. Fearful accounts are received of destitution of provisions. There is a rumor that Dublin would be proclaimed and placed under the late act for the search of arms. All the blacksmiths in Dublin are busy making pikes. Rifle drilling was to be put down.

Another quarrel between Lamartine and Ledru Rollin threatening to overturn the government.

The bullion had diminished in the bank of England. Considerable sums had been sent to France, and Holland, and also to Ireland, to meet any run on the Savings banks.

The advices from the English manufacturing districts are more favorable than at last advices.—Considerable business had been done in Manchester, but at lower rates. There is not much improvement in prospect, and the spinners and manufacturers are heavy losers, notwithstanding the cheapness of the raw material.

All kinds of breadstuffs are in good demand, and prices appear inclined to a slight improvement.

It is said that Lamartine has concluded a treaty with Switzerland, the Italian States, and that portion of Germany represented in the Diet of Frankfort.

The Milan Gazette, not a bad authority on such a point, although very little to be relied upon, respecting the real incidents of the war, hints now that the Mincio is the limit separating Lombardy from the Venetian provinces, and that having driven the Austrians out of Lombardy, the mission of the Sardinian envoy, and of the king, would terminate when Peschiera and Mantua have fallen.

The news of the intention of the King of Sardinia to abandon the war of independence, rather than consent to the establishment of a republic in Lombardy, is confirmed.

Naples, Palermo, and Messina are quiet. The King of Naples has unwillingly sent troops to Charles Albert.

The disturbances in Rome have been put down. The Bank of Rome has suspended. Its notes have been made a lawful tender.

In Lombardy, the army of Charles Albert after having been repulsed at Peschiera, continues to maintain its position on the banks of the Minicio.

Skirmishes had taken place in which the Austrians were victorious, taking possession of Previno, Valvasano and Condroit. The fortunes of Charles Albert appear to have received a check.

In Sicily—House of Commons have decreed Ferdinand, Bourbon, and his dynasty forever fallen from the throne of Sicily.

The Limerick Examiner says: "There are at present 100 spies in the Lying-in-Hospital, Boherbuoy, and about 70 in the police barrack. They are daily seen prowling about the streets; the people should beware of them, lest they may entrap innocent persons. It is, we understand, the intention of government to freight a ship and send them to America. The country will have a happy riddance of them, at any cost. We cannot, however, prospectively congratulate America on the immigration of the vagabond wretches."

Rathkeale.—The people here attend pike practice every evening. Plans of pikes are posted up for the instruction of country smiths. The police, being strong mustered, in some instances made gallant captures of the paper pikes.

DUBLIN.—The *Warder* states that pikes are to be purchased openly of a man named Flanigan, 32 Charles st. where they are publicly sold.

At Hyland's, the smith pikemaker, by appointment to the Castle, pikes are sold at from 2 to 10s.

LIMERICK.—The Limerick *Examiner* states that not 1000 miles off, 9000 men are nightly engaged in pike exercise. A coffin was brought into town, filled with firearms.

The same paper states that the rifle clubs are engaged in sharp practice here. The targets, a rude sketch of Lord Clarendon.

CORK.—*From Youghal to Mallow, from Coppoquin to Clonmel, nothing is spoken of but rifle clubs and pikes.* At a rifle club at Clay Castle, over 2,000 persons were present.

The European Times of the 29th says:—Whilst we are writing, the intelligence reaches us that the Crown has entered a *nolle prosequi* to the bills found against Mitchell, by the grand jury, and has, proceeded by *ex officio* information, charging him with the same publications as those charged by the grand jury.

The same procedure has taken place with regard to Messrs O'Brien and Meagher. It is also rumored that the privy council has ordered the city of Dublin to be proclaimed and an immediate search made for arms. It however, wants, confirmation.

Trouble was feared among the Chartists in Scotland and in the North of England.

After the extraordinary excitement in the Parisian capital, incidental to the prodigious display of troops and national guards which took place last week, our neighbors have subsided into a calm.—No fewer than 40,000 armed men assisted at the recent great spectacle of national fraternization; and this determination, with the introduction of a considerable body of the troops of the line into the capital, have concurred in maintaining tranquility. The Provisional Government did not fail to seize this grand opportunity once more, by means of a public proclamation addressed to the people, to the national guards, and to the army, to enforce its opinions. It declared that "order was guaranteed; the security and independence of the national representation secured;" and gave the assurance that "family and private property are sacred; industry is free; credit revives; specie, buried by distrust, re-appears; labor, the property of the operative, is created by government, surrounded by institutions protective of the rights of the poorest and the weakest. Fraternity will not be a mere ceremony; it will be the law." How far these declarations are in accordance with the passing occurrences, our readers can determine.

On Sunday the great events of the elections immediately followed the spectacle of the Thursday previous; and fortunately, all the apprehensions entertained of great disturbances during the progress of this formality have been falsified. The voters have performed their duties in Paris without any interruption of the public peace; indeed, the quietness which prevails, and the paucity of the actual voters, compared with the number of real electors, would argue an indifference of public spirit rather then any vehement degree of patriotism, one way or the other. As the returns would only be complete on Friday, in Paris, we shall have scarcely time to form a deliberate opinion of the general result of the election, upon which depends the future happiness of France and the general peace of the world. In the meantime, great complaints are made of the open bribery and corruption inseparable from universal suffrage.

Stringent endeavors have been made by the authorities to prevent an abuse of the elective franchise: but as many voters have each procured, with apparent facility, no fewer than seven or eight tickets, entitling them to vote as many times, and as the provisional government is charged with using secretly undue influence through the army, and Louis Blanc and Albert through their personal *ouvriers* unemployed, the purity of election is not altogether immaculate or free from suspicion. The Provisional Government continues its most extraordinary system of arbitrary decrees.

The provisional government has also passed a decree definitely abolishing slavery in all the colonies and possessions of the French Republic. The decree is to take effect two months after its publication, in the colonies. An indemnity is to be granted to the slave owners, the amount and form of which is to be fixed by the national assembly. All traffic in slaves is to be interdicted between proprietors from the date of the publication of the decree, and measures to be taken to prevent the introduction of free laborers from Senegal, as at present contemplated by England from the western coast of Africa.

On Wednesday Mr. Richard Rush, the Minister of the United States in Paris, waited on M. Lamartine at the Hotel de Ville, and formally recognized the French Republic in the name of the American Union.

The French army now comprises 537,000 men, and has greatly increased since the revolution. In the provinces great discontent prevails, and the schemes of the ultras to overthrow the government still caused apprehension in Paris. A plot to blow up the Hotel de Ville, and to make the Republic more democratic than is meditated by the provisional government, has been detected, and a judicial inquiry is now in progress into the alleged conspiracy, which, it is said, will comprise some persons in high station. The National Guards would doubtless preserve order should any such horrible scheme be anticipated.

The Paris papers of the 28th ult., confirm our previous report that the eight moderate members of the provisional government will be at the top of the list of the thirty-four deputies elected for Paris, while the four members of a more violent tendency, will be nearly at the bottom of it.

The elections in the departments were, on the whole, of a similar character.

These facts suggested fears that the ultra-republicans might make an attempt to dissolve the Chamber by force, but up to the moment when our despatch left Paris, everything was tranquil. The government was, however, fully prepared to meet any danger that might present itself.

Another account says that the election returns, from the sections as well as from the departments, continue to be most satisfactory to those who desire to see the moderate party, represented in the Provisional government by M. Lamartine, prevail.—In almost every arrondissement in Paris M. Lamartine and the moderate party in the government head the lists, and throughout the departments the commissaries of M. Ledru Rollin are at a great discount. The intelligence had produced a very sensible improvement in the money market. It was reported that M. Albert had gone over from M. Rollin's to Lamartine's party in the Cabinet, and that M. Ledru Rollin was only waiting for the meeting of the National Assembly to resign his post as Minister without waiting for a dismissal.

Accounts from Prussia were not favorable to the maintenance of tranquility. Riots had taken place at Breslau, and 30 or 40 persons were killed or wounded.

The approaching elections were not expected to pass off peaceably.

Austria appears to be honorably acting up to the terms dictated by the Revolutionists.

In Vienna tranquility prevailed.

The accounts from Baden are most deplorable. The insurgents had intimated that they wished to capitulate to the force sent against them, but would treat with none but the General in command. Lieut. General Gagern advanced from Schligen, which they occupied, and General stept from the ranks to parley with the rebels.—It must be remembered that Gen. Gagern was the leader in the movement for reform in Germany and the prime mover of the Preparatory Assembly at Frankfort.

Advices from Berne to the 17th have been received. The Diet had a secret sitting on the 14th upon the demand of the King of Sardinia, that the Swiss confederation should mach 30,000 men into Lombardy, and keep a reserve of 20,000 on the frontier. A committee was appointed on this, whose report was expected to be present on the 17th. At the date of the last accounts this report had not been present.

In Spain matters seem fast progressing towards an outbreak. The utter absence of all constitutional government must soon provoke the people to rebellion, however attached they may be to their present forms of government. Lord Palmerston has addressed a letter to the Spanish Ministry, in which, with the reply of the Duke of Sotomayor, it is seen that his advice gave such umbrage to the Narvaez Cabinet, that the Duke of Sotomayor sent the letter back to Mr. Bulwer, with strong expressions of rudeness and contempt; and there can be no doubt that every intrigue has been set on foot to remove Mr. Bulwer from his post at Madrid.

According to the last accounts from Lisbon, which are of the 19th, Portugal seems to be on the eve of some serious movement. Publications have been extensively circulated, in which are openly canvassed "the abdication of the Queen in favor of her son; a new dynasty, entirely new; and even a republic." The latter form of government, after discussing the question in very inflammatory language, is declared to be the best, and that the nation desires it. When such language as this is held in monarchical Portugal, it portends something ominous. The finances appear to be in a most wretched state.

Important Inventions.—Mr. David Isham, a machinist of Hartford, Conn., has recently invented a process by which cast iron can be converted, almost instantly, and with but slight expense and labor, into steel. Twenty minutes only is necessary to convert a ton of iron into steel of the best quality, a process ordinarily requiring from six to ten days. The inventor has been offered $12,000 for the patent right for the State of Pennsylvania alone. Articles manufactured from steel thus prepared, have been proved and found equal to those manufactured from the best English steel. If this invention is really what it purports to be, it will destroy one great branch of English labor and add much to the wealth of this country.

The Rev. Mr. Pepper, a Presbyterian clergyman of Albany, N. Y., has invented a compound of clay, called Argillo, which resembles in structure and appearance, the richest, variegated agates. It is to be used for door knobs, pavements, table tops, and other ornamental articles. It surpasses in brilliancy any known variety of marble, and is equally cheap. The Hartford Whig speaks of it in the following terms: "No one, who has not seen it, can form an idea of its beauty and illimitable variety of color. It is so hard as to resist any scratch except that of a crystal or diamond. Already, Mr. Calhoun has introduced in the Senate a resolution, which passed instantly, to the effect, that all the floors of the public offices in the Capital should be made of this beautiful material. $1,000,000 has been offered for the entire patent."—*Springfield Rep.*

Later from the City of Mexico.

Petersburgh, May 10, 1848.

Advices from New Orleans to the 4th instant have been received by special overland express.

The steamship Fashion, from Brazos Santiago, had arrived. Among the passengers was J. L. Collins, of New York city, who bears despatches from Gens. Price and Wool, to Washington. He states that about the 6th of March, a Mexican lieutenant sent word that a small party had been captured near El Passo.

This, with information that Gen. Urrea had designs upon that post, induced Gen. Price to proceed to its relief But finding on his arrival there, that no such danger was to be apprehended, he determined to advance upon Santa Cruz, where government trains, with about 1500 or 2000 troops were stationed.

Gen. Trias, the Mexican chief, having fortified the place, awaited the attack. After a fruitless parley of eight days, Gen. Price assaulted, and although a gallant resistance was made, succeeded in taking the place, and captured fourteen pieces of artillery, two thousand stands of arms and some $800,000 worth of public property.

On the 18th, Gen. Price proceeded with part of his force to Chihuahua, leaving Lieut. Col. Ralls in command of the remainder, with orders to follow as soon as practicable.

Gen. Trias, forty of his officers and his troops were paroled.

The Mexican loss was one hundred and fifty killed and as many more wounded. Our loss was five killed and twenty wounded, of whom two have since died.

The schooner Heroine arrived from Vera Cruz on the 3d instant.

No quorum of the Congress at Queretaro, had yet been got together. Sixteen deputies and four senators were still wanting for the transaction of business. The members of the Congress who had arrived, expressed themselves as being very favorably disposed for peace.

The trial of Capts. Hare, Dutton and the other persons accused of the late murder and attempt at burglary, is still going on.

Fifteen or twenty American deserters enlisted recently in the Mexican army.

India Rubber is now proposed to insulate Telegraphic wires. Gutta percha has been tried in the Passaic river, with so much success, that the company propose to make an effort to cross from Jersey City to New York by laying insulated wires under water. Mr. Wilson of the Trenton Telegraph office has suggested to the company, according to the Gazette, the experiment of insulating their whole line with gutta percha, and burying it six inches in the ground instead of supporting it as now upon poles. At present, the great exposure of the wires, subjects them to innumerable and constant interruptions.—*Newark Adv,*

Off the Track and Struck with Lightning.—We understand that on Sunday morning one of the engines on the Harlem Railroad ran off the track, near White Plains, and against the telegraph pole, at the same time breaking the wire, which remained on the engine which connected with the cars. At the same time a flash of lightning was conducted to the cars, giving the passengers a severe shock. No injury was done, however, except breaking the engine and slightly hurting the engineer and fireman.—*Cour. & Enq.*

Look at the Bright Side.

Look at the bright side! The sun's golden rays
All nature illumine, and the heart of man cheereth;
Why will thou turn so perversely to gaze
On that dark cloud which now in the distance appeareth?

Look at the bright side! Recount all thy joys;
Speak of the mercies which richly surround thee,
Muse not forever on that which annoys:
Shut not thine eyes to the beauties around thee.

Look at the bright side! Mankind, it is true,
Have their failings, nor should they be spoken of lightly;
But why on their faults concentrate thy view,
Forgetting their virtues which shine forth so brightly?

Look at the bright side! And it shall impart
Sweet peace, and contentment, and grateful emotion,
Reflecting its own brilliant lines on thy heart,
As the sunbeams that mirror themselves in the ocean.

Look at the bright side! Nor yield to despair:
If some friends forsake, yet others still love thee;
And when the world seems mournful colors to wear,
Oh look from the dark earth to heaven above thee.

[*Hogg's Weekly Instructor.*

From California and Oregon.

In the Oregon Spectator of the 19th of August the editor announces that he has information that there are nearly *two thousand* wagons on the route from the United States, all of which, with the exception of 400 Mormon wagons, are bound for Oregon, and adds, we think this rather a large estimate. One thousand wagons will do for this year.

The wheat crop for '47 will not fall anything below that of 1846, which was about 150,000 bushels.

Mr. Reeves, the pilot, has discovered a new and excellent channel at the mouth of the Columbia river.

The Spectator of the 14th of October contains a petition to Congress praying that body to extend its jurisdiction over Oregon.

There was a meeting of Delegates held at the Falls of the Yamhill river, October 2, for the purpose of recommending to the President of the United States suitable persons to fill the various offices that will be created upon the passage of the bill establishing a Territorial Government of Oregon. The meeting broke up a sort of a row, and the editor of the Spectator pokes a deal of fun at the whole proceeding.

Of the emigration, we learn of the safe arrival of six hundred wagons to the valleys of the Oregon, while we are credibly informed of the manifest anxiety for the welfare of the remainder, as it must be understood, *one-half* only of the emigration is enumerated above. Details of suffering reached the settlements even previous to the sailing of the Whiton, and if unexaggerated, there is much worse to apprehend. An immense body, from the setting in and severity of the rains, were detained among the Cascade Mountains, and excessive want and misery ensued.

It is said that President Polk has restored Midshipman Pollock, who was sentenced to State Prison for shooting an editor in Buffalo, N. Y., to his rank in the Navy. He had been previously pardoned from prison by Governor Young.—*Jour. of Com.*

PHILADELPHIA, May 13, 1848.

AQUEDUCT BURNED DOWN!—The Aqueduct on the Pennsylvania Canal, at Freeport, Armstrong Co. has been destroyed by fire.

Price Current—May 17, 1848.

Flour, bbl	$5@5 12½	Turkeys, lb	10
Pork, bbl	$9 25@30	Chickens, lb	10
Do slaugh. cwt	$5 00	Geese, each	25
Beef, cwt	$4 50@5 00	Clover seed, bu	$3 50
Butter, lb	12@14	Timothy seed, bu	$2 00
Lard, lb	5½	Flax seed, bu	$1 12½
Cheese, lb	7@8	Whitefish, bbl	$7 00
Hams, lb	5½	Codfish, cwt	—
Shoulders, lb	3½	Potatoes, bu	62½@75
Corn meal, cwt	$1 00	Salt, bbl	$1 12½
Wheat, bu	93@1 12	Apples, bu	
Corn, bu	42	Dried apples, bu	$1 00
Oats, bu	38@40	Onions, bu	$1 25
Slaughter hides, lb	3½	Eggs, doz	9
Dry hides, lb	8@9	Saleratus, lb	6½
Calf, lb	8½	Soap, lb	4@5
Sheep, slaughtered, lb	3½@7½	Whiskey, gall	17
Lamb, slaughtered, lb	18½	Highwines, gall	17½@18
Hard wood, cord	$3 00	Lead, cwt	$4 00
Hemlock, cord	$1 00	Beans, bu	$1 25
Bit. (O.) coal, ton	$5 50	Wool, lb	22@30
Blossburgh, ton	—	Hay, ton	$11@12

QUOTATION OF UNCURRENT FUNDS.

Canada West	℘ ct. dis. 2½	Baltimore	℘ ct. dis. 1
Canada East	2½	Philadelphia	1
Ohio	1½	New Orleans	3
Indiana	1½	Missouri	2
Kentucky	1½	Virginia	2
Pennsylvania	½ to 1	Michigan State Bank	1½
Relief notes	2	F. & M. Bank, Detroit	1½
Pittsburgh Scrip	20	Mich. Ins. Company	1½
Alleghany Scrip	20	Wis. F. & M. Ins. Co.	1½
East. Exch.	℘ ct. prem. ¼		

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April, 15, 1848. n17.

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Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1848. NO. 17.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Forgiveness.

I strolled among the green mounds of the village burial place when I was reminded how all human love and hate find one sad level—and how, sooner or later, wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face and cold hands folded over a still heart, pass the green threshold of a common grave. Awed for myself and pitying my race, our common sorrow like a mighty wave, swept all my pride away, and, trembling, I forgave.—J. G. Whittier.

Disheartened and sighing, I turned with disdain,
From the world which with coldness had wounded my trust,
And pouring my soul out in sorrow's refrain,
I strayed where my fellows were sleeping in dust.

Of the wrongs of feigned friendship I soberly thought,
And whispered the names of my bitterest foes;
But musing where all to a level are brought,
Where wronged and wrong-doer together repose;

And thinking how soon the green sod might be turned
For myself and my foes in the same clayey bed,
The fires of revenge in my bosom that burned,
Soon died like a spark by the zephyrs unfed.

Since with those we have met in the battle of life,
Ere long, side by side, at His bar we must stand,
Where the wrongs we have suffered in folly's mad strife,
Will be dealt with in justice at Mercy's own hand;

Let us study the lesson, *'tis sweet to forgive*,
And, at peace with mankind and with Him who is "love,"
On earth we may hope for His glory to live,
And look for forgiveness when summoned above.

J. C.

The Power of Love.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

It was one of Ireland's greenest lanes that wound its way down to a rippling brook in the rear of Friend Goodman's House. And there, by a mound of rocks that dipped their mossy feet in the rivulet, Friend Goodman walked slowly, watching for his little daughter, who had been spending the day with some children in the neighborhood. Presently, the small maiden came jumping along, with her bonnet thrown back, and the edges of her soft brown ringlets luminous in the rays of the setting sun. Those pretty curls were not Quakerly; but Nature, who pays more attention to the regulations of Elders, than she does to the edicts of Bishops, would have it so. At the slightest breath of moisture, the silky hair rolled into spirals, and clustered her pure white forehead, as if it loved the nestling place. Jumping, likewise, was not a Quakerly proceeding. But little Alice, usually staid and demure, in imitation of those around her had met with a new companion, whose temperament was more mercurial than her own, and she was yielding to its magnetic influence.

Camillo Campbell, a boy of six years, was the grandson of an Italian lady who had married an Irish absentee, resident in Florence. Her descendants had lately come to Ireland, and taken possession of estates in the immediate neighborhood of Friend Goodman, where little Camillo's foreign complexion, lively temperament, and graceful broken language, rendered him an object of great interest, especially among children. He it was with whom little Alice was skipping thro' the green lane, bright and free as the wind and sunshine that played among her curls. As the sober father watched their innocent gambols, he felt his own pulses quicken, and his motions involuntary became more rapid and elastic than usual. The little girl came nestling up to his side, and rubbed her head upon his arm, like a petted kitten. Camillo peeped roguishly from behind the mossy rocks, kissed his hand to her, and ran off, hopping first on one foot and then on the other.

"Dost thou like that little boy?" inquired Friend Goodman as he stooped to kiss his darling.

"Yes, Camillo's a pretty boy, I like him," she replied. Then with a skip and a bound, which showed that the electric fluid was still leaping in her veins, she added "he's a funny boy, too; he swears *you* all the time."

The simple child, being always accustomed to hear thee and thou, verily thought you was a profane word. Her father did what was very unusual with him: he laughed outright, as he replied, "what a strange boy is that!"

"He asked me to come down to the rock and play to-morrow. May I go after school?" she asked.

"We will see what mother says," he replied. "But where didst thou meet Camillo?"

"He came to play with us in the lane, and Deborah and John and I went into his garden to see the birds. Oh, he has got such pretty birds!—There's a nice little meeting-house in the garden; and there's a woman standing there with a baby. Camillo calls her my donny. He says we mustn't [illegible]re. Why not? Who is my donny?"

"The people in Italy, where Camillo used to live, call the mother of Christ Madonna." replied her father.

"And who is Christ?" she asked.

"He was a holy man, who lived a great many years ago. I read to thee one day about his taking little children in his arms and blessing them."

"I guess he loved little children almost as well as thou," said Alice. "But what do they put his mother in that little meeting-house for?"

Not deeming it wise to puzzle her busy little brain with theological explanations, Friend Goodman called her attention to a small dog, whose curly white hair soon displaced the Madonna, and even Camillo, in her thoughts. But the new neighbor, and the conservatory peopled with birds, and the little chapel in the garden, made a strong impression on her mind. She was always talking of them, and in after years they remained by far the most vivid picture in the gallery of childish recollections. Nearly every day, she and Camillo met at the mossy rock, where they planted flowers and buried flies in clover-leaves, and launched little boats on the stream. When they strolled toward the conservatory, the old gardener was always glad to admit them. Flowering shrubs and gaudy parrots, so bright in the warm sunshine, formed so cheerful a contrast to her own unadorned home, that little Alice was never weary with gazing and wondering. But from all the brilliant things she chose two Java sparrows for her special favorites. The old gardener told her they

were Quaker birds, because their feathers were all of such a soft, quiet color. Bright little Camillo caught up the idea, and said "I know what for you so much do like them: Quaker lady-birds they be."

"And she's a Quaker lady-bird, too," said the old gardener, smiling, as he patted her on the head; "she's a nice little lady-bird." Poll Parrot heard him, and repeated "Lady bird." Always, after that when Alice entered the conservatory, the parrot laughed and screamed "Lady-bird."

Near the door were two niches partially concealed by a net-work of vines; and in the niches were statues of two winged children. Alice inquired who they were; and Camillo replied.— "My little sister and brother. Children of the Madonna now they is." His mother had told him this, and he did not understand what it meant: neither did Alice. She looked up at the winged ones with timid love, and said, "Why dont they come down and play with us?"

"From Heaven they cannot come down," answered Camillo.

Alice was about to inquire the reason why, when the parrot interrupted her by calling out, "Lady-bird!" and Camillo began to mock her — Then, laughing merrily, off they ran to the mossy rock to plant some flower the gardener had given them.

That night, while Alice was eating her supper, Friend Goodman chanced to read aloud something in which the word heaven occurred. "I've been to heaven," said Alice.

"Hush, hush, my child," replied her father.

"But I have been to heaven," she insisted.— "Little children have wings there."

Her parents exchanged glances of surprise, and the mother asked "how dost thou know that little children have wings in heaven?"

"Because I saw them," she replied. "They wear white gowns, and they are the children of my donny. My donny lives in the little meeting-house in Camillo's garden. She's the mother of Christ that loved little children so much; but she never said anything to me. The birds call me lady bird in heaven."

Her mother looked very sober. "She gets her head full of strange things down there yonder," said she. "I tell thee, Joseph, I don't like to have the children playing together so much. There's no telling what may come of it."

"Oh, they are mere babes," replied Joseph.— "The my donny, as she calls it, and her doll, are all the same to her. The children take a deal of comfort together, and it seems to me it is not worth while to put enstrangement between them. Divisions come fast enough in the human family.— When he is a lad, he will go away to school and college, and will come back to live in a totally different world from ours. Let the little ones enjoy themselves while they can."

Thus spoke the large-hearted Friend Joseph; but Rachel was not so easily satisfied. "I don't like this talk about graven images," said she. "If the child's head gets full of such notions, it may not prove so easy to put them out."

Truly, there seemed some ground for Rachel's fears; for whether Alice waked or slept, she seemed to live in the neighbor's garden. Sitting beside her mother, in the silent Quaker meeting, she forgot the row of plain bonnets before her, and saw a vision of winged children through a veil of vines. At school, she heard the old green parrot scream, Lady-bird! and fan-tailed doves and Java sparrows hopped in her dreams. She had never heard a fairy story in her life; otherwise, she would doubtless have imagined that Camillo was a prince. who lived in an enchanted palace, and had some fairy for a friend.

* * * * * * *

It came to pass as Joseph had predicted.— These days of happy companionship soon passed away, Camillo went to a distant school, then to college, and then was absent for a while on the continent. It naturally happened that the wealthy Catholic family had but little intercourse with the substantial Quaker farmer. Years passed without a word between Alice and her former playfellow. Once, during his college life, she met him and his father on horseback, as she was riding home from meeting, on a small grey mare her father had given her. He touched his hat and said "How do you do, Miss Goodman?" and she replied, "How art thou Camillo?" His father inquired, "Who is that young lady?" and he answered, "She is the daughter of Farmer Goodman, with whom I used to play sometimes when I was a little boy." Thus like shadows they passed on their separate ways. He thought no more of the rustic Quaker girl, and with her the bright picture of their childhood was like the remembrance of last year's rainbow.

But events now approached, which put all rainbows and flowers to flight. A Rebellion broke out in Ireland, and a terrible civil war began to rage between Catholics under the name of Pikemen, and Protestants under the name of Orangemen. The Quakers, being conscientiously opposed to war, could not adopt the emblems of either party, and were of course exposed to the hostility of both. Joseph Goodman, in common with others of his religious persuasion, had always professed to believe, that returning good for evil was a heavenly principle and therefore safe policy. Alice had received this belief as a traditionary inheritance, without disputing it, or reflecting upon it. But now came times that tested faith severely. Every night they retired to rest with the consciousness that their worldly possessions might be destroyed by fire and pillage before morning, and perhaps their lives sacrificed by infuriated soldiers. At the meeting-house, and by the way side, earnest were the exhortations of the brethren to stand by their principles, and not flinch in this hour of trial. Joseph Goodman's sermon was brief and impressive. "The Gospel of Love has power to regenerate the world," said he; "and the humblest individual, who lives according to it, has done something for the salvation of man."

His strength was soon tried; for the very next day a party of Pikemen came into the neighborhood and set fire to all the houses of the Orangemen. Groans and shrieks, and the sharp sound of shots were heard in every direction. Fierce men rushed into their peaceful dwelling, demanding food, and ordering them to give up their arms.

"Food I will give, but arms I have none!" replied Joseph.

"More shame for you!" roared the commander of the troop. "If you can't do anything more for your country than that, you may as well be killed at once for a coward, as you are."

He drew his sword, but Joseph did not wink at the flash of the glittering blade. He looked him calmly in the eye and said, 'If thou art willing to take the crime of murder on thy conscience, I cannot help it. I would not willingly do harm to thee, or to any man."

The the soldier turned away abashed, and putting his sword into the scabbard he muttered— "Well, give us something to eat, will you?"

The hours that followed were frightful with the light of blazing houses, the crash of musketry, and the screams of women and children flying across the fields. Many took refuge in the house of Joseph, and he did all he could to sothe them.

At sunset, he went forth with his serving men

to seek the wounded and dead. Along the road and among the bushes, mangled bodies were lying in every direction. Those in whom life remained, they brought with all tenderness and consigned to the care of Rachel and Alice; and as long as they could see, they gathered the dead for burial. In the evening, the captain of the Pikemen returned to Joseph in great wrath.

"This is rather too much," he exclaimed; "we don't spare your house this morning to have it converted into a hospital for the damned Orangemen. Turn out every dog of them, or we will burn it down over their heads."

"I cannot stay thy hand, if thou hast the heart to do it," mildly replied Joseph, "but I will not desert my fellow creatures in their great distress. If the time should come when thy party is routed, we will bury thy dead, and nurse thy wounded, as we have done for the Orangemen. I will do good to all parties and harm to none. Here I take my stand, and thou mayest kill me if thou will."

Again the soldier was arrested by a power he knew not how to resist. Joseph, seeing his embarrassment, added,

"I put the question to thee as a man of war: Is it manly to persecute women and children? Is it brave to torture the wounded and dying? Wouldst thou feel easy to think of it in thy dying hour? Let us part in peace, and when thou hast need of a friend, come to me."

After a brief hesitation, the soldier said, "It would be a happier world if all thought as you do." Then calling to his men, he said, "Let us be off, boys; there's nothing to be done here."

A fortnight after, triumphant Orangemen came with loud uproar to destroy the houses of the Pikemen. It was scarcely day-break when Alice was roused from uneasy slumbers by the discharge of musketry, and a lurid light on the walls of her room. Starting up, she beheld Col. Campbell's house in a blaze. The beautiful statutes of the Madonna, and the winged children were knocked to pieces and ground under the feet of the angry mob. Vines and flowers crisped under the crackling flames, and the beautiful birds from foreign climes fell suffocated in the smoke, or flew forth, frightened into the woods and fields, and perished by cruel hands. In the green lane, once so peaceful and pleasant, ferocious men were scuffling and trampling, shooting and stabbing. Everywhere the grass and moss were dabbled with blood.—Above all the din, were heard the shrill screams of women and children; and the mother of Camillo came flying into Joseph's house, exclaiming, "Hide me, oh! hide me!' Alice received her in her arms, laid the throbbing heart tenderly on her bosom, put back her hair that was fallling in wild disorder over her face, and tried to calm her terror with gentle words. Others came pouring in, and no one was refused shelter, To the women of Col. Campbell's household. Alice reliquished her little bed-room—the only corner of the house that was not already filled to overflowing. She drew the curtain, that the afflicted ones need not witness the bloody skermishing in the fields and lane below. But a loud shriek soon recalled her to their side. Mary Campbell had withdrawn the curtain, and seen her husband fall, thrust by a dozen swords. Fainting-fits and hysterics succeeded each other in quick succession. while Alice and her mother laid her on the bed, and rubbed her hands and bathed her temples.—Gradually the sound of war died away in the distance. Then Joseph and his helpers went forth to gather up the wounded and the dead. Colonel Campbell was found utterly lifeless, and the brook where Camillo used to launch his little boats, was red with his father's blood. They brought him in tenderly, washed his ghastly wounds, closed the glaring eyes, and left the widow and her household to mourn over him. Late in the night they persuaded her to go to rest; and when all was still, the weary family fell asleep on the floor; for not a bed was unoccupied.

This time they hoped to escape the conqueror's rage. But early in the morning a party of them came back and demanded that all the Catholics should be given up to them. Joseph replied as he had done before:

"I cannot give up my dying neighbors, whether they be Pikemen or Orangemen. I will do good to all and harm to none, come to me what may."

"That's impartial, anyhow," said the captain. He took some cockades from his pocket, and added, "Wear these, and my men will do you no harm."

"I cannot conscientiously wear one," replied Joseph, "because they are emblems of war."

The captain laughed half scornfully, and handing one to Alice, said, "well, my good girl, you can wear one and then you need not be afraid of our soldiers."

She looked very pleasantly into his face and answered, "I should be afeaid if I did not trust in something better than a cockade."

The leader of the Orangemen was arrested by the same spell that stopped the leader of the Pikemen. But some of his followers, who had been lingering about the door, called out, "what's the use of parleying? Isn't the old traitor nursing Catholic's to fight us when they get well? If he won't serve the government by fighting for us, he will at least do to stop a bullet as well as a braver man. Bring him out, and put him in the front ranks to be shot at!"

One of them seized Joseph to drag him away; but Alice laid her hand upon his arm, and said beseechingly:

"Before you take him, come and see the wounded Orangemen, with their wives and children, whom my father and mother have fed and tended night and day."

A pale figure, with bandaged head and one arm in a sling, came forth from an adjoining room and said, "Comrades, you surely cannot harm these people. They have fed our children ond buried our dead, as if we were their own brothers."

The soldiers listened and suddenly changing their mood, went off shouting, "Hurrah for the Quakers!"

Some days of comparative quiet followed.—Col. Campbell was buried in his own garden, with as much defference to the wishes of his widow as time and circumstances would permit. She returned from the funeral calmer than she had been, and quietly assisted in taking care of the wounded. But when she retired to her little room, and saw a crucifix fastened on the wall at the foot of her bed, she burst into tears and said, "Who has done this?"

Alice gently replied, "I did it. I found it in the mud where the little chapel used to stand. I know it is a sacred emblem to thee, and I thought it would pain thee to have it there; so I have washed it carefully and placed it in thy room."

The bereaved Catholic kissed the friendly hand that had done so kind a deed; and tears fell on it as she murmured, "Good child! may the Madonna bless thee!

Balmy is a blessing from any human heart, whether it be given in the name of Jesus or Mary, God or Allah. Alice slept well and guardian angels rejoiced over her in heaven.

* * * * * *

Success alternated between the contending parties, and kept the country in a state of perpetual alarm. One week the widow of Col. Campbell

was surrounded with victorious friends, and the next, she was in terror for her life. At last Camillo himself came with a band of successful insurgents. During a brief and agitated interview with his mother, he learned how kindly they had been sheltered in their neighbor's house, and how tenderly the remains of his father had been treated. When she pointed to the crucifix on the wall and told its history, his eyes filled with tears. "Oh, why cannot we of different faith treat each other thus?" was his inward thought; but he bowed his head in silence. Hearing loud voices, he started up suddenly, exclaiming, "There may be danger below!" Following the noise, he found soldiers threatening Friend Goodman, who stood with his back firmly placed against the door of an inner room. Seeing Camillo enter, and being aware of the great influence his family had with the Catholics, he said, "These men insist on carrying out the dying Orangemen who are sheltered here, and compelling me to see them shot. Is it thy will that these murders should be committed."

The young man took his hand, and in tones of deep respect answered, "Could you believe that I would suffer violence to be done to any under your roof, if I had power to prevent it?" Then turning to his soldiers he said, "These excellent people have injured no one. Through all these troubled times they have been kind alike to Pikemen and Orangemen; they have buried our dead and sheltered our widows. If you have any respect for the memory of my father, treat with respect all who wear the peaceful garb of the Quakers."

The men spoke apart for a while, and soon after left the house.

As Camillo passed the kitchen door, he saw Alice distributing boiled potatoes to a crowd of hungry children A soldier stood by insisting that she should wear a cross, which was the emblem of the Pikemen. She mildly replied. "I cannot consent to *wear* the cross, but I hope God will enable me to *bear* it."

The rude fellow who was somewhat intoxicated, touched her under the chin, and said, "Come mavoureen, do be a little more obliging."

Camillo instantly seized his arm, and exclaiming, "Behave decently, my lad," led him to the door. As he went, he turned toward Alice with an expression she never forgot, and said in low deep tones, "Words are too poor to thank you for what you have done for my mother."

The next day when he met Alice walking to meeting, he touched his hat respectfully and said, "It is imprudent for you to be in the road at this time, Miss Alice. Armed insurgents are every where abroad; and though there is a prevailing disposition not to injure the Quakers, still many of our men are too desperate to be always controlled."

She smiled and answered, "I thank thee for thy friendly caution, but I trust in the power that has hitherto protected me."

After a short pause, he said, "Your place of meeting is two miles from here. Where is the horse you used to ride?"

"A soldier took it from me, as I rode from Meeting several weeks ago."

"You see then, it is as I have said, unsafe for you to go," he rejoined. "Had you not better turn back?"

With great earnestness she answered, "Camillo, I cannot do otherwise than go. Our people are afflicted and bowed down. The soldiers have nearly consumed our provisions. Our women are almost worn out with the fatigue of constant nursing and perpetual alarms. All are not unwavering in their faith. It is the duty of the strong to sustain the weak; and therefore it is needful that we meet together for counsel and consolation."

The young man looked at her with affection and reverence. The fair complexion and shining ringlets were gone, but a serene and deep expression of soul imparted a more elevated beauty to her countenance. He parted with her with a blessing, simply and fervently uttered; but he entered the adjoining fields, and as he walked along he kept within sight, until she arrived at the place of meeting. While he thus watched her unseen, he recollected how often his taste had been offended by the quaint awkwardness of the Quaker garb; and uttered aloud the sequel to his thoughts, he said, "But beautiful and graceful will be her garb in heaven."

Soon after this interview, he departed with a strong escort to convey his mother and other Catholic women into a less turbulent district. Alice bade them farewell with undisguised sadness; for we learn to love those whom we serve, and there seemed little probability that they would ever return to reside in that troubled neighborhood.

The next time that she saw Camillo, he was brought into her father's house on a litter, senseless, and wounded, as it was supposed unto death. All the restoratives they could think of were applied, and at last, as Alice bent over him, bathing his temples, he opened his eyes with a dull unconscious stare, which gradually relaxed into a feeble smile, as he whispered, "My Quaker lady-bird." Some hours afterward, when she brought him drink, he gently pressed her hand and said, "thank you, dear Alice." These words were simple, but the expression of his eyes, and the pressure of his hand sent a thrill through the maiden, which she had never before experienced. That night she dreamed of winged children seen through flowering vines, and Camillo laughed when the parrot called her "Lady-bird."

Sorrow, like love, levels all distinctions, and melts all forms in its fiery furnace. In the midst of sickness and suffering, and every-day familiarity with death, there was no attention paid to customary proprieties. No one heeded whether Camillo, was tended by Alice or her mother: but if Alice were long absent, he complained that she came so seldom. As his health improved, they talked together of the flowers they used to plant on the mossy rock, and the little boats they launched on the rippling brook. Sometimes, in their merriest moods, they mocked the laughing of the old green parrot, and the cooing of the fan-tailed doves. Thus walking through the green lane of their childhood, they came unconsciously into the fairy land of love. All was bright and golden there, and but one shadow rested on the sunshine. When Camillo spoke of the little meeting house in the garden, and the image of "my donny," she grew very thoughtful; and he said with a sigh, "I wish, dear Alice, that we were of one religion." She smiled sweetly as she answered "are we not both of the religion of Christ?"

He kissed her hand, and said, "Your soul is always large and liberal, noble and kind; but others are not like you dear Alice."

And truly, when the war ceased, and Camillo Campbell, began to rebuild his demolished dwelling, and the young couple spoke of marriage, great was the consternation in both families.—Even the liberal mind of Joseph was greatly pained to have his daughter "marry out of Society," as their phrase is; but he strove to console Rachel, who was far more afflicted than himself. "The young people love each other," he said, "and it does not seem to be right to put any constraint on their affection. Camillo is a goodly youth, and I think the dreadful scenes he has lately witnessed, have exercised his mind powerfully on the subject of war. I have observed that he is thoughtful and candid; and if he does but

act up to his own light, it is all I ask of him. He promises never to interfere with the freedom of Alice; and as she has adopted most of our principles from her own conviction, I do not fear that she will ever depart from them."

"Don't console thyself with any such idea,' replied Rachel. "She will have pictures of the Virgin Mary in her house, and priests will come there to say over their mummery; and small beginnings make great endings. At all events, one thing is certain. Alice will lose her membership in our society; and that it is which mainly grieves me. She is such a serious, sensible girl, that I always hoped to see her an esteemed minister among us."

"It is a disappointment to me also." replied Joseph; "but we must bear it cheerfully. It certainly is better to have our child go out of the Society and keep her principles than it would be to stay in Society, and depart from her principles as many do."

Mary Campbell was more disturbed than Rachel Goodman. In the first paroxism of her distress, she said she wished she had been killed in the war, rather than live to see her only son married to a black Protestant.

"Not a black Protestant, dear mother, only a dove-colored one," rejoined Camillo playfully.—Then he kissed her and reminded her of the story of the crucifix, and told her how noble and gentle, and good and sensible, his Alice was. As he talked, a vision rose before her of the little bed-room in the Quaker's farm house; she saw Rachel and Alice supporting the drooping heads of poor homeless Catholics, while they offered drinks to their feverish lips; and memory melted bigotry. She threw herself weeping into Camillo's arms and said, "Truly they did treat us like disciples of Christ. I once said to Alice may the Madonna bless thee; and now I say from the bottom of my heart, may the Madonna bless you both, my son."

And so Catholic and Quaker were married according to the forms of both their churches.

The Society of Friends mostly withdrew from the companionship of Alice, though they greeted her kindly at their meetings. The Catholics shook their heads and complained that Camillo Campbell was already half Quaker. Both prognosticated evil consequences from such a union. But the worst that happened was, Alice learned that there might be superstition in the cut of a garment, as well as in veneration for an image; and Camillo became convinced that hatred and violence were much greater sins than eating meat on Fridays.—*Union Magazine.*

Trick upon Birds.—That is a singular bird they call "*The Adjutant*" in India. He performs the duties of a scavenger, devouring the offal and punishing the whole family of snakes. He is a huge, long-beaked fellow, with an air rather "Dominie Sampson"-ish than military. Some of the English soldiers used to play sad tricks upon him. He would gobble up large bones of beef or a four-pound loaf, and when he had finished his huge meal, he would mount the highest pinnacle he could find, and stand on one leg like a mutilated statue, while it digested. The soldiers used to cleanse out shank bones of mutton, stuff them with gunpowder, connected with a slow match, then throw them to "The Adjutant" who swallowed them greedily; but while chuckling over his savory morsel, it would explode and blow him to atoms! Another trick upon the birds was to tie two legs of mutton together by a strong cord, leaving an interval of three or four yards, and then toss the rich repast among them, which soon found their way into the stomachs of two of the most active. As long as they kept together, it was all very well; but as soon as the cord tightened both became alarmed and took wing, mutually astonished at the phenomenon, no doubt. A laughable tugging match then ensued in the air, each "Adjutant" striving to mount higher than the other, till at last they attained a great elevation. When at length the weaker bird was forced to disgorge his mutton, a new power came into play—the force of gravity; and the pendulum leg of mutton, after some ridiculous oscillations, brought the conquerer down to the earth a great deal faster than he wished.

The Surgeon's Revenge.

The following deeply interesting story is related by Dr. Gibson, in his lectures before the Medical Class of the University of Pennsylvania. The hero of the story is Vesald, one of the most eminent of the Italian Surgeons, and this narrative is said to have been derived from an ancient manuscript on parchment, accidentally found between the backs of two pictures, glued together, each picture in the style of Titian, and supposed to be the work of his hand:

Andrea Vesale, says the manuscript, first saw the light in the city of Brussels, in the year 1614. His father was an apothecary, attached to the service of the Princess Margaret, aunt of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and governess of the Low Countries. Providence conferred on him the double advantage of being a native of the land which divides with Italy the glory of being the richest and the most enlightened of the nations of the earth, of coming into the world at a period when a general and healthy ferment in the minds of men, had, in a great measure, tended to break through and disperse the stagnant scum of ignorance and barbarism which had hitherto obscured them. His parents had educated him for the medical profession; his own peculiar genius directed him to the study of anatomy, which he pursued with an ardor that led to the most successful results. Up to the period when Vesale first rendered himself conspicuous, the anatomy of the human body was so imperfectly understood as scarcely to merit that the term of *science* should be applied to the dim and confused ideas entertained of it. Vesale was the first to break through the trammels with which ignorance and bigotry had crippled the march of science: surmounting with admirable courage and constancy, the disgust, the terror, and even the peril, inseparable from this description of labor, to which he had devoted himself, he was to be seen whole days and nights in the cemeteries, surrounded by the festering remnants of mortality, or hovering about the gibbets, and disputing with the vulture for its prey, in order to compose a perfect skeleton from the remains of executed criminals left there to be devoured by the carrion bird.

It was during a sojourn at Basle, after his return from Italy, that Vesale first beheld at the house of Hans Holbein, the painter, Isabella Van Steenwiyk, the daughter of a merchant at Hœrlem, who was destined to exercise some influence over his future life. Vesale was then scarcely twenty-eight years of age, and already he had attained the summit of his well-directed ambition. He enjoyed the countenance and friendship of the celebrated men of the day. Erasmus, Melancthon, Neltwyck, Verazio, Holbein, and Titian, were proud to be numbered among his friends.—The Emperor Charles the Fifth, informed by public rumor of the extraordinary talents of the young professor, bestowed upon Vesale, without solicita-

tion, the important charge of his first physician.—At the very moment when these honors were so fast accumulating, Vesale first saw Isabella Van Steenwiyk, and a vision of happiness dawned upon him from her calm blue eyes. The family of Van Steenwiyk was a wealthy and honorable one, far superior to that of Vesale in birth and fortune; but the distinguished position the latter had acquired for himself, entitled him to aspire to an alliance even more exalted. The son of the Princess Margaret's apothecary would have been rejected by the rich Heerlem burgher; the Emperor's first physician was accepted by him as the most eligible son-in-law. The marriage was solemnized, and Vesale, accompanied by his young bride, set off for Seville, where Charles then held his court. Vesale was a man of great determination, of strong feeling and violent passions, capable of great extremes of love and hatred, and of most unlimited devotion and the most relentless rancor. But he was ignorant of all those nicer intermediate shades of sentiment which soften and harmonize the character, and scorned as effeminate the gallantries and graceful attentions which youthful wives looked upon as their prerogative, and which, although but too often merely the semblance of love, are often, too, more effective in winning woman's confidence and tenderness, than love itself. No two natures could be more dissimilar than Vesale and his wife. She was gentle, calm, and undemonstrative, not to be roused into any violent evidence of love or anger, and so even-tempered as to be pronounced by many apathetic. Her fair and serene countenance was the mirror of a soul as serene, yet she was capable of great depth of feeling, although her natural timidity prevented the silent workings of her heart from appearing on the surface.

She loved her husband truly; but there was so much of awe mingled with her affection, as to throw an appearance of restraint over her demeanor towards him, even in the privacy of domestic life. The very nature of his profession and occupations was calculated to increase that awe, and even to create some degree of repugnance, in a shrinking mind, which nothing but strong affection could overcome. Isabella's nature required skillful drawing out and tender fostering. Vesale, unfortunately, understood nothing of this sort: he mistook her timidity for coldness, and resented it accordingly; this led to estrangement on her part, which he attributed to dislike, and jealous distrust at last took possession of his soul.

Amidst the gallantries of Sevile, where, for a woman to be young and attractive, was to command the attention and authorize the devotions of the other sex—it was no difficult task to arouse the susceptibilities of a suspicious husband. Vesale's talents and position, in the Emperor's household, had brought him into contact with all the men of learning and science about the court; the fame of his wife's beauty soon conferred upon him another sort of distinction; and although at first, in accordance with the housewifery habits of her country, she rarely showed herself in public, except to go to mass, enough was seen of her on these occasions, to render an acquaintance with the husband of one so fair, the object of many a gay courtier's ambition. Vesale's house became the resort of all that was noble and gallant in Seville, and he, for a time, believed his own scientific conversation to be the attraction. At first the young wife showed her usual calm indifference to the admiration that followed her wherever she was seen; but at last, something in her manner and countenance, whenever one particular person appeared, or his name was mentioned, betrayed that there did exist a being who had discovered the secret of causing the blood to flow more tumultuously through her veins. That person was Don Alvar de Solis; and as he was young, handsome, gay, and the most inconstant gallant in Seville, the suspicions of Vesale were painfully aroused. He took silent note of the unusual emotions that agitated Isabella whenever that nobleman was in her presence.

The general conduct of Don Alvar was calculated to baffle suspicion, being marked by indifference. This would have misled the vigilant husband, had he not, on one occasion, when his back was turned towards Don Alvar, perceived him, in an opposite mirror, fix his kindling eyes upon Isabella, with an expression not to be mistaken; while she grew red and pale by turns, and then, as though unable to surmount her agitation, rose and left the room. Shortly after, Vesale received an anonymous note, saying, "Look to your wife and Don Alvar de Solis, and be not deceived by appearances. They only want a fitting opportunity to dishonor you. Even now he carries about the glove she dropped for him at mass." Vesale shut himself up to ponder over the most effectual means of avenging himself. His resolution was promptly taken. He had established schools of anatomy at San Lucar and Cordova, obtained the Emperor's permission to visit them, quitted Seville ostensibly for that purpose, but returned the same night, concealed himself in a tenament belonging to him, at some distance from his abode in the Alcazar, which was devoted to the double purpose of a laboratory and dissecting room.—He had taken no person into his confidence; he was alone with his vengeance, and he listened only to his counsel. At dark, on the following evening, he issued forth, muffled to the eyes in a woman's mantle and hood, and left a letter at Don Alvar's habitation, containing an embroidered glove of Isabella's, and these words: "I have obtained the key to Vesale's laboratory during his absence; be at the gate an hour after midnight, and you will be admitted on pronouncing the name of Isabella." The assignation was punctually kept by Don Alvar. At half an hour past midnight, he left his house alone, but he never returned to it. Whither he had gone, none could say, nor could any trace of him ever be discovered. It was supposed he must have missed his footing and fallen into the Guadalquiver, near which his abode was situated; and that his body had been swept away by the waves into the ocean.

Such an occurrence was calculated to produce a great sensation in the place where it happened; and Vesale, recalled, three weeks after, by the illness of his wife, found the disappearance of Don Alvar the theme of every tongue. The altered appearance of Isabella was attributed by Vesale to grief for the mysterious absence of Don Alvar, and that conviction took from him all the pity of her sufferings. It chanced to be the festival of Santa Isabella, and, to do honor to her patron saint, as well as to celebrate the return of her husband, Isabella put on her wedding dress, and seating herself by an open casement that overlooked the Alcazar gardens, she watched for his coming. But whilst her eyes were vainly fixed upon the path by which she expected him to appear, a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and turning round, she beheld Vesale standing by her side. "I have ordered the supper to be laid in my study, said he, and, taking her hand, he led her away to the room in question, dismissed the attendant, and closed the door. Everything wore a festive air, yet the repast was cheerless. Perceiving that she tasted nothing, Vesale poured a few drops from a vial of elixir into a cup of Malaga wine, and presenting it to her, "Drink this," he said; "it is a sovereign cure for the complaint you are suffering from." "Pledge me in the

draught," she replied, filling up a goblet from the same flask, and handing it to him, "and it will bring a quicker healing to me. Let us drink to our absent friends, Andrea." Vesale accepted the offering and they emptied their goblets together. "Talking of absent friends;" said he, suddenly fixing his eyes upon her, "you have not yet spoken to me of Don Alvar de Solis. Are all hopes of hearing of him relinquished?" Isabella started, and blushed. "Nothing is known of him," she stammered; "a strange mystery envelops his disappearance." "What if I should be able to clear it up," returned her husband, "and tell you wherefore he has disappeared, and whither he has gone?"

"Don Alvar de Solis," he continued, "was a braggart and a libertine, and boasted that no woman ever resisted his seductions, that no husband ever suspected the injury he was preparing for him." Then grasping his wife by the hand, he led her up to a door at the farther end of the room, and throwing it wide open, revealed to her view a human skeleton, suspended within, holding in one of its bony hands one of her own embroidered gloves. "Behold," he said, pointing at the ghastly spectacle, "the gallant and beautiful Don Alvar de Solis—the object of your guilty love. Contemplate him well, if the sight can render your last moments happier, for you are about to die too; the wine I have just given you was poisoned!"

When the last dreadful sentence, and its still more dreadful illustration, burst upon her affrighted senses, she became paralyzed with excess of emotion; the scream, which had risen to her throat, died there in strangled murmurs, and sinking back, she fell as one dead upon the arm of Vesale. She was not dead, however; he had not poisoned her; that crime he had hesitated to commit, yet he was not the less her murderer. Convulsion followed convulsion, and, at last, she died; and, in that supreme moment, the hour that preceded death, her husband, who had never quitted her, beheld one of those phenomena which sometimes attend the dying. Awaking from a torpid slumber, consciousness and memory returned at once, and with them a calm and a courage she had never possessed in the flush of life. "Andrea," said she, fixing her dim eye upon her husband. "I am dying by your hand, yet I am innocent; I never wronged you in thought or deed.—Don Alvar pursued me with his love and his threats, but I repulsed him. I never loved but you! I feared and honored you as much as I loved—but I dared not tell you of his pursuit! Oh, Andrea, believe my words; the dying deal not in falsehood! Should I be thus calm, were I guilty?" Vesale, sinking upon his knees, solemnly protested his faith in the innocence of his wife, and, with choking sobs, adjured her to believe that he had only feigned to give her poison; that he could not nerve his hand to take away her life; that the terror of death, and not death itself, was upon her! And, while he yet spoke, Isabella murmured, "Thanks be to Heaven for this!" and drawing his hand towards her, laid it upon her heart, and as she did so, it ceased to beat.

Oregon.—The *Union* publishes a letter from Mr. Benton to the Secretary of State, wherein the Senator informs Mr. Buchanan that he has accounts from Oregon to the 1st of November; that the Oregonians were greatly discontented by the failure of the Oregon bill at the last session, but consoled by the reception of Mr. Buchanan's letter. They did think of calling a convention to "provide for themselves"—establish a territorial government, we presume, on the independent principle—but thought better of it and concluded to wait in hope a little longer.

The Recent Elections in France.—The details of these elections are very curious, as far as known. We have only the partial returns of Paris—and they are as follows:

Population of Paris, - - - - - - - -	1,150,000
Estimated number of voters, - - - -	300,000
Number of votes actually taken, - - -	210,000
Estimate of the votes given to the Lamartine party, or moderate republicans, -	180,000
Estimate of votes given to the Rollin and Blanc party, or socialist - - - - -	30,000

These estimates are predicted on the actual returns from several sections, or districts. Paris is divided into twelve wards, *(arrondissements,)* and these again into two hundred and eighty sections, or districts, as we call them. Each district took generally less than 1,000 votes. This minute division of the city of Paris into districts, caused the quiet and calmness with which the election was conducted. The elections in New York are conducted on the same plan, which generally produces the same quiet aspect. The whole business is begun and ended in one day in this city—and in two days in Paris.

These are the election facts in Paris, and they probably are alike throughout France. They give us a high opinion already of the practical capacity of the French people for conducting their republic. They must have arranged these matters on the experience of the United States. Again, the results show a very full vote, and great political excitement, in contradiction to the grossly false statements of the English press, which asserts that no interest was taken in them. Indeed, the proportion of actual votes taken in Paris to the population, is greater than was ever taken in New York. The total defeat of the socialists is a good omen of permanency. Success to the French Republic!—*N. Y. Herald.*

Great Hail Storm in the Seminole Country—Destruction of Wild Fowl, &c.—Marcelus Duval, Esq., Seminole country, on Wednesday last. From him we learn that on the 26th of March last, the valley of the Canadian, about one hundred and fifty miles west of this, was visited with one of the severest storms of hail that ever fell, the *hail-stones* being about the size of hens' eggs, and some even larger. Where Mr. Duval was, the hail-stones were not so large, he being on a ridge, but on either side, on the river and in the prairie, the storm was terrific.

The wild geese and brants, a species of the wild goose, appeared to be on the wing that day, migrating in great numbers from south to north, and were killed by hundreds with the hail, while flying. Thirty were counted in one place, lying dead, by some persons who passed the spot shortly after the storm. Snme fell dead in the yard of a Seminole Chief named Micanopy, who picked them up, had them cooked and ate them. He told the agent afterwards he thought the great Spirit had sent them to the Indians, knowing they were getting scarce of provisions. Some of the Indians were afraid to eat them, supposing the destruction of so great a quantity of these birds portended some evil to their country. Others carried them home by horse loads. The agent says that he has never heard of anything of the like before in his life, and when he left, the Indians were still bringing in from the prairies wild geese and brants by horse loads. Several of the Indian cabins were blown down and others unroofed by the storm, but fortunately no one was killed.—*Fort Smith, (Ark.) Her., April* 12.

Heaves in Horses.—It is said that horses may be greatly relieved, if not cured, by the use of chopped straw instead of hay.

From the Knickerbocker.

Live to do Good.

BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D.

Live to do good: but not with thought to win
From man reward of any kindness done:
Remember him who died on cross for sin—
The merciful, the meek, rejected One;
When He was slain for crime of doing good,
Canst thou expect return of gratitude?

Do good to all: but, while thou servest best
And at thy greatest cost, nerve thee to bear,
When thine own heart with anguish is oppressed
The cruel taunt, the cold averted air,
From lips which thou hast taught in hope to pray,
And eyes whose sorrows thou hast wiped away.

Still do thou good: but for His holy sake
Who died for thine, fixing thy purpose ever
High as His throne, no wrath of man can shake;
So shall He own thy generous endeavor.
And take thee to His conqueror's glory up,
When thou hast shared the Saviour's bitter cup.

Do nought but good: for such the noble strife
Of virtue is 'gainst wrong to venture love,
And for thy foe devote a brother's life,
Content to wait the recompense above;
Brave for the truth, to fiercest insult meek,
In mercy strong, in vengeance only weak.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

John Clare—the Peasant Poet.

The writings of JOHN CLARE are an example of the impress of nature in her gentler and most lovely moods, upon a mind of vivid perceptions, yet wholly unacquainted with "the riches, rules, and prejudices of literature." His poetry came fresh from his heart—a heart full of genial love for the beauties of "sequestered nature," which he observed and studied with the deepest and purest enthusiasm.

The son of a crippled pauper, his early education was obtained by his own extra work as a ploughboy, in two weeks earning enough to pay his schooling for one: hence it is not strange that his range of bookish information was a limited one. His first poem was written at the age of thirteen, and was soon followed by several others.

His first volume of poems he published in 1820, at the age of 26; and being accompanied by a well written sketch of the early life of the author, it attracted much attention and was cordially noticed by the critics. He now found many friends who made up for him quite a little fortune. He was enabled to purchase, and stock a small farm in his native place, and marrying a neighboring farmer's daughter, with his parents and his young wife near, all proud of his genius and success, there seemed to be nothing wanting to ensure his happiness.

In 1821 he published "*The Village Minstrel and other Poems*," in two volumes, which were productions of higher merit and more finish than his previous ones, and fully established his claim to the title of a true poet.

Alas! that we are compelled to shade this pleasing picture, but as his discretion and knowledge were not equal to the management of his business affairs—he speculated in farming,—and amidst growing embarrasments sank into a state of nervous despondency and despair. He is now the tenant of a private asylum "hopeless though not dead to passing events."

Thus sadly is all his early promise blasted.—His naturally cheerful temperament, and quiet flow of feeling and passion seemed to promise a long life of useful and contented felicity. But as he has said, and it is a most natural yet original comparison—speaking of the hopes and prospects of youth:

> Spring bids full many buds to swell
> Which cannot grow to flowers.

Below are two specimens of his faithful and picutresque descriptions of nature.

TO THE GLOW-WORM—A SONNET.

Tasteful illumination of the night,
Bright, scattered, twinkling star of spangled earth!
Hail to the nameless colored dark and light,
The witching nurse of thy illumined birth.
In thy still hour how dearly I delight
To rest my weary bones, from labor free;
In lone spots, out of hearing, out of sight,
To sigh day's smothered pains; and pause on thee.
Bedecking dangling brier and lvied tree,
Or diamonds tipping on the grassy spear;
Thy pale-faced glimmering light I love to see,
Gilding and glistening in the dew-drop near;
O, still-hour's mate! my easing heart throbs free,
While tiny bents low bend with many an added tear.

THE THRUSH'S NEST—A SONNET.

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a mole-hill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture while I drank the sound
With joy—and oft an unintruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day;
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay.
And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
Dark-spotted over shells of green and blue;
And there I witnessed in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

PERSEVERE.—It is said that Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania, uses a letter stamp on which is engraved a printing press, over which is the motto, PERSEVERE. In regard to this same risen printer, an exchange paper remarks as follows:

"Twenty-five years ago, and this same Senator of the United States Congress was seen to enter a printing office at Harrisburg, Penn., with a small bundle of clothing flung across his shoulders on a stick, and humbly asking for labor, whereby he might earn sufficient to support himself and his indigent parents. He was taken as an apprentice to the business—served his employers faithfully, and now, twenty five years afterward, we find that he has graduated from an obscure printing office to the Senate chamber of the United States! Then he was but a poor boy—now he is the distinguished Senator from one of the largest and noblest States in the federal union!—So much for the republican origin of our statesmen, and so much for the fostering and congenial influence of that humble but excellent institution of learning *a printing office!*"

Let all other sons of type stamp upon their *hearts* the motto, PERSEVERE!

The Mormon Conventicle.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Passing up Merrimack street the other day, my attention was arrested by a loud earnest voice, apparently engaged in preaching, or rather "holding forth," in the second story of the building opposite. I was in the mood to welcome any thing of a novel character, and following the sound, I passed up a flight of steps leading to a long, narrow and somewhat shabby room, dignified by the appellation of Classic hall.

Seating myself, I looked about me. There were from fifty to one hundred persons in the audience, in which nearly all classes of this heterogeneous community seemed pretty fairly represented, all listening with more or less attention to the speaker.

He was a young man, with a dark, enthusiastic complexion, black eyes and hair, with his collar thrown back, and his coat cuffs turned over, revealing a somewhat unique quantity of "fine linen," bending over his coarse board pulpit, and gesticulating with the vehemence of Hamlet's player, "tearing his passion to rags." A band of mourning crape, fluttering with the spasmodic action of his left arm, and an allusion to "our late beloved brother, Joseph Smith," sufficiently indicated the sect of the speaker. He was a *Mormon*—a saint of the latter days.

His theme was the power of faith. Although evidently unlearned, and innocent enough of dealing in such "abominable matters as a verb or a noun, which no Christian ear can endure," to have satisfied Jack Cade himself, there was a straight forward vehemence and intense earnestness in his manner, which at once disarmed my criticism. He spoke of Adam, in Paradise, as the lord of this lower world—"For," said he, "water couldn't drown him, fire couldn't burn him, cold couldn't freeze him—nothing could harm him, for he had all the elements under his feet. And what, my hearers was the secret of his power? His faith in God: that was it. Well, the devil wanted this power. He behaved in a mean, *ungentlemanly* way, and deceived Eve, and lied to her, he did. And so Adam lost his faith. And all this power over the elements that Adam had, the devil got, and has it now. He is the prince and the power of the air, *consequently*, he is the master of the elements and lord of this world. He has filled it with unbelief, and robbed man of his birthright, and will do so until the hour of the power of darkness is ended, and the mighty angel comes down with the chain in his hand to bind the old serpent and dragon."

Another speaker, a stout, black-browed "son of thunder," gave an interesting account of his experience. He had been one of the apostles of the Mormon Evangel, and had visited Europe. He had "but three cents in his pocket," when he reached England. He went to the high professors of all sects, and they would not receive him; they pronounced him "damned already." He was reduced to great poverty and hunger: alone in a strange land, with no one to bid him welcome.

He was on the very verge of starvation.—"Then," said he, "I knelt down and prayed in earnest faith, "'Lord, give me this day my daily bread.' O, I tell ye, I *prayed with a good appetite;* and I rose up and was moved to go to a house at hand. I knocked at the door, and when the owner came, I said to him, 'I am a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, from America. I am starving, will you give me some food?" 'Why, bless you, yes,' said the man, 'sit down and eat as much as you please.' And I did sit down at his table, blessed be God; but, my dear hearers, he was not a professor; he was not a Christian, but one of Robert Owen's infidels. The Lord reward him for his kindness."

In listening to these modern prophets, I discovered, as I think, the great secret of their success in making converts. They speak to a common feeling; they minister to a universal want. They contrast strongly the miraculous power of the gospel in the apostolic time with the present state of our nominal Christianity. They ask for the signs of divine power; the faith, overcoming all things, which opened the prison doors of the apostles, gave them power over the elements, which rebuked disease and death itself, and made visible to all the presence of the living God. They ask for any declaration in the Scriptures that this miraculous power of faith was to be confined to the first professors of Christianity. They speak a language of hope and promise to weak, weary hearts, tossed and troubled, who have wandered from sect to sect, seeking in vain for the primal manifestations of the divine power.

In speaking of Mormonism as a delusion, I refer more particularly to the apocryphal book of Mormon. That the great majority of the "Latter Day Saints" are honest and sincere fanatics, I have no reason to doubt. They have made great sacrifices and endured severe and protracted persecution for their faith. The reports circulated against them by their unprincipled enemies in the West, are, in the main, destitute of foundation.—I place no dependence upon the charges made against them by the ruffian mob of the Mississippi Valley, and the reckless slave-drivers, who, at the point of the bayonet and bowie-knife, expelled them from Missouri, and signalized their Christian crusade against unbelievers by murdering old men, and violating their innocent wives and daughters. It is natural that the wrong-doers should hate those whom they have so foully injured.

The Prophet himself, the master-spirit of this extraordinary religious movement, is no more.—He died by the hands of wicked and barbarous men, a martyr—unwilling, doubtless, but still a martyr of his faith. For, after all, Joe Smith could not have been wholly insincere. Or, if so at the outset, it is more than probable that his extraordinary success, his wonderful power over the minds of men, caused him to seem a miracle and a marvel to himself; and like Mahommed and Napoleon, to consider himself a chosen instrument of the eternal power.

In the "Narrative of an Eye-witness of the Mormon Massacre," published in a western paper, I was a good deal impressed by the writer's account of the departure of the prophet from "the holy city," to deliver himself up to the State authorities at Warsaw. It is well understood, that in so doing he was about to subject himself to extreme hazard. The whole country round about was swarming with armed men, eager to imbrue their hands in his blood. The city was in a fearful state of alarm and excitement. The great Nauvoo legion, with its two thousand strong of armed fanatics, was drawn up in the principal square. A word from the prophet would have converted that dark, silent mass into desperate and unsparing defenders of their leader, and the holy places of their faith. Mounted on his favorite black horse, he rode through the glittering files, and with words of cheer and encouragement, exhorted them to obey the laws of the State, and give their enemies no excuse for persecution and outrage. "Well," said he, as he left them, "they are good boys, if I never see them again." Taking leave of his family, and his more intimate friends, he turned his horse, and rode up in front of the great temple, as if to take a final look at the proudest trophy of his power. After contemplating it for a while in silence,

he put spurs to his horse, in company with his brother, who, it will be recollected, shared his fate in the prison, dashed away towards Warsaw, and the prairie horizon shut down beneath him and the city of saints for the last time.

Once in the world's history we were to have a yankee prophet, and we have had him in Joe Smith For good or for evil, he has left his track on the great pathway of life; or, to use the words of Home, "knocked out a window in the wall of the nineteenth century," whence his rude, bold, good-humored face will peep out upon the generations to come. But the prophet has not trusted his fame merely to the keeping of the spiritual. He has incorporated himself with the enduring stone of the great Nauvoo temple, which when completed, will be the most splendid architectural monument in the new world. With its huge walls of hewn stone—its thirty gigantic pillars, loftier than those of Baalbec—their massive caps carved into the likeness of enormous human faces, themselves resting upon cresent moons, with a gigantic profile of a face within the curve —it stands upon the elevation of the most beautiful city site of the west, overlooking the "Father of Waters;"—a temple unique and wonderful as the fate of its builder, embodying in its singular and mysterious architecture, the Titan idea of the Pyramids, and the solemn and awe-inspiring thought which speaks from the Gothic piles of the middle ages.—*Howitt's Journal.*

Western Eloquence.—The following are extract from the speech of the Rev. Mr. Magoon, of Cincinnati, made at the anniversary of the New York Baptist Bible Society on Friday last:

"It seems strange to me that we scrape every cent we can reach to send the Gospel to our very antipodes, and forget those who come to our own land to make their homes. Do the Catholics build schools and colleges? We may do the same. Let us meet them in kindness, in philanthropy, in discussion, and win them. Should a Catholic build at one corner of my house, an Infidel on another, and a Jew in front, when I came forth from my morning devotions I would say good day to each, and pray that God would bless them all. When another speaker told of the persecution of Baptists by the French King, he might have gone farther—he might have told how a man rose in Paris and battled nobly and successfully for their cause, and that man was a foreigner everywhere—it was Cremieux, the Jew—subsequently called, in the Providence of God, to be Minister of Justice. It is our privilege to give all men freedom to worship God. If they are in error we may pity them, but should never abuse. But the greatest obstacle to be removed is defunct Protestantism—Evangelism congealed. Some men come to the West who had the odor of sanctity, who had perhaps been active class leaders, on this side of the mountains, but they had left all the Christian heat they ever had behind them—they were volcanoes burnt out. They would stop in some devoted place and settle down, the select wheat of God's harvest, predestinated from all eternity to sit in their infernal laziness while the world was perishing around them. They are the fossil remains of Pharaoh's lean kine; possessed of a *vis inertia* almost sufficient to stop the wheels of the Almighty's chariot of mercy, and banish every ray of His glory from man."

In reference to the kind of preachers received at the West, he says:

"The education soaked in from the outside, like a Thompsonian bath, is useless there. There is no field for such preachers. Black-board knowledge and Latin roots, emptiness in the head, green glasses over the eyes, dyspepsia in the stomach, and a diploma in his hand, do not suit the people—they want what the Scotch call 'gumption'—they want men like Ringgold's flying artillery, who know how to load and fire in the hottest of the fight. There is no need to wait for a church to call a pastor in the West; he can call his church himself. With a log cabin for a vestry, he can have around him a cathedral whose arches were wrought and wreathed, whose roof was adorned in the way the temples of Greece never knew—the blue sky is visible through its dome, the setting sun streams in between its pillars, and there, in a garb as simple as the sublime truths he tells, he can preach the Word of Life; there is no need of fine linen in double quantity—linen under and linen over his garment—he will not want two shirts."

How he rose.—A True sketch.—About forty years ago, somewhere in the woods near the line between Tennessee and Kentucky, in a log cabin 16 feet by 18, which was already occupied by a brood of ten or twelve children, was born a youngster, the hero of our sketch. In his infancy he was fed on corn and hominy, bear meat and the flesh of such wild varmints, as were caught in the woods. At twelve years of age, he was put out to work with a neighbor as a farm boy, and drove oxen, hoed corn, raised tobacco in the summer, cured it in the winter till he was seventeen years old, when he took to making brick; to which he added the profession of a carpenter; and by these successive steps in mechanical arts he became able, by his own unassisted skill to rear a house from a clay-pit, or from the stump, and complete it in all its parts, and to do it, too, in a manner that none of his competitors could surpass. His panel doors are to this day the wonder and admiration of all the country, in which they continue to swing on hinges. He never saw the inside of a school house or a church till after he was eighteen years old. By the assistance of an old man in the neighborhood, he learned to read and write, when a farm boy. Having achieved these valuable acquisitions by the aid of another, all his other education has been the fruit of his own application and perseverance. At the age of twenty-two, he conceived the idea of fitting himself for the practice of law. He at first procured an old copy of Blackstone, and having after the close of his daily labors by nightly studies over a pitch-knot fire in his log cabin mastered the contents of that compendium of common law, he pursued his researches into other elementary works.

And having thus, by great diligence, acquired the rudiments of his profession, he met with an old lawyer who had quit the practice, or whose practice had quit him, with whom he made a bargain for his secretary library for which he was to pay him $120 in carpenter's work; and the chief part of the job to be done in payment of these old musty books was dressing and laying down a floor or floors, at *three* dollars per square of ten feet. The library paid for, our hero dropped the adze, plane and trowel, and we soon after hear of him as one of the most prominent members of the Mississippi bar, and an able statesman and orator. "I heard him one day," says one, "make two speeches in succession, of three hours in length each, to the same audience, and not a movement testified any weariness on the part of a single auditor, and during their delivery the assembly seemed swayed by the orator as weeds before the wind."

That poor farm boy is at present at Washington, a member of Congress from Mississippi. His name is Patrick W. Tompkins. He is a self-made man, and his history shows what a humble boy can do when he determines to *try.*—*Saturday Rambler.*

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.—Our eastern religious exchanges are filled with the proceedings of the various benevolent and religious associations, whose anniversaries have lately been held in New York, Baltimore, and Troy. We have read these thoroughly; with profound interest, and with unfeigned pleasure. Most of the reports present a favorable aspect, and will tend to encourage the friends of humanity. Among the Societies are, the American Tract, the American Baptist Home Mission, the Foreign Evangelical, the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, the American Home Missionary, the American Protestant, the American Colonization, the Moral Reform and Guardian, the American Tract Union, the New York Sunday School Union, and the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.—Among the resolutions offered at the meeting of the last mentioned, is one with the sentiments of which every American *ought* to concur. It is this:

Resolved, That we contemplate with delight the progress of emancipation in the colonies of Sweden, Denmark and France, in Lahore, Peru and New-Granada, and earnestly hope that the last spot on earth where slavery exists will not be the republic that was first to proclaim the equality of man, and his inalienable title to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

At the meeting of the Home Missionary Society, a resolution, to the amount that the West is a promising field, inviting generous cultivation, was offered by the Rev. E. L. MAGOON of Cincinnati, and upon it he made one of the most original and ingenious speeches we have read for a long time. We cannot forbear making the following somewhat lengthy extract on the extent and grandeur of the "field."

"Some people wonder at the transformation which takes place in the mental character of those who move beyond the mountains. This is all very natural. Let a New Englander leave this city to-night, to-morrow morning, take his breakfast in Albany, and the next morning at Buffalo. There he finds a 'dreadful nice' village, and by just stepping through the bushes outside he confronts Niagara. That is the key-note of the great anthem of the West. The entranced spectator beholds a new world unfolding, and thenceforth every thing grows collossal to his view. He steps on board a magnificent steamer and traverses one inland sea, and then another, and yet another, a distance of fifteen hundred and eighty-five miles from Buffalo, to Chicago. He has now mastered several ideas vaster and more original than he ever dreamed of before. He glides down the Illinois river and enters the Missouri, up which he pushes his course more than two thousand miles. On some beautiful morning he ascends a bluff, and beholds around him a scene which the steppes of Asia, the pampas of South America, and the arid desert of Africa would never enable him to conceive. It seems as if by some strange magic the undulations of a vast ocean were suddenly arrested and transformed into verdure the most vivid, and an infinitude of flowers the most georgous; one rolling plain rising above another and stretching away as far as the eye can reach, presenting a prospect the most splendid, seen through an atmosphere the most pure. Here and there a fairy group of trees arise, and the far off horizon is skirted with majestic forests. The bee is on the wing, fragrance fills the air, vast flocks of wild fowl nestle in the waving herbage, or hover like a cloud above the plain, while vaster herds of buffalo and deer graze cheerfully beneath sunny skies that seem to bend their placid majesty close around. Thenceforth there is poetry in that Yankee's mind which will outlast the journey of life. He resumes his voyage and descends to the 'Father of Waters,' and thence, by St. Louis, to New Orleans.—Having there heard almost every tongue, and seen ships from every nation of the civilized world he begins to think of returning to 'get his things and move West.'' He plants himself on the warm side of the smoke-stack, or shady side of the wheel-house, as the season may require' muses to himself as he passes through the long reaches of gigantic wilderness, where not a trace of man is seen, admires the frequent clearings, wonders at the growing towns, and greets passing steamers, pumps every man dry on board with interminable questions, whistles and whittles his way through a continuous voyage as far as from New York to Liverpool, and finds himself at length in Cincinnati, the great heart of the mighty giant, only the fringe of whose garment as yet he has seen. True he has surveyed some portions of the field eight thousand miles in circumference which stretches from the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains, from the Lakes of the North to the Gulf of Mexico.—He knows that this is the most delightful climate, as well as the most productive soil ever prepared for the habitation of man, and that it is capable of supporting the densest population on the face of the globe. He has discovered that Illinois, Missouri and Ohio alone could be divided into twenty-one states as large as Massachusetts, and that these three segments of the great circle of the West could sustain twenty-millions of inhabitants—more than the present population of the whole United States. He has traversed a little of the twenty-five thousand miles of river, lake, rail-road and canal navigation now open within this central area, and knows that beyond the portion yet occupied there is ample room to form a whole coronet of new states where the refugee monarchs of continental Europe might become useful citizens, and the Queen of England could endow her offspring with ample farms, even if a bountiful Providence should continue to bless her for eight years to come as in days and months that are past. Your Yankee adventurer has seen this, felt this, and after such experience how do you expect to cramp him into a nut-shell style and compel him in the great waters of his thought to fish with a pin-hook?—Do you suppose that Michael Angelo with natural ease and genial taste could descend from the dome of St. Peter's and the fresco of the Last Judgement to paint a minature profile of Tom Thumb? The observing and thinking man who explores the region we have indicated gets his ideas stretched out, his soul mightily elongated, and exalted, long before his journey is complete. He has grown into the gigantic proportions of what he has learned to admire. He has become a westerner, he is a Yankee expanded, a New Englander enlarged."

CYCLOPEDIA OF MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ANECDOTES.—The third number of these racy anecdotical *excerpta*, may be found at the book-store of L. Danforth, & Co., and it is truly worth the cost.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.—The last number of the London Quarterly Review, spoken of last week, contains a lengthy and very able review of Tennyson's Princess: a Medley, which has lately been republished in this country. The reviewer very justly accuses Mr. Tennyson of an occasional absence of refinement in his writings; of a want of clearness; and an occasional want of truth in imagery and diction. He thinks the poet is "most audacious in the manufacture of vocables" and objects to his habit of turning adjectives into substantives *ad libitum*. "The Princess" is admired for its dramatic power and other good qualities, and on the whole the critique is candid and well toned.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for June has been on our table for a week. The publisher is prompt enough "in all conscience," and certainly MRS. HALE, the long standing and truly worthy editor, manages to send forth a very valuable book. This periodical is the oldest monthly in the United States. The best literary talent in the country has been from time to time, devoted to its columns. One of the engravings in the present issue, purporting to be a full length portrait of "*one of our Contributors*," (Grace Greenwood, we *guess*) is "beautiful exceedingly." The literary contents are by Miss Leslie, Mrs. Ellet, Helen Irving, Willis, Simms, etc. Mr. Godey offers the Lady's Book and his Lady's Dollar Newspaper, for three dollars:—a very reasonable offer.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We shall probably publish next week the lecture of A. P. NICHOLS, Esq., before the Young Men's Association, on *The Golden Age*. It will be followed in two or three weeks more, by Mr. CLINTON'S Address before the Erie County Agricultural Society, delivered at its annual meeting last September.—Though a copy was early requested, it was not till lately that Mr. C. consented to have it appear in print.

The following communications are accepted:—*The Lily and the Brook*, *Birth-Day Sonnet*, and *I was Happy Once*.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for May, republished by Leonard Scott & Co., has already appeared. It contains The Caxtons, (Part II.) Education in Wales, The Silver Cross, Heigh-Ho. Republican France, The Spaniard in Sicily, Crimea and Remarkable Trials in Scotland, An Irish Tale, The Last Walk, Man is a Featherless Biped, & The Revolutions in Europe.

For sale by Burke, under the Mansion House.

SOUTHERN LITERARY GAZETTE.—The first number of a weekly imperial quarto, bearing the above title, lies before us. It is published at Athens, Geo., and is edited by W. C. RICHARDS. Esq., a young gentleman of fine literary taste, with whose writings we have been conversant for the last eight or ten years. The Gazette looks well.

FROM MEXICO.—New Orleans papers of the 11th announce the arrival of the schooner *Athos*, from Vera Cruz, with advices two days later.—The news, however, is almost *nil*. The quorum was yet wanting in the Mexican Congress. Three of the Senators had resigned. There was even some doubt whether the Congress would meet at all.

From Tampico we have a little later intelligence. It was rumored there that a quorum of the Mexican Congress had been assembled at Queretaro, but the rumor was considered rather doubtful. Lieut. J. BOWMAN, of the 7th Regt., died at Tampico, on the 6th, of fever, which is said to be quite prevalent. An American named TOWERS was murdered near Matamoros recently by Mexican servants whose object was robbery, and who escaped with their booty.

Foreign News.

The French National Assembly on the 5th inst. declared in the name of the French people, and in the face of the entire world, that the Republic proclaimed on the 24th of February, 1848, is, and shall remain the form of the Government of France.

The fearful conflicts in Cracow is partly confirmed by the accounts received by the *Hermann*. The people erected barricades and fought manfully, but were finally forced to give way before the disciplined troops of the Autocrat. The city was not, however, conquered till after a severe bombardment, when the citizens finally capitulated.—Ten of the soldiers were killed and 14 wounded.

☞ A sad accident occurred at H. P. DARROW'S Elevator on Monday evening. Two Irishmen, while engaged in loading a canal boat were drawn into the conductor or pipe which conveys the grain from the bin. One of them had his clothes torn from him and was smothered, before he could be extricated. The other was rescued by knocking a hole through the bin and drawing the grain off, and is out of danger. The accident was the result of carelessness, or thoughtlessness on the part of the men, in entering the bin, when there was about 3000 bushels of wheat, and which was rushing out with great rapidity.—*Com. Adv.*

CONNECTICUT U. S. SENATORS.—Hon. ROGER S. BALDWIN and TRUMAN SMITH were elected Senators of the U. S. by the Legislature of Connecticut last Thursday. Mr. BALDWIN for the unexpired term of the late J. G. HUNTINGTON, and Mr. SMITH for the full term of six years, from the 4th of next March.

HORTICULTURAL.—The May Exhibition, held on Tuesday, surpassed in beauty and extent any one of similar season, since the existence of the Society. Next week we shall give the full report.

POVERTY OF GUIZOT.—A London letter to the New York *Literary World*, states that GUIZOT and his family are now in London, actually in a state of destitution.

Arrival of the Caledonia.

New York, May 22—10 P. M.

The *Caledonia* arrived off Boston on Saturday evening and anchored. A thick fog came up next morning, the news came over the wires with much interruption on account of atmospheric electricity.

Liverpool Markets.—Best Western Canal, 26s 6d to 27s 6d. Wheat, white and mixed, 7s 2d to 8s 3d. Red, 6s 5d to 7s 6d. Indian Corn, 26s to 28s. Meal 11s 6d to 12s. Corn Market declined last week, with inactive trade. A corresponding depression took place in London.

The Liverpool Market yesterday closed sluggishly. The chief alteration was in Meal, the demand for which proved extremely dull. There was a marked improvement in the Cotton market, the principal improvement being in low and middling qualities.

Manufacturers and speculators have shown increased activity. A well sustained advance one-eighth pence per pound has taken place.

Pork mess, new, 85sa92s 6d. Ordinary 73sa83. Old 60sa68s. Mess per bbl., new, 50sa54s. Ordinary and old 36sa46s. Prime 30sa36s. Extra India, family, &c., 97sa105s.

Pork duty free, prime mess, new, 55sa70s. Old 44sa56s. Mess 44sa60. Prime 35sa45s.

Bacon, duty free, dried old, free 100 cwt., 15sa 30s. Long and short, and middlings, free from bone, and salt and do, ribs 50sa54s. Western 37s a52 3d. Hams, smoked and dried in canvass per cwt., duty paid 20sa50s. In casks, no marked change, duty free 25sa43s. Lard, duty free, fine leaf, in kegs 42sa45s. do. in bbls. 39a42s. Ordinary to middling 36sa38s. Inferior and grease 30sa35s.

Cheese, fine, duty paid, 48 a 52. Middling 43 a 46s. Ordinary 36 a 42s.

Butter, U S, fine, and Canada not quoted.

Ashes, duty free—Montreal Pots 30 a 31, Pearls 38 a 40—U. S. Pots 28 a 29, Pearls 38 a 40.

London money market opened with appearances of much firmness, but owing to apprehensions of French interference against the army of Austria now in Italy, they closed at a decline of ¼ per cent. Consols are 83¼.

There have been two failures in London of considerable amount—Messrs. Leys, Mason & Co., flax spinners, and Alexander Hadden & Sons, worsted spinners. The mills of both houses are in Aberdeen. The unsettled state of Continental trade is assigned as the immediate cause of these disasters.

Wilmer & Smith says the French elections are now complete, and notwithstanding the utmost exertions of the ultra Republicans and Communists to effect their purpose, the lists exhibit triumphant testimony to the popularity of the principles propounded and acted upon by Lamartine and the moderate party. So clearly and prominently has this expression of popular feeling been manifested, some fears are entertained of the minority resorting to ulterior measures, in order to render part of the proceeding nugatory.

Yucatan—The Treaty of Peace.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

The Tribune supplies the following translation (from the New Orleans Patria) of the convention or treaty agreed upon between the Maya Indians of Yucatan and the White or Spanish inhabitants:

The General Secretary of the Government:

In the holy name of God the Father, of God the Son, and of God the Holy Ghost, Amen. We the undersigned, D. Jose Canuto Vela, curate, and D. Felipe Rosado, superior political chief, commissioned by his Excellency, the Governor D. Miguel Barbachano; and we who are named in the same capacity by the principal chief of the Indians, D. Jacinto Pat, and whose names are likewise undersigned, Pbro, D. Manuel, Mesa Vales and Captains D. Jose Maria Pat, D. Francisco Cob, D. Pantaleon Uh, D. Juan Justo Yam, and the sub-lieutenants D. Jacinto Mangas and D. Juan Jose Guerrero, being met in this town of Tzucacab, on the 19th day of April, of the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, for the important purpose of maturely considering whatever may be adopted to put an end to a war which occasions damage, prejudice and ruin on both sides, here in the peninsula of Yucatan, in which our Lord God desired that we might be born to love each other with equality; and considering all that concerns the well-being and profit of our neighbors, the Christians, to the end that they may repose, retiring to the care of their interests, their firesides and their respective families, as is the command of God. Here, before His Majesty, the above mentioned chief D. Jacinto Pat being present, and the Captains D. Apolinario Zel, D. Petro Baak, D. Jose Benito Vitorin, D. Juan May, D. Saturnio Rodriguez, D. Francisco Sanchez, D. Juan Jacinto Pat, and D. Doroteo Poot, of common accord, we have set our names and seals, for perpetual memory, to the true desires or resolutions which follow:

Art. 1. From this day and forever personal taxes shall be abolished both for whites and Indians, it being well understood that the tax here spoken of is that established by law for all Yucatecos from the ages of sixteen to sixty.

Art. 2. In the sense of the preceding article the duty on baptism shall be fixed at three reals, (three shillings, York) and the duty on marriage ten reals, for the whites as well as for the Indians, and for every Yucateco.

Art. 3. It is also established that forests may be cleared for sowing, or to form ranches in the plains of the towns, in lands called lands of community and in common, without paying any rent therefor; and that from this time forth no portion of said lands shall be sold. And those which are claimed and laid out, but the deeds of which have not been executed by the Government, shall remain unconveyed, a recourse for subsistence for the people, the Government undertaking to refund the value which it has received on account of the said lands.

Art. 4. There shall be returned to the Indians under command of the chief, D. Jacinto Pat, all the muskets, which the Government now ceasing have ordered to be taken from them, it being understood that of the two thousand five hundred taken, those which are now existing shall be promptly returned; and that his excellency, the Governor, D. Miguel Barbachano, shall presently buy as many as are wanting, and shall deliver them into the hands of the said chief, D. Jacinto Pat, that he may distribute them to their owners as is just. All the arms which our beloved neighbors the Indians now have shall remain with them for their use. The moveables and other effects which the troops of the said chief, D. Jacinto Pat, have taken, up to the present time, they shall retain for their own, and no one shall ever have a right to reclaim them.

Art. 5. Considering that his Excellency the Governor, D. Miguel Barbachano, is alone charged with he execution of the articles of this great act, and also

that he alone will have as a duty the fulfilment of their spirit; he is to remain invariably established in the high office which he exercises by the will of the people of this state of Yucatan; and he shall retain it for life, because that has been a cause of taking up arms; and the people shall take care that he be not removed from his station.

ART. 6. It is henceforth established under a sacred compromise that the chief, D. Jacinto Pat, shall be the Governor of the captains of the Indians of the people of Yucatan, and this gentleman will agree with his Excellency the Governor, D. Miguel Barbachano, in the best mode of Government under which internal harmony of the two people may be attained, and as to the manner in which they shall be ruled or governed by their justices for their uniform well-being.

ART. 7. Likewise all debtors to manual service shall be released from their debts, and all those who have assisted in the field with arms in their hands as well as those who have not taken up arms, being included in this provision, since all Yucatecos ought to enjoy this benefit. But those who may desire to contract new debts shall be held to satisfy such debts with their personal labor.

ART. 8. All taxes on the distillation of ardent spirits are abolished in all the towns of Yucatan.

ART. 9. When his Excellency the Governor, D Miguel Barbachano, shal, deposit with his secretary the ratification of the stipulations contained in the present instrument, so that it has the necessary value, all the belligerent forces shall alike retire to their residences, only those troops remaining which are necessary to care for good order in their respective towns, and for the re-establishment of peace and tranquility therein. These agreements are established by the commissioners of his Excellency, D Miguel Barbachano, and of the chief, D. Jacinto Pat, together with their secretaries, &c., &c.

This is remarkable document, suggesting various considerations of moment. In the first place, it completely negatives the current assertion that the Maya of Yucatan are a race of ignorant, ferocious and bloodthirsty savages; for it may well be doubted whether any of the most civilized people in existence, standing as these Maya do in the attitude of conquerors, vastly superior in numbers, in courage and millitary aptitude, and flushed with recent success in numerous conflicts, would accede to an arrangement so strongly marked with both equity and moderation. It is perfectly clear that their chiefs at least—the acting negotiators—have a very good understanding of their natural rights and of what is best, not only for their own interest, but for the interest of the whole population, the whites as well as the aborigines.

Secondly, there is apparently a strong significance in the provisions of the fifth article. It has reached us, from time to time within the last year or two, that discord prevailed between parties of the Spanish population; insurrectionary movements have occurred both at Campeachy and Merida, having for their object the expulsion of Senor Barbacheno from the chief magistracy.—Now it appears that his confirmation in that office for life is one of the conditions stipulated by the insurgent Maya, and the inference therefore seems natural that the recent hostilities have not been exclusively of the Maya against the whites; that the Maya have at last been instigated if not aided or guided by one faction of the whites, the adherents of Senor Barbacheno.

Finally, it seems to be a rational deduction from the apparent confidence mutually placed by the respective parties in the good faith of the other—evidenced by the absence of guarantees other than verbal, and of all allusion to such frightful atrocities and massacres as have been reported—that the accounts which have reached us were greatly and grossly exaggerated; as would naturally be the case, supposing the authors of those accounts to be terrified refugees, stimulated as well by party animosity as by fear of a common enemy.—Mr. Stephens, if we remember rightly, gives a highly favorable account of Senor Barbacheno, in point of intelligence as well as of integrity and good intentions. It is hardly to be supposed that such a man, as the leader of a large party in the nation, would enter into such a compact as that contained in the treaty, with a mere horde of ferocious savages, their hands yet reeking with the blood of murdered thousands, men, women and children.

The natural or probable conclusion seems to be that the actual course of events in Yucatan has been properly a civil war between two parties of the Spanish population, in which finally one party has induced the aboriginal population to take part. We have only to suppose, in conclusion, that Senor Sierra, the commissioner sent to Washington to solicit aid, is in fact the agent, not of the whole Spanish population, but of the defeated or anti-Barbacheno party, and we have not only a key to a right understanding of the whole matter, but also the means of duly estimating the *singular* good fortune that has brought about a *satisfactory* adjustment of the affair just in time to save our Government from the great error of taking sides in the controversy, and thus involving itself in a course of unjust as well as unfortunate and dangerous policy.

Congressional.

WASHINGTON, May 18.

SENATE.—The Vice President laid before the Senate a statement of the quantity of sugar imported within the last four years, which was ordered to be printed.

Mr. BRIGHT gave notice, that he should move tomorrow to take up the Wisconsin bill.

The report of the Committee of Conference on the bill to provide for additional examiners at the Patent Office, was agreed to.

Mr. TURNEY, of Tennessee, on leave, brought in a bill for the payment of claims for lives lost and killed in the military service of the United States, which was read twice and referred.

Mr. JOHNSON's resolutions in relation to the nomination of military officers not submitted to the Senate, was then taken up.

Mr. ALLEN spoke against the measure. It was not only useless, but contrary to respect due the President. The resolution was lost.

The Senate went into Executive session, when the doors were opened it was voted that the Senate should adjourn from Monday to Thursday next.

HOUSE.—Little business of moment was transacted in the House today. The P. O. bill was taken up in Committee of the Whole, and COCKE of Tennessee, made a speech against the administration and in favor of the Whigs.

He said that Mr. POLK had rewarded the members of the Convention that nominated him, to the tune of over $700,000. and he read a list of the fortunate parties.

A discussion on sundry amendments to the bill followed, after which the committee rose and the House adjourned.

FRIDAY, May 19.

SENATE.—It was, on motion, decided that when the Senate adjourns, it should do so until Monday next.

Mr. Dix of N. Y. from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill in favor of permitting Spanish steamers to land passengers and mails in our ports without paying tonnage duties, which was read twice and ordered to be engrossed, when it was read the third time and passed.

Mr. Dix also reported a bill from the same Committee in favor of authorizing the issuing of Registers to Howard & Sons' Spanish steamers, which was read a second and third time and passed.

Mr. Atherton, Chairman of the Committee on Finance, moved to take up the Appropriation bill for the West Point Academy, which was agreed to, when Mr. Atherton offered an amendment to the bill in favor of appropriating two thousand dollars for the payment of the expenses of the Board of Visiters. The bill as amended was then read a third time and passed.

Mr. Bright of Ind. moved to take up the bill for the admission of Wisconsin as a State into the Federal Union, which was agreed to.

The bill was then, after a brief consideration, read the second and third time and passed.

The Senate then, on motion, proceeded to the consideration of private bills, several of which were taken up, considered, and passed.

Senate adjourned over till Monday.

House.—Mr. Haskell of Tenn. moved to take up the bill in favor of paying the Macedonian's expenses, but the motion was lost.

Mr. Rockwell of Conn. moved that the House re-establish itself as a Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and proceed in the consideration of the regular order of business, which was adopted, when the House went into Committee of the whole, Mr. Simms of S. C. in the chair.

The private calender was taken up. Hodges's slave case came up first.

Mr. Chapman of Md. advocated the bill—while Mr. Tuck of N. H. and Mr. Dickey opposed it.—Mr. Rhett of S. C. advocated the passage of the bill.

The debate was very animated to-day and brought out some of the best talents of the House. Among the speakers were Mr. Stephens of Ga., Mr. Garnet Duncan of Ky. and others.

Mr. Stephens made an animated and exciting speech in favor of the rights of the South and the preservation of the Union, which quite electrified the House.

The Committee then rose and reported the bill to the House without amendments, when it was read a third time and passed.

On motion, the House then adjourned over till tomorrow, Saturday.

Strong Wines.—Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new.—Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best.—Bristol diamonds are both bright and squared and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, dull natures of youth, acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of their country, and therefore their dulness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself, who beats nature in a boy for a fault.—*Fuller, A. D.* 1680.

Clairvoyance to be Legally Investigated—The discovery of the body of young Bruce at Boston, by means of clairvoyance, which was recently declared a humbug, is about becoming the subject of legal investigation. The father of the missing youth has testified to the circumstances of finding the body—his certainty that it was that of his son—the fact that Miss Freeman, the clairvoyant, mentioned, and other singular circumstances relative to the vault, and his belief that his son was murdered, as the clairvoyant states. He is determined to ascertain whether the assertions of the clairvoyant in regard to the guilty parties can be substantiated.—*Troy Whig.*

From Jamaica and Port-au-Prince.

The schooner Stranger, Capt. Tobey, arrived yesterday from Kingston, having sailed thence on the 30th ult.

As the Stranger was coming out of port she met a schooner bound in, having on board 140 refugees from Port-au-Prince. Our last accounts from Port-au-Prince represented that the news from France had caused great excitement there; now we have the results. The following is from the Jamaica Despatch of the 20th ult:

Hayti.—This unfortunate country has again become the arena of a sanguinary scene. We learn from respectable authority that the black population have risen *en masse* against the inhabitants of color, and were committing awful ravages among them. The cause of the outbreak we are unable to ascertain, but it is supposed to be a dissatisfaction of the browns to be governed by the present President. The British merchants resident at Port-au-Prince engaged the brig Queen Victoria, which happened fortunately to be there, and sent, through the British consul, to the Commodore on this station, requesting the immediate presence of a man-of-war to protect British subjects and their interests. There was a French vessel of war at Port-au-Prince, and we are informed that her presence tended in a great degree to quell the outbreak which took place, but which, notwithstanding, was of a most serious nature.

The Queen Victoria anchored at Morant Bay on Thursday last, and the captain forthwith came to Port Royal to deliver his despatches to the Commodore. It was said that the number of perrons killed in one day exceeded two hundred.

The Commodore, we learn, has been unable to comply with the requision of her Britannic Majesty's consul at Port-au-Prince, there not being a single vessel of war at Port Royal at this moment, except the guard and store ships, which are useless in their present state.—*N. O. Picayune, 12th inst.*

Chinese Agriculture.—If there be one thing that the genius of this extraordinary people has brought nearer to perfection than another, it is the cultivation of the soil. The economy of their agriculture is beautiful; the whole country presents the appearance of one continued garden; no large commons starving a few miserable horses, nor parks nor chases laid waste for the special purpose of breeding rabbits, are to be met with; the land is meant to feed and clothe the people, and to that use its powers are directed. Not an inch of soil is lost that can be made useful for the most laborious and apparently unpromising industry, save only such parts as are set aside for burial grounds. Swamps are drained by canals, which carry the superfluous waters where they are turned to profitable account in enriching land that otherwise would not be productive. Hills are terraced to the summits, and the banks of rivers and shores of the sea recede and leave flourishing farms to reward the enterprise of man. I know nothing that would be likely to be more valuable from this country than the report of an experienced and scientific farmer, could such be induced to bestow a short time in travelling to China and making its agriculture his study.—*Forbes's China.*

A Girl Kidnapped.—A girl, 13 or 14 years of age, was stolen from Nashville, Tenn., by Dr, John Crockett and Lucinda Crockett, with an intention, it is thought, of sailing for Europe. The kidnapped child was the ward of M. W. Brown, Esq., of Nashville, and said to be "very rich." A reward of a thousand dollars, and all expenses paid, is offered for her return. She will answer to the name of Mary McNeil.

THE STRICKEN HEART.

Songs for the young, the pure;
The dance for the gay, the free;
But what will ye give to the stricken heart:
What will ye give to me?

Tears, and sighs, and sorrow?
Ah, no, this must not be!
Ye shall not chase one smile away,
One single smile for me.

Ye shall give me only flowers,
The frailest that ye see:
Pity alone, and wither'd flowers,
Shall be your gifts to me.

SPECTACLES FOR A PRINTER.—The Cairo Delta says, "Our pressman can look out of a window into three States, Missouri, Kentucky and Illinois, and at the rolling floods of two of the mightiest rivers in the West! And he can see steamers from almost every direction, and from all the prominent rivers of the West—some boats that have come nearly a thousand miles and whose point of destination is still more than a thousand miles distant! He sees their decks crowded with people from every quarter of the globe—families of emigrants in search of homes in the 'far West,' business men, traveling men, sporting men mingled together. He can mark the emptying of the great reservoir of Western produce by fleets of puffing steamboats and floating flats, and the returning riches of other climes. He can look abroad into the mighty forests, where but a few years back the foot of white man never trod, and around him at those great manifestations of human genius that the Indian never dreamed of. He can spread abroad his arms among all this greatness and beauty, and himself be the most wonderful object in the multitude—for he is the man who *prints the papers!*"

THE LUNGS.—On examination the lungs will be found full of innumerable little holes, like a sponge. These holes are the cells into which the air enters when we breathe. So great is their number that they have been calculated to amount to 174,000,000, forming altogether a surface thirty times greater than that of the human body. Every one of these cells is provided with a net-work of blood vessels, by means of which the blood is brought into immediate contact with the air over every portion of their surface. When this great amount is taken into consideration, we shall feel at once how necessary it is to supply pure air to the lungs with every breath we draw.—*Health of Towns Gazette.*

Mr. Adams was once asked what he most lamented in his life. He answered—"My impulsive temper and vituperative manner of speech, which prevents me from returning good for evil, and induces me, in the madness of my blood, to say things that I am afterwards ashamed of."

MR. WHEATON.—A late number of the London Times, in an article upon the Schleswig question, quotes the opinion of the late Henry Wheaton, "a name," says the Times, "which we cannot mention without a passing tribute to the character, the learning, and the virtues of a man who as a great international lawyer, leaves not his like behind."

CONGRESS.—The Senate was not in session Saturday. In the House nothing was done besides passing the bill authorizing the purchase of the Madison papers.

Price Current—May 24, 1848.

Flour, bbl.	$5 87½@6 00	Turkeys	7@8
Pork, bbl.	$9	Chickens, lb	1½
Do slaugh. cwt.	$5 00	Geese, each	25
Beef, cwt.	$4 50@5 00	Clover seed, bu	$3 50
Butter, lb	10@12	Timothy seed, bu	$2 00
Lard, lb	5½	Flax seed, bu	$1 12½
Cheese, lb	7@9	Whitefish, bbl	$7 00
Hams, lb	5½	Catfish, cwt	—
Shoulders, lb	3½	Potatoes, bu	62½@75
Corn meal, cwt.	$1 00	Salt, bbl	$1 12½
Wheat, bu	92@1 06	Apples, bu	50
Corn, bu	42@42½	Dried apples, bu	$1 00
Oats, bu	32@30	Onions, bu	$1 25
Slaughter hides, lb	3½	Eggs, doz	5
Dry hides, lb	7½@9	Saleratus, lb	6
Calf, lb	8½	Soap, lb	6@5
Sheep, slaughtered, lb	35@75	Whiskey, gall	17
Lamb, slaughtered, lb	18½	Highwines, gall	19
Hard wood, cord	$3 00	Lead, cwt	$4 00
Hemlock, cord	$2 00	Beans, bu	$1 25
Bit. (O.) coal, ton	$5 50	Wool, lb	30@38
Blossburgh, ton	—	Hay, ton	$10

MARRIED.

In Evans, on the 20th inst., by the Rev. John Scott, Mr. ORANGE J. DIBBLE, and Miss BETSEY MARIA, daughter of Dr. Sweetland, all of that place.

DIED.

This morning, ORANGE HAYES, aged 49 years.

Drowned, Jan. 12th, 1847, off the coast of Patagonia, 48 S. latitude, where he had gone on board the ship Canton, on a whaling voyage, M. LAFAYETTE BAKER, son of Moses Baker, Esq., of this city, aged 23 years. He sailed from New Bedford on the 17th of August, 1846.

JOHN C. GRANNIS.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Johnson's Arcade, over the Post Office. Cleveland, Ohio.

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☞ Circulars, containing farther particulars, may be obtained by applying to the Principal or Trustees.

April, 15, 1848. 2112.

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Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1848. NO. 18.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

I Was Happy Once.

I was happy once; and the flying hours
As they passed, o'er my pathway scattered flowers;
Every thought was clad in joy's array,
And life in gladness hastened away.

I was happy once; there was one whose smile
From every care could my heart beguile;
And my spirit bowed, and she came to be
The star of love's idolatry!

I was happy once; for the future was bright,
As a morn in Eden with love's own light;
But clouds will steal o'er the clearest skies,
And the one I loved was another's prize.

I was happy once; but the time has passed—
That time too rapturous long to last;
And my soul is sad, and I often sigh,
As I think of the days which have long gone by!

P. S.

Lake Erie, off Buffalo, May 17. 1848.

From the Delaware Blue Hen's Chicken.

Mrs. General Gaines.

As the case of this extraordinary woman (Mrs. Gaines) has for a long time past excited the interest of the people of this country, we think it will not be uninteresting to give our readers a slight sketch of her early life.

Mira Clark, now Mrs. Gaines, who is well known to our citizens, having in early life resided here, was born in New Orleans, her father, Daniel Clarke, (well known in the political and commercial history of Louisiana,) being a partner of Col. Davis, of this county. Her father died, and when only a few months old, she was adopted by Colonel Davis, and brought up as his own child. A man by the name of Ralph destroyed her father's will, and obtained possession of the whole of the immense property of her father, consisting of nearly the whole of the new part of New-Orleans,) at that time worth *five millions of dollars* and now worth much more.) She lived in entire ignorance of her parentage for a long time. The first idea she had of her parentage, was being taunted by a girl at school with the fact that Col. Davis was not her father. Afterwards, she discovered it from some papers which she found, while looking for some documents which she was to send to the Colonel at Harrisburgh—they at that time living in Pennsylvania. Some time afterwards, she visited the Sulphur Springs, Virginia, and while there, on account of her carriage breaking, she became acquainted with a young man named Wm. Whitney, a son of Gen. Whitney, of New-York. Soon afterwards he visited her in Philadelphia, but the Colonel not approving of the match, he was forbid the house. Colonel Davis soon after moved to Delamore, a place near Wilmington, and Miss Clark not being permitted to see her lover she corresponded with him.

To prevent detection, her letters were directed to Miss Mary Ann Williamson, (now the wife of Rev. Cory Chambers, of this city,) daughter of our late Mayor and Postmaster, she carefully keeping the secret, and punctually delivering the letters into the hands of Miss Clark, and sending hers to Mr. Whitney in return. Miss Clark was by this time fully acquainted with her parentage and the immense estate of her father. At last, she received a letter from Mr. Whitney, urging her by all she held true, and the love she bore him, to elope with him. The plan was laid, and the time fixed. Mr. Whitney was to be at Newcastle, where she was to join him. None was let into the secret but Miss Williamson. To prevent detection, Miss Clark called all the dogs together about Col. Davis's place, that evening, put them in one of the out-buildings, and locked them all up. At last the night came, and a terrible one it was, too; the wind howled, the rain poured in torrents, and the darkness was only now and then illuminated by fearful flashes of lightning. Undaunted by the raging elements, Miss Clark stepped from her bed-room on the balcony, and by means of the pillar of the balcony or a rope, managed to reach the ground in safety, and immediately ran as fast as she could to Wilmington.—It was a fearful night for a girl so small, so young and delicate, to venture abroad, alone and unattended. On her way, if possible, the rain became heavier, and the flashes of lightning more vivid.

At last she reached the residence of Mr. Williamson, drenched with rain, and the top of her band-box beat in by the violence of the storm.—Miss Williamson was waiting alone in the passage to receive her; the low knock at the door was given, the key softly turned, the door opened, and Miss Clark, pulling off her little kid slippers, which were wet through, softly ascended the stairs, so as not to alarm the rest of the family. The ladies employed themselves until morning, in drying, as well as they were able, Miss Clark's clothes.

At the first dawn of morning they stepped out, and a hack being procured, she departed for Newcastle. Miss Williamson gave her all the money she had, $5, as at the time she left Col. Davis's she had not a dollar.

At Newcastle, Miss Clark met her lover, and they started for Baltimore, where they were met by Miss Williamson, who acted as bridesmaid on the occasion of their marriage. Immediately after her marriage, Miss Clark, whom we shall now call Mrs. Whitney, set about hunting up facts in relation to her birth. Threats were used, and every obstacle made use of to prevent her. Her first care was to find her mother, and after a long search, she was at last discovered, we believe, in the Island of Jamaica. She almost immediately recognized her daughter, and gave the marriage certificate of her husband, Daniel Clark, from whom she had been separated some time before his death. Proceedings were immediately commenced, but for a short while with a small prospect of success. Threats were not only made against herself and husband, but against any one who should advocate their cause. It was with difficulty a lawyer could be procured to plead her cause; even the very judges on the bench were the feed counsel of the other side, and generally supposed to be under the influence of bribery.

Finally, her husband was thrown into prison, during the prevalence of the fever, and afterwards she was imprisoned with him, with a small child

at her breast. Whitney soon died; not, however without strong suspicion of foul play. She afterwards was released, and though a widow, still prosecuted her suit with determined resolution.—So glaringly was the partiality of the judges once displayed, that the crowd in court could hardly contain their indignation. Her life was two or three times attempted. Her first acquaintance with Gen. Gaines was when she was fired at, and part of her dress shot away. Gen. Gaines came and offered her his protection, and she soon after married him. Her opponents dared not use the same means with a general in the U S. army as they had already done with her first husband, a private individual.

After going through so many courts, we now learn that the suit has been decided in her favor. The value of the property is now near twenty millions of dollars. Mrs. Gaines is now about forty years of age, about five feet high, has a sweet expression of countenance, rather a French cast.—She has, at the same time, an indomitable resolution, as every circumstance of her life has shown. She is very charitable and warm hearted, and never forgets her old friends. She, even now, remembers with gratitude the services of her early friend, (formerly Miss Williamson.) now Mrs. Chambers, and assures her when she comes into her estate, she will remunerate her for her former kindness.

Letters from the Alleghany Mountains.

Correspondence of the National Intelligencer.

Tallulah Falls, Ga., April 29, 1848.

The subject of my present letter is *Adam Vandever*, "the Hunter of Tallulah." His fame reached my ears soon after arriving at this place, and, having obtained a guide, I paid him a visit at his residence, which is planted directly at the mouth of the Tallulah chasm. He lives in a log cabin, occupying the centre of a small valley, through which the Tallulah river winds its wayward course. It is completely hemmed in on all sides by wild and abrupt mountains, and is one of the most romantic and beautiful nooks imaginable. *Vandever* is about sixty years of age, small in stature, has a regular built weasel face, a small grey eye, and wears a long white beard. He was born in South Carolina, spent his early manhood in the wilds of Kentucky, and the last thirty years of his life in the wilderness of Georgia. By way of a frolic, he took a part in the Creek war, and is said to have killed more Indians than any other white man in the army. In the battle of Ottassee alone, he is reported to have sent his rifle-ball through the hearts of twenty poor heathen, merely because they had an undying passion for their native hills, which they could not bear to leave for an unknown wilderness. But Vandever aimed his rifle at the command of his country, and of course the charge of cold-blooded butchery does not rest upon his head. He is now living with his *third* wife, and claims to be the father of *over thirty children*, only five of whom, however, are living under his roof, the remainder being dead or scattered over the world. During the summer months he tills, with his own hand, the few acres of land which constitute his domain. His live stock consists of a mule and some half dozen goats, together with a number of dogs.

On inquiring into his forest life, he gave me, among others, the following particulars: When the hunting season commences, early in November, he supplies himself with every variety of shooting materials, steel-traps, and a comfortable stock of provisions, and, placing them upon his mule, starts for some wild region among the mountains, where he remains until the following spring. The shanty which he occupies during this season is of the rudest character, with one side always open, as he tells me, for the purpose of having an abundance of fresh air. In killing wild animals he pursues but two methods, called "fire-lighting" and "still hunting." His favorite game is deer, but he is not particular, and secures the fur of every four-legged creature which may happen to cross his path. The largest number of skins that he ever brought home at one time was six hundred, among which were those of the bear, the black and gray wolf, the panther, the wild-cat, the fox, the coon, and some dozen other varieties. He computes the entire number of deer that he has killed in his lifetime at four thousand.

When spring arrives, and he purposes to return to his valley home, he packs his furs upon his old mule, and, seating himself upon the pile of plunder, makes a bee-line out of the wilderness. And, by those who have seen him in this homeward-bound condition, I am told that he presents one of the most curious and romantic pictures imaginable. While among the mountains, his beast subsists upon whatever it may happen to glean in its forest rambles, and, when the first supply of his own provisions is exhausted, he usually contents himself with wild game, which he is often compelled to devour unaccompanied with bread or salt. His mule is the smallest and most miserable looking creature of the kind that I ever saw, and glories in the name of "*The Devil and Tom Walker.*" When Vandever informed me of this fact, which he did with a self-satisfied air, I told him that the first portion of the mule's name was more applicable to himself than to the dumb beast; whereupon he "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," as if I had paid him a compliment. Old Vandever is an illiterate man, and when I asked him to give me his opinion of President Polk, he replied: "I never seed the Governor of this State; for, when he came to this country some years ago, I was off on 'tother side of the ridge, shooting deer. I voted for the General, and that's all I know about him." Very well! and this, thought I, is one of the freemen of our land, who help to elect our rulers!

On questioning my hunter friend with regard to some of his adventures, he commenced a rigmarole narrative, which would have lasted a whole month had I not politely requested him to keep his mouth closed while I took a portrait of him in pencil. His stories all bore a strong family likeness, but were evidently to be relied on, and proved conclusively that the man knew not what it was to fear. As specimens of the whole, I will outline a few. On one occasion he came up to a large gray wolf, into whose head he discharged a ball. The animal did not drop, but made its way into an adjoining cavern and disappeared. Vandever waited awhile at the opening, and as he could not see or hear his game, he concluded that it had ceased to breathe, whereupon he fell upon his hands and knees, and entered the cave. On reaching the bottom, he found the wolf alive, when a "clinch fight" ensued, and the hunter's knife completely severed the heart of the animal. On dragging out the dead wolf into the sunlight, it was found that his lower jaw had been broken, which was probably the reason why he had not succeeded in destroying the hunter.

At one time, when he was out of ammunition, his dogs fell upon a large bear, and it so happened that the latter got one of the former in his power, and was about to squeeze it to death.—This was a sight the hunter could not endure, so he unsheathed his huge hunting-knife and assaulted the black monster. The bear tore off nearly every rag of his clothing, and in making his first plunge with the knife he completely cut off two of his own fingers instead of injuring the

bear. He was now in a perfect phrenzy of pain and rage, and in making another effort succeeded to his satisfaction, and gained the victory. That bear weighed three hundred and fifty pounds.

On another occasion he had fired at a large buck near the brow of a precipice some thirty feet high, which hangs over one of the pools in the Tallulah river. On seeing the buck drop, he took it for granted that he was about to die, when he approached the animal for the purpose of cutting its throat. To his great surprise, however, the buck suddenly sprung to his feet and made a tremendous rush at the hunter with a view of throwing him off the ledge. But what was more remarkable, the animal succeeded in its effort, though not until Vandever had obtained a fair hold of the buck's antlers, when the twain performed a summerset into the pool below. The buck made its escape, and Vandever was not seriously injured in any particular. About a month subsequent to that time he killed a buck, which had a bullet wound in the lower part of its neck, whereupon he concluded that he had finally triumphed over the animal which had given him the unexpected ducking.

But the most remarkable escape which old Vandever ever experienced happened on this wise.—He was encamped upon one of the loftiest mountains in Union county. It was near the twilight hour, and he had heard the howl of a wolf. With a view of ascertaining the direction whence it came, he climbed upon an immense boulder-rock, (weighing perhaps fifty tons,) which stood on the very brow of a steep hill side. While standing upon this boulder he suddenly felt a swinging sensation, and to his astonishment he found that it was about to make a fearful plunge into the ravine half a mile below him. As fortune would have it, the limb of an oak tree drooped over the rock; and, as the rock started from its tottlish foundation, he seized the limb, and thereby saved his life. The dreadful crashing of the boulder as it descended the mountain side came to the hunter's ear while he was suspended in the air, and by the time it had reached the bottom he dropped himself *on the very spot* which had been vacated by the boulder. Vandever said that this was the only time in his life when he had been really frightened; and he also added, that for one day after this escape he did not care a finger's snap for the finest game in the wilderness.

While on my visit to Vandever's cabin, one of his boys came home from a fishing expedition, and on examining his fish I was surprised to find a couple of *shad* and three or four *striped bass* or *rock-fish*. They had been taken in the Tallulah, just below the chasm, by means of a wicker net, and at a point distant from the ocean at least two hundred and fifty miles. I had been informed that the Tallulah abounded in trout, but I was not prepared to find salt-water fish in this remote mountain wilderness.

Since I have introduced the above youthful Vandever to my readers, I will record a single one of his deeds, which ought to give him a fortune, or at least an education. The incident occurred when he was in his twelfth year. He and a younger brother had been gathering berries on a mountain side, and were distant from home about two miles. While carelessly tramping down the weeds and bushes, the younger boy was bitten by a rattlesnake on the calf of his leg. In a few moments thereafter the unhappy child fell to the ground in great pain, and the pair were of course in unexpected tribulation. The elder boy, having succeeded in killing the rattlesnake, conceived the idea, as the only alternative, of carrying his little brother home upon his back. And this deed did the noble fellow accomplish. For two long miles did he carry his heavy burden, over rocks and down the water courses, and in an hour after he had reached his father's cabin the younger child was dead; and the heroic boy was in a state of insensibility from the fatigue and heat which he had experienced. He recovered, however, and is now apparently in the enjoyment of good health, though when I fixed my admiring eyes upon him it seemed to me that he was far from being strong, and it was evident that a shadow rested upon his brow.

Household Drudges.—Grace Greenwood confesses recently that she is heartily tired of hearing gentlemen dictate to ladies their duties, and assuring them that their proper place is at the wash tub, and that accomplishments go for naught.—She says:

If the paper wasted in these vain attempts to *soft-soap* the ladies into washer-women, could be restored to the pristine form, what a fine washing of clothes would be there, my countrywomen!

What could be a more beautiful illustration of womanly dependance and manly courage, than a lady gracefully cleaning handkerchiefs and laces, while her loving lord boldly wrestles with the counterpane and table cloths!

We will darn your stockings for you, gentlemen; we'll hem your handkerchiefs; we'll make your puddings; but while you continue to prefer smoking segars to smoking bacon; mauling each other with hard words in political debates, to the equally gentlemanly, and more useful employment of mauling rails, graciously condescending to pity our weakness—let us dance a little, let us make a little music, and oh! leave us time to read and dress a little. Have compassion, kind sirs. Turn us not into water nymphs and salamanders!

Louisville.—The *Journal* anticipates a brilliant future for Louisville. It says:

Louisville is the centre of news, of travel, and will soon be of trade. The magnetic telegraph radiates from here, as the common centre, to all the leading places East, West, North, and South. Our regular steam packets are daily increasing from point to point, and the facilities by railroads are soon to be added, bringing into requisition all the vast resources of the surrounding country. As a manufacturing city Louisville can already compete successfully with any other city in the West, and in several branches she far excels all competitors. Her steamboats are the finest and staunchest and by far the fastest on the Western waters.

The growth of the city is most rapid, and our citizens, not content with extending their limits all over the surrounding country, are actually, in the more densely populated districts, taking off the roofs of the buildings and putting on additional stories.

How to Destroy Hawks.—The following ingenious method for destroying these pests to the farmer, is given by S. Webb, Esq., of Waldo Co., (Me.) is a late number of the Belfast Republican Journal:

"Erect a pole, 12 or 15 feet high, in a place where there will not be any thing else near for them to light upon, and upon it set a common fox trap, in which they will alight. A strong rat trap will answer the purpose, by tying it on the pole lengthwise, with the jaws raised above the end, the pole being a little leaning, so that the jaws will not fall together. When one hawk is taken, tie it on the ground near the pole, and its mate will be in the trap in a short time. The season is near for hawks to re-appear, and if farmers do not wish to have their chickens destroyed by them, they will do well to adopt this method of putting a stop to their depredations. Printers in the United States, by giving this an insertion, will circulate valuable information."

Germany.

The great problem of the re-constitution of the German Empire seemed, no doubt, to many of our readers, when first we alluded to it, to be one of the most extraordinary, if not impracticable, schemes of this eventful age, and no man can calculate the progress or the extent of such a revolution in the centre of the Continent of Europe. But in spite of the confusion which has prevailed at Frankfort and the anarchy which has spread with more or less intensity to every part of the Confederation, the plan for the fundamental regeneration of Germany by an Imperial Constitution, has been steadily pursued.

Seventeen Men of Trust—to use the term applied to them by their countrymen—have been sent to Frankfort by different Governments, to assist, if not to supersede, the existing Diet in the preparation of this gigantic scheme. The result of their labors is now complete, and we have before us the proposed Constitution of the German Empire, as it will probably be submitted to the deliberations of the Assembly about to assemble in Frankfort from all parts of the nation.

The territory of the Germanic Confederation, or, to speak more correctly, of the German Empire, is assumed to extend from Istria to Schleswig, including both those provinces, and thus reaching from the Adriatic to the Baltic. It will also include the provinces lately incorporated by Prussia, and extend longitudinally from the Niemen to Saar and the Moselle. As the principal object of this vast revolution is to give unity to the nation, centreing in one political system, all the existing Sovereigns and states of Germany are called upon to surrender a very considerable share of their independence and power.

The relations of Germany with other countries will be conducted, not, as at present, by diplomatic envoys from Prussia, Bavaria, Hanover, Saxony, &c., but exclusively by the universal interests of the nation. The foreign legation in various parts of Germany will, therefore, in like manner cease. The entire military force of this country will in like manner be essentially one, and commanded and administered by the staff of the Empire, and fused into one Imperial army, of which the present national corps will be divisions. So, also, the fortifications and defences of the whole Empire will be placed under the control of the Imperial Government.

It will be proposed that the Head of this Government shall be an Hereditary Emperor of Germany, to be in the first instance elected by the Constituent Assembly to which this Constitution is to be submitted. This Sovereign will govern the Federal concerns of the whole nation, with the advice of responsible Ministers, and the support of a National Parliament consisting of two houses. The Upper House is to be composed of all the present sovereign members of the Germanic Diet, who may sit by deputy, and likewise of a body of Senators, 161 in number, to be men of more than 40 years of age, elected for 12 years and in rotation, with certain qualifications. The Lower House will be chosen from the political Assemblies of each separate German state, in the proportion of one member for every 100,000 inhabitants. These bodies will exercise the powers and enjoy all the rights of Parliament. The seat of Government is proposed to be at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

But this Constitution contains another institution to which we should be inclined to attribute the highest rank in importance, dignity, and duration. A Supreme and Imperial Court of Judicature is permanently to sit at Nuremberg, composed of 21 members taken from the judicial order in the several states; one-third of these judges being named by the Emperor, and one-third elected by each Chamber of the Diet—the tenure of their office being for life.

The powers of this Court would be extremely vast—more extensive even than those of the Supreme Court of the United States. They would embrace not only the decision of all questions of Federal law, arising between States or individuals, but the determination of political rights, the trial of political impeachments, both of Ministers of the Empire and of the separate states, and a species of political arbitration in cases of dispute between the members of the Empire.

If such a tribunal as that can be founded and maintained with adequate authority, it would place the union of Germany on higher and more solid ground than any purely political institutions which ever sprang out of the fertile brain of a German jurist, or the crater of a liberal revolution.

Of the future no man can speak, and the German Empire still looms indistinctly through the mysteries of the coming time. But we believe it may be affirmed that the first act of the German National Assembly will be to create a temporary Regency, composed of the Archduke John of Austria, a prince of the House of Brandenburgh, and a third member, to be named by Bavaria and the minor German Powers.

Manufacture of Needles.—Needles go thro a number of operations before they are complete. Some commence with steel wire hardened, others harden it afterwards. The wire is first reeled into a coil, which is cut apart in two places with shears, and then drawn a second time, after which it is cut into lengths just sufficient for two needles in one piece. These pieces are then straightened by rolling a bundle of them together upon a hard surface, being afterwards sharpened upon a revolving grindstone. The pieces are now cut in two at the middle, the blunt ends flattened with a hammer, preparatory for the eye, which is afterwards pierced by machinery. They are then polished by plunging them into a bath of melted metal, and immediately after into cold water; then thrown into a wabbler—a barrel rapidly revolving upon an axis not placed in the centre—with emory and a putty made of the oxide of tin, by which they are burnished. They are then taken out and separated by a winnowing apparatus, and put in papers for sale—the quantity not being counted, but regulated by weight. The eye was formerly pierced by children, who became so expert, that with one blow of a punch they would frequently pierce a hole, through which they would thread a hair from the head and hand it to their visitors.

There are but three manufactories in this country, and one of these import them from Europe in a half-finished state, and then finishes them, the European labor being less expensive.

A Rare Sight.—The Messrs. Yates had today in their stable, a rare and interesting spectacle, consisting of eleven full grown camels, accompanied by two stalwart and rather noble looking Arabs, from the deserts of Arabia. The camels were shipped from Alexandria, Egypt, and were purchased of the Pacha, who sent along the two Arabs as their keepers. There were twelve originally, but one died at Sandy Hook, last Sunday morning. They came over in the steamer Hermann, and are designed for some travelling exhibition. They came up the river last night.—*Alb. Atlas.*

Distribution of Wealth.—The total value of property in Great Britain is estimated at $25,000,000,000, and the annual value of the product at $2,500,000,000. The total value of the property in the United States of America does not exceed $6,000,000,000, and the total annual value of our products is estimated at about $1,200,000,000. If the property of Great Britain were equally divided among the population, it would give nearly $5,000 to every family of five persons: and if the annual income were thus divided, each family would have $500. The same division in the United States would give each family $1,500 of property, and for an annual share of the products, $300.

Lake Superior Items.

From the Cleveland Herald.

The *News* of the 13th furnishes several matters of interest. Meteorological observations made at Fort Brady for the year ending April 30th, show that the warmest day last year was July 9th, the mercury standing at 96 degrees in the shade—the coldest was the 10th of January, the thermometer indicating 22 degrees below zero.—The aggregate of rain that fell during the year was 32: 33 inches. The greatest depth of snow during the winter was about 30 inches; aggregate not stated. Steamboat navigation closed Nov. 26th, and was resumed on the 26th of April. Navigation was absolutely impracticable only about four months. The writer says:

"On comparing the mean annual temperature of the Saultde Ste. Marie with that of other places on this and the eastern continent, it appears that the climate of our vicinity is milder than that of Quebec or Moscow, and a very little colder than that of Copenhagen and Edinburgh. By comparing the mean temperature of the different seasons of the past year with that of other places, I find that while we have the winter of Montreal and the Spring of St. Petersburgh, we enjoy the summer of London and Paris. About the same amount of rain falls here as as London."

The *News* speaks in high terms of the accommodations and fare of the Ste Marie Hotel and the Van Anden House, now in readiness for Spring and Summer sojourners at the Sault.

The propeller Independence started up Lake Superior on her first trip of the season, May 8th, with a good load of passengers and freight for Lapointe and the intermediate ports of the South shore.

The steamer Swallow left for Isle Royale and the north shore of the Lake on the 9th.

The steamer Julia Palmer is tied up on the Canada side, a mile or two above the Rapids, by order of Collector Wilson, of Her Majesty's Government, for a violaiion of the British Revenue laws.

The schooner Florence, which sailed on Lake Superior in 1846, and was seized by the Canadian authorities last spring, and condemned for smuggling, is advertised to be sold on the 24th instant.

The steamer Gore is to run on the British route to Lake Superior, via Lake Simco and Owen's Sound, and will make semi-monthly trips between the Sault Ste. Marie, and Toronto. Time of trip about sixty hours. The distance is 450 miles less than the Lake Erie route, and the scenery, for variety, and beauty, is unsurpassed.

The *News* notices the arrival of a small boat which coasted down from Carp River, loaded with several hundred pounds of bar iron from Jackson Iron Works at that place, and says the schooner Free Trader goes up in a few days for a load. A cargo of Lake Superior iron will be apt to elicit some attention below.

Sir John Richardson and Doctor Rae have left the Sault on their journey overland to the Arctic regions in search of the lost expedition of Sir John Franklin, who sailed from England in 1845, with a view of discovering a North-west passage, and from whom nothing has been heard for more than two years. It is feared that Sir John and his 125 companions are blocked up in the ice, or have perished from cold, starvation, or the scurvy. Dr. King is also to make search for Franklin's party, and he proposes to take the route he took in search of Sir John Ross in 1833–35. He is to reach the Polar Sea across the Continent of America, and thus proceed on his search from land known to the Continent, where every footstep will be so much good work done for the rescue of 126 gallant men, and for the furtherance of geographical and historical knowledge. The expeditions are expected to cost the British Government over £30,000.

The News speaks favorably of the operations of the Ste Marie Company at Pewabec Location, on the Canada side of the river, about six miles below the Sault, and Montreal Mining Company, Bruce Mines. The Montreal Company have purchased the Bruce mines, and extensive preparations are being made for mining operations at that point. A force of 200 men will be employed the coming season. The terms of the Bruce mine purchase were 14,200 shares of the Montreal Company stock, assessable for all future calls, and £33,250 in money. Of the latter, £15,000 is payable by instalments before the 28th of August next, and the balance in six yearly payments with interest. The sale shows something more than fictitious value in the Bruce mines of Lake Huron.

Mr. Robertson, Superintendent of the wealthy British North American Mining Company, took passage for the Company's works on the North shore of Lake Superior, on the Swallow. The Directors have sent to England for an experienced Mining Captain and several Cornish Miners.—They intend to extend their operations on the main shore, and resume their works on Spar Island.

Mr. McCullough, Agent of the Pittsburgh and Isle Royale Mining Company, has arrived at the Sault, with a force of 15 men for mining operations on Isle Royale. The News says operations have been continued through the winter, and the Company now adds additional force under the most flattering prospects.

The Louisville (Ky.) Courier gives the following laughable denouement of temperance celebration near that city last week:

"We hear of rather a ludicrous affair which came off at Shippingsport. The Sons of Temperance had a procession in which a number of ladies joined. After a fatiguing march out, and about, and through the city, they concluded to have a little something to strengthen and sustain the inner man, eschewing strong drink as a matter of course. Lemonade was ordered; the first being none of the best, or the ideas of some of the company not being altogether pleased with its strength and acidal qualities it was farther proposed that a little tartaric acid be added to the beverage. This was accordingly done, and the social glass again went round; but, in a very few moments thereafter every one who had partaken was seized with a sudden vomiting and death-like nausea. Astonishment, and horrid suspicions of poison flashed through the minds of all. Ladies as well as gentlemen were alike afflicted. Precipitation governed every movement, distress was depicted on every countenance, and the utmost consternation prevailed until the contents of the Lemonade cans were examined, and instead of tartaric acid, tartar emetic was found to be the ingredient introduced for improving the flavor of the Lemonade. The mistake occurred in the written prescription sent by a boy to the Portland drug store, which, when produced, read more like tartar emetic than tartaric acid.

A Monster Trout.—Two of our fishermen, Messrs. Slocum and Bliss, caught yesterday, in their nets, some 10 miles from the shore, the largest Trout ever seen in these parts. It measured 3 feet 11 inches in length, 45 in girth, and weighed *fifty-five* pounds.—*Milwaukee Sent.*

The Indian War in Oregon.

In the Chicago *Journal* of Monday last we find the following detailed statement of affairs in Oregon, made by Mr. MEEK who performed a mission to Washington, in behalf of the settlers of that territory.

"When I left Walla Walla, on the 26th day of January, the people of the territory of Oregon, were at open war with four tribes of Indians—the Cayuse, Walla Walla, Shaster and Day Indians. Four battles had taken place between them before I left the country: the first engagement took place at the foot of the Dalles of the Columbia, on the 8th of January, between a small party of troops under the command of Capt. Lee—the next took place sometime after between the advanced guard of the Oregon Regiment under the command of Major Lee. He was forced to retreat, with very little loss, and fall back upon the regiment.

Next day, the regiment marched up the Shaster river, under the command of Col. C. Gilliam. About 12 o'clock, they were attacked by a large body of Indians, but they were soon routed by the troops—their villages taken and burned. Large quantities of salmon fish, preserved for food, and other property, were also destroyed.

The Oregon Regiment having been reinforced, so as to number 500 men, they took up a line of march for the Walla Walla. On the 18th of February, the enemy appeared on the plains in great numbers, and a line of battle was formed. The engagement commenced about ten o'clock, and lasted until night parted the combatants. Each party camped on the ground, but next morning the enemy had left the field. A large number of Indians, of other tribes, were present, as lookers on of the strife. It was not known how many of the Indians were killed.—The troops had a nine-pounder with them, mounted on an emigrant's wagon, drawn by six yoke of oxen; the balls gave out during the battle, and they were compelled to shoot away the lock-chains belonging to the baggage-wagons.

Next day, they marched to the Utilla river, and thence to Dr. Whitman's Mission, the scene of the massacre. All the property about the place had been destroyed by the Indians, and the houses burnt.—Here, too, were the heads of the Doctor and of his amiable wife lying in the yard, and the bones of the other sufferers scattered about on the ground. At this point I left the troops, and took the Blue Mountain route, the snow from three to five feet deep, for about thirty miles, until we fell in with the third division of Oregon."

The *Journal* supplies the following additional particulars, which shows what has been done down to the latest date of advices:

The Governor called the Legislature together, and they passed a law to raise 500 men forthwith.

A resolution was also passed, authorizing the Governor to raise a company of riflemen, to proceed forthwith to occupy the mission station at the Dalles of the Columbia river. This company was immediately formed, and H. A. G. Lee elected Captain, J. Magone, 1st Lieut. and J. E. Ross 2d Lieut. On the 8th a flag was presented to the company by the ladies of Oregon City, and on the same day the command started for the scene of the massacre.

A memorial to Congress was adopted, and Joseph L. Meek, Esq., one of the members from Twalatin county, was appointed the special messenger. The memorial—written by Marcus Ford, Esq.—sets forth the condition of the country in plain terms. It expresses the opinion that the massacre which has been narrated, is only the commencement of further and more extensive murders, and "our hitherto peaceful settlements will become the scene of fierce and violent warfare." "Circumstances," it is said, "warrant your memorialists in believing that many of the powerful tribes inhabiting the upper valley of the Columbia, have formed an alliance for the purpose of carrying on hostilities against our settlements," and aid from the United States is feelingly implored.

Many other subjects are alluded to in the memorial. The action of Congress, extending a Territorial Government over Oregon, is solicited; and in this event, to settle the aspirations for office, already existing in Oregon, it is requested that "important and responsible offices created here—such as Governor and the several judgeships—should be filled by men of the best talent and most approved integrity, without regard to *their present locality*."

The following persons were massacred by the Indians at Walla Walla: Dr. Whitman, Mrs. Whitman, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Sanders, (schoolmaster,) Mr Marsh; John Sager, Francis Sager, (youths,) Mr. Kimball, Mr. Gellen, Mr. Bewley, Mr. Young, jr., Mr. Sales, Mr. Hall.

STRANGE SUICIDE.—A week or two since, a man named Bruce, living near Cincinnati, O., committed suicide in the following manner:

"He went to the church yard and dug his grave beside his wife who had been buried some sixteen months before. Having procured a coffin under some pretence, he conveyed it to its destination unobserved. He then took off his clothes, except his shirt, put on a night cap, and laid himself in the coffin which he had previously placed in the newly made grave, with a loaded pistol in it. He now drew on the cover of the coffin, and then placing the pistol to his right temple, fired it. It is supposed he died instantly. There is no doubt that Bruce was crazy, as he had been partially so since his wife's death.

OLD MAIDS OF PARIS.—Among the processions of different classes to the Hotel de Ville, to claim the *maximum* of their rights, and be assured the *minimum*, was recently noticed a deputation of the *old maids* of Paris. They promenaded along the quai in virtuous order, and on arriving at their place of destination, respectfully demanded that the arrangements for marriage should be looked into, that every honest woman might receive, at least, her *minimum* of a husband. The member charged to receive deputations responded, that the matter could not properly become the subject of a special decree; but that the articles wanted belonged to the class of valuable and patriotic gifts.—The procession of the lovely unasked-for then took their way along the quai, crying, occasionally, "Long live the men!"

There is Nothing in Vain.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh! prize not the essence of Beauty alone,
And disdain not the weak and the mean in our way,
For the world is an engine—the Architect's own,
Where the wheels of least might keep the larger in play.
We love the fair valley, with bloom in the shade,
We sing of green hills—of the grape and the grain;
But be sure the Creator did well when he made
The stark desert and marsh—for there's nothing in vain.

We may question the locust that darkens the land,
And the snake, flinging arrows of death from its eye;
But remember they come from the Infinite Hand,
And shall man, in his littleness, dare to ask why?
Oh! let us not speak of the "useless" or "vile,"
They seem so to us—but be slow to arraign:
From the savage wolf's cry, to the happy child's smile,
From the mite to the mammoth, there's nothing in vain

There's a mission, no doubt, for the worm in the dust,
As there is for the charger with nost ils of pride;
The sloth and the newt have their places of trust,
And the agents are needed, for God has supplied.
Oh! could we but trace the great meaning of ALL,
And what delicate links form that ponderous chain:
From the dew-drops that rise, to the seas, drops that fall,
We should see but one purpose, and nothing in vain.

MASSACRE AT SEA.—Some of the particulars mentioned in the subjoined article were published at the time of the arrival of the steamer *America* from Europe. The following is an extract from a letter from a gentleman in the East Indies to a friend in Boston:

* * * The General Wood, a fine ship of 1200 tons, laden with a rich cargo of gums and spices, sailed from Singapore for Penang, on the 2d of January, with 92 Chinese convicts on board, and three passengers—a newly married couple, and a gentleman. While lying at Singapore, the convicts had communication with the secret society, which exists among the Chinese, being a branch of the Triad Society in China, a species of free-masonry, who assisted the convicts, or, as some express it, ordered them to rise.

The ship anchored that night not far from Singapore, and at one o'clock in the morning, the Chinese got loose, and killed the captain, three mates, and forty-seven of the crew. The captain, by his imbecility, seems to have prepared everything most perfectly for their success. The balls were taken from the guns, and the bayonets and pistols locked in a chest, of which he had the key in his pocket. Only two unarmed Lascars kept watch over 92 of the most desperate villains. Six were allowed to go at large, and the captain was applied to that night, by the mate, to lock them up also, but he refused. From the first, little resistance was made; no one seemed to have contemplated the possibility of such an event. The mates were soon killed; the captain, unmanned by terror, retreated into his state-room, fired his pistols at random, and was finally speared and thrown overboard, the passengers were slightly speared, but the lady does not seem to have been molested beyond being locked up.

The convicts then slipped the cable, got the ship under way, and, which is most astonishing, somehow contrived to pass through the straits of Dujon, in sight of Singapore, through most intricate navigation, in the teeth of the north-east monsoon, until on the morning of the 23d, they ran her ashore on Pulo Laut, not far from where the Mary Ellen was lost. They then took to the boats, carrying with them the passengers and part of the crew. The ship soon after sunk, carrying down seven of the convicts. The remainder reached the shore, and were met by four armed Malays. Here the Chinese seemed to have been bewildered, and set out to kill the passengers; but Mrs. Seymour speaking Malay, gave her diamond ring to the Malays, who interfered; and the Chinese probably thinking there were other Malays on the island, suffered her to be rescued with the other passengers. The convicts inquired the way to Siam and China, and forty or fifty pushed off in the long-boat, with no water, and one bag of rice, and have not since been heard of. Communication was had in the morning with the Rajah of Great Natunas, who sent a large force over and captured seventeen of the remainder, in the jungle. In true oriental style, he offered to put them all to death if the passengers wished it; but they forebore, and the convicts were brought to Singapore on the 18th of February, and will probably soon be hanged there.

Mrs. Seymour is a delicate young woman, just married to a Lieutenant in the Bombay cavalry. She seems to have had a miraculous escape.

You may imagine that some excitement is produced at Singapore by this event. A population of only 250 Europeans, among 60,000 Chinese, of whom 1900 are convicts, guarded by only 350 Sepoy soldiers!

SAD AFFAIR.—A stranger, a Frenchman came in town from the east on Wednesday and stopped at Myers', near the railroad. Thursday forenoon he was inquiring of some of his countrymen after work and spoke of feeling sick. After dinner he opened his trunk and taking out an armfull of clothing went through the streets casting it about and in other ways manifesting insanity. Officers Barnes and Donaldson went in pursuit of him and found him kneeling on the steps of the First Presbyterian church apparently praying. He was taken to the watch-house and at first placed in the basement, but was soon removed to a more comfortable room, in the second story. After some time, during which one of his countrymen was sent for to talk with him, he was left alone while the officers went for an order to commit him to the Poorhouse or Asylum. As they reached the watch-house on their return, about 5 o'clock, they saw him on top of the grating which crosses the lower half of the window and in instant more he burst through the sash and cast himself head-foremost upon the pavement. He lived about half an hour.

From his passport dated Rouen, Feb, 14, 1848, and certificates of his employers &c., found upon him, it appears that his name was Marie Vincent Robert, that he was a wagon maker by trade, 27 years of age, and had been a resident of Boruambuse, in the department de la Seine inferieur.—He had with him over $60, mostly in five franc pieces and a trunk full of good clothing. Although evidently out of his head when arrested, his conduct was not so violent as to occasion apprehension of his injuring himself.—*Utica Gaz.*

SHORT PASSAGE.—NEW ROUTE.—The barque W. H. D. C. Wright, of this port, has made the round voyage to Rio and back, including ten days detention at Rio, in 85 days.

She is believed to be the first vessel that has tried the new route proposed by Lieut. Maury, of the U. S. Navy, on his "wind and current" charts. She passed to the Southward of Bermuda and made the passage to Rio in 38 days, following the great circle and crossing the line 24th day out in lon. 31° W.

The discovery by Lieut. Maury, of a region of better winds along the great circle to Rio is a most important one; for the passage to Rio, China, and all places South of the Equator is shortened some ten to fifteen days.

No vessel should go to sea without these charts. We understand they will be given to any navigator who will send the track of his vessel, with a record of the winds and currents to the Observatory at Washington; and who, upon application to that office, will be supplied with the charts, sailing directions, &c.—*Baltimore American.*

PINE'S EXECUTION—ANOTHER MURDER.—Extract of a letter, dated

POUGHKEEPSIE, May 26.

Pine was executed today at 12 o'clock. Another case of murder happened yesterday in Pleasant Valley, a few miles east of this place. An Irishman was shot dead by a man of considerable standing, named Divine, a doctor. Divine and his neighbor joined farms, and there was a dispute between them about the line, &c. Divine threatened his neighbor that if he put up the fence so and so, he would shoot the man who did it.—His neighbor set his Irishman at work, and Divine shot him in the presence of one or two witnesses. His case is a clear one, and he will doubtless be hung. This is the first execution we have had in this place in 30 years, and there is now a prospect of having another before long.—*Eve. Jour.*

To My Child.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

Come back to me, my child! I call the ever,
All the day long I listen for thy voice,—
The ringing laugh that made my heart, rejoice;
I miss it 'midst life's languishment and fever!
For thy blue eyes of love and light I pine,—
Thy twining arms—thy frequent soft caress:
Like balmiest summer, stole thy lips to mine.
Oh! at still eve, my heart how didst thou bless!
Come back, my child! I wander hopeless-hearted
Where'er thy little feet have dancing stray'd;
Sad is the home whence thy sweet face hath parted—
Silent the nursery where thou'st prattling played!
Earth wears for me but one unvarying gloom,
O'ershadowed by the thought that thou art in the tomb!

Come back to me, my child! though but in dreams—
Thine angel-image let me clasp once more!
If haply, o'er my couch still slumber gleams,
The night-time may thy rosy lips restore,—
Thy downy cheek laid lovingly to mine,—
Thy sweet "my mother," in thy dreaming sleep—
While thy small arms around me closer twine.
My idol-boy! I wake to weep,
Never again on earth shall I behold thee!
Thou'st left my side, and gone to other rest!
My child! I know the Savior's arms enfold thee,—
I know thou leanest on his pitying breast,
A blessed lot! my child! O, ask for me,
That where thy home is, mine ere long may be!

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Lily and the Brook.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "LUCTUS PRECORDIE."

A little brook, that day and night, ran cheerfully along through green pastures, within its flower bordered banks, singing its ceaseless harmonies, whether heeded or unheard, seemed to hush its song to a more slow and sacred tone as it entered the still and shaded quiet of a beautiful grove.—It almost seemed to pause and flow with gentler current, as if conscious of the presence of a more sacred influence than it found in the open fields and in the garish sunlight. It received in its placid embrace the shadows of the green and trembling boughs which hung above, and seemed to look down with calm affection upon the beautiful reflection of their own forms. But one bright morning a near and timid face, rising from the low bank of violets, peeped over, and the brook saw a new friend in the half covered face of the lily. It was the only one that had ventured so near, and the brook resolved to make it its special care. It nourished its roots in the fervid heat with abundant moisture, and in the cold dark night sent forth a cloud of vapour to shield it from the killing frost. Day by day the timid lily unfolded more and more of beauty and of grace, and the modest violets looked up with meek and wondering admiration to their stately cousin. It bent gracefully over in sweet professions of gratitude and love to the grateful and rejoicing brook; and when burdened by the dews of night, bent low as if to be sheltered in the bosom of its friend. As for the brook, rejoicing in the lovely being it had so much helped to render lovely, it forgot almost all others, and sang its sweetest songs, and breathed its hushed and holy tones of love around that beautiful and tender flower.

They did indeed seem born to be the companions of their long summer life, and so they said they would be. But one day a wanderer from the heat and bustle of the great city strayed to the shadows of the grove, and sat down on the violet bank where the lily grew. And the lily, accustomed to the admiration of the violets and the grateful praise of the brook—could not resist the temptation to gain another admirer. She lifted her beautiful face, and flaunted in graceful dalliance with the breeze; and employed all arts to gain attention, without seeming to wish it, which lily's know so well to use. The heart-sick wanderer at last observed and admired her beauty—he wished to bear her to his home as a memento of the hour of his release from ever pressing cares; and the lily, forgetting all in her ambition to shine among the gazing city flowers, consented to be removed. The stranger plucked the stem, and bore it away, to fade in one short hour in his grasp. The brook seeing its care and worship thus requited, seemed to breath a wailing tone of grief, of which this is the substance:

Thou faithless, fickle beauty, go.
For now thy honor and thy worth
I have this hour learned to know,
And found thee like the rest of earth,
False to thyself—and false to me,
What have I lost in losing thee?

What have I lost? A pleasant dream,
That hath a horrid waking time,—
A fickle flower that only *seemed*
The thing I worshipped as my shrine.
But ah, I feel my *trust* is lost,
I learn to *doubt* at fearful cost.

What can I trust? What dare to love?
Who seemed so full of truth as thou,
I look around me and above,
But all things seem to mock me know.
I'll hasten onward to the sea,
And there my grief shall buried be.

CURE FOR JELOUSY.—Tht affair of Bruce, who was murdered, and found by the aid of a clairvoyant, according to the accounts, induced a young married man, who was on a visit to the city, to call on one of these seers and ascertain in what occupation his wife was engaged at her residence some ninety miles away.

"She is sitting in the parlor," said the lady, "and every once in a while she looks out of the window as if expecting some one."

"Strange," said the gentleman, "who can she expect?"

"Some one entering the door; she seizes him and caresses him fondly."

"It can't be; it is all a hoax; my wife is true to me," interrupted the gentleman, nettled and worried by the green-eyed monster.

"Now he lays his head in her lap, and looks tenderly into her eyes."

"I swear that it is false, and I'll make you pay dear for this slander."

"Now he wags his tail," continued the sleeper, and as this explained the story, he vamosed, and resolved never again to be inquisitive in regard to his wife's doings.—*Boston Gazette.*

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Very few persons out of New England are aware of the fact that a regular city of 15,000 inhabitants has lately sprung up in the heart of New Hampshire; and few of those few, probably, are fully conversant with the circumstances of its rise and progress. Where this city was ten years ago, was nothing but a plentiful growth of pitch-pine. The site which it occupies, on the east bank of the Merrimac, was bought up by a manufacturing company of Bostonians, called the Land and Water Company. This company, disposing of a part of its sites for mills, other companies were formed, to number of four or five; among which are the Manchester, the Stark, (so called after Gen. John Stark, of Revolutionary fame whose burial place is here) and the Amoskeag—the mills of which, by way of distinction, are called the Amoskeag *New* Mills. The number of mills is ten; all of which are of the largest dimensions, and give employment to 4,000 girls, besides men. One of the mills, stopping at the time of our visit, seventy-eight girls left in the cars to spend a few days at their respective homes. We know not whether the plan on which the manufacturing part of the city was built, was a borrowed one or was indigenous with the growth of the city itself. Probably nothing precisely like it exists in this country. Between every two blocks of boarding houses, where is ordinarily a street, are garden plats with a pathway running through them longitudinally with the block, and equally dividing them. while the rears of the same blocks are united to the rears of other blocks; a paved cart way separating in the manner of the garden path. These are built next to the factories on a declivity, while the residences of the towns people occupy the level above. The main street of the town is Elm st., which is a beautiful street, parallel with the river, and about half a mile in length.

The fall of water obtained here is somewhere between 30 and 40 feet; so great that the same water is used twice, viz: by two ducts or canals—the one at a considerable elevation above the other: from which, the mills on it having been accommodated, the water is discharged into the lower and the secondary range of factories supplied.

The width of the Merrimac here is apparently about 80 yards; and this, so far as is to be observed in following it by railroad to Concord, is about average width.

The country about Manchester is hilly, and in a westerly direction mountainous. Three quite large mountains are in fine view; the largest, called the Canoonick, is apparently of 2,000 feet elevation. The smallest elevations are the Dodge and Orr mountains.

PRECOCITY OF INTELLECT.—Having watched the growth of the young a good deal, I am less and less in love with precocity which is indeed, so often a mere manifestation of diseases—the disease of a very fine, but very weak nervous organization. Your young Rosciuses, and all your wonders of that kind generally end in the feeblest of common-place. There is no law, however, precise and absolute in the matter. The difference of age at which men attain maturity of intellect, and even of imagination, is very striking. The tumultuous heat of youth has certainly given birth to many of the noblest things in music, painting and poetry; but no less fine productions have sprung from the ripeness of years. Chatterton wrote all his beautiful things, exhausted all hopes of life, and saw nothing better than death at the early age of eighteen. Burns and Byron did in their thirty-seventh year, and I think the strength of their genius was over. Raphael after filling the world with divine beauty, perished also at thirty-seven; Mozart earlier. These might have produced still greater works. On the other had, Handel was forty-eight before he "gave the world assurance of a man." Dryden came up to London from the provinces, dressed in Norwich drugget, somewhat above the age of thirty, and did not even then know that he could write a line of poetry. Yet what towering vigor and swinging ease all at once in "glorious John!" Milton had, indeed, written his Comus at twenty-six; but blind and "fallen on evil days and evil tongues," he was upward of fifty when he began his great work. Cowper knew not his own might till he was far beyond thirty, and his Task not was written till near his fiftieth year. Sir Walter Scott was also upward of thirty before he published his Minstrelsy, and his greatness was yet to come.—*Bird's "Old Bachelor."*

FLIGHT OF HORSES.—About the 10th of June, 1810, at two o'clock in the morning, while Col. R. M. Johnson's regiment was encamped on the Peninsula below Fort Wayne, in a beautiful grass plain, some of the horses that had passed the line of sentinels and got some distance up the St. Joseph, became alarmed, and came running into the camp in great fright. This alarmed all the horses in the regiment, which united in a solid column within the lines, and took three courses round the camp. It would seem almost incredible, but it is a fact, they appeared not to cover more than about 40 or 60 yards of ground, and yet their number was about 600. The moon shone at the full, the camp was an open plain, and the scene awfully sublime. They at length forced their passage through the lines, overset several tents, and carried away several pannels of fence, passing off through the woods, and were, in a few minutes out of hearing of the loudest bells that belonged to the regiment. The next day was spent in collecting them, some of which were found 10 or 12 miles from the camp up the St. Joseph, and about 20 or 25 were never found, although pursued above 20 miles. This alarming flight of horses of that regiment injured them more than can be supposed; for they had run so long in a compact body, that very few had escaped without being lamed, having their hind feet cut by the shoes of these that crowded on them. The writer of this was an officer on guard, and then on duty. The night being clear and calm—the moon rolling in full splendor—the flight of the horses, which resembled distant thunder—the idea of an immediate attack from the Indians, and the ground of our encampment being paved with the bones of former warriors, all combined to furnish one of those awfully sublime night scenes that beggar all description. A similar flight of the horses took place about the 22d of June, after the regiment arrived at Fort Meigs.—*American Anecdotes.*

A VENERABLE TYPO.—There is a printer now residing in Washington who has been setting type, off and on, for 46 years! He was engaged in the last war, fought at the battle of North Point, assisted to establish the independence of Buenos Ayres, Venezuela and Mexico, and hunted the Creek Indians in 1836. He is, according to the *Saturday News*, as active as ever.

The other day a countryman called on a physician in this city, bringing with him a stout boy, whose robust appearance indicated that he might prove a match for any disorder. The anxious father stated to the doctor that as his son had been disposed to the small pox, he should like to have him *ventilated*, if it did not cost over half a dollar. —*Rochester American.*

LIFE INSURANCE.—From the expositions of the doings of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Office, which has just completed its third year, and which we publish today, the public can judge of the great utility of Life Insurance in general, and the success in particular which has attended the operations of this Company. The losses paid have rendered many families comfortable (as the Directors have learned) who would otherwise have been entirely destitute, or else dependent upon kindred or the cold charity of the world. Does not the knowledge of this fact more than repay every person insured for the pecuniary support he has given this benevolent institution? and does it not call loudly upon all who have families dependant upon them, and who have neglected to provide themselves with insurance, to do so *at once*, that those they love may have something to lean upon when the husbands' and fathers' arm can uphold them no longer? The *mutual* principle, as carried out by this office, offers to him who is interested in the probable condition of those now dependant upon him, the simplest means of making certain, in a good measure the *results* of a life of ordinary length.

The advantage of Life Insurance is not merely pecuniary, for there is a great gain on the score of *feeling*—the heart is made lighter by the knowledge that there is a deposit in the best of *Savings Banks*, and if a man is taken suddenly and dangerous ill, and sees in the faces of his physicians and friends that his life is almost despaired of, he is saved in *that hour* from more mental agony and anxiety than all the sacrifice is worth that he has ever laid upon the counter of the Insurance office. Will any person *thus situated* say he regrets that his life is insured? No! he will tell you it is the *duty* of every man of family to insure his life with a prospective regard to that "inevitable hour," and to those he will leave behind he will enjoin it upon every such persons, as a duty from which there is no conscientious retreat, to appropriate a part of his yearly earnings to the purchase of the peace and comfort which he is then enjoying.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

PICTURESQUE HAIR-CUTTING.—An English traveler in Paris having occasion for a haircutter, sent for one. At the appointed time, an elegantly attired person arrived, and the gentleman sat down before his dressing case to prepare for the operation. The man walked around his "client" once or twice, and finally, taking his stand at some distance, attentively scrutinized the gentleman's face with the air of a connoiseur looking at a picture.

"Well," said the Englishman, impatiently, "when are you going to begin?"

"Pardon me, sir," was the polite reply, "I am not the operative, but the physiognomist."—"Adolphe!" he cried out, and a sleeved and aproned barber entered from the hall; "a la Virgil!"

With the laconic direction as to the model after which the gentleman's hair was to be arranged, the artist retired.

A GOOD WIFE.—Oh, it is beautiful to live blameless under the poisoned glance of the world; poisoned, whether it praise or blame; beautiful, not to be polluted by its observation, but more beautiful to be intimately known to one—to possess one gentle and honest friend, and that one a wife! Beautiful to be able to read her pure soul as in a mirror, and to be aware, therefore of every blot of one's own soul, and to be able to purify it against the day of the great trial.—*Mary Howitt*

A TEMPERANCE DEACON.—On last New Year's Eve, at Washington, a certain New England deacon, the president of a Temperance Society in these parts, returned to his boarding-house in a singular state of elevation, to the astonishment of all his friends and acquaintances who knew the inflexibility of his principles.

"Deacon," said a wag, addressing the worthy gentleman, "been out visiting?"

"Yes, sur—I *have*," replied the deacon emphatically.

"Have a good time?"

"Fuss-rate," stammered the deacon.

"They *treated* you well?"

"Fuss-rate—hiccup!"

"Why, deacon, you haven't been *drinking*."

"No, *Sir!*" very emphatically—"I never drink *nothing*," (the last word in a scream.) "But they did give me—glorious liq—liq—liq—liquid cuss—cuss—cuss—cuss—custards—cuzzards.—And they were fuss-rate—fuss-rater!"

The poor old gentleman had been fed on stiff egg-nog which he had swallowed by the aid of a spoon. Like Mr. Pecksniff, under similar circumstances, he was assisted to bed, and went up stairs quietly enough, without a word, until the moment of entering his bed, when a terrific yell of "liquid cuzzards!" electrified the house, and then, as the novelists say, all was a blank.

AMERICAN BOARD OF MISSIONS.—Donations and legacies received in April, $32,599 19. Total from August 1st to April 30th, $178,648 35. At Constantinople five were added to the Church on the first Sabbath in April, and on every Sabbath new Armenian faces were to be seen in the Protestant congregations. A new church had been organized at Aintab. The Christians of Hasbeyer are protected by the Pasha of Damascus.

A PLEASANT VALEDICTION.—Before the Bishop of New Zealand departed, Sidney Smith, in taking leave, affected to impress upon his friend the dangers of his mission. 'You will find,' he said, 'in preaching to cannibals, that their attention, instead of being occupied by the spirit, will be concentrated on the flesh; for I am told that they never breakfast without a cold missionary on the sideboard. In shaking hands with the new prelate as he was leaving the house, the reverend wit added, 'Good bye. We shall never meet again; but let us hope that you will thoroughly disagree with the savage who eats you.'

"Please to give me a light?" said a little ragged urchin with a long nine in his hand, to a six foot dandy, who was puffing at the end of a regalia cigar, as he was walking the public street.

"What," said the dandy. "a shaver like you smoke?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "every *gentleman* smokes now-a-days."

The hair lip exquisite dropped his cigar like a hot potatoe,

POST OFFICE ROBBERIES.—Several robberies have occurred, within a few months, of letters containing money, at or between Hartford and Boston. A letter of Messrs. H. & H. Freeman was mailed at Hartford for Boston, last winter, and was robbed of $700. Mr. Austin Dunham of this city had one robbed of a $500 check a few days since. The check was presented at a Boston bank, with a forged indorsement, and paid.—We also understand that during the past week two more letters containing money—one of them a large amount—have been robbed upon the same route.—*Hartford Times.*

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

To Delinquent Subscribers.—The following "short and sweet" communication from Detroit, bears date, May 6th, 1848:

Dear Sir:—I send you in this letter all I owe you. I refused the paper when it amount ed to one dollar, and I shall not pay any more.

H. H. Covert.

The first intimation we received that "our worthy patron," Mr. Covert, had refused the paper, was at the end of a year from the expiration of his last term of payment, consequently he was owing $1,50. Publishers are under no obligation to stop a paper till the arrearages are paid. Had Mr. C. sent us $1, at the expiration of eight months and then ordered his paper stopped, he would have shown himself a gentleman. Should two thousand subscribers serve us as he has done, we should be robbed of one thousand dollars, that is, unless we should sue them, in which case the law would be on our side. But it looks like small business to sue a man for fifty cents.

And here let us say to any and to *all* our subscribers who are in arrears, that we would prefer to have them pay up and stop the paper, rather than to have them receive it longer on credit.

Fashionable Amusements.—We are indebted to some unknown friend for a copy of a discourse on the above subject, by the Rev. G. L. Foster of Jackson, Mich. From it is extracted the following remarks on the theatre:

"If the opinion of such men as Drs. Johnson and Witherspoon, with scores of the virtuous and good now living, is worth anything, or if the voice of common fame is to be regarded as truthful, there is no class of men and women more corrupt, and which are exerting a more corrupting influence than that which conducts the theatres of our large towns, and which pass in troops doing a smaller, dirtier work through the country.—Christianity, morality, and a genuine patriotism all over the land, are condemning these evils.—Heathenism and infidelity condemned them long ago. Plato, Ovid, and Aristotle, speak against all such amusements and those conducting them, as if, though heathen, they professed a strong moral sense of the fitness of things. The infidel Rosseau, when it was proposed to establish a theatre in Geneva, his native place, wrote against it with great zeal and power, declaring that *no friend of virtue could approve of it.*"

Distressing Accident.—Frank Hyde, youngest son of our friend Guy H. Salisbury, was so severely scalded, at Sheldon, Wyoming County whither he had gone with his mother, on Saturday last, that he died on Tuesday, after undergoing intense pain and suffering. He was an interesting child, about four years old, and we deeply sympathise with the bereaved parents in their heavy affliction.—*Com. Adv. of May* 26.

We knew little Frank well, and he was indeed "an interesting child."

The Columbian Magazine.—The issue of this periodical for the present month, contains an engraved likeness of John Quincy Adams, which is worth more than the price of the number. In the literary department we find the following poem, by Mrs. Jonses (Fanny Forester) of Maulmain, on her "first born:"

My Bird.

Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh so lovingly!
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies,
Two rose leaves, with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovlier bird;
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
Oh God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest!

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me—to me, thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine;—
This life, which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room;
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and Eternity are here.

Doubts—hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, oh my God! one earnest prayer:—
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

The Columbian also contains another lengthy critique on Headley's Washington and his Generals. The writer thus speaks of the moral tone and influence of the work:

"A commander, in his official report, may possibly be excused for calling a conflict glorious, in which ten thousand fellow mortals have fallen—the dreadful price of victory. But the man, who, as a historian, writes the story of the fight, cannot be excused for entering with enthusiasm into what our author would call the "moral grandeur" of the scene. In the name of humanity, in the name of religion we protest against the corrupting tendency of this book. The child, and too often the person of mature years, thoughtlessly follows an author, if the description be interesting, in the principles which he indirectly inculcates. We wish our children not only to understand, but to feel, that *all* wars, not strictly *defensive*, are wrong; that the most horrid and revolting scene which earth ever saw, or ever can see, is the battle field; that the aggressive warrior is a murderer in the deepest, darkest meaning of the word; that there is but one kind of "glory" known to thinking, immortal man, and that is moral, the glory caught from our Creator, impressed on our character, transforming us into his image."

For sale by Burke, under the Mansion House.

Democratic Nominations.—The Democratic National Convention, which met at Baltimore, on the 22d ult., nominated Lewis Cass of Michigan, for President, and Gen. Wm. O. Butler, at present the commander of the American army in Mexico, for Vice President.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW: American edition, republished by Leonard Scott & Co. New York. Three dollars a year, or two dollars when taken in connection with the London, North British and Westminster Reviews.

The April issue of this old and standard quarterly, contains some exceedingly interesting papers. Among them are, Coleridge and Southey, and Modern Quakerism, two which we have read with unabated interest. Of the other papers, the Genius of Plato, and Everett's Measurement of the Meridian in India, will claim the attention of the thinking and the philosophical. The Edinburgh may be had of Burke, who is the authorised agent in this place.

CIRCUSES.—The warm season breeds vermin of a variety of sizes, and of a multitude of names.—Circus players are among them, and perhaps the greatest nuisance. We are sorry to say that they have already begun to pester our city. A swarm was here last week. We are glad to be able to state, however, that their stay was *short*, and that they probably went away with the "*shorts*," very little notice having been taken of them. Why any but unthinking boys and loafers can desire to patronize such a set of vagabonds as circus players usually are, seems strange enough.

THE CHRISTIAN REFLECTOR AND CHRISTIAN WATCHMAN, two excellent religious newspapers of Boston; have been united, and now compose one of the largest and best family papers in the country. It is edited by J. W. OLMSTEAD, and WILLIAM HAGUE, two clergymen of the Baptist denomination.

Some matter intended for this week's paper, including Mr. Nichols' lecture, is necessarily postponed till next week.

LATER FROM AFRICA.—The *Journal of Commerce* has a file of the Luminary published at Monrovia, the capital of the Republic of Liberia, to April 4th.

The U. S. sloop-of-war Jamestown, Capt. Mercer, arrived at Monrovia March 11th. The U. S. brig Boxer arrived 19th; same day, U. S. brig Porpoise, Capt. Gordon, from Port Praya.

The following extract from the Luminary of March 8th, indicates the horrible superstition prevailing among some of the native tribes:

Not long ago, we are creditably informed, a famous Goulah chief, named Selly, being engaged in the war which has been carried on between the Goulahs and Condoes for a number of years, applied to a priest of the Mohammedan profession, to know what he should do to be more successful in his expeditions against the Condoes. The priest enquired of him whether he was able to make the necessary sacrifice, to which he replied that he could make any sacrifice that could be named; upon this the nefarious imposter told him he must sacrifice his son; and, taking his dead body upon his shoulders, his feet swung around his neck and his head hung behind him, in this manner advance before his troops to the contest, and victory would be his!

It is hardly necessary to inform the reader that these sanguinary directions were complied with. Calling his son into a house, he caught him, deliberately tied him, and then, with his own parental hand, he cut his throat! Having offered this sacrifice, he and his troops prepared to advance toward the jurisdiction of their enemies; then was this inhuman father seen with his dead son on his back, in the manner directed, without any display of parental affection, or any emotion save that aroused in his barbarous breast by the confident expectation of victory.

He was successful in three subsequent engagements and undoubtedly ascribes his victory to the costly sacrifice made to obtain it. This inhuman affair is attributed to one that converses as well about the Old Testament, or some parts of it, as most professors of Christianity!

SUDDEN DEATH.—We are called upon to record the death of another of our oldest and most respectable citizens. WILLIAM HOLLISTER, aged 56 years, died suddenly at his residence, about 8 o'clock last evening, of nervous apoplexy. He attended to business during the day, in usual health, but was attacked soon after tea, and lived only about an hour.—Mr. H. was one of our most enterprising business men, having been engaged in this city for more than 25 years in active business, first as a merchant and subsequently in the commerce of the lakes, and in the fur trade, in which latter he was extensively engaged, with his brothers, at the time of his death.—He was the eldest, but one, of ten brothers, nearly all of whom are well known for their enterprising business habits and capacity, in this state, in Ohio and in other Western States. The family consisted of ten brothers and three sisters, and we believe this is the first death which has occurred among their number—a most remarkable case, and one of but few parallels. Mr. H. was a man of plain, unobtrusive habits, devoting himself exclusively to his own business which has grown to be very extensive; yet his loss will be seriously felt by our business community, of which he was one of the acknowledged heads, and by our older citizens by whom his memory will long be cherished.—*Com. Adv. May* 24.

COSTUME OF THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.—The Provisional Government have undertaken to regulate the dress of the members of the National Assembly. It has decreed, that the representation of the people shall wear a black coat, a white waistcoat with lappels, and a tri-colored sash with gold fringe. They shall also wear in the button hole on the left side a red ribbon, on which shall be inscribed the fasces of the republic.

NATIONAL OBSERVATORY, May 23, 1848.

GENTLEMEN: I send you a brief notice of two new Stars, from the "National" of May 3d, received from the accomplished Consul of the United States at Paris. But one of them is probably an asteroid. Farther accounts of this interesting discovery will be expected with much impatience by American astronomers. Respectfully, &c.,

M. F. MAURY.

From Le National.

Two new Stars have been seen in the heavens. One, discovered on the night of the 27th of April, by the Irish Astronomer Graham, probably belongs to the group of small planets, already so numerous, situated between Mars and Jupiter; the other, observed in London by Mr. Hind, does not manifest any peculiar motion, and seems to be one of the fixed Stars.

Important from Mexico.

PETERSBURGH, May 24th.

The daily special express has arrived—bringing New Orleans papers to the 18th.

The schooner May arrived at New Orleans on the 18th, from Vera Cruz. At last a quorum of the members of Congress were said to have assembled at Queretaro, and to be waiting the arrival of the American Commissioners to commence their deliberations on the peace question. The speculations as to the result are of the most opposite and conflicting character.

The following pronunciamento from Queretaro was dated April 27th, 11 o'clock at night:—

"The people have become weary with suffering the oppression and sport of petty tyrants. This at least is the case with the Mexican nation, which by the omnipotent exercise of its will *has discarded what is called the General Government of the nation established at Queretaro and prostrated to the earth its treacherous oppressors at* 9 *o'clock on the night of this day.* It did this without any resistance, and proclaimed the only plan which under present circumstances can save the country.—This is war. War without truce or quarter, until an honorable peace is conquered. Such is the programme of this revolution, at the head of which are the distinguished Generals Almonte, Bustamente and Paredes, to whose appeals all who are Mexicans rather than partizans will respond. The tocsin of liberty has sounded at last. Sons of Hadelgo and Iturbide awake! The invincible hand of Providence points out to you the road by which every nation on the globe will occupy its true place. Mexicans, fulfil your destiny!"

American deserters are said to be continually arriving at Queretaro, and during the 25th, 26th and 27th ult., no less than 20 presented themselves to the Mexican Government, and were incorporated in San Patricio's company.

The garrison at Queretaro is now composed of 820 men.

A wager of $10,000 has been made at Vera Cruz, for and against the peace, and several of the deputies are said to be concerned in the bet.

A correspondent says Herrera has been nominated as President, and that a majority of the deputies will vote for him.

The express also announces the arrival of the Yucatanese schooner Aparecida, from Campeachy with advices from that place to the 2d inst., from Sisal to the 11th instant, and from Merida to the 20th ult.

The Merida Lannion of the 25th ult., publishes the treaty of peace concluded on the 10th of April at Seucacal, by Commissioners appointed by Signor Miguel Barbachano, Governor of Yucatan, and Jacinto Pat, Commander-in-chief of the revolted Indians. It also contains the ratification by both parties on the 22d of April at Tecul, but says nothing of the rumored breach of faith by the whites and conseqent renewal of hostilities by the Indians.

LATER FROM YUCATAN.—The brig *C. E. Platt*, arrived at New York on Sunday from Laguna, bringing late files of Yucatan papers. The *Courier & Enquirer* says:

An extra from the office of the Merida *Union* contains the official announcement of the ratification of the treaty between Sen. Barbachano and Jacinto Pat, of which accounts have already been received. It is looked upon as terminating the war between the whites and Indians.

Capt. P. informs us that there was a continual arrival at Laguna of emigrants from the vicinity of Merida, leaving everything behind them to the mercy of the Indians and barely escaping with their lives. Their reports of the treatment of the whites by the Indians, especially the females, is horrid and revolting. Many wealthy families have left everything behind them and thrown themselves upon the hospitality of the Americans at Laguna. Under the watchful care of Gov. Bigelow, Capt. P. assures us they will be aided as far as his means permit.

WILD POTATOES.—The Santa Fe *Republican*, of November 13, says that the potatoe grows wild in the mountains near that place. The largest are about the size of a hen's egg, and the Indians preserve them for winter. It is proposed that they be used for seed in those districts of country that are subject to the potatoe rot.

GREAT BOILER.—An immense boiler passed through on the canal yesterday afternoon. Its length was nearly that of a canal boat, and its diameter about 15 feet. What a monster of a boat it must be of which this is the heart.—*Utica Gazette.*

The boiler is undoubtedly intended for Capt. HAZARD'S magnificent boat, the *Empire State*, that in strength, power and greatness promises to be worthy of her illustrious name.

Harricane at Detroit.

A destructive hurricane, accompanied with thunder, rain and hail, swept over Detroit Tuesday evening. Glass was broken, chimneys carried away, shade trees prostrated, lumber blown into the river, the upper deck of the steamboat *Wayne* taken off and landed in the river, and two small houses demolished. The city property at the Water Works suffered severely, the repairs of which will cost some $2,000.

In relation to the damage done by this storm, the Detroit *Daily Advertiser* of Saturday has the following particulars:

We learn that the terrible hurricane which passed over this city on the evening of Tuesday last, reached other portions of the State, doing considerable damage. The beautiful and thriving village of Milford, Oakland Covnty, suffered about $5,000 by a terrible and sudden flood, that swept down the Pettibone creek, carrying away the dam across the stream, taking with it the floom, foundation and wheel-house, besides doing great damage to the machinery of the "Pettibone mills," owned by Mr. Hebbard. So great was the force of the water, that rocks weighing from two to four tons were carried four rods down the stream. Just below, on the same stream, the dam to Phelps' saw mill was carried away, and considerable damage done to the mill; the clothing establishment of Mr. Davis, attached, lost its dye-house, &c., &c. Some half a mile below this, the Pettibone empties into the Huron. Below the junction, the dam belonging to Peters' mill was completely demolished. The water at this place rose from four to six feet above the top of the dam, and set back up the Huron so rapidly that it carried away the bridge over the Huron, 40 rods above the junction, and did considerable damage to the Armstrong mills, some ten rods farther above the bridge.

The waters on their course below, passed over the low lands on the farm of L. Fuller, Esq., killing 50 sheep, some of which were found lodged in the branches of the low trees. The dam at Harrison's saw mill, two miles below the village, was also swept off. What is very singular, is, that no person saw or knew anything of it until the next morning, when they awoke and found the effects staring them in the face. It is supposed to have

been done between the hours of 12 and 3 o'clock on Wednesday morning.

When it is known that the Pettibone creek is but a small stream, it will appear evident that a very unusually large body of water must have fallen in a very short space of time. The rain fell on Tuesday evening—probably about the hour that the storm passed over this city.

What is singular, too, the flood was confined to the "Pettibone," running into the village from the North, while the Huron, coming in from the East, was affected but little.

The damages, as near as we could learn, were as follows:

W. B. Hebbard, Pettibone Mills, - -	$2,000
Aaron Phelps, Saw-mill and Distillery,	1,000
Geo. Davis, Clothing works, - - -	300
Town of Milford, Bridges, - - - -	500
Taylor & Mann, Armstrong Mills, -	150
Jacob Peters, Peters' Mills, - - -	300
L. Fuller, 50 sheep, - - - - - -	100
Harrison, Saw-mill Dam, - - - -	400
Total, - - - - - - - - -	$4,750

The above estimate does not include a large amount of fence destroyed, and damage to lands, crops, &c., &c. We understand the storm was very severe in many other places, but in no place does it seem that there was as much rain fell as north of Milford.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

Arrival of the Hibernia.

The *Hibernia* arrived at New York on Saturday. We have already given a Telegraphic sketch of the intelligence brought by her. We condense from the New York evening papers, such other news as is of interest.

The *Hibernia* brings Liverpool dates to the 13th instant.

The warlike aspect of affairs on the continent has not undergone any material change during the past week. The hostilities in Lombardy have received a new impulse by the accession of the Pope to the Italian confederacy against Austria, whilst Prussia and the allies in the north have entered Denmark Proper, Jutland; and the friendly mediation of England in the quarrel has not yet produced any practical results.

The Danes by sea have now begun to act by a vigorous blockade of all the northern ports. An official declaration of the blockade of Venice by the Austrians has been issued.

From Lombardy there is an hourly expectation of receiving news of a decisive engagement between Charles Albert and the Austrians under the walls of Verona.

The Danes remained shut up in the island of Alsen up to the 4th inst., when it is positively stated that they withdrew to Zealand. The Prussian and allied army is at Weile, holding Frederica, the key of the little belt in their possession. In the mean time the Danes have declared officially the blockade of Stettin, Stralsund Rostock, and Wismar, Pillau and Dantzic, and the Elbe.

It is beyond doubt that the Austrians are in a most critical position, from which they can only be extricated by the opportune advance of Count Nugent, whose successes have, it is said, been checked by the coming up of the allies from the south, and the determined resolution of the people of the country through which he passes to resist his progress.

But the most important event of the war has occurred at Rome. The repugnance of the Pope to declare war against Austria, the most Catholic country of central Europe, has drawn down upon his Holiness the whole weight of popular fury.

On the 1st and 2d inst., a movement was got up at Rome to compel him to declare war against the Austrians, which he long resisted. The safety of the Pope, the cardinals, and, indeed, the city itself being threatened—for the mob vowed they would set fire to it—the Pope at length yielded.

The Ministry was dismissed, a new popular administration formed, and the Terrorists became completely triumphant. The concessions made are, that no priests shall in future fill any public employment, war shall be formally declared, Pope Pius IX. to be the Head of the Government, a daily bulletin of the news from the seat of war to be published, and encouragement given to volunteers amongst the Roman youth to proceed to fight against the Austrians.

The Romans were brought to this pitch of indignation by the cruelties alleged to be practised by Radetsky towards his prisoners. It is even asserted that the Austrians had a scheme of mining Ancona, and blowing up the Neapolitan army on the day it arrived, together with 40,000 inhabitants! These inventions naturally excite the Italians, and portend more difficulties.

The whole of Germany continues in an agitated state, and the report of the collection of an army of 50,000 men between Bamberg and Nuremberg has created a deep sensation at Paris. On the Prussian-Polish frontiers, the utter disorganisation of all government, has led to the most frightful excesses.

As far as we can judge, from the conflicting accounts which reach us, it appears that the Germans having broken faith with the Poles, in certain concessions granted to them, the latter flew to arms.

A succession of the fiercest battles has been fought, the two last at Xionz and Miloslaw have been frightfully bloody The carnage of the first battle was only exceeded by that of the second.

The Prussians had 10,000 men, whilst the Poles were a mere handful, and yet the slaughter was terrific The Prussians were beaten. The whole province of Posen was in arms, and that city is not unlikely to be taken by the Poles.

Between the latter and the Germans the fiercest animosity subsists; the Poles have refused to send any delegates to the Diet, and in fact, abjure all connection with the Germans. Prussia seems to be in a deplorable state, from Treves to Posen; and the distress at Berlin is intense.

The youth of Germany, however, flushed with success at their exploits in Holstein-Schleswig, seem to have constracted the war mania, and are looking out for fresh fields of glory!

The Queen of Portugal has issued a decree,

appointing a commission to carry into effect the abolition of slavery in the Portuguese ultra-marine possessions.

Bread Stuffs heavy. Flour, 26s to 27s. Corn—26s to 27s for white, 28s to 29s for yellow. Meal, 11s 6d to 12s 3d—demand moderate. Cotton down ⅛d. Money market heavy.

FRANCE.—The following government, *ad interim*, has been appointed by a Committee of the National Assembly:

Foreign Affairs—BASTIDE. War—CHANZY. Finance—DRUCLERE. Justice—CREMIEUX. Instruction—CARNOT. Commerce—FLOCON. Religion—BETHMONT. Public Works—TRELAT. Marine—CASEY. Interior—RECURT. Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs—FAVRE.

IRELAND.

Ireland has become more tranquil. The Limerick affair has tended not a little to this salutary result. It is quite clear that there will be no revolution in Ireland this time; and that whatever changes may be brought about will only be effected by peaceful agitation.

FRANCE.

By the last arrival, we had reports of the election of M. Buchez, President of the Assembly.—He was elected as a "conservative" republican, in opposition to the extreme republicans; but his authority has been limited to one month's duration, and a truly republican jealousy is evinced by the new Assembly which prompts them to guard against any of the encroachments which might be made upon democratic rights; accordingly the delegated power they confer is provisional, and limited until a definitive constitution shall be agreed upon.

But the formation of the executive authority, to carry on the business of the State, is a still more difficult question. At the first attempt to decide this essential point, by nominating a delegated authority of five Ministers, Barbes, the ultra-colonel of the National Guards, ascended the tribune and raised such a confusion, by referring to the late events at Rouen, as plainly to prove that any attempt by the moderate Republicans to exclude the members of the *ultra* party from a due share in the government, would be followed by a movement of the people to restore the preponderance of the extreme party.

Already the threat is held out; that if the Assembly will not rule the country according to the views of Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc, Flocon and Albert, an appeal will be made to the mob to take them. At the sitting of Tuesday this vital question was for the present disposed of, after a rejection by a majority of 411 against 385, of the recommendation of the Bureau that nine Ministers should be *directly* appointed by the Assembly.

M Lamartine evidently wishes to retain Ledru Rollin in power, however obnoxious his principles may be; as, in the event of his being ejected, the extreme Republicans would appeal to the sword, and raise such confusion throughout France, as would wholly obstruct the action of the Government.

The celebrated Abbe Cacordaire wisely said, that it would be unfair to exclude those Republicans, who in fact had brought about the revolution in February. Accordingly, an intermediate executive authority is appointed consisting of MM. Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, Arago, Marie, and Garnier Pages.

This body will nominate the administrative Government. At present it seems very doubtful whether a presidential chief will be appointed.—A powerful minority, being only less by twenty-six of the half of nearly eight hundred members, are of opinion that the Executive Government can be carried on by the Assembly itself.

Each man of the three hundred and eighty-five thinks himself as good and as capable as Lamartine; and accordingly, the members who take this view of their duties are not disposed to delegate the authority which the people have granted them.

Marrast has refused to be a member of any body which includes Ledru-Rollin; in fact, the latter would be certainly driven from power by the majority of the Assembly if they voted directly for Ministers; but the wiser and more moderate of the leaders, including Lamartine, conceive that order may be better preserved by allowing Ledru Rollin to remain.

An official order is out putting the whole line of coast in the vicinity of Boulogne in a state of defence, and to fortify the town.

It was reported in Paris that Ledru Rollin had tendered his resignation.

It is reported that Lamartine is endeavoring to bring about an European Congress, to be held for the purpose of regulating the affairs of Poland, Germany, and Italy, and thus put an end to the effusion of blood.

NEW YORK, May 30—3 P. M.

An arrival at New Orleans brings accounts from Queretaro to the 11th, and from the city of Mexico to the 14th inst.

The Mexican Congress was discussing the Treaty in secret session on the 13th, and it was generally believed that it would be ratified. In the Deputies it was thought that the vote would be 61 for peace and 14 for war.

President PENA Y PENA has sent in an able message, in which he defends the Treaty with spirit, and says, peace is the only salvation of Mexico.

It is said that HERRERA has been elected President of Mexico, but was reluctant about taking the office in the present state of affairs.

The trials of Lieuts. Hare, Dutton, Madison and Tilden, Surgeants Wragg and Stewart, and private Will, for burglary and murder in the city of Mexico, have resulted in their conviction, and they have been all sentenced to be hung. The commanding General had not yet approved the sentence.

Gen. KEARNEY has left Vera Cruz for the city of Mexico. Col. WILSON is again governor of Vera Cruz.

There had been an attempt to get up a pronunciamento against the Government, but it was soon smothered.

A Franciscian friar and several other Mexicans have been arrested in the city of Mexico, on charges of inducing American soldiers to desert.

The British brig *Brothers* has been totally wrecked in Tampico Bay. Loss $150,000.

A Telegraph despatch from Washington says: Despatches have been received from the city of Mexico which speak with entire confidence of the ratification of the Treaty. Mr. SEVIER had gone to Queretaro, determined to push the negotiations to a close. Mr. CLIFFORD was still at the Capital. Both were extremely sanguine of a speedy and favorable termination of their mission.

EXHUMATION.—We witnessed this forenoon the disinterment of the remains of John Glover, a son of Pelatiah Glover, second minister of Springfield. He was buried in January, 1664, *one hundred and eighty-four years ago*. Notwithstanding the lapse of this long period, pieces of the decayed coffin, and all the larger bones of the body, with the skull and portions of the hair yet remaining upon it, were found, and removed. This is the oldest grave, save one, the identity of which is known.—*Springfield Gaz.*

Burial of the Beautiful.

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
In the vale where the willow and cypress weep;
Where the wing of the west breathes its softest sigh,
Where the silvery stream is flowing nigh,
And the pure clear drops of the rising sprays
Glitter like gems in the bright moon's rays—
Where the sun's warm smiles may never dispel
Night tears o'er the form we loved so well—
In the vale where the sparkling waters flow;
Where the fairest, earliest violets grow;
Where the sky and the earth were softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there!

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
Where wild flowers bloom in the valley deep;
Where the sweet robes of spring may softly rest
In purity over the sleeper's breast;
Where is heard the voice of the sinless dove,
Bemoaning her absent truant love;
Where no column proud in the sun may glow,
To mock the heart that is waiting below;
Where pure hearts are sleeping, forever blest:
Where wandering Peri love to rest;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there:

GOING THROUGH CHANCERY.—A friend tells a very good story about the ease and convenience of a transit through Chancery. An acquaintance was accustomed to drive the best horse and the costliest buggy in the neighborhood. The crack of his whip was as alarming as the whistle of a steam boiler. But steam fails for want of fuel—and so did the 'whip.'

Chancery, chancery. No remedy but in chancery. Horse stopped—buggy stopped—payment stopped. But soon, oh, how soon—'whip' was seen again by his old friends, driving *his own horse and buggy*—the identical team that he had driven before.

"How now," said an old acquaintance, "the same old horse and buggy again! I thought you had been through Chancery."

"So I have—*but my horse and buggy went round.*"

Lord Chancellor Thurlow said to a clergyman, who, without any letter of introduction, applied for a vacant rectory, "Whom have you to recommend you?"

"Only the Lord of Hosts, my Lord."

"Well," replied Thurlow, "as it is the first recommendation I have had from His Lordship, be assured I shall attend to it," and conferred the living upon him.

Men marry at twenty for passion; at thirty for love; at forty for money; at fifty for the sake of being fondled and nursed.—*Family Herald.*

THE TWO HEAPS.—"I see in this world," said Rev. John Newton, "two heaps—one of human happiness and one of misery; now if I can take but the smallest bit from the second heap, and add to the first I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a half-penny, and by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad indeed to do great things, but I will not neglect such little ones as these."

MARRIED.

At Batavia, on the 28th inst., by the Rev. D. C. Houghton, Mr. CHARLES R. NEVITT, printer, of this city, and Miss ISABELLA CUTLER, of Batavia.

On the 25th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Everett, Mr. EDWARD D. WISE, and Miss HARRIET CARR, all of this city.

On the 23th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Tucker, Mr. W. C. REED, and Miss CLARISSA J. WIGHTMAN.

On the 5th inst., by Clark Robinson, Esq., Mr. ELIJAH B. GIBSON, and EUNICE WHITNEY.

DIED.

On the 25th inst, WILLISTON WHITE, Esq., in the 23d year of his age.

On the 30th instant, HARRISON HOPKINS, aged 14 years and 8 months, youngest son of Henry and Mary Daw.

On the 28th inst., Mrs. SOPHIA JENKINS, mother of W. and H. D. Huff, aged 57 years.

In Sheldon, Wyoming Co., on the 25th instant, FRANK HYDE, youngest son of Guy H. Salisbury, of this city, in the 4th year of his age.

In Washington City, on the 23d inst., FRANK, youngest son of Hon. N. K. Hall.

Price Current—May 31, 1848.

Flour, bbl.	$4 75@4 81½	Turkeys	30@33
Pork, bbl.	$9	Chickens, lb.	12½
Do slaugh. cwt.	$5 00	Geese, each	25
Beef, cwt.	$4 50@5 00	Clover seed, bu.	$3 50
Butter, lb.	10@12	Timothy seed, bu.	$2 00
Lard, lb.	5½	Flax seed, bu.	$1 12½
Cheese, lb.	7@9	Whitefish, bbl.	$7 00
Hams, lb.	5½	Codfish, cwt.	—
Shoulders, lb.	3½	Potatoes, bu.	62½@75
Corn meal, cwt.	$1 00	Salt, bbl.	$1 12½
Wheat, bu.	91@1 05	Apples, bu.	25
Corn, bu.	37½@38	Dried apples, bu.	$1 00
Oats, bu.	30	Onions, bu.	$1 25
Slaughter hides, lb.	3½	Eggs, doz.	8½
Dry hides, lb.	7½@8	Saleratus, lb.	6
Calf, lb.	8	Soap, lb.	4@5
Sheep, slaughtered,	50@75	Whiskey, gall.	17
Lamb, slaughtered, lb.	12½	Highwines, gall.	17
Hard wood, cord.	$3 00	Lead, cwt.	$4 00
Hemlock, cord.	$2 00	Beans, bu.	$1 25
Bit. (O.) coal, ton	$5 50	Wool, lb.	30@38
Blossburgh, ton	—	Hay, ton	$10

JOHN C. GRANNIS.

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☞ Circulars, containing farther particulars, may be obtained by applying to the Principal or Trustees.

April, 15, 1848. a113.

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Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1848. NO. 19.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

We must Part.

Yes, we must part, too long, too far
Already have our footsteps strayed,
Lured by the brightness of a star,
That hath fictitious radiance shed.
It is not hope, it is not faith that lures us on,
It is the light of love's intenseness—hope is gone.

Shall we not part? Since ere we met
The bonds of life were interposed;
And on our souls the seal was set
Of vows which hold till life has closed—
And *shall* we break that bond and seal that we may meet?
Or shall we tread those sacred vows beneath our feet?

Ah! thus we should put out the light,
And break the sacred guards of life;
And on us soon would come a night
Of dark and soul-consuming strife—
Yes, we might meet, but oh at what a fearful cost!
Then let us part while love is pure, and truth not lost.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Golden Age.

A Lecture before the Young Men's Association.

BY A. P. NICHOLS, ESQ.

A widowed mother, pale and worn with watching, sits by the bedside of her dying child. A small and rude apartment, scantily furnished with articles of simplest necessity, constitutes her home. Upon the cleanly swept hearth, a few half-consumed billets of wood burning with a fitful blaze, are struggling to diffuse some warmth through the chillness around. A feeble light, whose beams are quickly lost in the darkness they strive to illumine, stands near the sufferer's cot so that the mother may detect, with instant perception, the slightest change flitting over the features of her child. Winds are howling around, assailing every unprotected crevice, and moaning a funeral dirge as if in sympathy with the desolation within.—Death knocks at the door of this lonely home and demands admission——perhaps in mercy. The glazed eye which but a moment since has lost its lustre; the languid and labored breath; the slight quick twitching of convulsed effort, bid him welcome. Poor mother, thou art alone! Death and thy child have passed away together. Those eyes which have so often turned to thee in love, and beamed with a glistening beauty which was but a reflection of the love they saw in thine, shall be here relumed no more. Those lips, fresh as young rose-buds, where smiles made their home, and which were to thee as a well-spring in the desert, shall smile no more! Death has kissed them with his cold, icy breath, and they are blanched to clay! Public charity shall give the delicate form of thy child back to the bosom of its mother earth, and the daisy or forget-me-not, wind-sown, perchance shall be its only head stone. But fear not—there is One who careth for thee!

Upon the opposite side of the street stands the palace of opulence. Its marble front and doubled windows bid defiance to the cold and the tempest. The bronzed lions that guard its porch frown sternly upon us as we approach. Let us appease these grim sentinels by a word of friendship and enter. But there is one before us. Fell disease has eluded the vigilance of the guardian lions, and entering here, has struck down, within this fastness, open alike to his entrance as the widow's frail dwelling, the fairest of a rosy group. Here also the mother sits watching by her dying child.—Reared and attended with nicest care, surrounded by an atmosphere never tainted by want, the child now gasps for that breath common to all. Science has lent her profoundest skill, and wisdom yielded her richest treasures for its rescue, but in vain.—Servants move noiselessly about, and the foot-falls of condoling friends, coming and going, are lost in the silent recesses of luxurious carpets. The pictures wear a mournful expression—flowers still bloom but with less of brightness, and the thousand ornaments which wealth had accumulated now lie neglected and valueless. A dark shadow hovers for an instant over the couch of pain, and thou, too, poor mother, art alone! The light of the dwelling is dimmed. But not by hands of public charity shall the form of what was once parcel of thy best affections, be borne to the grave.—The sable hearse, the palled horses with nodding plumes and many mutes who weep by contract, make up a stately ceremonial. The vaulted tomb receives its sacred deposite, and the sculptured marble tells of the last resting place of the child of affluence.

And thus, these two children, born, living, and dying upon opposite sides of the same street, and who, in life, were, and had they lived, would have been, sundered wide as the poles, may now, hand in hand, be playing amid the bowers of the blest, and chaunting with the Cherubim. Such marked extremes does this life present. From what causes do they spring? Are they the result of an inexorable law of being, or shall we find their roots shooting up from a soil of artificial creation? And between these two extremes, how many others are comprehended of less and lesser extent, springing from the same or modified causes?—From these two pictures, imaginary in form, but real in fact, flow as from two fountains, the small and scattered rills of thought and suggestion which make up my volume for to-night.

It has been remarked by an accomplished observer, that there is nothing which so strongly seizes upon the imagination of mankind as the possession of property and the consciousness of exercising over it sole and unlimited dominion. A glance over the world and society will at once prove the truth of the observation. We see its germ in the dawning of the earliest instincts, its continued and fuller development in their growth and maturity. The child, long before it is aware of the value of its bauble or toy, feels the pleasure growing out of possession, and cries if the instinct is not gratified. Men are but children of a larger growth, and their cries often bear a most startling resemblance to those they uttered in infancy, if the charm of possession be broken, or their baubles and toys be taken from them. Wealth in its myriad forms and influences, rests upon us like a mantle. It is around us and about us like the casing air, and like the air, it is sometimes pure and some-

times impure. It is a thing exceedingly difficult entirely to expel all air from a vessel, so that you may have what is called an exhausted receiver, in which experiment may be made with bodies of matter, undisturbed by external influences. But who ever heard of an exhausted receiver in the realms of gold, in which the human heart, purged from all grosser influences, neither deadened by the chillings of selfishness nor contracted by the cold touch of avarice, would respond sweetly to the fresh pure instincts and ennobling emotions which are native to the worst of us, the delicacy and truthfulness of its action undisturbed and unswerving? On the contrary, we are continually striving to fill, not exhaust, this receiver, in which the heart acts, and to clog its freedom with countless impediments. Like the robe of snow which covers and warms the earth but chills and benumbs those who walk through its drifts, unless they are protected against its effects, so this golden mantle which wraps us in its folds, will benumb and paralyze the heart unless it be clad in the warm garments of generous sentiment and holy charity. To glance at some of the disturbing agencies which wealth, its acquisition and unequal distribution produce in the social system,—to speak of the benefits and inestimable privileges which it confers—to give tongue to a few of the dumb and nameless miseries and oppressions which it inflicts—to brand avarice as treason alike to man and God, in a word, to vindicate justice and assert for mind and man that position of superiority which is as much above mere wealth, as heaven is above earth, though the latter were a solid globe of gold—these are the points on which I purpose to myself to speak, with your kind permission, feebly as I know I must, yet honestly and fittingly as but I may.

> "In nature's chain whatever link you strike,
> Tenth, or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike,"

So here, it is quite immaterial where we begin. Society, like a many stringed instrument, is so indissolubly united, part with part, by a system of interlacing network, made up of hopes and fears, interests and sympathies, that like electric chords, all vibrate at the touch of one. The reason why the disposition to acqcire, takes such strong and abiding hold upon mankind, and the career of successful accumulation becomes so fascinating, is to be found, doubtless, mainly in the fact, that it confers upon the seeker consciousness of power, a possion so darling to all. Consciousness of power is but another expression for gratified vanity or flattered self love, and where beats the human heart that is a stranger to these emotions? But there are other and better motives which animate us in the race of acquisition. Prominent among these may be mentioned the love of personal independence, freedom from unwilling and galling obligations, and the inherent desire to surround ourselves with the comforts of life—a spirit of prudent forecast, which in the vigor of manhood, would reap a harvest for the sustenance of age, when failing powers and decaying energies can no longer grasp the sickle,—a wish to provide means for the gratification of refined tastes, the cultivation of letters and the amenities of social intercourse. These are most laudable and of highest moment. The difficulty lies in discrimination, in ascertaining the line of separation between the prudent man and the gold-worshipper or miser.—Wealth being the result of labor, and labor, in some department, constituting one of the primal conditions of being, call it rather a blessing than a curse, it must therefore inevitably accumulate.—It would be manifestly unphilosophical, to neglect in this connection, the consideration of another fact which exerts a powerful, not to say controlling, influence, and this is, that by reason of the universality of the strife, the accumulation and possession of certain indefinite sums become a standard of judgement—a touch-stone to which we apply the results of life, and thus arrive at a conclusion: for we all know

> That peop'e who stand upon golden legs,
> Are sure to stand well with society.

In a word, we may almost see every man living out a sum in division—his wealth is the quotient and he strives to make it as large as he can.

Impelled by such powerful and varied stimuli to action, incited by a spirit of emulation which would outstrip all competition in the race, need we wonder that so many should banish sleep from their pillows and peace from their bosoms—task mind and muscle to the last limit of endurance, in order to gather up these glittering heaps and cast them at the feet of a prevalent opinion—a votive offering, that they may receive the welcome salutation from the brotherhood, "well done, thou good and faithful servant." From the match boy in the streets, who trades upon his farthing capital, to the merchant whose argosies, freighted with the "wealth of Ormus and of Ind," float upon every sea—from the gambler with the dice box, to the gambler in produce and stocks—from him who has nothing, to him whose coffers and vaults are filled to bursting, come up the steady ceaseless hum, the notes of traffic and the song of gold. I speak of a people at large. All general propositions must, necessarily, be taken with many exceptions. There are large numbers who have other thoughts, and are engaged in other avocations, who are not and will not thus, be entirely engrossed. There are more who, as their eye runs along the future, see cool and shady retreats, inviting them to repose, and hear the ripple of flowing waters in the distance, by whose margin the spirit shall refresh itself and throw off forever the load of care which has already become too heavy.—But as they journey on, these intervals seem more and more distant, until at length, they see no places hallowed to rest, and, like slaves at the oar, they continue to toil, till the end of their course. It has been charged upon us, as a nation, that we are more devoted to gold than any other—that with us, the dollar is almighty. As implying that the spirit of activity and business enterprise is every where rife among us, it may be admitted, but, as charging upon us an intenser greed of wealth, which springs out of a peculiar trait of national character, other things being equal, it is submitted, with all confidence, that the assertion is wholly gratituous. It should be bore in mind, that with us, where the law neither makes nor recognizes any fictitious ranks or classifications, and where the career of action and the channels of business are left open alike to all—where all starting from a common level, work their way upward, according to the bent of disposition, and innate force of character which is inherent in each, a very different state of things must exist, than is to be found in those countries, where overgrown estates descend from father to son under the law of entails, and the doctrine of primogeniture. There, each successive generation is but the possessor of an estate, without the power of disposing of it, which must fall, in turn, to its fixed successor. Here, however large an estate may be, it is subject to all the uncertainties of hazardous speculation and the hurricanes of commercial crises. There the heritor of wealth which he cannot altogether dissipate, and of legal and social position, which satisfy a reasonable ambition, feels not the same disposition to engage in the active pursuits of life which would otherwise press upon him. Here, the artificer of his own fortune, the boy is hardly out of leading

strings, before he begins to cast about him, with a kind of Yankee shrewdness, to see how things look, and think of setting out to seek his fortune. Hence the difference: reverse positions and you reverse results. Many other reasons why we see a more general individual activity, (and which is misinterpreted as a greater love of gold) among our people than is found in others, might be mentioned, but I content myself with having noticed the principal one, which is, that the law, in the one case, secures those advantages which, in the other, are the result of individual effort. I could not, however, check the impulse to contribute my quota towards the refutation of what I regard as an aspersion of our national character. Seeing then, that all men are, and, from the nature of the case, while they remain the same, must be engaged in the accumulation of wealth, we naturally pass to a consideration of some of the results which flow from its possession. And here we wish to assert, in the broadest manner, that every man's right, so far as his fellows are concerned, to the fruits of his own thrift and industry, is indisputable and sovereign, and that all projects to take them from him, without his permission, under whatever name they are known, whether by forced periodical divisions or compulsory gifts, are utterly at war with the simplest principles of justice, and with that sense of personal independence, which lies at the base of manly character. The springs of charity and generosity must bubble up in the heart from their own internal promptings and not from the force of outward pressure.

To be a true man, one must be a freeman. A slave never was and never will be anything but a moral dwarf, and you may just as well control the labor of the hand, as the product of that labor.—This idea of unlimited right over property, which has just been mentioned, is not intended to exclude that of governments to collect and expend certain contributions for the common weal.—Wealth regarded as an end, is utterly valueless, nay, it is not negatively bad, but is affirmatively pernicious, but as means to an end, it is the Archimedean lever which lifts a world. As an end, its acquisition is worse than puerile, not worthy even of brute instinct, (and brutes, it may be said in passing, are never caught in so silly an occupation,) but as means, it may challenge the exercise of the lofty intellect of man, "in apprehension show like a God:" for in its broadest acceptation, it may be said to be but the perfect development of the laws of mind and matter, and their mutual relations, and whatever tends to this achievement may well challenge our noblest powers. Of itself, man can neither eat it, drink it nor protect himself from the vicissitudes of heat and cold, but through its assistance, he may accomplish them all. Nay, what may he not do with it? He levels mountains, tunnels cities, and rivers roll in beds, obedient to his will. Forests fall before him—deserts blossom as the rose and the earth throws up her ores and jewels to the sun. He spreads the sail of commerce and frets, with million keels, the waters of every zone, making the choice products of every clime and country distant and remote, his own.

The Leviathan roameth through the caverns of his ocean home a king, but the hardy whaler doth "put a hook into his nose," or "fill his skin with barbed irons," when lo! beneath his light, in the drawing rooms of earth, flushes the cheek of beauty with a brighter glow, and her hair is lustrous with diamonds fresh from Golconda's mines, and pearls caught up from the depth of Indian seas.—Myrrh and cassia from the tropics, furs from the poles, come at the clink of the golden hammer, and cast themselves at his feet. Even the stars of heaven, seen through the lenses of science, (and science is but the product of wealth in another form) seem to sweep down from their lofty pavillions and submit themselves to his inquisitive gaze. Lightning has consented to put itself in harness, and this compound of fire and destruction is now his dray-horse, doing his imperious bidding with docility. It has now something else to do besides tracing its flaming characters, awful but unmeaning, on the ragged banner of the storm, or building airy castles, pinnacled with rosy light, in the northern sky. The rise and fall of stocks, run along the living wires, while the whispered breathings of love may catch an intenser glow from the rapidity of their transit. We may say of it, as Halleck has said of the old Highlander, in reference to civilization, it has at last

> "Consented to be taxed and vote—
> To put on pantaloons and coat—
> And leave off cattle stealing"

Wealth has entered the laboratory of the chemist and enabled mind to distil those draughts, more potent of forgetfulness, than all the waters of Lethe's fabled stream. It scatters books, letters and thoughts over the earth, broad cast, as flower-seeds are borne by the tireless winds. It builds school-houses and colleges, where mind wrestles with mind in earnest encounter, until logicians, sages, philosophers and statesmen, "armed in panoply complete," walk forth into life's arena, ready to wrestle for the government and guidance of the world. And lastly, but not least, in this connection, it erects churches, and sends the self-sacrificing missionary to the ends of the earth, and his pathway, though environed by dangers and hedged about with privations, is yet luminous with the light of the gospel he dispenses. Wherever civilization has flown, pioneered by ennobling trade and adventurous commerce, wealth has been its constant attendant, and beneath its potent influence, have sprung up and been nurtured those myriad habits, tastes, refinements, comforts and elegancies which mark the difference between the civilized man and the barbarian.

Are we not greatly indebted then, to this agent which has done so much for us, and is not the ascertainment of its true position and character, worthy of a little examination? Like all other agents, its powers have sometimes been perverted, and disastrous results have ensued. In this rapid sketch of some of the fruits, in a national point of view, it has borne to man, in the varied race they have run together, I may mention fierce and sanguinary wars. Even our own glorious revolution, which we so love to recall and contemplate with reverential regard, was one of these. Indeed it was a war of the highest principle, but of principle applied to the most sensitive of all parts—the purse. Taxation without representation was the crowning trouble. The British parliament might have gone on till doomsday, in promulgating, in the most formal manner, the grossest absurdities, and our stern old fathers would have grimly smiled, but they never would have thought of refuting them by the sword and the matchlock. But when power usurped, in the semblance of law, embodied in the form of the tax-gatherer, sought to insinuate its hand into their pockets, then they vowed, and most righteously, to resist to the death.

Let no one suppose that I would underrate the dignity—the majesty of that spirit of resistance or belittle it, by speaking of dollars and cents. The highest principle of manhood was attacked—that of personal independence—that which makes us freemen, in the attempt to divest us of the fruits of our labor, without permission. I speak of it to show how intimately wealth is associated with the highest relations. So our later war with the same power: from what causes did it spring, but the impudent assumption and attempted enforcement

of claims which were infringements upon the dearest rights of the citizen. Free trade and sailor's rights was the pivot on which it hinged. So in the present war with Mexico, whatever politicians may say to the contrary; it has grown out of the complicated relations and violated engagements of commerce. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a single instance where war has not sprung from these causes, always excepting those which have been waged for the humane purpose of propagating religious opinions, and they have sometimes taken that form but to mask ulterior designs.

Wealth, then, being but accumulated labor, whether our own or others, the great question would seem to be, not so much, how we should acquire, as how much we should acquire, how use and apply it. To use wisely and justly is more difficult that to acquire. We turn to these considerations, glancing, as we pass, at some of the prominent influences it exerts upon society. I will assume here what it is believed no one will attempt to deny, and that is, that money is to be regarded as the means and not the end, for, however the daily actions of multitudes may belie the admission, the proposition when plainly and plumply presented to the mind, seems a thing far different from that which they are working out in their daily life. One thing is certain: it cannot go hence with us. To whatsoever uses we would apply it, that must be done here. Unlike our acts of goodness, it will not accompany the soul through its limitless hereafter, pleading ever, with an eloquent earnestness which may hardly be resisted, for a gentler judgement upon our many frailties. There are certain contingencies against which all persons of prudence should carefully provide. These have already been indicated. To hoard, merely to give to those who may come after us immense riches, would seem to be unwise—to amass, merely for the sake of amassing, still more so. The history of large estates, not only in this country, but in all others where they are left unfettered by legal restrictions and subject to the vicisitudes of trade, will show the fallacy of the principle. They tend to division and diffusion. Two or three generations usually suffice to work the transformation, nay a single one, often sees the hoarded treasures of long years scattered, and the heir to affluence, in poverty. The attempt however, to set limits to the extent of accumulation in theory or otherwise, were futile. Men have a strong inclination to do exactly as they please, without let or hindrance. It is entirely proper however, to enquire, whether we do not strive to accumulate too much, in fine, whether man has nothing else to do but make money. Has he not powers other than those which enable him to add, subtract, multiply and divide? Has he not capacities for pleasure and instincts for enjoyment? Has he not a mind and soul which roam, at will, over the earth and even to the gates of Heaven, and drink in joy from a thousand springs. He is not a cart-horse, simply. He has a touch of immortal fire in his composition, and while he may not spurn the earth, in the neglect of duties enjoined, yet he ought never to forget, that he has wings, and should, sometimes, mount and soar. As a people, we are doubtless too much addicted to mere money getting—too strongly wedded to gold.

We have too few proper rational amusements —too little relaxation. The business faculties and energies are kept in a state of continued, extreme tension, and the elasticity of the spirit is thereby enfeebled. A scanty half-hour, snatched from a meal, or a few hours stolen from the task-masters labor, and given grudgingly to sleep, are not enough. Man should have (or rather take, for he has it) time for reading, thinking, conversation, travel, pleasure, and all the enjoyments of social intercourse, for he is eminently social in his nature.—He should be permitted to develop to the full, all his powers and capacities, not forced to dwarf or pervert them. The former he cannot do, if he have no opportunity to exercise them, while the latter will be the inevitable result of giving to one, unchecked dominion over the others. All should be kept along equally together. Whatever is added, improperly, to one, is stolen from another.—God made us and has given us all the faculties we possess. What came from his hand must needs be good. The evil is our own and proceeds from the perversion of what was intended for good.—In the language of Paley, "we never discover a train of circumstances to bring about an evil purpose. No anatomist ever discovered a system of organization calculated to produce pain or disease, or in explaining the parts of the human body, ever said, this is to irritate, this to inflame—this gland to secrete the humour which forms the gout. So in relation to the faculties of the mind. Who has ever discerned faculties there, designed to demoralize and debase us. Who, in explaining them, ever said, "this is to make you profane—*this to* make you intemperate, this to make *you* cruel and this to make you dishonest."—And is not this true?

Let no one think that I would promulge a gospel of indolence or point to a paradise of slothful inactivity. A walking do-nothing I hold in the lowest estimation, as one unjust to himself and to all around him. I have before said that it was every one's lot and duty to labor—that labor was a blessing not a curse, but I would have man labor with intelligence, not like the ox which blindly treadeth out the corn, without design or purpose. I would have him live by the laws which govern him, struggle howsoever he may, and whose violations are always punished, and not by accident. I would have him labor with heart and head, as well as hands, and garner up those fruits of immortality which his hand alone is permitted to pluck. He should know that there are other rewards of toil than gold—that the fountain heads of knowledge are never dry, but are perpetually welling up to cool the parched lip of the seeker—that the treasures of mind—the virgin ore of thought—the flashes of fancy, the glowing brilliancy of wit, the dazzling splendors of imagination and the majestic loveliness of hope, through whose brightness he sees Heaven—that these are the fruits which grow in the field where he is permitted, not to glean, but to reap, in the full tide-time of harvest, and shall he, yielding to the base promptings of his lower nature, turn aside from all these, and starve upon the husks of wealth—mere gold? Shall he leave all these, and abandon himself, body and soul, to the trade and mystery of making yankee clocks and wooden nutmegs? Shall he bury his heart alive, (better far the burying of the Indian widow in the grave of her husband,) in his counting room or salamander safe? Shall he lose himself in the intricacies of double-entry, and in learning how to avoid, with nicest precision, the sharp points of some jaggad law against usury? Strange infatuation! and yet you need not look the distance across this room, before your eye shall alight upon such an one.

Once more, I beg not to be thought as advocating idleness, or that men should not be thrifty and accumulate, and make reasonable provision for the future, educate well their children, and earn means to cotribute their quota towards carrying on the great system of the world's development, mental, moral and physical, but only that the excess of these efforts shall not be permitted to engross all his attention—belittle his thoughts and degrade his nature: as merely insisting that he has other wants equally commanding his attention.—

Is there any necessity that man should labor for mere accumulation's sake, in one incessant round, from the morning of life to the night of death?—Certainly not, so far as his actual wants are concerned. With us health need never know poverty in its sternest aspect. Our extensive country, with the virgin soil, welcomes all who come within her generous embrace. From her munificent bosom, her green savannas and sunny slopes—her flowery meads and mountain sides, flow streams unceasing, of abundance and plenty.

In the earlier periods of the history of the race, matters were far different. True, man's wants were simpler and fewer, but then how much smaller the means of gratification. He had to labor with his hands alone, or such rude implements as necessity or ingenuity fashioned, and the labor of a life would not have produced much surplus, over and above his wants. Ages rolled by—inventions and improvements kept on their steady course, through doubtless repeated efforts but ended in repeated failures, hindering their progress then as now, until at length the clumsy stool grew into the nicely adjusted rocking-chair and the luxurious sofa—the tent of reeds and boughs to the princely mansion—the covering of skins to all the varied and marvellous products of the loom, and the hour-glass or waterclock into the almost living chronometer. How strange, how passing strange the transformation! See yon peerless creature as she moves amid an admiring crowd, her cheeks glowing with conscious lovliness, her course luminous with the light of beauty. From her jewelled brow to her tiny slipper, observe what cunning workmanship has adorned her person. Every zone has been laid under contribution. And that gentleman who walks by her side—mark his princely apparal! Who could trace the slightest resemblance between this pair and their progenitors (to go no farther back) who rode out the flood in the ark, surrounded by every variety of company. And what has wrought this wondrous change?—simply mind acting upon matter.

Does any one doubt that then steam possessed the same compressive and expansive qualities which now produce such stupendous results?—Does any one doubt that the mechanical powers then existed which now, adjusted by mind, in almost infinite combinations, sit the presiding spirits over all the varieties of complicated machinery? All were there, and they but needed the hand of genius to bring them forth. The slumbering energies of steam were all there—they needed only to be made available, not to be created. The wedge, the pully, the screw, lever, wheel and axle were all there. It was only necessary that they should be geared up and set in motion. Matter was created perfect. It contained within itself no element of progression, but every particle was formed in obedience to, and with reference to being governed by, certain fixed, unvarying laws. Man found himself in possession of this inert unshapely mass, but, endowed with powers capable of developing, one by one, the laws of this wonderful creation, unveiling the mysteries of its hidden mechanism, ascertaining its properties and capabilities new to him, and applying them, one and all, to the use and enjoyment of himself and his fellows. He has explored air, earth and ocean, and in all of them, in every age, has discovered properties, unknown to the wisest in the one which preceded it. Is there not proof in this, that mind is superior to matter, and that inasmuch as it is superior it is entitled to higher regard?

And what results do we see, what argument is disclosed, as the fruit of this impress of mind upon matter, this progress of scientific enquiry which invents, constructs and adapts machinery to the countless purposes of life—which looks upon what was apparently of no value before, and makes it something, by showing how it may be rendered an auxiliary of progress—which in some seeming lump of dead earth, detects a living law as beautiful as that which wheels the burning stars? For my part, I think I see in it an argument full of the highest hope and most inspiring confidence. I think I see in it, the dawning of a higher, brighter life for humanity. I think I see it written in letters of light, that man was not formed, always to be a beast of burthen—a hewer of wood and a drawer of water—that the pressure of his physical wants is not always to be the measure of his action—that muscle and brawn are not the only part of his nature which will yield a return for cultivation.

One has hardly the capacity to realize how infinitely greater an amount of result, can be accomplished by one man, now, aided by the manifold inventions of mechanical genius, than in the earlier ages of the world. And what is the effect of all this—what must it be but the lifting off from the yet bended neck, this immmense, this almost incalculable weight? Will not this relief cause man to stand more erect and keep his head further from the ground, making him look less like a four-footed creeper? Who shall doubt it? And is not here something gained? Add to this, that more correct notions as to the relations of the governor and governed prevail, and that the labor of millions is not now required, or rather would not be given, to build monuments to flatter the pride or pamper the vanity of despotic rulers. Will the world ever see a second edition of the pyramids? Will another Chinese wall ever stretch its colossal proportions over a space of 2000 miles? As wiser ideas are diffused, will the Indian carver in ivory, continue to spend a whole life in the manufacture of some cunning toy, to decorate a dressing table? Now these aids derived from the development and successful application of the laws of nature, and the juster direction given to labor, have furnished mankind, as it were, with one great holiday—or rather with many, scattered through a life.

Genius to invent and the economical thrift of previous industry, which furnished the means necessary to make all those million experiments which have ended in the discovery and application of those laws which enable man, as it were, to work the world, have brought us to our present position. Yet it is melancholly to see how blindly man has allowed himself to be wedded to ignorance, and how closely he has hugged his chains. We could hardly deem it possible, did not proofs incontrovertible exist, that many have doubted whether the triumphs of mind in making machinery for man, instead of making man into a machine, were to exercise a final beneficial result. There have been instances where ignorant men, who have lost employment, and that of a deadly character, for a limited period, by the introduction of some new variety mechanism, not perceiving that what they regarded as loss in one place, was returned more than seven-fold into their bosoms, in another, have headed riots and mobs for the destruction of their enemy. We speak of that blind spirit of fanaticism which makes the Hindoo devotee throw himself beneath the wheels of Juggernaut, or cast himself upon spears or lances, as terrible—as passing all belief. But are there not Juggernauts, other than those found in India? Have not men, or beings wearing the forms of men, in their accursed lust of gold, turned dull, blind, objectless labor, into a mighty overshadowing monster which has crushed the life and soul out of millions?—Have they not placed brutish ignorance and strong muscle in one scale and bread and life in the other? Some one shall answer for all this—some where shall restitution be made. The bolts of in-

digment justice may slumber for a time, but they lose not their power of vengeance. Inasmuch as man has been relieved from the primeval weight of labor which rested upon him, he has now time to devote to other aims. Every hour, truly and fairly won from the labor of the hand, may, and should be, most righteously, devoted to the cultivation of the mind and heart—the nursing of joys and affections, the growing and reaping of innocent pleasures and delights. For the hour which before, man was compelled to smite the anvil and from which he is now reprieved, let him go forth and worship nature—let him

> Watch the pearly advent of morn,
> And relish the odor fresh from the thorn.

The purest pleasures are always cheapest.—What of beauty can money buy to compare with this? For the hour before, that he pored over some counterfeit detecter or begrimed his hand with perpetual dabbling in gold, let him look upon nature's fair, unsullied sheet—he will find no tale of fraud and deception there—and purify his vision, if he must needs look upon something yellow, by admiring the grained gold which Heaven deposites in the lily's snowy bosom. Instead of locking his heart up in his money chest, or wracking it with devices how to gain cent per cent, let it go forth and love some other human heart, which will return more than it receives, nor grudge the exhorbitant usury. Aye, let him read, think, converse—be a man. But if so much has already been done, if man has already been relieved of such onerous burthens, is that a reason for stopping and saying that the extremest limit has been attained? Who shall dare say that everything has been discovered—that the secrets of nature have all been explained—all her treasures exhausted? We may rest assured that until all this is done, man has something yet to do.

Does any one suppose that that condition of things which man traces out from particulars to generality, and calls a law, was created without purpose or design? Has anything been created without a specific adaptation? If created for a purpose—then for what purpose—for whose benefit? We may say that it cannot be to benefit matter, for we have never detected there any qualities which could be benefitted. If not for matter, then, is it saying too much, that it must have been intended for man. first for his discipline, in compelling him to find out this law of design, and finally for his good, through a full moral development which it would give the means of ensuring, enabling him, not to free himself, but to show that he would strive to be freed from the penalty which caused his transgression. Is there any fear that man may be too happy on this earth? If not, then let us bid God speed to all these aids, which, directly and indirectly, nearly and remotely tend to his advantage.

One of the most prominent social evils which grow out of our intense business activity and consequent spirit of accumulation is, that, being the engrossing topic of life—the one which is most entirely in our thoughts, this feeling by a natural transition, takes the highest place in the judgment seat when we pass in review the actions and condition of others. The chief good so often in ourselves why should it not appear the chief good in others? Taught from our infancy. first, by the general habit of those about us, then by direct gentle admonitions, and at last by imperious necessity, that if we would successfully enter the lists for competition with the world, we must don golden armor, how natural that we should strive to do so. Let men know that they are to be judged by a given standard, and they will leave no effort untried to conform to it, even though their better judgment may tell them the standard is untrue—the balance false. Hence a portion of the strong disposition we see, to accumulate, grows out of a desire to stand well in the eyes of the world, as well as from the conciousness of power which it gives and the other considerations which have been suggested. It may be stated as a general proposition (though to the honor of humanity, there are many brilliant exceptions) that in passing judgment upon any given individual, the opinion of the world is greatly influenced by the amount of worldly possessions. If he be rich, he is pronounced successful; if poor, he is looked upon, with a kind of pitying eye, which seems to say, "poor fellow, you have but sadly performed your task." Do you want proof of this? Look around! See worth cramped by want in a garret, and guilt lapped in luxurious ease. The one is spurned—the other courted.

> "Through tattered clothes small vices do appear,
> Robes and furred gowns hide all.
> Plate sin with gold, and the strong lance of justice
> hurtless breaks.
> Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it."

What business has the man whose *capital is* a white soul and spotless honor, in those marts, where the sharp, keen-browed sons of trade, skilled in the chicane of speculation, armed to the teeth, with stocks and bills, and banker's checks and warehouse receipts, most do congregate? Why, their sense of propriety would be shocked at the sight of the intruder, and had they the power, he would be banished from their presence, a leper white as snow. Yet is he not truly worth as much as they? Does he not then find

> "That noble name and cultered land,
> Palace and park and vassal band,
> Are powerless to the notes of hand
> Of Rothschild, or the Barings."

In what condition of life, all other things being equal, does the poor man find himself on terms of equality with the affluent? In what race can he outstrip, nay, keep equal pace. The rich author will acquire fame before the poor one can find a publisher, yet their works shall be of equal merit! The rich professional man will leave his poor compeer far behind. The poor are much oftener the dupes of circumstance, because necessity steps in and kicks the beam against them. He *who has* little, and has therefore, most need that that little shall go as far as possible, pays quite as much, if not more, for any article, than they who could better afford it. The man of wealth buys place and station. the man of poverty is lucky if he keeps his own. Certainly, this is not right. In other matters, it is considered the part of high honor to protect the weak against the strong. Here the reverse is practised—the strong are made stronger, the weak weaker, until they fall by scores in the unequal contest. Now there is no evil so great or so strongly entrenched in the heart, but that it is, at some point assailable; so is this. If we could do away with a portion of the fictitious consequence which is attached to wealth, we should then do away with one of the strongest incentives to its acquisition, as an end. The cause and the effect would fall together. It is in vain to attempt to get rid of the latter while the former remains. While this standard of judgment continues, so long will men, urged on by so many promptings, strive to conform themselves to it, in many instances at ruinous, in all, at greater or less sacrifice.

Again, wealth gives to its possessor many advantages, and the absence of it subjects the child of poverty to many inconveniences, which are not to be expressed in the language of dollars and cents, and which have no place in commercial dictions-

ries. The rich take airs upon themselves by reason of their possessions. The poor are depressed by the harrowing thought that they are ever suspected of poverty. Here, both are at fault.—Wealth is often unmindful of obligation, because it knows that it will not be regarded as the result of necessity. Poverty, to avoid uncharitable suspicions, often entails lasting anxiety and pain upon itself, to save appearances. It would naturally be thought that the consciousness of power, in this respect, would be the parent of magnanimity and not of an overbearing spirit—that it would take the weak and timid by the hand and lead them over the rough places of the world, and not put its iron heel upon their neck. Who, than the rich, can better afford to be generous and kindly thoughtful of the less fortunate? And sometimes they are—but are they always, often, so? How often does purse-proud arrogance cast its rude unfeeling jibe against the delicate texture of some sensitive nature, or vaunt its wealth and its splendor in the presence of the destitute? It need not always be spoken, it may be acted as well as expressed. How often does ostentation take an airing in its gilded coach, for no higher motive, than to excite the wonder of the multitude. The effect of this want of a magnanimous spirit is the deprivation of many pleasures which persons of limited means might otherwise enjoy. The delights of a general social intercourse, are much more restricted among the latter than they would be, had not the aristocracy of wealth ordained that they should be attended by expensive ceremonial. Costly entertainments, rare viands, wines whose parent grape was empurpled beneath most genial skies, luxuriant decoration, all delightful, and well no doubt, in themselves, when justly enjoyed, can, necessarily, only be furnished by the affluent.—These, the large majority are utterly unable to give, and though they may be possessed of equally high culture, refinement and taste, pride will not permit them to entertain, for the simple reason that they cannot come up to that standard which custom has partially ordained, or if they do, it is at unwise sacrifices in other directions. That this is a most foolish false pride—a feeling which implies a most glaring defect of true self respect, all will readily admit, but we must take human nature as we find it, and not rail because it is so perverse, but on the contrary, furnish occasional aid to relieve it of some portion of its self-inflicted embarrasements.

Unfortunately for pride, wealth is not always its accompaniment, and we therefore may always expect to see between it and poverty, a state of continual antagonism until man is wiser than he is now. Still let us labor for *reform*, we may not complete anything, and yet ours may be that intermediate assistance, indispensible to final success.

To whom may we naturally look for assistance in this matter? Who may do it with least inconvenience? The rich may sometimes make a little sacrifice—may make a concession to weakness if you please to call it, without suspicion that it is done from necessity, and in this way furnish an escape from the embarrasments of pride, which may break but will not stoop. The same man may be humble and docile as a child before his Maker, and unyielding as rock when his fellow demands submission. He will bow his lip to the dust before the Being who is superior, high over all, but to an equal, he will never yield the right of supremacy. There may be something worthy of thought in this idea. Social pleasures do not altogether consist in eating and drinking and should be freed from all shackles and impediments to general enjoyment. Of a truth, great riches entail great responsibilities, and fortunate is he who wisely uses them. I am firmly persuaded that in numberless instances, a kindlier disposition would be made of them, did their possessors know how much happiness they might effect—how much misery relieve. Placed, themselves in an atmosphere above want, their association being mostly with those in the same condition, they are absolutely ignorant of—do not realize the actual existence of those gaunt spectres that inhabit the regions beneath. If they would look, they would see them, and seeing them, such is my faith in humanity, I am persuaded they would relieve.

I will not speak of any of those thousand causes of commisseration which at once, so naturally present themselves; their enumeration would be but trite and familiar. But there are some which lie deeper than the surface and are therefore not so obvious. Much delicacy is oftentimes necessary in the assistance of those who would recoil from the touch of direct and open charity as from the sting of asps; they may not be assisted, in terms, but will consent to be put in a way to assist themselves. In this manner pride, self respect, and the dread of pity which is so terrible to the lofty, even though scathed and desolate heart, are left impaired. And these may, in all likelihood, be the very persons who would gladly have assisted others had fortune smiled upon them, but disease struck them down in mid-career, and they are powerless, surrounded only by the fragments of shattered hopes. Or perchance, the mind may have lost its balance-tone, and this harp, with its golden chords and frets of fire, instead of breathing forth angelic symphonies, may now have become "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh." Are not these wrecks worth seeking out?

But my subject is so prolific in suggestions (I have long since despaired of treating it with any thing like even an abridged completeness,) that I find it difficult to decide what to accept or what to reject. Literally I may say that I am struggling with the embarrassments of riches. Suffer me briefly to glance at two or three other considerations, and I close.

Among the many curious phases which the making of wealth presents, there is none more striking than that which it wears, when it carries its privileges and prerogatives, natural and usurped, into the temple dedicated to the worship of God.—That man should wish to stand high in the estimation of his fellows, and should seek such means as, according to the standard of human judgment, will ensure success, is most natural. But that he should desire to make it subserve his own aggrandizement in that place, of all others, is one of the marvels which human action alone is capable of furnishing. Yet wealth there claims its vested privileges, title deeds for exclusive right of occupancy of certain places, are as common as that by which we hold our workshops and our dwellings—the law stands by with its hundred hands, ready to lay hold upon any intruder into these several precincts firmed out for the cultivation of the gospel, the same as the violation of any monied interest, and the great State of New York which wears upon its official crest the proud motto "Excelsior," recognizes in its statute books, this right of property, by providing, but with a kind of mock ludicrous gravity, that a seat or pew occupied by a person or his family in any house or place of public worship "shall not be sold for the payment of his debts." Bountiful provision, which, while it sells the hearth-stone and the roof-tree of his dwelling, will not yet strip him of the legal privilege of learning the way to Heaven! In some churches this extravagant generosity of wealth is carried to the pitch of parcelling out obscure portions and by places for the poor! What do we see in all this? Is there not here a kind of deifi-

cation of gold through the privileges it bestows? Do people forget the language of indignant rebuke uttered by the Savior, when he overturned the tables of the money changers and cast out those who bought and sold doves? Do they remember that they go up to the temple to worship Him, who while on earth, had not where to lay his head, and yet was ministered unto by legions of glittering angels? Do they think that high places in church are correlative with high places in Heaven. In the eye of Him whom they serve, do they forget that all, so far as lands or gold are concerned, are alike rich—alike poor? Do they think that the immortality of those who occupy poor pews is of second rate quality, and would they show "them the rough and thorny path to Heaven, while they the primrose path of dalliance tread." Is there then no place on this earth where men may assemble together on terms of equality and not be judged by the weight of their money bags? Alas! we know not where to find it, since the temple of Jehovah is not the place. Wealth does usurp and enforce privileges there. We are opposed, in toto, to the close church system—to all vested rights and monied privileges thereto appertaining. Let the wealth of the rich build them. Health, intelligence Heaven has given them the means. Let all assist in proportion to their ability; but above all, let them be free. Let not the poor man when he enters feel cowed by the idea that he is a trespasser: let him feel that he is a beggar of God for his blessing, and not of man for a spot on which to kneel. Let not those of delicate moral organization fear to be jostled by the vicious and depraved. A church is not their ordinary lounging places. If by accident they find themselves there, give them a place. It may win them, per chance, to come again. But it may be asked, how can a church be supported? I answer: those who give now for the love of giving, will continue to give, while the efficacy of the gifts of those who make them because they are to get their money back, or for appearance's sake, may well be doubted. Hypocrisy never yet benefitted any cause, while true christianity will always find a pert exponent in the measure of her charity.

In reference to legislation, too, we regard that principle as vicious which looks rather to the wealth of a nation than the men of the nation. Man is the prime object of governmental care—other things are but incidents Look at the history of our legislature and politics for the last twenty years, and what features do they present so absorbing and controlling as questions of banking and tariffs. These doubtless bear upon man in his most intimate relations; but the money comes first, the man afterwards. True our country has not been backward in matters of science, education and philanthropy—in the latter without a parallel—but it is submitted that the money peaks loom high in both State and National horizon. And gold may be seen marching with front unabashed up to the very altar of love, thrusting a mercenary chill into the inner sanctuary of the heart. There is a class of men called fortune hunters, who are said to be able to detect its presence with an instinct as unerring as that which guides the bird to its appointed home, though surrounded by clouds and rolling tempests, and this presence it is fabled, is sufficient to invest the plain with a robe of beauty and to throw over the object of their adoration a halo of supernatural light, like that with which the golden flush of a summer sunset bedecks the brow of evening. But this is dangerous ground. Let me retreat from it quickly as I may; but like the Parthians of old, shoot one arrow as I fly. If the eyes of the gentlemen are sometimes bewildered by the dazzling light of gold, gallantry itself may be permitted to say that the ladies are not altogether indifferent to the charms of a splendid establishment.

And yet it is pleasant to remember, amid the intricacy of these mazes, that mind, not money, has shaped out the progress of the world—that mind has been the controlling. all things else the subservient agencies. To this thought we may go back, as to a fountain, and drink deep draughts of hope, when, almost choked with the dust of gold in the struggle of life, we fancy for a moment that it is losing the supremacy. It is this which has given wisdom and dignity to pursuit, and imparted a fresh majesty to life. It is this which gives us the dearest joys that grow in earthly soil. Homer, "the blind old man of Scio's rocky Isle," begged his bread; yet how more than kingly —how eternal his fame. Shakspeare and Milton are still living in the echoes of their own divine music.

The fame of Bacon, Newton and Galileo will continue green while mind shall love to scale the heights of Philosophy, or the stars shall harmoniously roll through their heavenly pathways: And Franklin's eulogy shall be re written in every lightning flash. Mind is the impress of the Godhead, stamped upon man at his creation, and this immortal, sentient principle, shall live when the forms in which it was shrined shall have mouldered in the bosom of their mother earth, and the gains for which they toiled been scattered never more to be reunited, leaping even to a higher life and nobler powers, when

> "Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind."

Shocking Anecdote.—At a Teacher's Meeting in Springfield, Mr. Sweetzer, in an eloquent Speech, illustrated the force of example by the following striking anecdote:

A painter while journeying, accidentally fell in with a most beautiful child, and was so enraptured with its countenance that he immediately resolved to paint it, and carried his determination into execution. Hanging the painting in his studio, he made it his guardian angel, and when he was desponding or angry, sought encouragement and calmness in gazing into its beautiful face. He thought that if he could ever meet with his counterpart, he would paint that also. Years passed away, and the painter succeeded in finding one so ugly-looking as to satisfy his idea of an opposite to his darling picture. By chance, while visiting a prison, after having almost given up in despair he saw a young man stretched upon the floor of his cell in a perfect paroxysm of rage. This struck him as his desideratum; and he lost no time in transferring the face to canvass, and placing it side by side with his ideal of purity, innocence and beauty. And who, think you, was the original of his last painting? The same that when a child, had furnished him with his long-cherished and beautiful picture, the innocent, happy and darling babe. The change had been wrought by teachings he had been subjected to, and the examples set before them. "Let us," said Mr. Sweetzer, "take warning from this lesson, and do what we can to rescue angels from becoming fiends."—*Springfield Republican.*

Rural Department.

Report of the May Exhibition of the Buffalo Horticultural Society.

In making up a report of the May Exhibition, being the first regular show of 1848, the Committee may be pardoned for taking a short retrospect of past labors. It is now just about three years since the first meeting was held in this city preparatory to the formation of a Horticultural Society. The low state of the science here at that time showed the necessity for such a movement, and its rapid rise and extension since our establishment, has amply demonstrated the usefulness and important bearing a well conducted Horticultural Society may have not only upon the elegancies but the comforts of a people. The various exhibitions of the Society have been constantly progressive—each succeeding exhibition has developed new beauties in the floral world, and new sources of gratification in vegetable culture.

The MAY Exhibition in this section must necessarily be rather a meagre one, as compared with the gorgeous displays of June, and the succeeding months. In May, with us there are but few out-door flowers in fine bloom, except the bulbs, and of these, (where we are confined to but one show per month,) only a part can be shown. The beautiful variety of Hyacinths, which are now extensively cultivated here, were completely out of bloom at the time of our exhibition. The Tulip family was well represented, however, and as will be seen by our detailed report, numerous other of Flora's choicest gems graced the tables of the Hall of Exhibition.

The following were the principal contributors:

Rev. Dr. Shelton—Four bouquets of Tulips, comprising some fifteen varieties. Pronounced by general consent the finest in the exhibition.

Mrs. George B. Webster—Two bouquets Tulips, fourteen varieties, including among many very superb, the Parrot Tulip, of splendid colors and fine size.

Mrs. H. Shumway—Several beautiful bouquets, containing Tulips, Narcissus and cut flowers in variety. Mrs. S. is celebrated for the beauty and perfection of her Narcissus.

Miss Hannah Hart—A superb Cactus in full bloom. Also, a beautiful bouquet of green-house flowers, comprising the Amie Vibert, Agripina and White Daily Roses, Oleanders, Abutilon, Cinerarias, &c. Also two pretty bouquets of Tulips, Seringas, Honeysuckles, &c.

Miss Mary E. Davis—Two choice bouquets of rich exotics. Also a splendid bouquet of Tulips in variety.

Mrs. H. W. Rogers—A large bouquet, very tastefully made up, comprising Tea Roses, Rose Acacia, Seringas, Tulips, &c.

Miss E. A. Bristol—A pretty bouquet of Tulips, Narcissus, Amaranthus, Verbenas, &c.

Miss Sarah Burrows—A beautiful bouquet, comprising Calla Ethiopa, Calceolaria, Cinerarias, Verbenas, &c., made up in artistic style.

Miss Fox—Two fine bouquets of Tulips in variety, and other cut flowers.

Mrs. Stebbins, of Lancaster—A fine bouquet of Tulips, Globe Amaranthus, Rose Acacia, &c.

Miss Ida Mann—A pretty bouquet of Tulips, Seringas, Corchorus, &c.

"Mr. John Bull, by proxy"—A beautiful floral design, of choice exotics. Very much admired.

Mrs. Lewis Eaton—A floral design, beautifully executed, comprising Convolaria, Pansies, Lichnidas, &c. &c. Also three elegant bouquets.

Capt. A. E. Hart—Some beautiful bouquets from his conservatory at Cold Spring, including many choice varieties Roses, &c. &c.

Mrs. Pamela Staats—Some choice bouquets of Tulips and other flowers.

Mrs. S. W. Hawes—A "Tom Thumb" Orange Tree, in full bearing, about 10 inches in height.

Miss Sarah Burrows—Three fine house-plants in good order, viz: Calla Ethiopia, Tongue Aloe, in bloom, and Magnolia.

Miss Catharine Ketchum—Bouquet of Pansies, of fine color and size.

Miss Harriet Efner—An elegant bonquet.

Miss Grace Bird, Black Rock—Two very elegant bouquets.

Miss C. N. Bristol—A beautiful boquet.

Mrs. Wm. Coleman—A Monthly or Everlasting Pink, in full bloom.

Mrs. Dr. A. Flint—An immense Pelargonium, showing fine cultivation.

Mrs. J Dart—A fine specimen of the Pelargonium in flower.

Mr. W. R. Coppock—The contributions of our indefatigable President formed no small feature in the exhibition. The green-house plants not only were of choice varieties but fine specimens of their kinds. A splendid Abutilon Striata, 8 feet high, yet perfectly symmetrical and in full bloom, elicited general admiration, as did also a Cactus Speciosa, engrafted upon the common Opuntia, and in fine growth and bloom. Mr. C. also presented sixteen varieties of Pelargoniums, or Geraniums, in full bloom, four varieties choice Roses, two varieties Fuchsias, the Pomegranate, Adder Tongue, and Cactus Flageliformis in full bloom.

Mr. B. Hodge, of Buffalo Nursery, presented three splendid varieties of Cactus, including a fine specimen of the Speciocissima in full bloom. Also the Chromatella and Devoniensis Roses, five Bouquets, containing superb Tulips in variety, the Double Flowering Apple, a new variety of the Lilac, &c. &c.

Mr. Elihu Tyler, of Tyler's Garden, on North street, near Delaware, made a magnificent display of green-house plants. Mr. T. has probably been the most successful propagator of new varieties of Geraniums in this section. His new seedlings, the Buena Vista, Gen. Scott, Gen. Taylor, &c., were generally admired for their fine colors, vigorous growth and perfect form. In addition to numerous Geraniums, Mr. Tyler exhibited a fine Orange Tree in full fruit, Amaryllis in bloom, Nereum Splendens, numerous choice Roses, Verbenas, Cinerarias, Petunias, &c., and some really splendid bouquets made up from his green-house.

In addition to the above Mr. Geo. B. Webster presented a bunch of Giant Rhuburb, of fine growth.

Mr. Lewis Eaton—A bunch of exceedingly fine Asparagus. Gen. Eaton is rapidly becoming known as one of our most successful horticulturists.

Mr. Peter Curtiss—Three bunches of fine Rhubarb.

Mr. James H. Watts, of Rochester—Some fine specimens of the Northern Spy, Canada Red, and Esopus Spitzenberg Apples, in fine preservation. Mr. Watts is an ardent and enthusiastic pomologist, and is doing much toward raising the standard of fruit culture in Western New York.

Mr. W. R. Coppock—Newtown Pippin, Dominie, Roxbury Russet and Canada Red Apples, in fine preservation.

The above comprise all the contributions at the May show. To the Ladies' Committee, who promptly responded to the first call of the season, the thanks of the Society are cordially accorded—a continuance of the same spirit will carry us through the season with usefulness and credit.—The coming June Show will, however, task all our energies; the June Exhibition is, or should be, *par excellence*, THE show of the season. Thus far every thing bids fair—we have had a genial spring, and the summer's sun promises to ripen rich treasures for the lovers of the truly beautiful. Our ladies must bear this in mind and we may look for an Exhibition the present month which shall be an era in the annals of Horticulture in Buffalo.

For the Committee,
C. F. S. THOMAS, Chairman.

WHAT THE S. S. MISSIONARY DOES.—The extract below is from the last Annual Report of the American Sunday School Union, which will be ready for distribution in a few days:—*Boston Traveller.*

"In establishing new schools and supplying them with books, we suppose our missionary is doing a work which no one else is likely to do better. If there are other means of accomplishing the same object in a given place, it is his business to seek places where no such other means exist, and which we know, and he knows, are to be found all over his field of labor. Now is that service needful? If so, to what extent? Do we overrate its value or necessity? Can we modify the plan so as to render it more appropriate or efficient, or less costly? We think not. We have always supposed that a Sunday School, established on Union principles and supplied with a judicious assortment of Union books, was an invaluable accession to a neighborhood where no stated permanent religious privileges are enjoyed. We have supposed, that in the absence of an organized church and an evangelical minister and the more general influences of the gospel, a little perennial fountain of good might be opened, in the form of a Sunday School, that might supply some of the cravings of a child's moral nature. If only a few of Watt's Divine Songs were learned, and a few passages of scripture, (like the decalogue, or the sermon on the mount,) and all from *dictation*, it would be something gained from an absolute waste of mind and heart! We are aware, of course, that the influence of an education and pious ministry is all-important to give stability and permanency to any and all of the achievements of Christian benevolence, and even to the common pursuits of life. God's arrangements for this end are too obvious to be overlooked or mistaken.—But how many neighborhoods are there unsupplied with the blessings of such a ministry? To these places our missionary wends his way, with such helps as our benevolent friends enable us to afford him. He gathers together from 20 to 50 children in the best place he can find, and persuades one or more adults, that may have even the semblance of qualifications, to adopt the school as their own, and do what they can to sustain it. If we only distribute over such a neighborhood so much moral influence as the keeping of such a school for twelve successive Sabbaths would diffuse, (connected, as it would be, with the books and tracts, and conversations and associations to which such an event would give birth,) we suppose we have done a great good there; and if our mission ceases at that stage, the servant of Christ who next visits them will find several verdant little spots, which the overflowings of our Sunday School rill has made green, and the possession of which will be of great advantage to him and his work. So we have been assured, times without number, by ministers and laymen, by individuals and associations, by men of all Christiann denominations. Have we exaggerated the value of these preliminary and elementary labors? Is not this a work that the moral husbandman must have done to his hands, before the seed can be generally sown with a reasonable prospect of a harvest?"

Monument to DeWitt Clinton.

It will be gratifying to the people of the Empire State, says the Albany *Evening Journal* of the 31st, to know that this long act of delayed justice towards one to whom she is so much indebted for that proud title, is about to be undertaken in a manner to insure its satisfactory completion.

The *Evening Journal* says that the Trustees of the "Clinton Monument Association" met in April and organized under the act of incorporation passed in February last, the Hon. WM. C. BOUCK being appointed President. Four quarterly meetings in each year are to be held, on the second Tuesdays of August and February at the city of Albany, and of May and November at the city of New York.

The *Journal* also remarks as follows:

An adjourned meeting of the Trustees was held at the Capitol (Albany) on Tuesday. Upon the invitation of T. W. Olcott and M. T. Reynolds, Esqrs., in behalf of the citizens, the Trustees visited the Albany Rural Cemetery, with a view to examine the appropriateness of its grounds for the site of the proposed Monument. Upon their return, a committee of three of their number was appointed to ascertain as to the expense, form and material of the Monument, and as to the terms, &c., of obtaining suitable grounds for its erection, and to report thereon at the next quarterly meeting in August. Messrs Bradish, Parmelee and Fillmore were appointed as such committee.

After adopting a resolution that at the August meeting, the location of the Monument should be determined, the Association adjourned.

The whole matter appears therefore to be in a proper train for efficient prosecution and satisfactory consummation. The character of the gentlemen to whose hands as Trustees it is now entrusted, will be with the public a sufficient guaranty for such a result, as will be alike creditable to the people of the State and to the memory of the illustrious Statesman who so well merits from them every tribute due to departed excellence.

In determining the plan as well as locality of the proposed Monument, the public will have entire confidence, without doubt, in the taste, intelligence and judgment of the gentlemen upon whom the determination of these matters devolves, and will be disposed to leave them to the exercise of their own discretion.

Five towns in England, namely, London, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool and Leeds, containing 96,000 acres, nearly the area of Rutlandshire, have a population equal to Bedfordshire, Hants, Suffolk, Sussex, Berks, Bucks, Herts, Cambridge, Dorset, Cumberland, Oxford, Westmoreland, Hereford, Northamptonshire and North and East Yorkshire—more than 10,000,000 acres, or one-third of all England. The above towns also contain more inhabitants than Scotland with its 19,000,000 of acres.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Proverbial Philosophy.

Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy: a book of tho'ts and arguments originally treated. Also, a Thousand Lines and other Poems. By MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER. Latest American edition. Buffalo, George H. Derby & Co. publishers. 1848.

A publishing house in our young city is almost a new thing. We are glad to be able to point to even one. GEORGE H. DERBY & Co. successors to DERBY & HEWSON, are the only book sellers in the city who have as yet gone into the book manufacture to any great extent. They have commenced the business in earnest, and their issues are characterized by excellency in the books themselves and by neatness and stability in their externals. The book before us we take pride in noticing. It may be called a Buffalo book. Aside from being published here, it was printed on a Buffals press, (the new improved power press of Messrs. JEWETT, THOMAS & Co.) and the paper on which it is printed was manufactured by Messrs. BRADLEY BROTHERS, of the Buffalo Paper Mills. We seldom receive a volume of poetry from any of the eastern houses which presents a finer appearance than this. Of its contents it seems almost supererogatory to speak.—Every body has heard of it; almost every body has seen and read it; and every body should own it. Replete with the pearls of golden thought, one reads it with instruction and delight, and rises from its perusal elevated in feeling and with a soul full of high resolves.

Opening the volume at random, our eye lights upon a marked passage or two on Love, with which we cannot refrain from enriching our columns:

"Love:—what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,
The lightning in a touch, a millenium in a moment:
What consecrated joy or woe in blest or blighted love!
For it is that native poetry springing up indigenous to Mind,
The heart's own-country music, thrilling all its chords,
The story without an end that angels throng to hear,
The word, the king of words, carved on Jehovah's heart!
Oh! call thou snake-eyed malice mercy, call envy honest praise,
Count selfish craft for wisdom, and coward treachery for prudence,
Do homage to blaspheming unbelief as to bold and free philosophy,
And estimate the recklessness of license as the right attribute of liberty,—
But with the world, thou friend and scholar, stain not this pure name;
Nor suffer the majesty of Love to be likened to the meanness of desire:
For Love is no more such, than seraphs' hymns are discord,
And such is no more Love, than Ætna's breath is summer.

* * * * * * * * * *

If the love of the heart is blighted, it buddeth not again;
If that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to be learnt no more:
Yet often will thought look back, and weep over early affection;
And the dim notes of that pleasant song will be heard as a reproachful spirit,
Moaning in Æolian strains over the desert of the heart,
Where the hot soroccos of the world have withered its one oasis."

It would seem needless to make further extracts, for those of our readers who have not obtained the book, will be likely to purchase it.

For sale by the publishers at 164 Main street.

THE GERMANIA AND AGRICOLA OF CAIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS, with notes for Colleges. By W. S. TAYLOR. New Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1848.

Macaulay pronounces Tacitus the greatest of Latin historians—not even excepting Thucidides. Notwithstanding his occasional want of simplicity and perspicuity—which Professor TAILOR acknowledges are among his faults—his *descriptions* are so graphic, his style is so vigorous and pointed, and his sentiments are so free from that obscenity which mars the pages of Juvenel and some of his contemporaries, that he well deserves a front seat in the affections of the classic student. "No hasty perusal, no single reading of Tacitus," says Professor T., "will give a just conception of the surpassing richness of his works. They must be studied profoundly to be appreciated. They are a mine of wisdom, of vast and unknown depth, whose treasures lie chiefly beneath the surface, imbedded in the solid rock, which must be entered with mining implements, explored with strong lights, and its wealth brought up by severe toil and sweat."—With these facts before him, let the student address himself to the Germania and Agricola with good courage, and he will get amply rewarded.

For sale at Peck's Bookstore.

C. JULIUS CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES ON THE GALLIC WAR. With English notes, critical and explanatory, a lexican, indexes, etc. By Rev. J. A. SPENCER, A. M., New York; D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

This volume appears in a rich and substantial dress, worthy of the far famed publishing house whence it is issued, and being ably edited and a work of world-wide reputation, this edition will be likely to find its way into most of the colleges and higher institutions of learning in our land.

For sale at PECK'S Bookstore.

FUNERAL ORATION ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS COLE.—We have received from the press of D. APPLETON & Co., New York, a beautifully printed copy of a funeral oration, occasioned by the death of THOMAS COLE. It was delivered before the National Acdemy of Disign of New York, May 4th, 1848, by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. It is the tribute of a poetic genius to the worth and memory of an *artistic* genius; and when we say that Mr. BRYANT has discharged his solemn duty in a manner worthy of himself, nothing more need be said.—Copies of the Oration are for sale at Peck's Bookstore.

THE HERALD OF TRUTH. — A copy of this monthly periodical, published at Cincinnati, Ohio, and edited by L. A. HINE, lies before us. It coutains some good articles and some very bad—on the whole we think it as much the "herald" of falsehood as of "truth." The editor says in his motto that true philosophy has power to redeem every human being! If brother HINE uses the word "redeem" in its common acceptation, he may yet find that his true philosophy is a dumb ass that cannot utter a syllable for man's redemption. Christianity is the world's only hope in this great mission, and *she* is rapidly doing the work. Her messengers are abroad in the earth: their "feet" are beautiful upon the mighty prairies of the West, and upon the pagan "mountains" of the East. Humble in heart and energetic in spirit, they go on foot, scorning to ride your obstinate beast in their haste to discharge the duties of their high calling.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for this month is for sale at the Literary Depot in the Postoffice buildings It contains a portrait of John Benvard, accompanied by a phrenological description and biography.

THE ANNUAL REVIEW OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT took place on Monday afternoon. The several companies appeared in new dresses, and presented a truly beautiful appearance. We doubt if there is a more efficient or orderly fire department in the country than ours.

Arrival of the Niagara.

NEW YORK, June 2—12¾ P. M.

The steamer *Niagara* arrived at Boston this forenoon.

LIVERPOOL, MAY 20.—Corn, 30s to 32s 6d.—Flour, best Western Canal, 27s 6d to 28s—Southern, 27s to 27s 6d. White Wheat, 7s to 8s 3d—Red, 6s 6d to 7s 4d. Corn Meal, 12s 6d to 14s. Corn is in good demand.

Barley, per 60 lbs. 3s to 3s 8d. Oats, per 45 lbs., 2s to 2s 3d.

Beef, mess, per bbl., new, 50s to 54s—ordinary, 36s to 37s—prime, 30s to 36s.

Pork, prime mess, new, per bbl., 55s to 70s—old, 44s to 56s—mess, 44s to 60s—prime, 35s to 45s.

Cotton down ⅛d from highest point, with fair demand.

The rumor of extensive damage to potatoes in Ireland is not confirmed.

FRANCE.—LOUIS BLANC is still at liberty, though ho is suspected of promoting the outbreak.

The invasion of the Assembly was the result of a regularly organized conspiracy, intended to break out at Paris, Lyons, and probably other places, at the same moment.

M. ROBRIER nas the chief conspiaitor. The allegiance of the troops of the line and of the National Guards is fully depended on, and M. LAMARTINE's popularity has been effectually restored.

Gen. CAVAIGNAC has been appointed Minister of War.

One account from Paris says Louis Blanc was still at liberty, and another that he has been arrested, and still another that he had fled.

The strongest means had been adopted to prevent a recurrence of physical display by the members of the secret clubs.

Advices as late as the evening of the 18th state that the city had been perfectly tranquil during the day.

After the mob had been driven out of the hall of the National Assembly on the 15th, they marched to the Hotel de Ville.

Citizen Soubrier in the interim repaired to the Minister of the interior with his Montaguards,—He demanded admittance and the transfer of Ministry to him, and of the military posts to his faithful followers. He was admitted only to be arrested. His hundred partizans were disarmed even of their scarlet cravats and turned adrift.

After the Chamber of Deputies and the Hotel de Ville had been purged of their new occupants and after the arrest of several parties connected with the attempted revolution, who had in the first instance escaped, all Paris presented masses of National Guards, moving in columns of thousands to the great points of the city. The people of all classes, with here and there a solitary exception, cheering them on. During the night several regiments of the line marched to the capital. The Republican Guard or corps formed at the revolution and only subject to the orders of the Prefect of Police, was ordered by the Executive Committee to be disbanded, but this troop had refused to quit the Prefecture, or to allow the National Guard to enter it. They declined even to obey any verbal orders from their chief, M. Causcidiere who was then at the Assembly. They declared that they would not move till M. Causcidiere himself came to order them. The contest continued for several hours, during which a great military force gathered aroundt he prefecture, at 4 o'clock 10000 men surrounded it. They admitted some detachments of the National Guard within the building. During the night, however, the neighborhood continued as before to be occupied by the troops who bivouacked in the streets. The number of prisoners at Vincennes is 67—33 are under arrest at the Hotel de Ville.

Advices of the 17th state that things begin to assume the aspect of civil order. The walls have been placarded with an apologetic manifesto from M. Causcidiere in which he endeavors to defend himself.

Ledru Rollin was arrested—his name having been on the list of the pretended government, but Lamartine becoming responsible for him he was released.

Seventy-five of the body guard kept by the clubbist Soubrier in the house of the Rue de Rivoli, were arrested in the same house.

A large quantity of arms and ammunition was found.

Persons who were in the room with M. Barbiere were also arrested and conducted to prison.

On many persons were found pistols and daggers, and on some letters from the chiefs of the plot.

One of the persons arrested had a paper in his hand which he thrust into his mouth and tried to swallow, but being seized by the throat he was obliged to give up, and turned out to be a list of the chief conspirators.

ELDER KNAPP.—We understand that this somewhat noted preacher is now holding a sort of protracted meeting at the First Baptist Church. He preached three times on Sunday, and we hear that he will preach every afternoon and evening during the week. He has had considerable success in waking people up at the East, and perhaps he may be equally successful here.—*Chicago Tribune, 30th.*

Relief for Oregon.

The following is a copy of the message sent to Congress on Monday by the President:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

I lay before Congress the accompanying memorial and papers, which have been transmitted to me by a special messenger, employed for that purpose by the Governor and "Legislative Assembly of Oregon Territory," who constitute the temporary government which the inhabitants of that distant region of our country have, from the necessity of their condition, organized for themselves. The memorialists are citizens of the United States. They express ardent attachment to their native land, and in their present perilous and distressed situation they earnestly invoke the aid and protection of their Government.

They represent that "the proud and powerful tribes of Indians," residing in their vicinity, have recently raised "the war-whoop and crimsoned their tomahawks in the blood of their citizens;" that they apprehend that "many of the powerful tribes inhabiting the upper valley of the Columbia have formed an alliance for the purpose of carrying on hostilities against their settlements;" that the number of the white population is far "inferior to that of the savages; that they are deficient in arms and money, and fear that they do not possess strength to repel the "attack of so formidable a foe and protect their families and property from violence and rapine." They conclude their appeal to the Government of the United States for relief by declaring: "If it be at all the intention of our honored parent to spread her guardian wing over her sons and daughters in Oregon, she surely will not refuse to do it now, when they are struggling with all the ills of a weak and temporary government, and when perils are daily thickening around them and preparing to burst upon their heads. When the ensuing Summer's sun shall have dispelled the snow from the mountains we shall look with glowing hope and restless anxiety for the coming of your laws and your arms."

In my message on the 5th of August, 1846, communicated "a copy of the convention to the settlement and adjustment of the Oregon boundary," I recommended to Congress that "provision should be made by law at the earliest practicable period for the organization of a territorial government in Oregon." In my annual message of December, 1846, and again in December, 1847, this recommendation was repeated.

The population of Oregon is believed to exceed twelve thousand souls, and it is known that it will be increased by a large number of emigrants during the present season, The facts set forth in the accompanying memorial and papers show that the dangers to which our fellow-citizens are exposed are so imminent, that I deem it to be my duty again to impress on Congress the strong claim which the inhabitants of that distant country have to the benefit of our laws and the protection of our Government.

I therefore again invite the attention of Congress to the subject, and recommend that laws be proptly passed establishing a Territorial Government, and granting authority to raise an adequate volunteer force for the defence and protection of its inhabitants. It is believed that a regiment of mounted men, with such additional force as may be raised in Oregon, will be sufficient to afford the required protection. It is recommended that the forces raised for this purpose should engage to serve for twelve months, unless sooner discharged. No doubt is entertained, with proper inducements in land bounties, such a force can be raised in a short time. Upon the expiration of their service many of them will doubtless desire to remain in the country and settle upon the land which which they may receive as bounty.

It is deemed important that provision be made for the appointment of a suitable number of Indian agents to reside among the various tribes in Oregon, and that appropriations be made to enable them to treat with these tribes, with a view to restore and preserve peace between them and the white inhabitants.

Should the laws recommended be promptly passed, the measures for their execution may be completed during the prent session, and before the severity of winter will interpose obstacles in crossing the Rocky Mountains. If not promptly passed a delay of another year will be the consequence, and may prove destructive to the white settlements in Oregon. JAMES K. POLK.

Washington, May 29, 1848.

Methodist General Conference.

PITTSBURG, May 30—10 o'clock P. M.

The Conference has this day made the following appointments. I comply with your wishes, and send them by telegraph for publication in the Commercial Advertiser in advance. They will surprise many, perhaps most, of your readers, and will be, in some instances at least, at variance with public expectation.

New Yorkers, I think, will hail them with very general satisfaction and approval. They have not been made hastily or without concert and full consideration. One or two of them have a meaning which cannot fail to strike you. Change of officers, you will observe, is very general. I do not like to put you to telegraphic expense for mere opinions, or I could say a good deal.

Rev Abel Stevens, the present able editor of the Zion's Herald, is appointed editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal, *vice* Rev. Dr. Bond.

Rev. Prof. McClintock, editor of the Quarterly Review, *vice* Rev. Dr. Peck.

Rev. Dr. M. Simpson, editor of the Western Christian Advocate, *vice* Rev. Dr. Elliott.

Rev. William Hosmer, editor of the Northern Christian Advocate, *vice* Rev. N. Rounds.

Rev. B. F. Tefft, editor of the Ladies' Repository.

Rev. George Lane, (re-appointment) and Rev. Dr. Scott (*vice* Rev. Mr. Tippitt, resigned) book agents at New York.

Rev. L. Swormstedt, (re-appointment) and Rev. J. H. Porter, *vice* Rev. T. Mitchell, book agents at Cincinnati.

Rev. Dr. C. Pitman, (re-appointment) corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society.

Rev. D. P. Kidder, re-appointed editor of Sunday school publications.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEAM AND ESCORT.—A "team" passed through our streets eastwardly, last Saturday, which attracted no little attention. It was conducted by two hardy-looking, weather-beaten, middle-aged men. A wagon, of a rude, substantial kind, covered over with boards, was drawn by two yoke of sturdy oxen, and one yoke of young buffaloes. Three very large elk were led by ropes attached to the hinder part of the wagon. Within the box of the wagon were secured a great variety of Rocky Mountain "varmints," from the bald eagle and the goat, down to the prairie dog and the gopher. The proprietors would open their museum and let half a dozen boys have a peep for a shilling. They had all come from beyond the Rocky Mountains, and were journeying to the East, on a tour for speculation. We didn't enquire, but took them to be original yankees, as a matter of course.—*Cleve. D. Times, May* 31.

JAPAN.—In the New Bedford *Mercury* of the 16th ult., are published the following interesting remarks:

The Polynesian alludes to the landing at Japan in April, 1847, of Capt. Jackson, of the whale ship Inez, of this port, under more favorable auspices than had before been allowed—(on which occasion, it may he recollected from an account recently copied in our columns, the Japanese appeared friendly, offered to supply him with wood and water, but would permit no further intercourse, and desired his departure,)—and thinks the signs of the times are threatening to the exclusive policy which has been so rigidly maintained hitherto by the Japanese government.

The Polynesian says, England, France and the United States ardently desire to effect a breach in this policy. They perhaps have too high a sense of national honor to do this by mere force of arms, but circumstances now appear to be preparing the way for their intervention in some shape. We believe the whaling fleet are destined to do something in this cause.

A new fishery has been opened in the Japan seas. Hundreds of enterprising whalers will, the ensuing season, cruise in all directions about their shores and in their bays, in search of their game. The Japanese have no naval force to enforce respect to their inter-channel rights. The doctrine of a close sea, however much they may desire to see preserved, they are powerless to enforce. The whalers will be tempted to land for wood, water, provisions, &c. Stress of weather, or some other contingency, may force some ashore. In this way some intercourse must be established. Humanity or necessity will demand it. Will the Japanese refuse? If they continue their policy of gratuitous hospitality, their patience may become exhausted at the increasing demand upon it, or their cupidity may be awakened to receive something in return. If they abuse those who may thus be placed within their power, they afford the pretext which is so eagerly desired, for interference on the part of some foreign power. If they commence trading in any way, the door for innovation is opened, and it will never be closed. Junks in distress will undoubtedly be met with by whalers. In case of such an event, we hope the master will have public spirit enough to carry the crew with as much of the merchandise as he can save to its port of destination.

Such honorable conduct will favorably impress the Japanese, and we feel sure the master who thus acts will not suffer in his interests by so doing. The Japanese merchants will appreciate the deed, and through them the government may become more lenient. If they should decline to receive the rescued property, or to pay a fair salvage, the master will then have a perfect right to it. But such a course cannot do otherwise than create a kindly feeling towards whaleships, and they may have occasion, cruising as they will in a comparatively unknown and dangerous sea, to require similar generosity at the hands of the Japanese. At all events, we hope masters of whale ships will lose no opportunity of favorably impressing the Japanese in regard to the respective nations they represent, and that they will make note of all information they can procure. Captain Jackson's examples in both these respects is deserving of commendation.—We have not a doubt that if he should by chance drop into the same bay again, his old friends would secretly be rejoiced to see him. From his journal, they evidently were pleased to have him there, but were afraid of their own government, and consequently made known to him with courtesy their wishes that he might leave.

"It would be good policy for the United States, England and France, to each keep a national vessel cruising in Japanese waters while the whaling fleet is there. Their presence might be productive of good to both parties, and they would familiarize the Japanese with the sight of their flags."

LAND REFORM.—A correspondent of the Newark Daily *Advertiser*, in an able article on the inconsistencies of the men who are making so much ado about land reform shows them up in the following style:

Again, according to this Procrustean system, men have just so much land and this must be inalienable. *No man would be allowed to buy or sell.* I must relate a story in point.

A clever farmer, who by the way owned a grist mill. was sent to the Legislature. He, like many before and since, resolved to be the father of some important measure. And so, while looking to the public good, and at the same time seeking his own ends, he resolved that the practice of bringing large salt sacks, holding four bushels, (too much for his miller to lift,) should be stopped. Accordingly, at the first opportunity, he introduced a bill, making it the duty of every man to bring his grain to the mill in bags not to exceed two bushels in capacity, and that in every case where they should exceed this quantity, the bag and grain should be forfeited to the miller. This ridiculous measure was put to rest in the following manner. One of the members proposed an additional section in about the following language:

"And be it further enacted, That in case any person shall carry to mill any bag containing less than two bushels the miller shall in every such case make up all such deficiency, so that there shall be uniformity, and every man have always two bushels of grain to be ground, no more and no less."

CELEBRATION IN BOSTON IN HONOR OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION IN 1792.—We abridge the account of this festival which the Hon. William Sullivan has given in his most interesting "Familiar Letters on Public Characters:"—

The demonstration was called a "*Civic Feast,*" and all party distinctions were laid aside.

A whole ox, skinned and dressed, leaving the head and horns entire, and the eyes protruding from their sockets, was turned on a great wooden spit, before a furnace. When the animal was sufficiently roasted, he was placed upon a carriage and drawn through the principal streets, and was followed by two cartloads of bread, and two hogsheads of *punch.* An immense concourse of people attended.

The procession terminated in State street, where a table was laid, from the Eastern end of the City Eall to near Kilby street, and on this table it was intended that the friends of liberty should feast from the roasted ox. The scene soon changed; the cutting up and distributing of the animal became ridiculous and soon riotous.

The roasted fragments were thrown into the air, and hurled at female spectators, who thronged the balconies and crowded the windows. The celebration ended by the erection of a liberty pole, some 60 feet in length, in the space now known as Liberty square. The pole was surmounted with the horns of the roasted ox, and they remained uninjured for several years.

It is a remarkable fact, that this feast took place in Boston, on the same day that the head of Louis XVI. was severed from his body by the guillotine, in France.

A corduroy road has been discovered about two two feet and a half below the surface of the earth in Washington street, Boston.

Further Items by the Niagara.

From the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.

PARIS, Friday noon, May 19.

The city continues tranquil. The Committees who have been charged with the duty of examining the projects of laws proposed by the Government, evince a decided disposition to sanction measures of unnecessary harshness towards the Royal Family, which has been formally exiled.

Among the members chosen to draw up the outline of a Constitution are Dubois, who was a special friend of Louis Philippe, and Odillon Barrot, who proposed the regency of the Dutchess of Orleans.

SOUTHAMPTON, Friday night.—The American steamer Washington has arrived here from Bremen with 114 passengers, on her way to the United States.

MADRID, May 14.—There is no news of importance. A Royal decree dated the 13th has been issued, depriving John Henry de Bourbon of the title of Infant of Spain.

BERLIN, May 16.—The public mind is becoming more favorable to the return of the Prince of Prussia.

HAMBURGH, May 16.—There are vague rumors here of a serious action between the Prussians and the Danes before Frederica, in which the retreat of the body of 1000 Danes *was cut off and nearly the whole made prisoners*. None of the details are given as authentic, but it is thought to be probable that a conflict has taken place.

FAANKFORT, May 16.—The German Parliament cannot meet until the 22d inst. A sufficient number of members not having arrived.

LONDON, May 20.—In Foreign Exchanges business has been more active. Holland was a shade lower than on Tuesday. Hamburgh Bills experienced an advance of last quotations. Paris short dates remain the same.

VIENNA, May 14.—The Bank has improved in position, silver having arrived from London, and more confidence is entertained. The elections having taken a conservative turn all apprehension of interference of France in Italy has in some degree subsided. At the Wool Market held at Josdens, Hungary, there was a reduction of about 10 florins on last year's prices. Money is reported easier, and discount has fallen to 3½ per cent.

BORDEAUX.—The Branch Bank of France has commenced business, and 4 per cent. discount is fixed as the rate of discount on paper drawn upon all places where the Bank of France has branches. Bills at sight on the Bank in Paris are guaranteed free of charge to customers.

ST. PETERSBURGH, May 9.—The statement that the export of specie has been prohibited is confirmed, and in consequence there has been a fall in exchange.

MILAN, May 13.—The Provisional Government of Lombardy has proposed *to unite that State with Piedmont* as the most effectual means of expelling the Austrians from Italy. The question is to be decided by universal suffrage.

MURDER AND INCONSTANCY.—The trial of Jacob Houck, for the murder of Isaac D. Adkins, terminated at Fort Wayne, Indiana, on the 16th inst. Houck was found guilty and sentenced to be imprisoned at hard labor for life. The facts of the case, as provided in evidence, are:—Houck boarded with Adkins; a criminal attachment existed between him and Adkins' wife; he procured arsenic, which his guilty partner administered to her husband, and he sickened and died. Mrs. Adkins, after being arrested, was discharged. She immediately left the country, and has escaped for the present the punishment due her atrocious crime.

Extensive Fire in Allentown.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer, June 3d.

ALLENTOWN, June 1st, 1848.

The most beautiful and active part of our town lies in ashes. Fire, this awful calamity, has visited our peaceful town, wreaked its vengeance on its very heart, and left in a deplorable condition. The fire broke out in a frame stable near the centre of the town, at about three o'clock, this afternoon; there being a strong south-easterly wind, it spread with awful rapidity in that direction, and raged most vehemently until 5 o'clock.

The progress of the fire was arrested at about 5 o'clock. The loss is immense. The fire spread so rapidly that but very little of the store goods and other moveables were saved. The loss must at least be about $250,000. The stable where the fire originated is supposed to have been set on fire by boys playing in it with cigars and fire crackers

About one-third of the property destroyed was covered by insurance.

Since writing the above I have learned that upward of forty families were thrown out of their homes.

ACCIDENT AND NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.—We learn that an accident occurred upon the railroad yesterday afternoon about three miles this side of Canandaigua. The up train was proceeding west with eight emigrant and two passenger cars, when it came in contact with a *snake-head* the iron striking the seventh emigrant car and forcing its way through the bottom. In its course it came in contact with the right foot of a German woman, forcing the flesh from the bottom and side, mangling it pretty badly, and also bruising the sides of the legs below the knees. The bar then passed to the top of the car, *grazing the head* of a man in its course. Two emigrant and two passenger cars were thrown off the track against the bank, but no one was injured materially, except the woman referred to. The wonder is, that out of so many passengers, only one was hurt.—A similar fortunate escape could not have been anticipated one time out of a thousand. Had the bar which hit the man's forehead, varied its course *an inch*, it must inevitably have killed him in an instant.—*Roch. Dai. Adv.* 6*th*.

VOTE ON THE TREATY.—The injunction of secresy has been removed by the Senate from the proceedings on the treaty. The first vote on the ratification of the amended treaty, is given by the National Intelligencer as follows:

AYES—Messrs. Ashley, Atherton, Bagby, Bell, Bradbury, Bright, Butler, Calhoun, Cameron, Cass, Clarke, Crittenden, Davis, of Mass., Davis, of Miss., Dayton, Dickinson, Dix, Downs, Felch, Foote, Greene, Hale, Hannegan, Hunter, Johnson, of Md., Johnson, of La., Johnson, of Ga., Mangum, Mason, Miller, Moor, Niles, Rusk, Sevier, Sturgeon, Turney, Underwood, Yulee—38.

NOES—Messrs. Allen, Atchinson, Badger, Baldwin, Benton, Berrien, Breese, Corwin, Douglas, Lewis, Spruance, Upham, Webster, Wescott—14.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MILLIONAIRE.—The Keene Sentinel says, that "the estate of Hon. George B. Upham, who died recently at Claremont, is appraised at over $900,000." Mr. Upham accumulated his large property principally by loaning money and strict economy. At the time of his death, a large sum is said to have been owing him by residents of Claremont and the neighboring towns. His family expenses are reported to have been very small, seldom exceeding four or five hundred per annum, if they amounted to so much.

Moonlight on the Grave.

It shineth on the quiet grave
Where weary ones have gone;
It watcheth with angelic gaze
Where the dear are left alone;
And not a sound of busy life
To the still grave-yard comes,
But peacefully the sleepers lie
Down in their silent homes.

All silently and solemnly
It throweth shadows round,
And every grave-stone hath a trace
In darkness on the ground.
It looketh on the tiny mound
Where a little child is laid,
And lighteth up the noble pile
Which human pride hath made.

It falleth with unaltered ray,
On the simple and the stern,
And showeth with a solemn light
The sorrows we must learn.
It telleth of divided ties
On which its beams have shown;
It whispereth of heavy hearts,
Which "brokenly live on."

It gleameth where devoted ones
Are sleeping side by side;
It falleth where the maiden rests,
Who in her beauty died.
There is no grave in all the earth
That moonlight has not seen,
It gazeth cold and passionless
Where agony hath been.

Yet it is well! that changeless ray
A deeper thought should throw,
When mortal love pours forth the tide
Of unavailing woe.
It teacheth us no shade of grief
Can touch the starry sky;
That all our sorrow lieth here—
The glory is on high.

NEW TEMPERANCE HOTEL.—We undestaud that the Adams House has been purchased by a company of gentlemen in this city for $148,000, and is to be kept as a strictly temperance house by Alvan Clark, Esq., now of the U. S. Hotel.—*Boston Bee.*

MORE RUNAWAY SLAVES.—Six slaves, belonging to Mr. W. H. Gilpin, of Cecil, county, Md., says the Democrat, absconded on Wednesday night last. Mr. Gilpin was absent in Baltimore, and the slaves were enabled to get off without molestation.

A HINT TO MOTHERS.—Somebody suggests that birch rods make the best baby jumpers.

MARRIED.

On the 3d inst., by the Rev. A. Wright, Mr. EDWARD HIGGINS, and Miss MARGARET PIERCE, all of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Schuyler, Mr. WILLIAM HOWELLS, of this city, and Miss RHODA C. BEEBE, of Silver Creek.

In Evans, on the 29th ult., by Truman Dewey, Esq., Mr. SANFORD BUNDY, and Miss RHODA EELLS, all of that town.

DIED.

On the 1st inst., MARY JANE, youngest child of Theodore and Mary Ann Chapin, aged 13 months.

On the 3d inst., JOHN G. LACER, aged 24 years.

On the 4th instant, MARIA LOUISA, only daughter of John and Letitia B. Sodon, aged 14 years and 5 months.

On the 2d inst., ANGELINE, daughter of Robert H. and Ann E. Best, aged 11 years and 8 months.

On the 1st inst., ALBERT JUDSON, youngest son of

On the 31st ult., ALFRED, son of Capt. Alfred and Elizabeth Nickerson, aged 3 years.

On the 2d instant, of consumption, Mrs. ELIZA JANE, wife of Mr. O. M. Evans, of the Exchange Hotel, in the 30th year of her age.

Amos and Almira C. Webb, aged 2 months and 19 days.

In Hamburgh, on the 30th ultimo, Mrs. CLOE SAUNDERS, aged 62 years.

Price Current—June 7, 1848.

Flour, bbl.	$4 75@4 87½	Turkeys	50@62½
Pork, bll.	$9 25@50	Chickens, lb	12½
Do slaugh. cwt.	$5 00	Geese, each	25
Beef, cwt.	$4 50@5 00	Clover seed, bu.	$3 50
Butter, lb	10@12	Timothy seed, bu.	$2 00
Lard, lb	5½	Flax seed, bu.	$1 12½
Cheese, lb	7@9	Whitefish, bbl.	$7 00
Hams, lb	5@5½	Codfish, cwt.	—
Shoulders, lb	3@3½	Potatoes, bu.	50@62½
Corn meal, cwt.	$1 00	Salt, bbl.	$1 12½
Wheat, bu.	90@1 01	Apples, bu	62½
Corn, bu	40	Dried apples, bu.	$1 00
Oats, bu	35	Onions, bu	$1 25
Slaughter hides, lb	3½	Eggs, doz	6½
Dry hides, lb	7½@9	Saleratus, lb	6½
Calf, lb	6½	Soap, lb	4@5
Sheep, slaughtered, lb	35@75	Whiskey, gall.	17@17½
Lamb, slaughtered, lb.	18½	Highwines, gall.	17½@18
Hard wood, cord.	$3 00	Lead, cwt.	$4 00
Hemlock, cord.	$2 00	Beans, bu	$1 25
Bit. (O.) coal, ton.	$5 50	Wool, lb	21@30
Blossburgh, ton	—	Hay, ton	$10

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June 10, 1848.

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Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1848. NO. 20.

Demise of a Young Student.

He hath passed from the earth in the morning of life,
Ere the dew-drops of youth from his pathway had fled;
Ere the dark clouds of sorrow, in manhood so rife,
O'er his bosom the gloom of despondence had spread.

His dawn of existence was lovely and bright,
And the roseate morn sweetly opened to day;
While the sun of enjoyment poured on him its light,
And the fresh flowers of gladness sprang up in his way.

Thus cheerful and happy, in innocent joy,
Unheeded the days of his infancy flew,
No mildews of sickness to blight and destroy
The bright buds of promise that clustering grew.

With bosom elated he entered the field
Where Science her light and her treasures has strown;
But scarce were her gems to his vision revealed,
Ere the shade of the tomb o'er his future was thrown.

Consumption her hand on his vitals had laid,—
As a worm at the root did she silently prey;
And soon—with his buds of bright promise decayed—
Like a rose that is blighted, he faded away!

Yet why should we weep that his spirit is flown?
Why mourn that so briefly it tarried below?
For the glory of God on his vision had shone,
And the voice of his Savior had called him to go.

Then we may not in sadness lament o'er his doom,
Or sigh that the grave should his body enclose;
Nor moisten with tear-drops the flowerets that bloom
O'er the spot where in quiet his ashes repose.

1837. J. Clement.

Claudine.

A TALE.

"One day Love rode a butterfly, seeking a flowery shrine. The Heartsease withered as the god approached; the sly urchin smiled to see the ruin he had caused, then flew away. The Snowdrop could not stay his flight; she was too pale and scentless—Love needs return—requital. Upon a a sloping sunny bank a single Voilet raised its peerless head; thither flew Love; the perfume pleased him, and he thought to creep into the fragrant bell; but the wild wind rose, the tiny flower bent before the blast, and the coy god was gone. Love is too often but a sunshine friend. Long, long he fluttered near a graceful Rose; but her cup, so free and open, gave entrance to another —the roving Bee was welcome there; and Love must reign alone. Evening came on, Love was a-wearied, and his gay courser's pinions drooped. He saw a dim and melancholy flower—'Here will I rest,' quoth he. When in the Nightshade's gloomy folds Love sought *repose* and found *oblivion*."

"I see neither wit nor beauty in all that," said Claudine, as pettishly she threw away the book.

"There is, at any rate, a moral," replied her father, with a grave smile; "take care that you, Claudine, do not one day share the young god's fate, and, in spite of all your beauty, pass into oblivion."

Claudine thought there was no danger of anything of the kind; she was exceedingly pretty, her father considered rich, and the cold disdain with which it had hitherto pleased her to treat her admirers, seemed only to have increased their number

"I think it extremely foolish," she answered, "and I wonder who has had the impertinence to write such nonsense in my scrap-book."

There were no albums in those days.

"It is not unlike Philip de la Condamine's hand-writing," said a young companion; "I know his sisters well, and have often seen his letters to them. I am almost certain it is his."

"Philip de la Condamine—Philip de la Condamine!" exclaimed Claudine, still more offended than before; for Philip had red hair, his voice was harsh and inharmonious, he limped slightly in walking, his manners were abrupt, and there was in his whole deportment that awkward bashfulness we often see in persons sensible of bodily defects. Philip de la Condamine was, therefore, Claudine thought, the last man who should have ventured to teach her such a lesson; and she again repeated, that she thought he had been guilty of great impertinence.

"Philip is an excellent man," observed her father.

"I hate excellent men, especially if they have red hair," said Claudine, impatiently. Then taking the page from the book, she tore it into a thousand pieces, and, scattering them on the ground, proposed to her companions that they should betake themselves to the verandah.

Now it happened that Phllip de la Condamine had, on the preceeding evening, made proposals to Mr. Pierrepoint for his daughter's hand; the offer had been rejected; for, although Mr. Pierrepoint would gladly have accepted Philip for a son-in-law, he knew Claudine's feelings towards him rendered the marriage quite impossible.—De la Condamine was about to leave New Orleans for a short time; but, notwithstanding his disappointment, he would not go without a farewell visit to Claudine, and he was even now upon his way to Mr. Pierrepoint's house. He was ushered into the drawing-room, where the fragments of his little fable, scattered upon the floor, instantly attracted his attention; while, through the open window, he heard the lady of his love amusing a circle of giddy companions at his expense. And as the laughter of these heedless beings grated upon his ear, Claudine, apprised that a stranger was within, entered the room.—She saw instantly that he was vexed and angry; and believing the indignity with which she had treated his effusion, to be the cause of his displeasure, endeavored to soften his annoyance by affecting ignorance of the author. Philip made no reply, but fixed his eyes on hers, and, with a withering look of scorn and detestation, left the room. Claudine was very much distressed; under her proud and haughty bearing there lurked a woman's timid heart, and from that hour she feared Philip de la Condamine as much or more than she believed he hated her.

Two years passed on, and all was changed in Claudine Pierrepoint's lot. Her father died—died, too, insolvent—and she became a beggar and a *slave!* For her maternal ancestors be-

longed to that degraded race; and though no traces of her dark origin shadowed her lofty brow, or dimmed the rose that blushed upon her cheek, although till now the hideous circumstances had not even been suspected by the poor wretch whose fate hung all upon it—yet was it true. No act of manumission had been passed—she was a slave, and claimed as such by the unfeeling creditors.—She was a slave; nothing might save her from her fearful destiny; expostulation, entreaty, even gold was tried: for a half-brother of her father's, who chanced, at the period of his decease, to be upon the spot, deeply interested in the unprotected orphan, used every means to save her. It was in vain. Her beauty had enhanced her value; all he could offer would not meet the price the heartless wretches set upon her; and she, who had been so delicately reared—the beautiful, the pure, the lofty-minded Claudine—stood shrinking from the public gaze, a jest, a sport, the victim of cupidity, of viler passions still. Once only she raised her tearful eyes—once she was seen to shudder, and then, befriended by her sex's weakness, fell on the ground insensible. In that state she was purchased at an enormous price; in that state she was carried to her master's dwelling; and when returning consciousness brought all the horror of her situation to her mind; she was in a strange room, with unfamiliar faces around her. Nor dared she ask whose it was, or whose the menials so intent on her recovery, lest she should hear the name she dreaded most on earth.

"Leave me!" she cried to the negress who seemed most active, "leave me! Oh! let me be alone. I want no food, no attendance, I only want to die. I thought I was dead: why, why did you recall me to this miserable world? Leave me, I say."

The slaves obeyed; and the wretched creature, starting from the sofa on which she had been lying, quickly approached a table where some refreshments had been placed, and, seizing a knife, for a moment meditated self-destruction. But the instinctive love of life, the fear of offending her almighty Maker, delayed her frantic purpose; and while she stood irresolute, the sound of a shuffling footstep caught her ear, and her whole frame shook with horror; she knew her most appalling fears were realised. De la Condamine had purchased her—De la Condamine now stood beside her. For a few seconds neither spoke; at length he broke the painful silence.

"We are both changed, much changed, Claudine, since the morning when my folly called forth your merriment; when, after having spurned my love, you derided my infirmities, and made a mockery of that which should have called forth pity and compassion. Claudine, do you still recollect that day?"

Claudine bent her head forward, and the long tresses fell in rich clusters on her pallid cheeks.—"I do remember it," she said; "I have, I fear, but too much cause; but for my foolish conduct on that fatal morning, perhaps I had not been as I am now—your slave!"

"Not so, not so, Claudine, you are no slave.—You are free, free as the mountain rivulet. It is true, the wealth I once presumed to offer you, the gold I valued most, because I looked upon it as the means of gratifying you, has saved you from an ignominious fate; yet you are no slave, I have bought your freedom."

"Freedom!" almost shrieked Claudine.

"Yes, you are free."

"Bless you! O bless you!"

He waved his hand impatiently. "Your kinsman left New Orleans this morning, for he could not bear to witness your unhappiness; but I have dispatched a messenger to tell him you are here, and beg his immediate return. This evening, or to morrow at the latest, I expect him, and you will leave this place together."

"Bless you! O bless you!" Claudine once more exclaimed, as throwing herself upon her knees, she seized his hand, and pressed it to her beating heart. For a moment Philip looked towards her, then raised her gently, placed her upon a seat, and silently withdrew.

Mr. William Pierrepoint was an English merchant of very moderate fortune, residing in the neighborhood of London; thither, after some little delay, he brought his adopted charge, and bade his wife and daughters look upon her as a child and sister. The injunction was unnecessary; they were kind, simple-minded people, who saw nothing in their new relative but what was dear and lovely; and she was speedily domesticated in the family. Claudine was sensibly alive to all their kindness, and in return strove to be cheerful, to appear happy; but it might not be—her thoughts were ever in her own far country, and the remembrance of the degradation she had suffered pressed like a heavy weight upon her heart. There were others beside her family who loved Claudine, for she was beautiful; her long dark eye-lashes, so soft and pensive, her graceful mien, her exquisitely moulded form, raised her above the herd of merely pretty women: and, all impoverished as she was, there were not wanting those who gladly would have linked their fate with hers—but *one* had left his image on her heart, and it seemed sacrilege even to entertain a thought of love or preference save for him.

Years passed away—Claudine's beauty faded, faded before its time. Beauty, even with us, the flower but of a day, is still more evanescent in the daughters of the western world. Claudine was changed; it mattered not; her loveliness had been but a pernicious gift, and its departure caused her no regret. It chanced about this time there was a dinner-party—a dull, formal dinner-party. The ladies, seated in a circle, looked wearied, made insignificant remarks, and twirled their fans. The gentlemen stood about the room in knots of two or three, and talked of the funds and politics.—The owner of the house was in a sort of grave fidget, (if my readers can comprehend such a state) the lady, in the midst of her endeavors to amuse her guests, looked anxiously in the direction of the door, and not very complacently towards her husband, for she knew the dinner was being spoilt, and the person who caused the inconvenient delay had been invited espicially by him.

At length her patience being fairly exhausted dinner was ordered, to the infinite relief of the assembled party: the guests took their places at the table, the soup was handed round, and something like a thaw began. Just then a carriage drove up to the door, a shabby knock was given, an awkward looking person shuffled into the room, muttered in a low husky voice some faint excuse for his late appearance, then sank into the vacant seat, and, without looking round, applied himself to the half-cold soup that was set before him.—Mrs. Barton the owner of the house, gave the poor man a stiff reproving bow, while the majority of the company paused in their eating, or their talking, to speculate from whence had sprung so strange a looking being. But there was present one person whose cheek glowed, whose heart beat, and hand trembled; Claudine Pierrepoint was among the guests, and in that uncouth stranger recognised Philip De la Condamine. She found no opportunity of speaking, or even bowing to him, for they were seated on the same side of the table, and it was impossible to catch his eye. As, however, the ladies left the room, she ventured an inclination of her head. It was bare-

ly answered; in fact, he doubted whether the salutation had been meant for him. Claudine felt she was forgotten, and her father's warning rushed upon her mind.

The evening glided on: the gentlemen came up from the dining room: there was music, flirting, conversation—but De la Condamine, a stranger and neglected, stood alone. Claudine mustered all her courage, and addressing him by name, proffered her hand. He started.

"You do not recollect me," she said coloring, I am so changed and altered. Philip de la Condamine forgets Claudine Pierrepoint."

Philip looked earnestly at the agitated Claudine, then said (he was no courtier he never had been one) something of "time," something about the lapse of years "

That night in the dark stillness of her chamber Claudine wept—wept for the beauty she had lost; Philip had loved that beauty, now it was gone, and with it all her chance of pleasing him.—Claudine was wrong; there yet remained something superior to her vanished charms—the spirit's loveliness was there and soon did Philip own its power. They met again. Mr. Pierrepoint, anxious to testify his sense of gratitude towards the man who had acted thus noble a part, gave him an invitation to his house; and thrown once more into Claudine's society; all the affection with which De la Condamine had formerly regarded her, revived; and ere long it was generally known an engagement had taken place. He returned to New Orleans to make some arrangements rendered necessary by his future plans; for as Claudine's re-appearance in that city was deemed impossible, it was settled he should be received as a junior partner in his uncle's house, and about six months after Mrs. Barton's dinner party, he and Claudine were married.

"And were happy ever after."

Not altogether, gentle reader! There were at first drawbacks to their felicity: Philip's fortune had already suffered from the enormous sum he paid for Claudine's freedom; transfers of property are seldom unaccompanied by loss—his was peculiarly unfortunate; for many years, therefore it required much toil on his part, and economy on hers, to enable them to live at all. Claudine thought nothing of her own privations, but it pained her sensibly to see him overworked and anxious, and self-reproach was busy when she reflected, as she hourly did, that it was from love to her these trials and anxieties had arisen.

"Philip," she said one day, when he appeared unusually harrassed, "my own Philip, you have bought my happiness at too high a price."

"I do no think so," he replied.

"Oh, if you knew how bitterly I lament my blindness, my folly, my worse than folly!"

"Pooh, pooh! who could expect a beautiful girl of seventeen to fall in love with such an ugly dog as I am. *I* was the fool for even thinking of it."

I believe it is hardly necessary to inform the reader that the groundwork of this little tale is true. The disgraceful scene, in which Claudine bore so conspicuous and disgraceful a part, has been enacted—may be repeated, with, I fear, but little chance of a chivalrous Philip de la Condamine to interpose between the victim of an iniquitous system and her dark destiny.

F***

An exchange paper says that the year 1782 gave birth to the following citizens: Daniel Webster born 18th of January; John C. Calhoun, 18th of March; Gen. Lewis Cass, 9th of October; Martin Van Buren, 5th of December.

President Buchez.

From the Phil. North American.

Literary men have often been disposed to regard the Chinese—"celestigal" innocents of the Flowery Land though they be—as the most civilized people in the world, because letters are there made the measure of merit and the fountain of honor, the best educated men being those whom the State advances to the highest public dignities. France begins to dispute—perhaps she has already won—the palm of superior civilization; in no other country is intellectual cultivation, of any and every kind, so sure of that solid appreciation which leads to its employment in public affairs. In America—priding ourselves too much upon our utilitarian character, or taking the fashion too much from aristocratic England, where genius is worshipped in the tomb, after being despised in the garret—we are too apt to regard men of science and letters as *fancy* men, unfit for the business responsibilities of life; and no towering author-craft, save that of the political writer, and no professional eminence, out of the profession of law, as a general rule, suggest to us the existence of a talent which might be safely entrusted with a function of government. France, however, has found that such fancy men make, after all, very good public men. She has discovered in a poet—Lamartine—one of the truest patriots and ablest statesmen of the age; and in an astronomer—Arago—whose eyes and thoughts have been so long rambling among the stars—a great mind capable of descending from the contemplation of the harmonies of a universe to the regulation of armies, navies and colonies. But what is still more surprising—or what will prove, at least, highly agreeable to the members of the most philanthropic of professions, and, therefore, especially so to many of our readers in Philadelphia, the "city of schools"—she has discovered, and proved, that the medical world is as full as any other professional world of the commanding talents fit to hold the helm of State. M. Buchez, the President of the National Assembly of France, elected by the highest vote of his colleagues in that vast assemblage of nine hundred men, the first spirits of France, is a PHYSICIAN; and his competitors for that high chair, MM. Iretat and Recourt (one of whom received 234, the other 91 votes,) are also physicians!

We find in the last received number of the *London Lancet* (for May 18th,) a biographical sketch of M. Buchez, chiefly translated from a French periodical, *L'Union Medicale;* from which we make a few extracts, sufficient to depict his excellent character, and what the Lancet calls "his extraordinary career"—for Buchez is, like most of our American master-spirits, a self-made man.

"M. Buchez belongs to an humble family of agriculturists, in the department of Ardennes, and was brought up at Paris under the immediate care of his father, who held the situation of collector of the 'octroi' duty. His medical studies were of a distinguished and sound character; some of his teachers, who are still alive, remember it well; and among his fellow students he secured many friends, who, now in practice in Paris, have loudly testified their devotion and attachment to him. M. Buchez has been, for the last thirty years, what some people are now laboring to appear. He founded, in 1822, the Carbonary Association, as mentioned by Louis Blanc, in his "Histoire de Dix Ans." The following year he was arrested on suspicion of being concerned tn the Beford conspiracy, and narrowly escaped capital punishment, since his acquittal was pronounced by only one half of the jurymen.—After these events, M. Buchez gave up political

agitation, and became the disciple of St. Simon, in order to carry out social reforms. He became the editor of several Socialist periodicals, and advocated some of his doctrines in a medical paper, which he established in 1827, under the name of *Journal des Progres des Sciences et Institutions Medicales*, as also in a work called *Traite d'Hygiene Populaire*, which he published with Dr. Iretat, who was lately his competitor for the Presidency. M. Buchez, after St. Simon's death, refused to adopt Pantheism, as being contrary to the progress of the human species, (the writer might have added for a better reason, following.) He remained attached to Christianity, and advocated, of the new school, those ideas *only* which related to the improvement of the human species, and combined these with a vast system of Christain philosophy."

"M. Buchez yielded, with great reluctance, to the solicitations of the Mayor of Paris to become his deputy, and was inclined, after the conflict, to return to his literary labors; but he was at last prevailed upon to accept the office. He is more of a practical man that Louis Blanc; for he had, long ago, organized associations of workmen, who have ever since prosperously carried on extensive manufactures on their own beneficial account.—He has displayed, in office, for the last two months, an activity which is well calculated to astonish those who think that a man who indulges much in general conception, is unfit for practical life. It should not be omitted, that M. Buchez, who attended with as much zeal to his professional duties as to his literary pursuits, has constantly resided in "a little room under the leads," has ever been extremely abstemious, and has preserved all the simple and unassuming habits of an unpretending agriculturist."

To an English—or American—critic, M. Buchez would appear quite too much a fancy man for public life, being a physician, an author, and even a Socialist. But M. Buchez is, and ever has been, a Christian: *that* preserved him from the perils and absurdities of all the modern French philosophies, from which he has extracted the good and rejected the bad. What was really practicable in social reform, he has advocated and helped to establish, to the benefit of the working man. His philosophy has never aimed to be any thing wiser or better than a "Christian philosophy;" and, therefore, it has been a true and successful philosophy. Such philosophy is the best preparation for public life; and the wisdom of the author and the philanthropy of the physician have proved to be neither obstacles nor disqualifications. The elevation of M. Buchez is an honor to France and to a noble profession.

THE EMU IN HIS NATIVE FORESTS.—A native, who was walking at my side, and who had accompanied us all day, stopped suddenly and pointing with his finger, said, "Emu!" About a mile distant across the prairie were two of those birds quietly feeding. The dogs were immediately called together, fresh vigor seemed to animate the whole party, and we proceeded to give chase, in high spirits. Emus are sometimes shot with the rifle, but the usual mode of obtaining them is by hunting them with Kangaroo dogs. If you happen to come near enough to them without raising alarm, they may frequently be detained, and even attracted almost up to your stirrups, by whistling.—I have known this to be repeatedly tried with success. When you begin to whistle, the emu lifts up its head and listens with attention; soon, delighted with the sound, he walks leisurely in the direction from whence it comes; then, perceiving a human being, he pauses, seems irresolute, and finally walks round and round you in circles, gradually lessening, until he approaches within a few yards. If his confidence be not repaid with a bullet, he will, after gratifying his curiosity by a good stare, quietly walk away through his native woods. Emus are frequently speared by the natives, who, by taking care to stand stock-still the moment the creature lifts up its head, manage to approach within a few yards of them while feeding. Tho' the savage may have his hand raised in the act of throwing the spear he remains fixed in that attitude whilst the emu takes a survey of him. Perceiving only an object without motion, the bird takes him for a tree, and continues to graze, falling a victim, like other innocent things, to a misplaced confidence in its own security. The headmost dog caught hold of the extended flapper of one of these birds, and arrested its progress; the others, coming up, soon pulled him to the ground, and by the time we reached the spot he was dead. The feathers from the tail were distributed among the party, and placed in our caps; and the legs, being cut off, the rest of the bird was abandoned. The legs alone afford any meat, which is by no means a delicacy, and resembles coarse beef.—*The Bushman.*

Prince Albert's Address before the Society for the Improvement of the Laboring Classes.

This society held its fourth annual meeting in London on the 18th of May. An immense assemblage took place, made up of the nobility and aristocracy of the country. His Royal Highness Prince Albert presided, and on taking the chair called on the Bishop of London to offer prayers; after which Prince Albert rose, and was received with loud cheers. When they had subsided, he said· Ladies and gentlemen, when, four years since, this Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Laboring Classes was first established on its present footing, I accepted with pleasure the offer made me of becoming its president. [Loud cheers.] I saw in this offer a proof of the appreciation the society entertained of my feelings, my sympathy and my interest for that class of our community which has most of the toil and least of the enjoyments of the world. [Hear, hear, and cheers]. I conceived that great advantage would accrue to it from the endeavors of influential people, who were wholly disinterested to act the part of friends to those who required assistance, which only a friend could tender with advantage. [Hear, hear, and cheers]. This society has always held this object before its eyes, and has ever been laboring in that direction. You are all aware that it was estabilised to erect model lodging-houses. loan funds, and the allotment of of land in different parts of the country; but it has been careful only to establish examples and models, mindful that any real improvement which was to take place must be the result of the exertions of the working people themselves. I have just come from the model lodging-house, the opening of which we celebrate this day—[cheers]—and I feel convinced that its existence will, by degrees, lead to the erection of others, and that it will lead to a complete change in the domestic comforts of the working classes, [cheers] as it will exhibit to them that with real economy can be combined advantages and comforts to which they have hitherto been strangers, while it will at the same time show those who possess capital, which they are desirous to invest, that they may do so in connection with this institution with great advantage and profit to themselves, dispensing at the same those comforts which I have enumerated to their poorer brethren. Depend upon it, it is for the advantage of those classes who are so often contrasted, but whose interests are identical,

to unite, and it is only ignorance which prevents them uniting for each others benefit. To dispel that ignorance, and to show the means how man can help man, notwithstanding the complications of civilized society, ought to be the aim of every philanthropic person. [Hear.] But it is most peculiarly the duty of those, who, under the blessings of Divine Providence, enjoy station, wealth, and education. [Cheers.] Let them be careful how to avoid any dictatorial interference with labor and employment, which frightens away capital, destroys that freedom of thought and independence of action which must remain to every one if he is to work out his own happiness—[loud cheers]—and to repose that confidence in each other on which alone the enjoyment and mutual benefit of mankind rests. God has created man imperfect, and left him with many wants, as it were to stimulate each individual to exertion, and to make them all feel that it is only by united exertions and combined action that those imperfections can be supplied, and these wants satisfied—self-reliance and confidence in each other. It is to show the way how these individual exertions can be directed to the greatest benefit, and to foster that confidence upon which the readiness to assist each other depends, that this society considers as its most sacred aim. [Hear.] There has been no ostentatious display of charity or of its manifestations—not a protestation to become the arbiter of the fate of thousands, but to aid the working out of practical schemes of public improvement for which this society, as I said before, has been established; but it has only as yet established examples for the country at large to follow. The report of the society, descriptive of its proceedings the during the past year, will be laid before you.—I must say, I hope I may say, that this society has proceeded satisfactorily toward the accomplishment of its objects, owing to the particularly kind feelings and great endeavors of the indefatigable zeal of Lord Ashley. [Loud cheers.] The next stage that we contemplate is the erection of a model lodging-house for females. [Cheers.] I hope this meeting will enable us to carry out this step, and all engage to do all in their power to call the particular attention of the public to the object we have in view. [His Royal Highness resumed his seat amid loud cheers.]

Princess Beljoioso.—At her first arrival in the French Capital, she took the lead as a beauty—the perfection, as she was, of a glowing young Italian—but her wit and conversational powers soon left her beauty a secondary thing, and even of this pre-eminence, she in a year or two became impatient. With keen and ready industry, she took up science, and before long became the beautiful centre of a circle of men of learning, lastly, even, having written a work on divinity, which added to the respect of superior men for her powers.

The princess was lately called upon by a scientific gentleman. On entering her drawing-room, he observed a young officer, and did not immediately recognize his fair friend under the disguise of the uniform. Her hair had been cropped short, and curled close to her head *a la Titus*. Her military frock was buttoned over her well rounded chest to the throat. The stripe down the pantaloons was fitted to the boot with the imperative turn that gives a meaning to the spur, and there was but the one exception, which all women make to the correctness of masculine costume—the cap was cocked too far on one side.

"How am I to explain this new phase of our favorite planet?" said the astronomer, making at the same time the best possible use of his eyes.

"Ah!" replied the Princess, "you did not observe my travelling carriage in the court-yard as you came up?"

"And where bound, in these troubled times?" he asked with wonder.

"To the wars—to the wars!" she exclaimed, striking her heels together with a drill thump that made the apartment ring. "Italy—my country—is at war with the tyrannical Austrian, and I am off in an hour."

"Not famous enough, my dear Princess?" pathetically sighed the astronomer—"beauty, wit, science, theology, have all done their best for you, and still you are athirst for distinction!"

The Princess threw off her dramatic manner and looked grave.

"It is not altogether for a new fame," she said in another tone, "though that goes for something, as it well may—but my country, Italy, is a land worth striking a blow for, even with so poor a hand as this, and I go to raise men with what money I can command, and to lead them if need be."

The princess looked like an enthusiastic young officer of 18, while she spoke, though she is now past thirty—her male dress had so rejuvenated her—and her learned friend describes her expression, tone, and beauty together, as having been memorably attractive.

The account of this morning call has become current since the news from Italy, that, in the late attack of the Sardinian army upon the Austrian, the Princess led 200 men, of her own arming and equipping, and behaved herself most gallantly.—*Courrier des Etats Unis.*

Lake Superior Mines.

The anticipations of rich results from the operations in copper mining on Lake Superior, seem not to have been realized. The fever of the two past seasons will scarcely return with the present, as sad realities have taken the place of brilliant hopes. The following summary of the copper business during the past winter, which we copy from the *Lake Superior News*, is sufficiently illustrative of the present position of affairs:

WINTER OPERATIONS, &c.

The *Suffolk Company* have worked during the winter six miners on a new vein which presented fine prospects at the surface, but is not yet sufficiently proven to determine upon its value. They have erected a furnace for smelting their ore, but for the want of an efficient and qualified smelter, the operation had been suspended. Mr. Pray, the Superintendent has, however, made his arrangements for efficient work during the present season.

The *Gratiot Company* have had a force only of two men during the winter, engaged upon a vein of gray sulphuret of copper—the value of which has not been proven, as none of the workings have extended in depth more than twenty feet.

The *Michigan* and *La Belle Alliance*, two companies, claiming same location, have done as yet but little at mining—the latter nothing, and the former working six men during the winter without any satisfactory prospect.

The *Buffalo Company* have worked three men during the winter on a vein of greenstone formation, without any results.

The *Medora Company* found a vein in November last, in the greenstone formation, upon which a shaft was sunk to the depth of 40 feet, from whence they drifted some 30 feet, without its amounting to any thing positive. All are of the opinion, however, that there is a valuable vein in the neighborhood.

The *Albion Company's* Works, a few rods west of the Medora, were suspended in the spring of 1847—since which time they have had but 3 or 4 men in employment. They have a good vein which might be worked to profit.

The *Forsyth Company* have done but little during the winter, having but two men on their location.

The *Quincy Company*, near Portage Lake, have had but a small force during the winter, but enough has been discovered to establish the fact that one of their two veins may be considered as valuable as any in the country, according to the work done upon it. They only want an efficient force and energetic work to realize.

To complete our brief notices of the locations on Point Keewenaw, we should add that the following Companies have not been engaged during the winter, and that some of them were abandoned sometime ago: the Alliance, Massachusetts, Boston, Isle Royale, New York and Michigan, Clinton, Eagle Harbor, Lake Superior, the Superior, Copper Rock, New York and Lake Superior, Houghton, Trap Rock River, and the Eldorado and Pennsylvania.

West of Portage Lake, the *Pittsburgh and Portage Lake Company* have had a force of 11 men during the winter, whose works have been confined to a prior-formed vein, from which little mineral has yet been taken.

The *Algonquin Company* have been engaged in erecting a saw mill, furnace, &c., upon their location near the Fire Steel River, under the direction of Col. Cushman.

The *Douglass Houghton Company* have four men upon their tract near the Algonquin, working upon a vein of prior formation; and there are some locations held by squatters in this vicinity, who have during the winter been working upon similar veins.

On the *Ontonagon*, Col. Cushman has completed his smelting works, mills and buildings, but got out but little ore.

The *Ontonagon Company*, better known as Location 98, have made returns of native copper and silver, and also copper in the rock, and are advancing with good success.

The *Ohio Trap Rock and Silver Company* are making good turn outs.

The *Boston and Lake Superior Company* are also getting out copper under favorable circumstances.

The *Union Company of New York* have a force engaged on a vein 6 feet 6 inches in width, carrying metallic copper in about 4 feet, and on which they have sunk a shaft 112 feet in depth. The Company intend to erect, during the season, a simple stamping and washing apparatus, from which they anticipate a speedy remuneration for their outlay.

Most of the other Companies were obliged to abandon operations for the winter in consequence of failure to receive their supplies.

THE BOND OF THE HOUSE.—The English term "husband" is derived from the Anglo Saxon word *hus* and *band*, which signify the "bond of the house;" and it was anciently spelt "house-bond" and continued to be spelt thus in some editions of the English Bible, after the introduction of the art of printing. A husband, then, is a house-bond—the bond of a house—that which engirdles the family into the union of oneness of love. Wife, and children. and "stranger within the gates"—all their interests and their happiness are encircled in the "house-bond's" embrace, the objects of his protection, and his especial care. What a fine picture this is of a husband's duty, and a family's privileges?

Love and Law!

"I never had a piece of bread,
Particularly fine and wide,
But it fell on the sanded floor;
And always on the butter'd side."

A case was tried before A. Cowdin, Esq., on Saturday last, which, for its novelty, attracted considerable attention, and went far to prove the instability of earthly hopes. From what we can learn of the affair, it appears that a young man named Henry J. Turner, of Alexander, a writing-master, daguerretypist, &c., becoming, some time since, deeply enamoured of Miss N., a worthy and respectable young lady of that town, proceeded to inflict upon her his particular attentions, and by way of enhaucing her esteem of his own dear self, made her various trifling presents. When the time, which "tries men's souls" arrived, he marched boldly to the task, but soon retreated, with as much disorder and chagrin as did the Mexicans after receiving the fire from Captain Bragg's battery. To all appearances, all his devotedness and trouble had been for naught—the hopes he had so fondly cherished—the *bright* anticipations of happiness which had so far cheered in his "single blessedness," and the plans which he had formed, proved to be mere "castles built of air." But he yielded not yet. He retreated, but it was to gather new strength to renew the contest. Altering his tactics, he wrote the lady several letters, (which were read in court,) declaring himself her true and tried lover, but that she must accept of him or war would be the result—that delays were dangerous; and advising her to choose that *good* part which could not be taken from her, (meaning himself, we suppose,) and he would overlook the past, if not, she must drink the bitter cup to its dregs—he must be remunerated—he would let the finger of public scorn be pointed 'till the tallest angel, with one foot upon the sea and the other upon the land, should proclaim that time shall be no more,' and concluded by saying that tears so blinded his eyes he could not write further, &c.

In the enumeration of articles charged her, were, a thimble, knitting needles, use of watch, one or two rides, a daguereotype, in which his own phiz was prominent, a couple of pictures, one yard cotton cloth, candy, pills, and various other equally trifling arricles. He brought suit to recover for gifts, and services. The Jury returned "no cause of action."

Human nature is a queer compound. We thought of moralizing a little upon the waywardness and inconsistency of erring mortals, how man had fallen from his high estate, and subverted the ends for which he was created to gratify his own selfish desires, &c., but our limits will not permit. Taking the case altogether, it was one of the most ridiculous yet amusing incidents which has fallen under our observation for many a day. —*Batavia Advocate.*

ARRIVAL OF MADEMOISELLE LIND.—Mademoiselle Lind arrived on the 24th at Blackwall, from Hamburg, by the Countess of Lansdale steamer. The Swedish papers say that her departure from Stockholm was attended by the most extraordinary demonstration. It was on the 13th; the weather was beautiful, from 15,000 to 20,000 people lined the quays, military bands were placed at intervals, and she embarked amid cheers and music. The rigging of the vessels in the harbor was manned. The hurrahs and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs continued as long as the vessel which bore Jenny Lind remained in sight. Her last performance at Stockholm was for the benefit of a charitable institution she had founded.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE FORESTS OF OREGON.—It is more especially in the forest that the grand, the picturesque, the sublime, the beautiful, form the most singular and fantastic combinations. From the loftiest giants of the forest down to the humblest shrubs, all excite the spectator's astonishment. The parasites form a characteristic feature of these woodlands. They cling to the tree, climb it to a certain height, and then, letting their tops fall to the earth, again take root—again shoot up—push from branch to branch—from tree to tree, in every direction—until tangled, twisted, and knotted every possible form, they festoon the whole forest with drapery, in which a groundwork of the richest verdure is diversified with garlands of the most varied and many colored flowers. In ascending the Columbia, we meet, from time to time, with bays of considerable extent, interspersed with handsome little islands, which, thrown, as it were, like groups of flowers and verdure, present a charming spectacle. Here the painter should go to study his art—here would he find the loveliest scenery, the most varied and brilliant coloring. At every step the scene becomes more ravishing, the perspective more noble and majestic. In no other part of the world is nature so great a coquette as here.

SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE.—"Whta will be the effect on the Catholic religion of separating Church and State, and making the Pope only the chief Bishop of Rome?" This is a question which many ask their neighbors and many more ask themselves—but it is one of difficult solution. Originally, the Popes were only Bishops of Rome, their powers were wholly ecclesiastical, and they had no territorial influence. Then there were but few Catholics in the world; now, there are many millions; then, nearly all Christians were Catholics, now they are divided into many sects. We cannot perceive how the Church is to be injured by incorporating the Papal States with the rest of the States in Italy, and confining the Pope or the Bishop of Rome to his ecclesiastical duties. Indeed, we think it would be beneficial to the Church. He could dispense with the College of Cardinals, and assign each Cardinal to certain ecclesiastical duties. St. Peter's and the Vatican would still belong to the See of Rome, and the Pope divested of his temporal and perplexing power, would be more strengthened in the discharge of his religious duties, and would more securely direct the affairs of the Church, in Rome and other parts of the world. We can see no good cause, therefore, to apprehend any injury from the change. The separation of Church and State is one of the leading ideas of the revolution in Europe, and if it has prevailed at Rome, it has only preceded a similar event in England, where the liberals have declared in favor of the separation of the Protestant Church from the Government.—*N. Y. Star.*

VENICE AND THE UNITED STATES.—The Provisional Government of Venice have put forth an address to the people of the United States, through our Consul, Mr. Sparks, in which they say!—

"The ocean divides us, but we are united by the bonds of sympathy; and liberty, like the electric current traversing the seas, will bring us your examples, and maintain the communion of thought and feeling, which is far more precious than that of interest. We have much to learn from you, and, though your elders in civilization, we blush to acknowledge it. We have no other ambition than to live in the enjoyment of peace and liberty, to recover the heritage of our ancestors, and to contribute, in some degree, by our efforts, also to the infinite developement of the human mind."

PREPARE FOR A REVERSE.—No one knows how soon his lot may be reversed. In its unceasing revolutions, the wheel of fortune may in one day place him among the poor. How many at this moment are languishing in all the horrors of the most abject destitution, who were once rich in this world's goods, and on whose lips dwelt in perpetual sweetness the self-deluding promise, "tomorrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant!" Remember the poor! In yonder gloomy prison lies one who made gold his idol.—He forgot the needy in his distress; and the appeals of the wretched woke no echo in his heart. He was not his "brother's keeper," so he hoarded up his surplus lucre in his coffers, and permitted the dying and the destitute to meet their doom; but as he meted out to them, even so it has been meted unto him. Not a ray of affection cheers now his prison walls. Left alone with the phantoms of the past, how agonizing is his remorse.—Remember the poor, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, minister to the distressed, and their prayers and blessings will fall upon your head like rich incense, more desirable than gold or jewels.

A MEXICAN IDOL!—An officer of the Navy has sent to the Mayor of New Orleans a *bona fide* Idol from the Capital of the Aztec, of great antiquity and most venerable appearance, though not the most fascinating. The N. O. Cresent thus describes this "strange god:"

"Imagine a block of coarse granite, four feet in lengh and two in breath, carved into some resemblance of the human form. The form is said to represent that some ancient Mexican maiden who was sacrificed to the Sun. The feet are very chubby, and the hands are clasped around the body as though the image was in pain. In common decency to truth, we cannot say that we admired the beauty of the countenance of this feminine idol, for the rains, snows and storms of perhaps a thousand years had entirely destroyed the eyes, snubbed the nose, and even taken off its finger nails.

GALVANIC SPECTACLES.—Mr. J. S. Paine, optician, of Worcester, Mass., has invented something new in the way of spectacles. He has constructed that part of the bows holding the glasses, and the bridge, of two metals, viz.: silver and zinc—and he is confident of having thus achieved an important improvement by an uninterrupted flow of electricity, which he believes invigorates the eyes and actually relieves them from a world of small physical annoyances, independently of wanting vision. By touching the tip of the tongue on the nose piece, an unmistakable sensation is produced, and a flash of light is instantly perceptible. Mr. Paine thinks that he feels a cool current constantly passing by the orbits, while the glasses are worn. Like a genuine Yankee, he secures a patent, of course: and if the discovery equals his expectations, the millions of spectacle wearers of all countries will soon begin to pay tribute to New England ingenuity. The subject is one that should command the attention of physicians, since a new province for exploration is exposed to view.—*Medical and Surgical Jour.*

GUTTA PERCHA NEWSPAPER.—We believe that the Mirror was the first paper on this side the Atlantic to call attention to the new universally known substance called the Gutta Percha. To-day we print a part of our edition on Gutta Percha—doubtless the first newspaper in this or any other country that has been printed on this kind of paper. The curious may see a specimen by calling at our office, for we cannot send a sheet to all our patrons.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Birth-Day Sonnet.

Mine surely seems a sombre-shaded lot,
Drear, dark, and dismal—scarce a single ray
Of joy illumes the mist that clouds the way
Which I must take. To live unknown—forgot—
Seemeth my destiny:—yet I will not
Yield my soul quietly to be the prey
Of doubt—of disappointment, and dismay,
Which fain would quell each high and noble thought.
I will be free!—will break the galling chain
That binds my soul to earth and seek true peace.
Oh God! in mercy, not in wrath, restrain
My erring heart, and bid the conflict cease:
Let Thy WILL be my LAW. Then I, content,
Shall see and own Thy hand in each event.

MAY 16, 1848. H.

For the Western Literary Messenger

The Ballot Box.

On an election day in the State of New Hampshire, what significance is there in the act of putting a piece of printed paper into a wooden box? Very great. The voter declares in the most emphatic and effective way, to the people of the whole State that he protests henceforth and forever against the injustice of that provision of the Constitution of New Hampshire which excludes her Roman Catholic citizens from offices of public trust, and that he nominates two men good and true, as delegates to the Legislature of his State, who shall give utterance to his protest, and do their utmost to procure a revision of the Constitution, and to have it purged of its inhumanity.

The citizens of Ohio inspired by the "new commandment" that sums all religion and all duty, hurries to the polls, and declares that his soul abhors the war his Government wage against a sister Republic—that it must cease—that its aiders and abettors shall be flung out of office, and that administrative, and legislative trusts will not be committed by the people of Ohio to the hands of men stained, in imagination, if not in fact, with the blood of agressive warfare.

A Cornish man comes up from the galleries of a Wisconsin mine, to vote for delegates to a Convention to frame a Constitution for his future State. Familiar from his youth with the evils of land monopoly under the British Crown—the victim of an unwilling exile from the land of his birth, compelled upon him by the Game Laws and the Law of Primogeniture, which sustained like pillars the baronial manor in whose deep pits he lived and toiled, he demands at the polls the insertion of a provision in the organic law of Wisconsin, that shall repel speculation and capital from the public lands—that shall prevent the monopoly of agricultural soil in any quantity greater than is actually required for the support of a family—and that the door of the public domain be always held open for entrance and occupation to the landless poor. At his side is the father of a married woman, whose husband has wasted her property and broken her heart. He has lost his all at the gaming table—his estate—his virtues—and his hopes. To satisfy his sense of justice and his benevolence, stung into activity by the injury inflicted upon his child through the imperfections of the law, the old man pleads at the polls, the cause of the future matrons of his State, and insists, by his ballot, upon a constitutional provision giving to every married woman the control of the property she may have at the time of marriage, or may thereafter acquire—and protecting it effectually from the thriftlessness, the folly—or the vice of her husband.

The Elector of New York writes upon a slip of paper the names of the citizens best adapted in his opinion to fill the administrative offices of the State—and its ministers of public justice, and its guardians of public rights,—the managers of the public works—the keepers and disbursers of its public treasure, and the administrators of its public prisons receive their appointments from his ballot.—He wishes to have the industry of the nation stimulated by protecting it from unequal competition with foreign labor, and votes for a Representative to Congress who is favorable to a protective Tariff. Or he believes that all restriction upon the international exchange of commodities should be taken off—he makes his profession at the ballot-box, and by his vote delegates a Free Trader to represent his principles in the National Legislature.

An inland navigation of thousands of miles traversing state after state, and bearing upon its bosom untold wealth of the products of Nature and of Art, is rendered unsafe for want of harbors of refuge, and expensive from obstructions. The merchants, the shippers, the farmers, and the travellers of each of the States most interested in the improvement of this world-important thoroughfare, declare at the polls, that a part of the National treasure shall be applied to that purpose, and from the polls they send accredited agents to Washington to vote the needed money.

It is the ballot only that utters the voice of Justice, demanding an equality of political rights among all the citizens of a State, and that that the accident of a complexion shall not be punished with civil disabilities and social contempt.

S. W.

LAW ACCORDING TO PUNCH.—We have it on excellent authority, that if A. owes B. money, and A. is owner of an elephant, B. may detain the elephant's trunk till the debt is paid; and it is also tolerably clear in all the books, that a boa constrictor lying dormant, as if dead in a deal box, is recoverable by an action on the case; but if the plaintif mixes himself up with the boa constrictor, so as to identify himself with it, he, the plaintif, will not be recoverable at all. If the boa constrictor should unfold his tail early enough, the plaintif may have a severance; but, otherwise, says Mr. Justice Maule, he must inevitably be quashed.

Much of the noise which the rumbling of vehicles occasions, and which is so annoying with open doors in summer, might be prevented by using "wash leathers" to prent the grating of metal upon metal. A utilitarian friend thinks the general adoption of this simple remedy would be productive of much comfort to our citizens, and it is certainly worth the trial.

A Chariot Race.

We copy the following description of a chariot race at the Olympic Games, from a powerfully written story in the June number of Peterson's Magazine.

Now had come the exciting moment—the grand finale of the exercises. The crowd pressed around more densely as the heralds proclaimed that the race of Alcibiades, the Syracusan, and Synisca would now be contested. Anxiety was deeply pictured in every face. In casting lots for their stations fate was again opposed to the Athenian—for he was now thrown on the extreme right, the Syracusan having obtained the left, while Synisca of course occupied the centre.

Four coal black steeds, remarkable for immense muscular development, answered to the rein of Alcibiades. His chariot was also of ponderous size, and glittered with massive rich gildings—One would have supposed that the weight of the vehicle would necessarily impede its celerity—though none questioned the sagacity of the Athenian, yet many wondered. Nothing more splendid of better appointed had ever been seen upon the hippodrome than this equippage. Those of Synisca and Calimachus were indeed remarkably beautiful and symmetrical—but no comparison was instituted against the Athenian's, for who could cope with the far-famed Alcibiades!

The signal was given and again the charioteers whirled of in the exciting race. The contestants were apparently quite evenly matched, for after the first round, as the vehicles passed the throne of the judges, no discernible advantages had been gained by either. It was observed, however, that the Athenian having the extreme right end had gradually approached the centre, throwing the fair Spartan much nearer to Calimachus.

"By Jove," said a stout Athenian, "I had strange thoughts from the first to the motives which influenced the choice of those clumsy, overgrown horses and that huge car."

"Be sure that movement bodes danger to one of them," said his companion. Alcibiades is not wont to make a mischoice—but Heavens, look now!"

This last remark had been elicited by a glance hastily thrown at the chariots, which now had assumed a most perilous and thrilling attitude. The wily Athenian that thought that speed was not alone to be relied on in a contest of the character which he was now engaged in—and his fertile mind had fallen upon an expedient at once sagacious and fearful. The chariots, in passing the first round, had been forced more closely to each other, and from the direction of the Athenian's eye and his evident aim, it was seen that they must come together at or near the boundary point, and produce by a concussion the most imminent danger to the parties. The plan of Alcibiades, and the objects of his selection, were now penetrated, and the judges and privileged spectators rose to their feet breathless with anxiety, for all foresaw the inevitable and fatal result should the plan be heartlessly pursued.

The antagonists approached the critical point; a shudder thrilled through every besom as the ponderous chariot was seen still pressing to the others. The beautiful and intrepid Spartan madly urged her spirited steeds to avoid the threatened danger and obtain the lead. Her long, luxuriant hair floated wildly in the breeze raised by the speed of her career; and her fine voice was heard encouraging the Syracusan to maintain his speed and position, that the boundary might be safely passed. But she had made her discovery too late—the black coursers were too near upon them—and now an adroit movement of Alcibiades threw her chariot full against that of Calimachus, and his own interlocked with them. A ghastly pallor had overspread the features of the Spartan girl, whilst the wild looks of the frightened Syracusan betokened his sense of the danger.

They were now opposite the column—the black coursers were suddenly and violently reined inward, and a crash grated on the ear.

The terrible shock was too much for the slender and elegant vehicles of his antagonists, but that of Alcibiades was unhurt. The terrified Calimachus leaped forward, but in the attempt to sheer one danger he rashly plunged into another. He missed his aim and fell—his feet became entangled in the trappings of the horses, and in an instant he was trampled and mangled to death.

The most lively anxiety was now felt on all sides for the fate of the heroic Synisca, who could be seen still standing on a fragment of her chariot, but whose horses, yet more hampered and pressed by the artful manœuvres of the Athenian, were rearing and plunging in the endeavor to extricate themselves. Two of them had been frightfully wounded in the confusion, and were utterly intractable.

And now the black steeds, almost unmanageable themselves, seemed to be charging full against them: the fragment of the carriage was crushed against the column, and the wounded horses fell under the pressure. Just then, when all were looking with intense and appalling horror to see the Spartan sink before the dread fate which menaced her, Alcibiades was seen to stoop, and quick as lighting he grasped with his left had the waist of the beautiful woman, and held her safely before the astonished crowd, whilst his huge coursers thundered forward to the goal, closely pursued by the remaining horses of Synisca.

First Female Member of the A. A. A. S.—Miss Maria Mitchell, of Nantucket, discoverer of the Comet which bears her name, was unanimously elected an honorary member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, at their last general meeting. We believe that this is the first time such an honor has been conferred on any lady in this country; and a similar honor has been conferred on but two ladies in Europe. Miss Caroline Herschel, the sister and assistant of the late Sir William Herschel, in his astronomical labors, and Mrs. Somerville, the commentator on La Place, were some years ago elected honorary members of the Astronomical Society of London. —*Boston Traveler.*

The Census.—We find in the Telegraph the official census from the several counties of Texas generally, down to the beginning of the present year. The total results for the whole country are as follows: Electors or voters 22,013; white males under 18 years 27,814, white males over 18 and under 45 years 25,149; white males over 45 years 4,899; white females 45,099; slaves 38,753; free colored persons 295. Total white population 102,961. Total white and colored population of all Texas 242,009.

N. B.—No returns are here made from Newton and San Patricio counties, and the returns from several other counties are said to be inaccurate.—*Galveston News, May* 16.

A little orphan girl, 12 years of age, at Augusta, Ohio, committed to memory in *one week*, and repeated at Sunday School, 1,010 verses in the New Testament. And what is most remarkable, says the Cincinnati Daily Commercial, that two years ago this little child was brought from Maryland perfectly friendless, and was not acquainted with the alphabet. This is indeed an unprecedented exhibition of the wonderful power of memory.

Gen. Taylor taken Prisoner.

Correspondence of the N. O. Picayune.

IBERVILLE, May 25, 1848.

The good people of Iberville have been in an excitement for some days, created by an expected visit from Gen. Taylor, he having promised to call on some of his numerous friends in that parish and partake of their distinguished hospitality.—Quietly and unheralded, accompanied by D. D. Avery, Esq., he presented himself yesterday at noon, (Tuesday,) at the residence of J. N. Brown, Esq., where he partook of a sumptuous dinner, and then proceeded to the house of a warm personal friend, Col. R. A. Stewart, where he established himself for the day. The General was in remarkably fine spirits, and since he has thrown aside the military dress, and come out in a new suit of black, it seems as if he had turned back the wheels of time and stricken the marks of ten years from his capacious brow. We can form some slight idea by attentively studying his face how it looked when lighted up by the excitement of battle; but yesterday, as he wended his way along, with the broad bosom of the Mississippi on one side, and the luminous fields of cane on the other, we thought that the evidences of *peace* gave a far more glorious expression to his eye than even the clang of arms and the crash of "glorious war" could. In fact, Gen. Taylor's heart and soul revel in the quiet pursuits of agricultural life; it is passing strange how entirely he puts off his armor when "off duty." In this respect he has no prototype, except in the great man he resembles in so many other points; Washington, the Father of his Country.

It so happened that on the very evening of the arrival of Gen. Taylor at Col. Stewart's, that the beautiful residence of Mr. Simon Le Blanc was lighted up until it seemed to be one blaze of light, and within its precincts was heard the sound of revelry. The patriot's youngest daughter had a few hours before stood at the bridal altar, and hundreds of relatives and admiring friends were gaily and joyously celebrating the event. The rumor went through the crowd that Gen. Taylor had arrived in the neighborhood. The beautiful bride, the troupe of bride's maids, the whole circle of Louisiana's fairest daughters, that graced the festive scene, lisped the honored name, while the gentlemen more boisterously gave vent to their feelings of admiration. In a few moments the ladies formed a plan to "capture the old hero."—They felt confident that they could do what Santa Anna and twenty thousand picked troops could not. Miss ——, Miss ——, and Miss ——, three lovely young ladies, were at once organized into a powerful army, supported by several gentlemen. It was agreed that the ladies should get into Dr. Prichard's carriage, the gentlemen into A. S. Robertson's, it being owned by the "grand marshal," and that the corps should proceed quietly up to Gen. Taylor's encampment, (Col. Stewart's house) and carry it by a *coup de main*. The affair was entirely successful; the *light* artillery got on to the gallery of the house unperceived, as it was raining very hard at the time, and boldly entering the sally port, carried old Zack in fifteen seconds. At the time, he was firmly seated in a large red backed arm chair, Col. Stewart supporting him on the right, his accomplished lady on the left. The General on the first attack attempted to manœuvre, but it was a total failure; the ditch was on the wrong side, and the first general discharge of a little more grape of bright eyes set him in a fluttering, and with a few random shots *he surrendered at discretion*, long before the heavy artillery in the rear was brought into action. Old Zack, however, displayed considerable presence of mind, even under the novel position of defeat, and stipulated that he should *ride* to the wedding in the carriage with his cap-*tiva*-tors, and be treated otherwise with all the considerations of honorable warfare. I am sorry to add in this connection, that one of the young ladies fired several shots at Gen. Taylor's heart after he had "given up," but fortunately the aim missed, and killed two young gentlemen.

Gen. Taylor was instantly hurried off for fear of a *rescue*, as there were large forces of the enemy hovering about, all anxious to get him into their possession. He acted in a most resigned manner throughout, and as far as we could judge, showed a little of La Vega's spirit, at being *rather pleased* with his condition of prisoner. On arriving at *Mr.* Le Blanc's he was conducted with due ceremony into the crowded rooms. A buzz of excitement followed, and when the old General was seen, the waving of fair hands and loud shouts of *Vive la Gen. Taylor*, welcome Gen. Taylor, followed; a "bridal favor" was immediately pinned on his right shoulder, and another imprinted upon his lips, and he became the observed of all observers. Such an overwhelming and heartfelt reception we never before witnessed. The General was literally crushed under favors: he however maintained his position. It would be impossible for us to detail all the interesting incidents of the occasion, and perhaps it would not be proper for us to notice that the little grandson of Mr. Simon Le Blanc, who rejoices in the *winning* name of Zachary Taylor, was placed in the old General's arms, he prophecying that he was bound to be a General some of these days. This incident, so interesting in itself, and a hundred others, testifying the deep hold Gen. Taylor has upon the hearts of the people of Louisiana, we will not write, but abruptly end our letter, which but faintly records the events of the first day of Gen. Taylor's visit to Iberville.

On Wednesday morning Gen. Taylor pursued his journey down the coast, calling at the residences of Dr. Pritchard, A. S. Robertson, Edward Morse, John Hagan, Jr., and R. C. Camp, Esq. At Mr. Hagan's he was saluted with some remarkably fine music. At Mr. Camp's he crossed the river and was conducted to the residence of C. Adams, Esq., at which place was assembled a number of friends. The uncertainty of Gen. Taylor's movements made it impossible for the time of his visit to be given out, and consequently very many were debarred from paying him their respects. All who shook the old hero by the hand did it with a cordiality that came from the heart, and all endeavored to be foremost in paying him attention. It certainly was a curious thing to see Gen. Taylor among the rich sugar plantations of the coast, resembling in every particular of dress and manner a fine old farmer, and maintaining that appearence by the most devoted love for agricultural purposes, and entering into all their details with a practical knowledge that seems wholly incompatible with a life of forty years of active military service. In all the conversation we heard, little was said of politics and nothing of Mexico. The old General, however, talks freely and gives his opinions on all subjects with the utmost frankness. Whatever may be the notions of the world as to his aspirations, and although he would serve the people as President and discharge the duties of that responsible office with the highest ability, yet we are satisfied that Gen. Taylor's heart is with the tiller of the soil, and that he would rather be quiet in the humble home of the farmer than be surrounded with the power and pomp of the *White House*.

T. B. T.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

THE LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL. 1 vol., 12 mo. By J. T. HEADLEY, New York: Baker & Scrivner, 1848.

This book is not without slight imperfections in the style, but is, nevertheless, a very readable work. The author rightly affirms that CROMWELL has been maligned by many historians, and his character misunderstood by most people till within a short period of time. He has usually been considered a hypocrite, and but little confidence has been placed in his religious character. On this subject Mr. HEADLEY thus writes:

"Of his religious character we have already spoken. No one can read his letters without believing in his sincerity. The purity of God's Church on earth, was ever uppermost in his mind; and he strove to give Christianity that prominence in the nation it ought to hold, and *must* hold, to secure continued prosperity. Protestantism never had an abler or nobler champion. True, there was a great deal of cant in the religion of those times—probably there never was such a mixture of hypocrisy and sincerity, fanaticism and true godliness, as under the Commonwealth of England. When all were more or less affected by the spirit that was abroad, and men talked in Bible language, and troopers preached and prayed with each other, and parliament itself was frequently turned into a prayer meeting, it is not to be expected that Cromwell should be free from religious peculiarities. Probably one cause of the great influence he obtained over the soldiers, was the strong, religious excitement, that, at times, mastered him, and caused him to make those wild and stirring appeals which wrought them into such enuthusiasm. Frequently, just before an engagement, his eye would kindle, and his countenance light up with prophetic fire, and the words of Isaiah or David roll in tremulous accents from his quivering lips, till every sword leaped from its scabbard.

"In these respects he was unlike all other military leaders of modern times. He sung psalms when he went into battle, and consulted the Bible in his campaigns as much as his maps, and quoted Scripture to parliament—all of which may seem very weak in our day; but they detracted nothing from the strength and majesty of Cromwell's character. A strong, sincere and religious man—a Christian of Moses' time, if we may use the term, rather than of ours—who read the Old Testament much, and the Gospel little; pondered the dispensation of law, more than that of grace; understood the lofty language of David, better than the meek words of John; loved the commandments more than the beatitudes—a fierce fighter, a good ruler, and a stern patriot, was Oliver Cromwell. He is outliving his traducers; and will be honored by man long after thrones have been cast aside as useless things."

With a little less haste and a good deal more labor, the author of this book can secure for himself permanent and wide-spread fame. He who can write like the following scrap, which happily portrays the character of the invincible and immortal "Ironsides," is not without promise:

"These Ironsides were stern, religious men, who could sing psalms through their noses, and pray before going into battle; and he who would walk over the tented field at evening, and listen to their nasal chantings, might deem himself in a conventicle of of monks, and laugh at the thought of their being warriors; but he who saw them with their helmets on—their sabres shaking above their heads, and their flashing eyes bent in wrath on the enemy, sweeping like a thunder-cloud to battle, would ever after tread softly about their prayer meetings, and listen to their psalm singing, like one who hears music around the lip of the volcano."

For sale by Messrs. PECKS.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, May, 1848, American edition—Vol. 4, No. 1. New York; Leonard Scott & Co.

The fourth volume of this young and manly Quarterly commenced this month. The degree of popularity which it has attained in Great Britian, is said to be almost unprecedented; and certainly it must be winning many and warm friends in this country. Liberal in its views; by no means strictly theological; and with its pages enriched by the best talent in our father land, it commends itself to the patronage of the thoughtful everywhere. From the last number, which contains half-a-dozen able and excellent papers, we make the following extract from a review of Foster's life of Goldsmith:

"Among the household of children too tremulously associated to the fluctuations of earth, stands forward conspicuously Oliver Goldsmith. And there is a belief current—that he was conspicuous, not only in the sense of being constitutionally flexible to the impressions of sorrow and adversity, in case they had happened to occur, but also that he really *had* more than his share of those afflictions. We are disposed to think that this was not so. Our trust is, that Goldsmith lived upon the whole a life which, though troubled, was one of average enjoyment. Unquestionably, when reading at midnight, and in the middle watch of a century which *he* never reached, this record of one so amiable, so guileless, so upright, or seeming to be otherwise for a moment only in the eyes of those who did not know his difficulties, nor could have understood them; when recurring also to his admirable genius, to the sweet natural gaiety of his oftentimes pathetic humour, and to the varied accomplishments from talents or erudition, by which he gave effect to endowments so fascinating—one cannot but sorrow over the strife which he sustained, and over the wrong by which he suffered. A few natural tears one sheds at the rehearsal of so much contumely from fools, which he stood under unresistingly as one bareheaded under a hail-storm; and worse to bear than the scorn of fools, was the imperfect sympathy and jealous self-distrusting esteem which he received to the last from friends. Doubtless he suffered much wrong; but so, in one way or other, do most men; he suffered also this special wrong, that in his life-time he never was fully appreciated by any one friend—something of a countermovement ever mingled with praise for *him*—he never saw himself enthroned in the heart of any young and fervent admirer, and he was always overshadowed by men less deeply genial, though more showy than himself; but these things happen, and *have* happened to myriads amongst the benefactors of earth. Their names ascend in songs of thankful commemoration, but not until the ears are deaf that would have thrilled to the music.—And these were the heaviest of Goldsmith's afflictions; what are likely to be thought such, viz: the battles which he fought for his daily bread, we do not number amongst them. To struggle is not to suffer. Heaven grants to few of us a life of untroubled prosperity, and grants it least of all to its favorites."

The North British Review is three dollars a year, taken singly, or two dollars, taken in connection with the Edinburgh, Westminster and

London Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine. A. Burke, under the Mansion house, is agent.

A General History of the Baptist Denomination in America and other parts of the world. By David Benedict. New York: Lewis Colby & Co. 1848.

This great work, complete in one octavo volume of nearly a thousand pages, is, we are informed by the author, the result of twenty-five years' labor. He has divided it into three parts, the *first* treating of Foreign Baptists from the introduction of Christianity to the Reformation, a period of fifteen centuries; the *second* of Authors on Baptism, including those who have written on both sides of the question, with a brief analysis of their several productions; and the *third*, of American Baptists. The last portion occupies more than half the volume, and aside from the account of the settlement and progress of the denomination in this new world, it contains numerous and "thrilling incidents connected with the early and self-denying labors of the fathers." The work is massy in historical and statistic intelligence, and must be very acceptable to the denomination the history of which it contains. It is handsomely printed and bound in a workman-like manner.

For sale at Breed's bookstore.

Introduction to the Science of Government and Compend of the Constitution and Civil Jurisprudence of the United States, With a brief treatise on Political Economy. To which is added the New Constitution of the State of New York. By Andrew W. Young. Buffalo: Geo. H. Derby & Co. 1848.

We have had occasion to speak of this work before. The new edition by our neighbors, is materially enhanced in value by the appendage of the new Constitution of this State, which was stereotyped in this city. The work is bound in a neat and substantial style, and should be in the hands of every young man. It is designed for families as well as schools, and may be studied with profit by old and young.

For sale by the publishers, 164 Main street.

Lectures on Pilgrim's Progress.—Rev. Mr. Heacock, pastor of the Lafayette street Church, has, by request, comenced repeating his lectures, delivered last fall, on Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. The first of the Series was delivered last Sabbath evening: the second will be given next Sabbath evening. They have been prepared with care and are highly interesting and instructive.

The Home Journal, one of the most popular literary weeklies in the country, will commence a new volume the first of next month. We hope Messrs. Morris & Willis, the editors and proprietors, are receiving ample reward for their labors.

The Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes, No. 4 has been received by L. Danforth & Co. 230 Main street.

Bryant a Prophet.—The following lines are found in William Cullen Bryant's sublime poem entitled "*The Winds.*" Recent events, says the editor of the Knickerbocker, for which magazine the poem was originally written, "recent events, which are filling European kingdoms with fear of change, perplexing monarchs, would seem to indicate that the prophecy is at least in progress of fulfilment:"

"Why rage ye thus?—no strife for liberty
Has made you mad; no tyrant, strong through fear,
Has chained your pinions till ye wrenched them free,
And rushed into the unmeasured atmosphere;
For ye were born in freedom where ye blow;
Free o'er the mighty deep to come and go;
Earth's solemn woods were yours, her wastes of snow,
Her isles where summer blossoms all the year.

"O ye wild winds! a mightier Power than yours,
In chains upon the shore of Europe lies:
The sceptred throng, whose fetters he endures,
Watch his mute throes with terror in their eyes.
And armed warriors all around him stand,
And as he struggles, tighten every band,
And lift the heavy spear, with threatening hand,
To pierce the victim should he strive to rise.

"Yet oh! when that wronged Spirit of our race,
Shall break, as soon he must, his long-worn chains,
And leap in freedom from his prison-place,
Lord of his ancient hills and fruitful plains;
Let him not rise, like these mad winds of air,
To waste the loveliness that time could spare
To fill the earth with woe, and blot her fair
Unconscious breast with blood from human veins.

"But may he like the Spring-time come abroad,
Who crumbles winter's gyves with gentle might,
When in the genial breeze, the breath of God,
Comes spouting up the unsealed springs to light:
Flowers start from their dark prisons at his feet:
The woods, long dumb, awake to hymnings sweet,
And morn and eve, whose glimmerings almost meet,
Crowd back to narrow bounds the ancient night."

To Correspondents.—Communications have lately been received from Mount Healthy, O., West Bloomfield, Mayville and Royalton, all of which are accepted.

"The Voice of Spring" is hardly seasonable. Let the author lay it aside till another year, and in the mean time carefully revise it.

The Whig National Convention, which met at Philadelphia on the 7th instant, nominated Gen. Z. Taylor, of Louisiana, for President and Millard Fillmore, late of this city, for Vice President.

Hawks, at the Literary Depot in the post office buildings, has the Knickerbocker and Horticulturist for June.

New York, June 12—3 P. M.

A despatch from Washington, says an official order has just been given for the withdrawal of the volunteers from Mexico. The Massachusetts Regiment will embark at Vera Cruz for Boston direct. The New York and New Jersey regiments for Fort Hamilton.

The old regiments of the regular army will leave after the embarkation of the volunteers—the first and second regiments of Artillery being ordered to Governor's Island.

The official announcement of peace will not be made until our troops have reached the frontier.

An arrival at New Orleans, from Tampico brings a rumor, that San Luis has been attacked and captured by 5,000 Indians, and that the inhabitants had fled. Another rumor was, that the anti-peace party had possession of the place.

The News by the Acadia.

☞ The steamship *Acadia* arrived on Saturday, bringing seven days later intelligence from Europe. We give below the details of the news brought by her:

FRANCE.

The festival at the Champ de Mars, which had been postponed from time to time, was held on the 21st inst. From an early hour of the morning the troops—cavalry, infantry and artillery—were in motion in various directions toward the Champ de Mars. The population which formed part of this vast spectacle assembled at points previously assigned, in an extensive line, extending from the Place de la Concorde, along the Boulevards, to the Place de la Bastille. At about 10 o'clock they began to move. Nothing can convey a better idea of this pantomime than a London Lord Mayor's show, upon a scale magnified about one hundred times.

The processions were classed according to trades, such as jewellers, glassworkers, bakers, silversmiths, shoemakers, &c. Each trade was preceded by a car or bier, supporting some characteristic emblematic structure, and adorned in some cases, by the most showy and beautiful specimens of their respective arts. Tri-colored cords extended usually from the canopies of these, which were held by ladies apparelled in white, with tri-colored ribbons decorating their hair, and in many instances furnished with parasols of white silk with tri-colored fringe. The large portion of those who composed the procession consisting of females, attired with more or less elegance and grace, gave a very pleasing effect to the solemnity.

The best point of view was from the heights of Chaillot, immediately overhanging the theatre of the spectacle, and offering a close bird's-eye view of the whole.

Innumerable tri-color *drapeux* and *oriflamms* floated over the field. The brilliant uniforms of the troops, especially those of several regiments of cuirassiers and lancers, sparkled in the sun. The Ecole Militaire was crowded with spectators, both on the windows and the roof. Galleries, erected along the sides and ends of the field, and tribunes constructed at regular intervals, from end to end of the area, were also filled. The field itself literally swarmed with human heads. The quays, bridges, and all the surrounding heights were quite alive with the populace. Artillery, stationed on the heights of Chaillot, thundered their salute unceasingly during the entire ceremony.

The Provisional Government and the members of the National Assembly took their seats about half-past nine, after which the different deputations filed before them. Among the deputations were several of foreigners, principally Poles, Germans, Italians and Belgians. A small party of Irish, consisting of not more than twelve persons, and carrying a little green flag, though not included in the programme, made their appearance, and after some demur, were allowed to follow the others. The troops then began to defile, and continued, without intermission, till past 3 o'clock. Then came the grand chariot of commerce and agriculture, and the deputations of the different trades peculiar to France, and especially to Paris.

Mr. Rush, the American Minister, has communicated a resolution to the Provisional Government, tendering the congratulations of the United States to the people of France on the revolution. The resolution was accompanied by the expression of the President's hope that France would be able to establish internal order, and to avoid foreign war. M. de Lamartine returned the following reply:

"The resolution which you present to us on the part of the Senate, the Legislative body, and the President of the American Republic, is a happy confirmation of the recognition of the French Republic which you were the first to proclaim. The new Government or the Republic would view with a just susceptibility foreign Governments mixing up counsel with the expression of their good wishes; but in the intimate relations which exist between the French Republic and that of America, every word which the latter may address to us will be received on the score of perpetual friendship. The Senate, the Legislative body, and the Executive power of the United States, may be convinced that their wise counsels serve in advance as a law to the French Republic; not only will it follow in their path, but it will follow the examples which they give of the order of regular institutions, of attention to its neighbors, of solicitude for labor, instruction, and the prosperity of the people. The names of Washington, Jefferson and Jackson are inscribed on the banner of the new Republic, and if France is fortunate enough to find in its future annals names worthy of these, Liberty will assume its real character on the Old Continent, as it has done on the other side of the Atlantic."

The City of Lyons was much disturbed on the 17th, particularly the neighborhood of the Croix-Rousse, in consequence of the uncertainty which prevailed as to the state of Paris. In the course of the night, about 500 or 600 men of the National Workshops traversed the town in arms, and proceeded to the residence of M. Martin-Bernard, the Government Commissary, to demand the enlargement of the prisoners. Some arrests took place. The workmen made a demonstration against the Palais de Justice, to get their comrades liberated. The accounts since received from Lyons are of a most deplorable character.—Disturbances commenced in that city on the morning of the 19th instant, which continued throughout the day, and assumed in the evening a truly serious character. Barricades were erected, and the red flag once more hoisted. The prisoners arrested on the previous day had been liberated on the injunction of the revolters. The local authorities were no longer recognised, and the insurgents were masters of the city. Fresh disorders appeared imminent. On the 22d, the situation of Lyons was very alarming. Almost all the barricades which had been erected are still standing, with the exception of those near the Bernardins.

A bloody conflict has taken place at Toulon, between the troops and the operatives of the dockyards, the latter of whom had seized the arsenal.

Some sensation has been created by the publication, in the *Presse*, of a diary, said to be kept by the Prince de Joinville, and from the liberal spirit which characterizes it throughout, and the sentiments of devotedness toward France (independent of its being a Monarchy or Republic) with which it is overspread, we should not wonder if it would produce a deep impression in favor of the journalist, who was always a favorite with the French people. It will be borne in mind that M. de Girardin, Editor of the *Presse*, is not a Republican, and the appearance of this diary at the present juncture, may be a stroke of policy on the part of ex-royal family. A correspondence between the Prince and a friend in Paris is also published in the *Presse*.

It appears that the Committee of the Assembly has recommended the adoption of a decree of banishment against the Orleans family. The

Committee on the Constitution, which sits daily, is said to be in favor of proposing a plan which will include only fundamental basis, without details, as being the most likely means to enable the Assembly to come to an immediate decision.

The President of the National Assembly announced on the 28th that he had received a letter from the Prince de Joinville and the Duc d'Aumale, and another from the Duc de Nemours, which he proposed to refer to the Committee of the decree as to Louis Philippe and his family.

A great number of voices: Read! read! (Lively, curiosity was excited in all parts of the Assembly.)

The President then read the following letters, received from the Dukes of Nemours and Aumale and the Prince de Joinville:

MAY 19, 1848.

M. LE PRESIDENT: The public journals inform us of a projected decree to exclude us altogether from France. The sentiments with which that project inspires us removes the reserve which till now we had imposed upon ourselves. We had hoped that this reserve, entirely patriotic, would have been appreciated. The Assembly met; it proceeded, in its independence and its sovereignty, to vote for the new Constitution, and we did not wish in the midst of its deliberations to occupy it with the expression of our personal wishes.

We considered that, in quitting Algiers at the first appeal to our patriotism, we furnished to the country a solemn proof of our firm intention not to disunite France, as we had testified the respect with which we accepted the appeal made to the nation.

We flatter ourselves, therefore, that the country cannot think of repelling us who have always loyally and faithfully served it, in our professions, whether naval or military.

The project of the decree, however, shows that some have thought otherwise, and the moment chosen to produce it constitutes, beside, an assimilation which we cannot accept.

Exempt from all personal ambition, we protest, before the representatives of the nation, against a measure from which a knowledge of our previous services and our sentiments should have guaranteed us.

Deign, sir, to place this letter before the National Assembly, and receive the assurance of our high consideration.

(Signed) FRANCOIS D'ORLEANS.
HENRI D'ORLEANS.

COMMITTEES OF THE GOVERNMENT.—The Committee on the Decree of Exile of the Orleans family are MM. Altaroche, Bourbeau, Babaud-Laridiere Woirhaye, Isambert, Gen. Duvivier, Nogue, Mathieu (de la Drome,) Germain Sarrot, Emile Leroux, Auberger, Bidault, Jules Richard, Maurat-Ballarge, Marchal, Dornes, Conti, and Ceyras.

The following are the descriptions of the members composing the Committee appointed by the Assembly to propose the project of the Constitution:

President, M. de Cormenin, ex-deputy, President of the Council of State.

Secretary, M. Corbon (operative,) Editor of the *Atelier*, Vice-President of the National Assembly.

Members, M. M. Armand Marrast, Mayor of Paris; L'Abbe Lamennais; Vivie, ex-deputy, ex-Minister of Justice, ex-Vice-president of Council of State; Alexis de Tocqueville, ex-deputy, Member of the Institute, author of "Democracy in America;" Dufaure, ex-deputy, ex-Minister of Public Works; Martin (de Strasbourg) ex-deputy, Advocate at the Court of Appeal; Woirhaye, Procureur General of Court of Appeal at Metz; Coquerel, Protestant Minister; Tourret (de l'Allier,) ex-deputy, agriculturist; Dupin, ex-deputy, Procureur General of Court of Appeal; Gustave de Beaumont, ex-deputy, Member of Institute, author of "l'Irelande, Social and Politique;" Odillon Barrot, ex-deputy; Pages (de l'Ariege,) ex-deputy; Dornez, editor of *National*; Considerant, chief editor of the *Democratic Pacifique*.

The committee of which M. Cormenin is president, sits daily for several hours. M. Cormenin has been authorised to prepare a draft of a constitution. M. Lamennais (who, it will be recollected, lately published a project of a constitution for the Republic) has resigned his seat in the commission. From this it may be inferred that the ideas of the ex-Abbe are not in harmony with those of the majority of the committee.

The committee appointed to examine the *project de loi* regulating the relations between the Executive and the National Assembly, has, it is said, rejected altogether the clause in the bill which gave the Executive Government the power either to sit in the Assembly or not, according to its own choice, and also the clause which restricts the power of the President of the Assembly. The importance of this resolution is greatly increased by the fact of there being a serious schism in the Executive Government itself, of which the committee was officially informed, together with an intimation that, if any change was made in the bill, it would have the effect of endangering the existence of the Government. It is reported that M. Lamartine and Ledru Rollin have declared that they are prepared to give in their resignations, and that MM. Arago, Garnier Pages, and Marie have resolved to remain in office.

Indications have already been manifested of the intention of those in authority to let the chief conspirators, now confined at Vincennes, escape.—Barbes attempted lately to walk out of the chetean and make off, and very nearly succeeded. Two of his three guards connived at his escape, but the third arrested him in the act of going out.—He has been hitherto confined in the ground-floor of the "Donjon." On this attempt being made known to the Governor he was transferred to a room in the upper story. No one, however, believes in his ultimate punishment, at least so long as the present Government remains in office.

IRELAND

From the European Times, May 27.

DUBLIN, Friday Night, half past 6.

At ten o'clock the Judges having taken their seats on the bench, and the names of the jurors having been called over, the Attorney General stated the case for the prosecution.

Mr. Charles Vernon, two Police Constables, Mr. Pierce, George Barron and Mr. Virge, a tax collector, were called to prove the publication complained of.

After which Mr. Holmes addressed the Court in a very able speech on behalf of Mr. Mitchell.

Mr. Henn, Q. C. having been heard in reply, Judge Moore charged the Jury, who retired at a quarter past four o'clock.

We learn by a telegraphic despatch, which reached the Mail steamer after sailing, that, after three hours deliberation, the Jury returned into Court with a verdict of GUILTY against John Mitchell.

The Attorney General stated the case in a long and able speech, and adduced evidence to prove the delivery by the prisoner of the sentiments charged as felony.

☞ QUINTILIAN mentions the fact of a rich man, his cotemporary, who poisoned the flowers and herbs in his garden, that his neighbor's bees might gather no more honey from them.

Anniversary Meetings.

Boston, June 3.

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.—This Society met at the Tremont Temple on Thursday evening. Its Committee made the following statement:

Missionaries sent forth.—Since May of last year, nine of the Missions have been reinforced—the South African, Syrian, Nestorian, Bombay, Madura, China, Sandwich Islands, Cherokee, and Choctaw—by fourteen ordained missionaries, and sixteen assistant missionaries; thirty in all.

New Missionaries under Appointment.—Nineteen clerical missionaries are under appointment, from seven theological seminaries, with two missionary physicians, and other assistant missionaries. These are all much needed in the missions, and are expected to embark during the year to come; nearly all of them in the autumn. Two have been set apart for a mission to the Jews at Salonica, (anciently Thessalonica,) in European Turkey. Several applications for appointments as missionaries are now before the Prudential Committee.

The Missions.—The system under the care of the Board, contains 26 missions, about 100 stations, 150 ordained missionaries, 4 licensed preachers, 32 lay helpers, and 204 female assistant missionaries; in all 390 sent from this country. Associated with these, are 25 native preachers, and about 100 other native helpers; making 515 laborers among the heathen, who are dependant on the treasury of the Board for their means of support. In these missions are 75 churches, containing upwards of 26,000 members; 33 seminaries and boarding schools, containing 1,358 boarding scholars; 367 free schools, containing about 12,000 pupils; and 11 printing establishments, at which about 600,000,000 of pages have been printed, from the beginning, in 30 languages. The common schools at the Sandwich Islands, containing 18,000 pupils, are now wholly supported by the native government.

The Finances.—Though so many missionaries have been sent forth, the Prudential Committee have felt the necessity of keeping down the expenses in the missions; and the estimated *expenditure* of the financial year ending with July next, does not exceed that of the last year by more than $6,000. It could not have been made less, without violence. This will make the year's expenditure $270,000. Add the debt of last year, amounting to $31,000, and the proper expenditure of the year would be $301,000. And what are likely to be the *receipts?* These have been $178,000 for the first nine months, or $33,000 (nearly 25 per cent.) more than during the same period of time last year. Should there be an equal advance upon the receipts in the three remaining months the receipts of the current year will be $260,000; and the indebtedness of the Board will be about $41,000; *it is at present about* $60,000. The advance of 40 *per cent.*, recommended by the special committee to which the subject was referred by the Board at Buffalo, would have paid the expenses of the year, and freed the Board from debt. An advance to that amount in the remaining months of the year, will meet the current expense and leave the debt as it was a year ago.

It should be remembered, that the last financial year commenced with a balance in the treasury of $22,000, the result of an extraordinary legacy; that the monthly receipts had then fallen below the necessary expenditure; and that they are yet below it. This is the reason why the balance is still on the wrong side. Shall the Board be enabled to enter upon its next year free from embarrassment? Shall it send out the goodly company of missionaries now under appointment, without the necessity of curtailing, for this purpose, the expenditure in the several missions?

"Old Ironsides."—The favorite U. S. frigate Constitution, which has been in the Dry Dock at Charlestown, since February last, was taken out of the dock on Saturday, having been thoroughly repaired from stem to stern. She is to be fitted for sea with all despatch. Her destination as yet is not known.—*Boston Times.*

This old national vessel is consecrated by veneration for the services she has seen, and above all her name. Not many years since, the Navy Department ordered her to be destroyed, and she was rescued from the workmen's hands by the opportune appearance of Holmes' beautiful ode commencing—

> Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!
> Long has it waved on high,
> And many an eye has danced to see
> That banner in the sky.

The order was countermanded, and the venerable old craft repaired. Long may she yet float the briny deep.

An Infamous Character.—The following statements come to us vouched for by respectable authority:

For some time past, a young lady of excellent character and respectable family, has had left at her residence a number of anonymous communications, purporting to be written by a *gentleman*, but *known* to be written by a certain woman, in a disguised hand. They are of a most infamous and vulgar import, the design of which is well understood. During the same period, certain gentlemen have been receiving from the same *infamous female*, letters purporting to be written to them by the lady first mentioned, inviting them to dishonorable connections, and assigning a time for meeting on certain evenings. The lady, unaware of any such designs upon her character, has received occasional insults in the street, it is supposed by some of the individuals who have received those letters to which her name was affixed by that infamous character.—*Boston Traveller.*

Messrs. Editors:—In my note book of 1831, on the 20th of June, I made the following entry:

"Locusts have visited us in immense numbers. From this place to Buffalo, south as far as Geneseo, east some 20 or 30 miles, how much farther I am not informed, they have covered the country. They will appear again in 1848. This is no prophecy. They are a most singular animal. They live in the earth seventeen years, appear in May—live about 20 or 25 days, lay their eggs in the branches of trees, in the last year's growth, then die. In sixty days the egg is hatched, drops to the ground, which the worm or larva immediately begins to enter and continues to descend for several years (probably.) They have been found seventeen and twenty feet under ground, how much farther they go is not known. One man tells me he found them five years ago (1826) 10 feet deep; another informs me that three years since (1828) he found them 6 feet. This would seem to indicate nearly the time of their progress upward."

I observed in the American of yesterday, the announcement that these insects, *cicada septemdecem*, have made their appearance about Avon and a few other places in this vicinity, confirming the above prediction. W. W. R.

Rochester, June 10th, 1848.

—*Rock. Dem.*

Italian Patriotic Song.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Hear ye the trumpet that calls to the combat?
Up with your banner to stream in the sky!
Children of Italy, forward together!
Bravely in battle to conquer or die.

Down with the Austrians, with kings and with cowards!
Spurned be their bribes, and their tortures defied,
Freedom for Italy! what if we perish?
Greatly we perish on Liberty's side.

Matrons, come forth, with the old men and children,
Grasping your weapons at Liberty's call.
Charge on the tyrants, the foes of your country—
Foes who for ages have held her in thrall,

Loud be the cry, that for battle and vengeance,
Rises from millions on Italy's shore;
She shall be free, and her children united,
Slaves to the Austrian despot no more!
She shall be free, or we sleep in our graves—
Better die bravely, than live to be slaves.

HEDGES.—The best hedge in the United States, says the Genesee Farmer, extends about a mile along the highway on a plantation of 3,000 acres, near Augusta, Georgia. It is the Cherokee rose, which is now in full bloom, presenting a magnificent floral spectacle, and filling the atmosphere with delicious perfume. No animal without wings can get over, or through it. Having stood forty or fifty years it still promises a good fence for another century to come. The owner and occupant of this splendid estate, Mr. D'Laigle, was a St. Domingo planter at the time of the insurrection and dreadful massacre by the blacks, and was so fortunate as to escape to the United States.

A PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.—There is a citizen in Connecticut, who is a Justice of Peace and keeper of a Hotel. As Justice, he unites in the holy bonds of matrimony all runaway couples, and as host entertains them at the hotel during the honey-moon. By this Gretna Green process, he is supposed to have taken $500 in matrimonial fees during the past year, besides heavy tavern bills, and there is no law which can prevent the Justice from marrying parties or entertaining them at his hotel. There is no recapturing fugitives, who are in sight of his tavern.

SAN JACINTO PAT.—This celebrated Indian Chief, who is carrying such terror into the white settlements of Yucatan, is of Irish descent. His father was an Irishman of great weight and influence with the Yucatecos, and his mother is an Indian woman. He is possessed of great courage, activity and firmness, and in many respects strongly resembles Carrera, the Indian President of Guatemala. San Jacinto belongs to the Young Irelanders, and is a strong advocate of the physical force doctrine.—*N. O. Delta, May* 12.

A NEW RAT TRAP.—Take a tub or kettle, fill it to within six inches of the top with water, cover it with chaff or bran, and place it at night where the rats resort. By this method thirty-six rats have been taken in one night.

A Kentucky roarer declares that since he has signed the teetotal pledge he has drank the Mississippi water by the gallon. "Talk to me of a man eating a peck of dirt in a life time," said he, "why I have only been swallowing that sediment for a month, and am already chuck full of sandbars, snags, rafts, islands, and sunken flatboats, and never was healthier in my life."

THE WHALE FISHERY.—The accounts from the Kamschatka fleet of whalers are said to be bad. Upwards of fifty vessels are reported as having done nothing. There have been several shocks of earthquakes felt at sea in that region, which are supposed to have frightened the whales off their usual feeding grounds.

MARRIED.

On the 11th inst., by Rev. A. Wright, Mr. ROBERT J. DONNELLY, and Miss BETSEY NEWTON.

On the 8th inst., by Rev. Mr. Shelton, Mr. CHARLES PIQUETTE, of Detroit, and Miss RACHEL J. DAVIS, of Quebec, C. E.

In Java, Wyoming Co., on the 7th instant, by Rev. Mr. Child, Mr. LAFAYETTE CHIPMAN, and Miss ESTHER PAPSON.

Also, at the same time and place, Mr. LATHROP WARREN, and Miss LAURA A. CHIPMAN.

At Hamburgh, on the 8th inst., by Ira E. Irish, Esq., Mr. L. C. LITTLEFIELD, of Clymer, Chaut. Co., and Miss MARY L. DART, of Hamburgh.

DIED.

On the 6th inst., Mr. JOHN CAMERON, aged 24 years

On the 11th inst., DOMINICO CASWELL, more commonly known by the appellation of "Sandy."

In Detroit, SIMEON B. DRAPER, formerly of Rochester, aged 21 years.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM H., son of Warren and Amelia E. Bryant, aged 5 years.

This morning, GEORGE MERRILL, father of Geo. W. Merrill, aged 67 years.

This morning, 12th instant, Mr. JOHN HAY, aged 38 years.

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Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1848. NO. 21.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Musings.

BY MISS ALICE CARY.

How solemn seems the midnight sky—
How cold its starry splendor,
In the sweet summertimes gone by
I thought its light so tender!

I cannot make my spirit still
Its wild and weary crying,
For nurse delusion as I will
I know my hopes are dying!

Yet would I be with God alone,
This grief my heart is wringing;
The semblance of a human tone
So like a serpent's stinging!

The dew is on the morning buds
With every day's returning,
And faintly o'er the sunset woods
The crimson fires are burning.

But not the morning's buds of dew,
Nor evening's red and amber,
Can lay the dim ghosts gliding thro'
My heart's still haunted chamber.

MOUNT HEALTHY, O.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Address.

Delivered before the Erie County Agricultural Society, at its Annual Meeting, September 2d, 1847.

BY GEO. W. CLINTON, ESQ.

GENTLEMEN:—Permit me to indulge a feeling, entertained I have no doubt in common with all who have witnessed this exhibition, and to thank you for the great pleasure I have enjoyed in beholding the manifold proofs you have produced, of the prosperous condition of Agriculture in our County. Inexpert as I am, I am sensible that you have cause for honest pride in the contemplation of your past achievements, and to augur well of the future usefulness of your Society. Would it were in my power to render you substantial aid in the prosecution of your laudable objects. But, while neither my education nor mode of life have qualified me to advise you in your course, nor to add to your stock of agricultural information, I cannot flatter myself that any eulogy I can pronounce upon the noble occupation to which you are devoted, can add to your zeal for its improvement, or to a proper appreciation of the dignity and importance of a farmer's avocations. Indeed, after I had reluctantly yielded to a kindly opportunity it would have been very difficult to resist, and consented to address you, and began to consider how I should discharge the duty I had undertaken, I soon became impressed with a sincere distrust of my ability to accomplish it with credit to myself, or benefit to your Society, and had nearly abandoned in despair all attempt at preparation. But after-reflection has heartened me to the task. The farmers of Erie County, on this auspicious day, will cheerfully overlook the deficiencies of a well-meant effort for their gratification; and besides, the bare fact that a denizen of the city, a dweller among pavements, a mere lawyer, takes a cordial and public part in your proceedings may not be without its uses.—You at least, will I trust, accept it as some evidence of the truth, that enlightened citizens, however alien to agriculture their pursuits may be, everywhere honor it as the basis of civilization and primary source of wealth, that they respect your employment, and regard with the deepest interest the efforts which this and kindred institutions are putting forth to promote the prosperity of our country.

In the few remarks I purpose uttering, I may have something to say of the honor, dignity, and utility of agriculture, and the felicity of your condition. But, despising flattery as I do, and careful as I would be to avoid the imputation of employing it, it seems right that I should explain as briefly as I can, the sense in which I, and you also I presume, accept such phrases.

Time was when men throughout the world were consigned by public opinion to honor or dishonor, according to their employments. Such indeed is yet the case in almost every portion of the earth. Men were, and are still divided into ranks or castes differing in glory, or rather sinking, in the arbitrary estimation of the world, from the all-honored to the utterly-contemned. These ranks were not determined by any standard of utility to the commonwealth, or graduated by any rule of right reason. They were and are the offspring of tyranny, and maintained by power.—They are opposed as well to the deductions of reason, as to the spirit of the Bible, to which we are indebted for the revelation of the common origin of our species, and the equal inherent nobility of all men. God "created man in His own image," and in His providence He has distributed among the children of Adam a vast variety of avocations, all of which contribute to the general happiness, and in every of which, when faithfully discharged, man can find contentment and maintain his moral elevation. True indeed it is, that these distinctions, especially when of long endurance, are apt to find an apparent apology for their existence and continuance, in the physical, mental and moral inferiority of the so-called lower classes. But the squalid operative, and the collier of England, who is often born in the bowels of the earth, in whose depths rather than on whose surface he had his being—the miserable peasant of Ireland, the soil-bound serf of Russia, the loathed Paria of India, all the wretched of the earth who are trampled down by their fellow men, are still human, the descendants of our common parents, the creatures of the just God, who will surely avenge the wrongs and indignities they suffer. Their employments, being useful, are worthy, and the dishonor of them is only the false attribution of their oppressors, whose oppressiveness is the fruit of a moral degredation even more intense than the debasement it brings upon its victims.

In all ages, and in almost all nations, this perverse propensity to separate men into castes or classes, and to visit some with honor and others with dishonor, has been exhibited mainly at the expense of the tillers of the soil. The noble, the soldier, the merchant, the artizan, have been almost universally accounted superior to the cultivator of the ground. He, poor bee, was the drudge

who worked that the higher orders might live at ease in the fulfilment of their more elevated functions in the scale of being; and, more especially in lands famed for fertility, was too frequently a slave, a bondsman, a villian, or a serf, bereft of all, or nearly all the attributes of manhood. Agriculture was indeed adored under a variety of names, by the heathen world. Her priests were pampered, and kings and warriors brought offerings to her altars. But it was the beuificent earth, the Common Mother, Agriculture in the abstract, that was so worshipped, and whose praises were sounded by poets and by sages. The miserable laborers who made earth beautiful and productive of corn, and oil, and wine, were more or less imbruted by contempt and wretchedness. I am speaking of the condition of the world in the earlier and middle ages I know that in the origin of society, agriculture, being an occupation of imperative necessity, must have been generally pursued. Men appealed to the earth from which they sprung, for food, and labored to continue life. In the first rise of empires too, it has sometimes happened that great men were inured to rural labor, and cultivated their petty patrimonial possessions of choice. But, in perusing the history of any nation of antiquity, we invariably discover that the true appreciation of agriculture was transient and of brief duration. The frugal founders of cities and dynasties, and self-denying heroes, may indeed have put their own hands to the plough, and their successors may have preserved the custom as a gorgeous exhibition, a politic ceremony, or a religious rite; but reverence for husbandry pined as the lust of conquest grew, and perished with the prosecution of successful wars. Citizens were replaced in the fields by barbarian captives, and effeminacy, contemning labor, followed in the train of luxury. As it was in antiquity, and during the feudal ages, so is it still in the greater portion of the globe. The actual cultivators of the earth nowhere, save in this and a few European countries, enjoy a respectable position. In Europe large land-holders may indeed be honored, and do devote themselves zealously and intelligently to the promotion of agriculture. But these are the aristocracy, the honorable, the titled, the wealthy proprietors. Very many of them have indeed been wakened to a sense of humanity, and find their own interests best subserved by liberality towards their tenantry. But what of the tenantry at large, even in merry England—what of the under-tenants—what of the poor Irish—what of those who sow and reap in whole districts and empires of Europe, and who are in fact, whatever they may be in name, affixed to the soil they till as surely as were ever the collared Saxon thrall? Are they among the first ranks of morality and intelligence—are they honored? We will not pursue the inquiry. But we may with great confidence assert, that, in no part of the world do agriculturists attain so high a position, as in the free states of our Union: and we may also safely add, that the farmers are indebted for the deserved position of equality they here enjoy, to the circumstances of the country, the equity of our institutions, and their own department, rather than to any disposition of the masses to exalt agriculture above other employments, or to any intrinsic superiority of that pursuit.

If there be a glory peculiar to our country, if its institutions have evolved for us any super-excellent blessing, we may be assured that that singular honor, and that transcendent felicity, are solely derivative from the facts, that the dignity of our common nature is everywhere conceded, that all honest labor is considered reputable, and that all arbitrary divisions of the people into orders are derided. We have approached, and Heaven grant that we may speedily arrive at the desirable conclusions, that all men are equal in the view of Omnipotent Goodness, equal in fundamental rights and in the majesty of manhood; that, although there are differences in capacity and attainments, and diversities of occupation, yet every man is equally bound to work out with earnestness his own good and the good of his neighbor; and that they who labor in the vale and they who toil upon the mountain, so that they pursue good with similar fidelity and zeal, are brothers of similar desert. We must judge men, not by their costume, nor by their position in society, but by their demeanor in their respective callings. This is Christian doctrine—this is the vital spirit of our institutions.—Clergyman, priest, mechanic, lawyer, farmer, laborer,—these are but indifferent additions, and entitle no man to place a precedence in public estimation. Callings and pursuits are but the fields in which men signalize their qualities and prove their worth. The patient ox is as respectable as a brutal farmer; a petty thief, or midnight robber, is not more flagitious than a dishonest lawyer, or a hypocritical profaner of God's altar.

It is true indeed that the arts and sciences differ in the directness of their application to the satisfaction of our bodily necessities and mental cravings; and hence some may be said to be fundamental, and others to be built thereon. But while they differ in position, they harmonize in the edifice: and it is the edifice, and not the components, that yields us shelter and protection. It is in vain that they who would magnify their own worth by exalting their particular pursuit, prate of utility as a true ground of distinction. What honest employment is destitute of use? The farmer feeds the body, but does it therefore follow that the mechanic and the mariner are drones? The lawyer has shown himself a jealous guardian, and a skilful artificer of that freedom under which all thrive, the schoolmaster and the author busy themselves with intellectual culture, and the priest in the care of souls: and what can be more ennobling than liberty, more glorious than intelligence, more transcendently important than the health of the ever-during soul? Are farmers and artizans therefore mere superfluities in the economy of the world? But it is said we cannot live without agriculture. I doubt it, that is I think it certain, that if the earth were utterly untilled, it would still be tenanted, not as now by a teeming population, but by a comparitively small number of human beings. We would have as now, within the tropics, fruit-eaters;—in the temperate zones, hunters, shepherds, and fish-eaters;—in the extreme north, the Laplander and the Esquimaux would still find their sum of happiness in the rein deer and the seal;—there would be everywhere gatherers of fruits and berries, and diggers of roots, the spontaneous productions of the good earth:—and the beautiful sea, and the fertilizing rivers in their courses would still be kind to man, and tender him their life-sustaining gifts.

But then the improvement that agriculture has effected! True, it has beautified the earth exceedingly, and added prodigiously to the value of our existence. But who have armed agriculture for these achievements? Whence does the farmer derive his tools, his comforts, his markets, his all of happiness, security and ease beyond mere food and shelter? From the miner, the miller, the mechanic, the fisherman, the sailor, the statesman, the lawyer, the author, the priest.—It is the highest boast of Agriculture that it has called these classes of employment into being. Whence came the minor improvements of agriculture? From the meteorologist, the navigator, the mechanic, the geologist, the zoologist, the botanist, the chemist. What would be the condition

of the farmer, were there not a great number of equally honorable employments for men to exercise their arms and minds in? If land were the only, or the chief source of sustenance, who could occupy it in peace? No, my friends! when we talk of the great benefits that man has reaped exclusively from any one of our pursuits, we talk idly—no great good ever sprung from any single cause, unless that cause were God. Even as our individual faculties and powers conjoin to make the perfect man, so the co-adaptation of our different pursuits binds us together in one mutually dependent happy state. A nation of farmers, if possible, would be but a horde of barbarians; a purely mechanical people would be a miserable, dependent band of slaves. The true strength of a country, the surest guaranty of its happiness and independence, resides in free public institutions, and in the consequently unrestrained diversity of private occupations.

But while we claim no individual honor from our avocations, and attribute no superior intrinsic excellence to any employment, we find an honest pleasure in tracing to the pursuit we are engaged in, the inclination of the condition of our race, and the rise of nations in power and wealth. We find too, in the anticipation of greater good to be derived from it, a noble incentive to exertion for its improvement, and a just ambition to promote it, and so to act well our part in life, remembering always that others of other callings must be co-workers, and that success is glorious because of universal benefit.

In these particulars you, in common with all the votaries of agriculture and all men, have cause to honor agriculture, and be grateful to those who have improved its implements and processes, and raised it to the rank of a profound and complex science. You have also great reason for thankfulness, that Providence has placed you in so desirable a pursuit, where labor is surely and sufficiently rewarded, which is so conducive to health and peace, so favorable to moral and mental culture, and where so much, as we are confident, remains to be achieved for the good of our great country and of the whole human race.

Vallet calls agriculture "the nursing mother of the state." The great and good Duke of Sully says, "Agriculture and Pasture are the two great breasts of nature from which creatures receive their nourishment." Such are the figurative, but deserved and exalted eulogies of the most profound philosophy and wisest statesmanship. Agriculture is in some sense entitled to pre-eminence above manufactures and commerce, science and literature. It precedes and prepares the way for them. It takes precedence ever as the pursuit graciously assumes the place of honor among his offspring, and it deserves and receives the reverence and aid of grateful children.

Were it not for agriculture one's life would be fully occupied in the procurement of sustenance, and war and rapine would constantly deform the world. Man would be a solitary animal, or would unite rather for plunder than security; at best, peace would be insecure, the arts of peace would be but rude and few, and science would but faintly glimmer over the human mind. But the earth pours abundance into the hands of agriculture.—The excess produced beyond the wants of those who till the soil, flows abroad freely, and maintains in plenty the immense numbers who occupy other departments of industry, gladdens the heart of poverty, and gives leisure for the prosecution of the arts and the elevation of the sciences. And, in the great circle of existence the arts and sciences return reverently to agriculture, and sustain, and guide, and renovate her. All conjoin in producing happiness, and calm contentment paves the way to Heaven. Religion flourishes most where men are nobly happy.

It is said that the wealth and not the numbers of a people make their strength. This is true, if it mean that the comparative power of nations of the same population is determined by the sufficiency and diffusion of wealth among their people,—understanding always by wealth, the primary elements of comfort and contentment, food and shelter, and their ordinary consequences, intelligence and love of liberty. But the comparative numbers of their people who are wealthy in this sense, and who are attached to the land in which, and the institutions under which they live happily, must form the surest criteria of their power for noble ends,—the preservation of internal liberty, the defence of their country, and the increase of its energies. Furnishing as it does the main supply of food, agriculture is the great primary source of all prosperity, and it seems to me plain, "that population ought to be subordinate to agriculture, so that the abundance of produce shall always precede the increase of population," (*note* Sir Arthur Young,) and that "all the numerous arts and manufactures of the modern world, by which such numbers appear to be supported, have no tendency whatever to increase population, except so far as they tend to increase the quantity and facilitate the distribution of the products of agriculture," (*note* Malthus.)

These remarks sufficiently indicate the fundamental importance of agriculture to every country, but they also point out the great part it has yet to play in the development of the wealth of our own rich land. "The abundance of agriculture" must "precede the increase of population," so that every vacant portion of our immense territory, now scarcely occupied, may be filled with happy beings. The abundant produce of the earth which makes glad the hearts of men, has always anticipated and still anticipates the mighty wave of immigration. Our agriculture, from its fullness, has relieved the misery of a destitute continent, and fed here her thousands and tens of thousands, who for years have been speeding their way hither, to secure a refuge from oppression, immunity from famine, and homes in a land of plenty. And wonderful as have been the accessions to our numbers, our agricultural wealth has always outstripped them, and is ever in the advance. This state of things, happy as it seems, has awakened fears in the minds of many patriotic and far-seeing men. They ask where a sufficient market can be found for this vast and swelling quantity of produce. I cannot pretend to furnish an authoritative answer, but you will, I trust, excuse me for diffidently expressing some thoughts suggested by this query.

Markets are either domestic or foreign. The former are the most certain, but are and must be for many years inadequate to the consumption of our agricultural produce. The surplus must find vent and leave the country, or a surplus must cease to be produced. That our productions will steadily and rapidly increase for a long time to come seems universally admitted; that our power of consumption will not increase in the same ratio is equally assumed by all. That the number of our consumers will be largely augmented by immigration and natural increase, and that great additions will be made to our hosts of citizens professional men, manufacturers, miners, merchants, and sailors, all of whom must rely upon the farmer for bread, is true; but that with them will be swollen also the numbers of our growers of wheat and corn, and of the acres annually subdued by the plough, is claimed to be as evident. I disclaim all title by study, or deep reflection, to pronounce positive opinions upon these high matters; but I have seen some years and have thought somewhat

on these subjects. It seems to me that these apprehensions are not new, and that they have always hitherto turned out to be fallacious; that we always have had, and always must have foreign markets, and that the extent of the demands of those markets, especially under the more liberal commercial spirit which now pervades the world, must, to a great degree, be graduated by the extent and cheapness of our supplies for them; that our people are not so eager to subdue the wilderness, as to be insensible to the operation of those laws that govern men in other business, and will not persist in agriculture when they cannot sell its fruits with reasonable profit: that, whatever markets may be open to, will be filled with our produce; and that with the failure or inadequacy of foreign consumption, our people will readily be diverted from farming and become consumers on our own soil. I am persuaded too that the rates of the increase of our home consumption is not justly appreciated. All professions are rapidly augmenting, our fisheries are expanding, mines are everywhere being opened, internal improvements are being resumed, factories are rising in all parts of the land, the mechanical arts are receiving large accessions to their pursuers, wealth is invoking labor to build its edifices and execute its phantasies, new arts are daily calling hundreds and thousands to employment, and our cities are receiving an unprecedented impulse. I have no fear but that our country will maintain that happy admixture of pursuits, and that just proportion of their pursuers, which will best administer to the happiness of all; and that so far as foreign countries may desire it, she will yield them food. The extent of the reliable annual foreign demand has not, to my knowledge, been estimated. It is highly important that it should be. It must be large, but I do not see how it can be much expanded, save temporarily by famine, or permanently by a diversion of the people of foreign countries from agriculture to manufactures, in which case they cannot buy from, unless they sell to us, and, if they sell to us, they in fact merely substitute, to that extent, a foreign for a home market. I throw out these suggestions, gentlemen, rather as matters worthy of your consideration, than as settled conclusions of my own. Your interests—the cardinal interests of our country, are deeply involved in them. I pass with pleasure to other themes.

Your occupations are calm and ennobling—such as wise and good men have in all ages coveted. They are equally attractive to youth and age, present a happy alternation of necessary labor and delightful ease, and favor our growth in mental stature and moral strength. The farm or the garden are, in the eyes of most men, the pleasant, wished for termination of their toils. There is something in dealing with mother earth and witnessing her miracles, which has a charm for all right minded mortals. We suffer in camps, seek fortune on the seas, and toil in cities, in the hope of at last reposing in the country and resting there in our long sleep. How many of our illustrious men have signalized their innate love of nature by such a course! I will refrain from dwelling on the long list, and mention but a few. There was Washington the well-beloved. Two at least who were near and dear to me occur as instances,—one was my father—the other almost as dear and kind, a second father. The first, though he died in the city, had ever his heart with nature, and loved his little farm: and Ambrose Spencer, after a long life of public service, has lived many years in the quiet of his garden in the country, winning the love of all men.—May I not mention too the statesman of whom death so recently bereft us. He had his errors—who has not? Imperfect justice has as yet been rendered to the great and endearing qualities of Silas Wright, but the time has not yet come to speak his eulogy. He was a farmer of choice, and, in the cultivation of his farm at Canton, he found an easy solace for political mischances—He has left you, in the last effort of his intellect, a legacy worthy of being treasured up, and an enduring proof of his attachment to your pursuits.

Your occupation is noble, and, with a due appreciation of your lot, you are most favored by Providence. It brings, however, with every blessing a duty, and every duty performed is truly a better blessing. Your felicity is attributable to the Author of all good, and under Him to the institutions of our dear country. I have sought briefly and hurriedly to show you that those free institutions are the main cause of the honorable estimation you enjoy. They are in a great measure in your hands, as one of the most numerous, intelligent, and influential classes of citizens.—And surely you will endeavor to honor them by your deportment, and to preserve their purity unsullied by faction, and their integrity complete amid the storms of party.

To the noble employment by which you prosper, and to your country, you owe another duty—the elevation of agriculture both as an art and science, and your local position must contribute to urge you to its performance. In many agricultural staples this county cannot compete with the cheap and fertile soil of the exuberent West. Improvements in commercial intercourse bring down these staples from the west, with a rapidity and in amounts that threaten to abridge your reasonable profits, or drive you from the market.—What remedy have you? Why nature opens in our county both "her great breasts from which nations draw their nourishment"—pasture and agriculture are both yours. There in our city you have a convenient and ready place of sale for a thousand products of the earth in which none can there compete with you: and in many other products, from your proximity to market, you have eminent advantage. But above all, it is by careful, skilful culture, such as will educe the full powers of production your fields possess, that you will most enhance their value. And here, science if invoked, will aid you effectually, and shield you from all fear of injury. She will make abundant compensation for inferior fertility, and countervail the benefits of nature and of commerce to the west.

But I must not detain you longer—I thank you for the patience with which you have listened to my crudities. I thank you again for the evidence you have furnished of the high agricultural position of Erie County, and I wish you all honor and happiness in your most laudable pursuits.—May every season add to your peaceful triumphs, and exalt the agriculture of our county, in all its branches.

A Receipt for Happiness.—An exchange gives the following excellent piece of advice, which is by no means bad to take. It is simply when you rise in the morning to form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done—a left off garment to a man that needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves as light as air—will do at least for the twenty-four hours, and if young, depend upon it, it will tell to you when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured that it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity. You send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is, three hundred and sixty-five in the course of year; and suppose you

live only forty years after you commence this course, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings, at all events, happy for a time. Now, worthy reader, is not this simple? And is it not worth accomplishing? We do not often indulge in a moral dose—but we feel warranted in prescribing. It is most excellent for digestion, and a producer of pleasant sleep.—*Scientific American.*

A PORTRAIT OF AN ANTI-BOOK FARMER.—He plows three inches deep, lest he should turn up the poison that, in his estimation lies below; his wheat land is plowed so as to keep as much water on it as possible; he sows two bushels to the acre and reaps ten, so that it takes a fifth of his crop to seed his ground; his corn land never had any help from him, but bears just what it pleases, which is from thirty to thirty-five bushels by measurement, though he brags that it is fifty or sixty. His hogs if not remarkable for fattening qualities, would beat old Eclipse at a quarter race; and was the man not prejudiced against deep plowing, his hogs would work the ground better with their prodigious snouts, than he does with his jack-knife-plow. His meadow lands yields three-quarters of a ton to a whole ton of hay; which is regularly spoiled in curing: regularly left out for a month—regularly stacked up and left for the cattle to pull out at their leisure, and half eaten and half trampled under foot. His horses would excite the avarice of an anatomist in search of osteological specimens; and returning from their range of pasture they are walking herbariums, bearing specimens in their mane and tail of every weed that bears a burr or cockle. But oh! the cows, if held up in a bright day to the sun, don't you think they would be semi-transparent? But he tells us good milkers are always poor! His cows get what Providence sends them, and very little besides, excepted in winter, then they have half a peck of corn, the ears a foot long, thrown to them, and they afford lively spectacles of animated corn and cob crushers; never mind, they yield on an average three quarts of milk per day! and that milk yields varieties of butter quite astonishing!

WOOL.—The Governor of R. I. has received a communication from Mr. BURKE, accompanied with eighteen specimens of the finest wools of Europe, very carefully selected from the most valuable fleeces of Silesia, Saxony, &c., by a gentleman formerly employed in the Patent Office, and of which mention is made in the Patent Office Report of 1847. Mr. BURKE says that these specimens are unquestionably superior to any ever brought to this country, and are designed to serve as a standard to the wool growers of the United States. Accompanying the specimens is a catalogue, enumerating the various fleeces from which they were taken.

☞ It has been discovered that Dumas, the Mulatto novelist of France, has stolen the works of 75 different authors, and translations, and has published them as his own. Of the 45 dramas of which he claims to have been the author, only four were written by him without assistance.

AN EDITOR IN LUCK.—We see by the marriage lists in our New Hampshire exchanges that JOHN S. WALKER, Esq., editor of the Claremont Eagle, was lately married to HARRIET H. daughter of the late George B. Upham, of Claremont. The bride brings to her husband as a dowry the nice little sum of $500,000, left her by her father.

Now that we have acquired some 800,000 square miles of territory by the treaty with Mexico, it may not be amiss to know what are some of its natural treasures. Sonora, produces gold, silver and pearls; New Mexico and Santa Fe, gold, silver and iron; and Upper California, corn, wine and pearls. Quicksilver is also found in abundance in Upper California. We have seen a specimen of quicksilver ore taken from the mine of Santa Clara, near the Puebla de San Jose de Guadalupe, only six miles from steamboat communication on San Francisco Bay. The ore is exceedingly pure and rich, and is extensively used in the silver mines of Western Mexico.

The Santa Clara mine is owned by a company in Tepic, Mexico, and two other veins have been opened by Americans, near San Francisco, and from appearances, the supply of California quicksilver, when developed by Yankee enterprise, will be inexhaustible, considering the acquisition of the balance of Mexico, sooner or later as our inevitable destiny, the value of these quicksilver mines cannot be too highly estimated. Yankee enterprise, too, will soon unbury the gold, silver and iron ores that lie hidden in the mountains of Sonora, New Mexico, and Santa Fe. Before a generation passes, the iron ore will be rolled into bars and laid on rail-tracks, and moulded into locomotives that will go thundering over that vast expanse of country, frightening the wild beasts from their haunts, and bearing the fruits of American enterprise from ocean to ocean.

The vine grows luxuriantly in California, and a few years hence will see our vineyards there, rivalling those of Burgundy and the Rhine. California also produces all the staple grains, and for horse and cattle raising is unrivalled. It has an unlimited supply of choice timber, a luxury denied to many portions of Mexico. The pearl fisheries on the coast, once a rich source of revenue to the Spaniards, though long since abandoned by that indolent people, will be speedily revived by our adventurous divers, who plunge alike into earth and ocean where there are treasures to be drawn up.

The climate of the country is fine, and will of course be still improved by the clearing up of the wilderness. This new territory will not be left long in its present state. The slow-moving Castilians will soon learn from our enterprise, as emigration swarms westward, that they have been sleeping for the last century. We have got the territory, and as it is worth looking to, let us be up and at it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A YANKEE IN PARIS.—Among the combatants of the three days on the popular side, was a Western Yankee who fought on one of the barricades, showing Johnny Crapeau "how Kentuckians drop 'em."

"This here shooting-iron ain't worth a darn," said he to his comrade. "If I had one of Weasons, I'd show 'em how to centre 'em."

At this moment a Frenchman came up and asked for a musket.

"We haint got none to spare," said the Yankee. "But just hold on a shake, and I'll manage it.—Look at that ere grenadier that is pointing his old roarer at me. Perhaps he couldn't hit a barn if he tried."

Bang went the Yankee's musket and down went the grenadier. Leaping down from the barricade he picked up the musket of the fallen man—handed it to the new comer, and then went on loading and firing as cooly as ever, shouting ever and anon—*Veeve lay Raypublic.*

THE HYENA.—Mr. Bruce says that the hyenas in Abyssinia are very numerous, and so bold that they come into the streets of the cities. From evening till towards morning they go howling about, and seeking the carcasses of dead animals. —Mr. Bruce had several armed men with him, when he was obliged to walk in the evening, and very often they had to stop, and kill one or more of these animals in their own defence. One night while he was very busy, he thought he heard something pass behind him towards his bed, but on looking around saw nothing. Having finished what he was about, he went out for a few minutes, and on his return was met with a pair of large, blue eyes, glaring at him at the dark. When a light was brought, he found a hyena standing near the head of his bed, with two or three bunches of candles in his mouth.—Mr. Bruce struck him with a pike or spear, on which the creature dropped his candles, and attacked him with the greatest ferocity. His servant coming in at this moment the fierce beast was despatched without his doing further mischief. This hyena had stolen into Mr. Bruce's room, while his door happened to be open, and had hid himself behind his bed, to wait for an opportunity of stealing and running away with his candles, which he had smelled.

Dr. Sparman tells a curious story of a hyena which was told him at the Cape of Good Hope.—One night the soldiers had a feast near the Cape, when one of them, who was a trumpeter, drank so much that he could not stand up. His companions not wanting him in the room with them, carried him out of doors and laid him down by the side of the house, to get cool and sober. The trumpeter laid there, and went to sleep, when a hyena came along, and thinking him dead began to carry him away, so as to make a meal of him without being disturbed. It was some time before the man awoke, so as to know the danger of his situation. When he did so, he found himself on the back of the hyena, who was making off toward the mountain with him as fast as possible. —Being horror-struck at finding himself in the power of the ferocious beast, his fear brought him to his senses, and seizing his trumpet, which hung about his neck, he sounded an alarm. The beast thinking he had only a dead man, was as much frightened at the sound of the trumpet, as the man was at his situation, so that dropping his prey, they scampered away from each other as fast as possible. It is not probable that any other man, but a trumpeter, would have escaped so easily.

SAGACITY OF SWALLOWS.—A French writer records the following singular fact, illustrating the intelligence of the feathered tribe:

"A swallow had slipped its foot into the noose of a cord attached to a spout in the College des Quatre Nations at Paris, and by endeavoring to escape had drawn the knot tight. Its strength being exhausted in vain attempts to fly, it uttered piteous cries, which assembled a vast flock of other swallows from the large basin between the Tuileries and Pont Neuf. They seemed to crowd and consult together for a little while, and then one of them darted at the string, and struck at it with his beak as he flew past; and others following in quick succession did the same, striking at the same part, till, after continuing this combined operation for half an hour, they succeeded in severing the cord, and freeing their companion.—They all continued hovering and flocking till night; only, instead of the tumult and agitation in which they had been at their first assembling, they were chattering as if without any anxiety at all, but conscious of having succeeded.

GOOD FARMING.—Here is the secret of good farming. You cannot take from the land more than you restore to it, in some shape or other, without ruining it, and so destroying your capital. Different soils may require different modes of treatment and cropping, but in every variety of soil these are the golden rules to attend to: Drain until you find that the water that falls from heaven does not stagnate in the soil, but runs through it and off of it freely. Turn up the land until your your plow sinks into a loose powdery loam, that the sun and air can readily pass through. Let no weed occupy the place where a useful plant could possibly grow. Collect every particle of manure that you can. Put in your crops in that course which experience has shown to lead to success in their growth, and to an enrichment and not impoverishment of the land. Give every plant room to spread its roots in the soil, and leaves in the air. And in all your operations, endeavor or to be a little ahead of your neighbors.—*Temperance Star.*

THE BEAR AND THE TEA KETTLE.—The bears of the Kamschatka live chiefly on fish, which they procure for themselves from the rivers. *A few* years ago the fish became very scarce. Emboldened by the famine and consequent hunger, the bears, instead of retiring to their dens, wandered about, and sometimes entered the villages. On a certain occasion one of them found the outer door of a house open, and entered it; the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a kettle of boiling water in the court. Bruin smelt it, but burnt his nose.—Provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury on the tea kettle. He folded his arms around it, pressed it with his whole strength to crush it; but this of course only burnt him the more. The horrible growling which the rage and pain forced from the poor animal now brought the neighbors to the spot, and Bruin, by a few shots, was put out of his misery. To this day, however, whenever any body injures himself by his own violence, the people of the village call him the "bear and the tea kettle."—*Galt Reporter.*

BRINGING THE CASE HOME.—A few days ago, a wag, meeting a peasant who was on his way to Bordeaux on business, said to him, "What are you doing here? They are about to divide all the land of the rich, and you had better go to the Mayor, and put down your name for your share." The peasant set off at full gallop, and on arriving at the Mayor's said "Monsieur le Maire, as there is to be a division of the land, I wish to have the meadow of M——, which joins my garden. Put down my name at the head of the list." The Mayor turned over some papers and then said: "You are not the first; I have had an applicant who demands the meadow, and also your garden with it." "My garden! my garden!" said the peasant in a fury; "I will go and get my musket;" and he set to watching his garden day and night. There is a host of persons like this peasant; they wish to share the property of others and keep their own.—*Gazette de France.*

FACTS ABOUT DIGESTION.—Wheat is most nutritious of all substances except oil; containing ninety-five parts of nutriment to five of waste matter. Dry peas, nuts and barley are nearly as nutritious as wheat. Garden vegetables stand lowest on the list, inasmuch as they contain, when fresh, a large portion of water. The quantity of waste matter is more than eight-tenths of the whole. Veal is the most nutritious, then fowls, then beef, last pork. The most nutritious fruits are plums, grapes, apricots, peaches, gooseberries and melons. Of all the articles of food, boiled rice is digested in the shortest time—an hour.—

As it also contains eight-tenths of nutritious matter, it is a valuable substance of diet. Tripe and pig's feet are digested almost as rapidly. Apples, if sweet and ripe, are next in order. Venison is digested almost as soon as apples. Roasted potatos are digested in half the time required by the same vegetable boiled, which occupy three hours and a half—more than beef or mutton. Bread occupies three hours and a half—an hour more than is required by the same article raw. Turkey and goose are converted in two hours and a half—an hour and a half sooner than chicken. Roasted veal and pork, and salted beef occupy five hours and a half—the longest of all articles food. *Amer. Jour. of Agriculture and Science.*

Willis on Philadelphia.—N. P. Willis having been ill for some time, has been ordered to Philadelphia for "change of air." In a letter to the Home Journal, written at Jones' Hotel, he thus speaks of that city:

"Philadelphia is a buxom looking town. It has a full breasted, self contented, trim and tidy expression, very different from rich and reprobate looking New York. The omnibusses here go decently, and slowly. The citizens are seen standing still, and conversing leisurely, all up and down the well-washed side walks. It is a city without a hurry. There is a municipal something to spare in the aspect of its expenditures of life and time. That the Philadelphians "get run over" oftener than the people of other cities, when they come to New York, is probably a fact that has escaped attention. But they look like a charming people to live among, and I wish we could abate, to their philosophic leisureliness, some corner of our Babel. We so outrun the lubrication with our velocity there!"

Original Anecdote.—When Dick Aimz first crossed into York State from the Canada side, he took lodgings at an inn is Canandaigua. A waiting-maid sat at the table with them, and Dick spoke of her as the *servant*, to the no small scandal of mine host, who told him that in his house servants were called *help*. Very well; next morning, the whole house was alarmed by a loud shouting from Dick of "Help! help! water! water! help!" In an instant every person in the inn equal to the task rushed into Dick's room with a pail of water. "I'm much obliged to ye, to be sure," said Dick, "but there is more than I want to *shave with!*" "Shave with?" quoth mine host, "you called 'help!' and 'water!' and we thought the house was on fire." "Ye told me to call the servant '*help*,' and do you think I would cry *water* when I meant *fire*." "Give it up," said the landlord, as he led off the line of buckets.

Accidents—Consternation.—An old gentleman tripped up yesterday, in Broadway, by stepping on the rind of a banana—his head struck a fat lady behind him, and she fell sidelong, her parasol coming down upon the back of a dog, who was immediately under the chair of an apple-woman. She started up so suddenly as to spill a glass of root beer down the bosom of a young gentleman who was drinking it, which caused him to jump backwards against a very corpulent old gentleman, who was knocked, by the concussion, into a bed of soft mortar. He was, with difficulty, released from his condition, with pockets full of the *material*, and as he rose up, blinded by the dirt, he thrust his head into the bowels of friend Greeley, who was coming head down, absorbed in contemplation. Although not injured, the apparel of Greeley testified that he had got *Clay* enough for one day,—*N. Y. Star, June* 14.

A Beautiful Thought.—Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings, that dart asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange they escape so long, than that they all perish suddenly at last. We are surrounded by accidents every day, to crush the mouldering tenements that we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by nature. The earth and the astmosphere, whence we draw the breath of life is pregnant with death—health is made to operate its own distruction.—The food that nourishes contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying fire, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush among our paths. Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palpably confirmed by daily example before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart! We see our friends and neighbors perishing among us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell, will perhaps give the next fruitless warning to the world.

Handel.—Playing tricks with music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the sense, and applies to the passions, is false taste. Handel introduced a great number of performers and more of instruments into the orchestra, and employed even drums and cannon to make a fuller chorus; which proved so much too manly for the fine gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his music into Ireland. After which they were reduced, for want of composers, to introduce the tricks and patch-work above mentioned. Driving Handel to the Hibernian shore, is referred to in the Dunciad:

Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the world he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums,
Arrest him Empress! or you sleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to the Hibernian shore.

It is remarkable, that in the earlier part of his life, Pope was so very insensible ta the charms of music, that he once asked his friend Dr. Arbuthnot, who had a fine ear, "whether the rapture which the company expressed upon hearing the compositions and performances of Handel, did not proceed wholly from affectation."

What Constitutes Good Farming.—Rawstone in his remarks on "Lancashire Farming" a valuable and erudite work, says:

It may be laid down as a standing rule, and as a guide to direct us, that all good farming, the whole of that process by which bad land is to be converted into good and productive, and to be continued in that state, is composed in the three following operations of husbandry, viz:

1. To carry off all superfluous or stagnant water, by means of judicious draining.

2. To retrieve through the medium of manure, the strength and fertility which has been exhausted by cropping.

3. To extract all noxious weeds, that the strength of the manure may be thrown into the crops and not into the weeds. Every farmer who exercises his mind in the cultivation and management of his fields, will at once recognize the importance of attending to the foregoing observations. Yet obvious are the truths they inculcate, many, we fear, will fail to profit by them. Farmers need "line upon line. and precept upon precept," in these days.

European Freedom.

BY W. K. COLE.

From Norway's coast where the ocean brine
Bathes the rocks and the headlands hoar—
From the Swedish hills where the crowning pine
Looks down on the Baltic shore,
To the sunny strand of the Spanish land,
Where the golden orange glows;
Where the mountain breeze sweeps the Pyrenees,
And the Guadelquiver flows,
Heaves a throe like that of a burning mount,
Ere the lava bursts from the fiery fount.

To the Emerald Isle, where a million eyes
Are cast o'er the Western sea,
Beyond which the land of promise lies,
The land of the truly free,
There comes a voice, bidding her rejoice,
A light through the heavy grey,
Which brings a smile to the woe-worn isle,
The hope of a brighter day;
For the proudest throne of the East is cast
To the dust, and France is free at last.

Through the proud domain where the Danube rolls,
The power of the despot wanes,
And Freedom lives where the dauntless Poles
Yet dwell on the hills and plains—
The lights that shine by the Rhone and Rhine,
Now gleam on the Vistula,
And the palace wall, and the ducal hall
Are lit with a cheering ray—
Over Münich the banners of Freedom wave,
And the Lombard spurneth the name of slave.

When Nature paints with her brightest bloom,
The base of the giant pile,
Whose cratered summit so grandly looms
O'er the soft Sicilian isle—
Where the groves and vines of the Appenines
Are bathed in the mellow light,
By the silver flood where the sea queen stood,
Is dawning an era bright,
And Sicily, Italy, Venice fall
In with the march of stately Gaul.

Albany, May, 1848.] [*From the Gavel.*

Rural Department.

Floriculture.

The aphis, or green fly, so destructive to the growth of Roses, Geraniums, and other tender plants, are now at work and getting to be very troublesome. A suggestion of cure would, I trust, be to many who delight to see a perfect flower, acceptable. No plant that is subjected to the attack of this insect, can develop either size or comeliness—for as the bud and shoots begin to take form, myriads of aphis swarm upon the tender and immature parts and feed upon the juices that should, and would, otherwise impart strength and vigor to the plant, checking materially the growth, and oftentimes killing it entirely.

Of the two remedies I shall mention, either is sure, and the choice lies with the convenience of the operator. Assuring them that no fear need be entertained from the application, other than from carelessness. The first is by tobacco smoking. Take an umbrella, lash or fasten to the stick an additional piece sufficient to make it five feet long, and pointed enough to readily pierce the ground. To the covering sew around a piece of yard-wide factory or other cloth, leaving enough to lap over when the ends meet, and which must be left open; attaching a few tapes to tie this opening close when in use, and you have a very convenient little tent, which by pressing the pointed stick or handle into the ground will readily support itself.

The tent can now be placed over any infested bush or shrub in the garden without in the least disturbing either flower or foliage. We will now prepare to smoke it with tobacco, which can readily be procured of damaged plug or other refuse at four or five cents per pound, if such is used have it pulled to shreds and place some fourth of a pound in a coals carrier or other suitable small utensil, with some live coals and hot ashes to gently burn it. Place this on the ground in the centre of the tent, taking care, of course, that too much heat is not emitted, the density of the smoke you need not fear. This process instantly kills the aphis and other insects, but as many will *drop* to the ground before inhaling a sufficient *dose and* there keep cool, it is desirable to spread a sheet of paper under the plant to catch all such, and otherwise destroy them. Three or four minutes is sufficient for each bush, and with assistance the tent can be removed from bush to bush throughout the garden with but little loss of the tobacco, a pound of which will suffice for forty smokes.

It will readily be perceived the advantages this mode offers for the destruction of the aphis on parlor plants which are so shockingly attacked through the growing season. A dozen or more may be placed under the tent at the same time, and thus rid of their worst enemies in a *humane* way. The smoke imbibed by the plants during this process, is offensive for an hour or two, but by syringing with clean water their fragrance is at once restored.

The second plan is by syringing with whale-oil soap-suds, taking care that it is not too strong. A table spoonful to a 12 quart pail of water is the dose for tender plants; for the hardier, such as fruit and forest trees, double the dose:—pour boiling water enough to mix the soap and add rain water for the ballance.

To apply this a suitable syringe is required, which the tinsmith* can readily make for a few shillings—this wise:—A tin tube of 14 or 18 inches long by 2 inches in diameter, the end to be perforated with numerous very small holes, not larger than a small pin hole; the piston to be of a strong wire, either with a handle or ring, and the suction a neatly fitted inch block, hollowed in the center, to be lapped with cotton wicking, or tow. This syringe will throw water 25 or 30 feet and will reach the highest of our shade trees for which it is peculiarly adapted. When in use for this purpose throw the water on the top and let it trickle down on the caterpillers, slugs, &c. which will destroy them by thousands at the present time: if once wet they are well cared for. A nest of a thousand were destroyed by one discharge. In using this soap for tender plants, they require to be washed with

clean water in ten minutes after the application, as the cuticle of the leaf is too tender for the soap

W. R. C.

*Hubbard & Hurlburt are now making some from a right pattern.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
CLEVELAND, June 15.

MR. EDITOR—To one who has been immersed in the "prison house" of a city from the first loosening of the shackles of winter to the advent of summer, how transporting the first glimpse of a purely rural scene! It is like the sudden transit from the horrid visions of incubustic slumbers to the wakening realities of morning's dewy splendors and the young delights of invigorated limbs and elastic spirits. Throughout the timid reign of spring, retarded in her progress by the frequent revisitations of winter's sullen imps, which ever and anon laid their unseen but icy hands with chilling touch, on her budding and tender charms. I saw but little of vegetable life, save here and there a small family of flowers that peeped cautiously out at the windows of the abode of taste, or a few rows of shade trees whose every leaf seemed to quiver with fear of injury at the approach of every reckless dray; and heard no voice of nature save a solitary singer's, that now and then emptied its soul of matin thanks, responsive to the early rumble of the milkman's cart! But today, broad and velvet fields and woody dells, adorned with flowers of every hue, have been spread before me, while a full choir of forest minstrels flung their music in the balmy air, making the heavens instinct with melody, and every green leaf apparently extatic with life. O, Mr. Editor, permit me to say, through you, to the "pale-browed denizen" of Buffalo, in the language of Mrs. GRAY,

"Go forth into the country
From a world of care and guile,
Go forth to the untainted air,
And to the sunshine's open smile:
It shall clear thy clouded brow,
It shall loose the worldly coil
That binds thy heart too closely up,
Thou man of care and toil!"

"Go forth into the country,
It hath many a solemn grove
And grassy altar 'midst the hills,
Sacred to praise and love.
And while with grateful fervor
Thine eyes its glories scan,
Worship the Power that formed them all,
O holy Christian man!"

I left Buffalo on the Empire on the evening of the 13th. The wind at the time—like a few of the deck hands—was somewhat "high," and a head sea was rolling its heavy sides caressingly against the pier; and when our aquatic "monster" first pitched into the troughs, a few of the older and less supple people in the cabin, were troubled to preserve the centre of gravity. One old gentleman immediately became inspired with prophetic visions of sea sickness. He said he "hadn't rid on a steamboat only jist once before, and that was a little skipper kind of a boat on lake Seneca, for upwards of fifty years!" and, he added with ministerial gravity, "of *course* I'd be sicker'n a hoss!!" I wanted to ask him what steamer he rode on half a century ago, but you know my bashfulness, Mr. Editor, and so I gagged the half-born question. Meanwhile the boat wheeling into her proper course, and mounting the big waves nearly at right angles, went bravely and steadily on her way. I think, by the bye, that the Empire is the easiest running boat on these lakes. She is so long that it takes mountain waves to tip her. She had new boilers put into her last winter, by which, Capt. RANDALL says, her speed is increased, and nearly half the quantity of fuel, formerly used, is now saved. She has also been thoroughly repaired and completely refitted throughout, making her a very inviting palace to persons having occasion to cross the lakes.

Nothing new in Cleveland. There is a little extra stir today, arising from the fact that General CASS is telegraphed as being on his way from Buffalo to this place in the Hendrick Hudson, and preparations are being made to give him a salute. Handbills say that "a signal of one gun will denote the first appearance of the boat; after which a salute of thirty guns will be fired by the "Light Artillery" from the bank of the lake, as the boat approaches the harbor. The General will sup at the New England Hotel, and leave in the evening for his home, in Detroit." And furthermore the bills say not—neither do I.

Yours, &c., J. C.

THE WASHINGTON LIBRARY.—We are happy to learn that the collection of books and pamphlets, once forming a portion of General Washington's Library, and of which we gave our readers a short account a few weeks since, has been purchased by some of our citizens, and is to be presented to the Athenæum.

We understand it is the intention of the donors to publish a descriptive catalogue of the collection. It contains, in all, about 450 bound volumes, and from 800 to 1000 pamphlets, unbound, nearly all of which belonged to the Library of Washington. About 350 contain his autograph and a few notes in his hand-writing. One little book has the autograph of Washington in a rude, school boy hand, at about the age of nine years. There are several autographs, of Augustus Washington, the father of the General. of Mary, the mother, and of Martha, the wife. One book contains on the title page the autograph of Jno, Custis, (first husband of Martha) and on the next leaf that of Geo. Washington. One volume has the autograph of Thomas Jennifer, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. There are several presentation copies from eminent authors—Sir John Sinclair, Arthur Young, Ebeling, Alfieri, Jefferson, Dr. Morse and others. Ten important volumes contain the name of Richard Henry Lee, in his own handwriting.

The books possess considerable intrinsic value. A large proportion of them relate to America.—Some are privately printed tracts of great rarity and importance. But the chief value of the collection arises from its having belonged to General Washington. The real heroes of the world are few. Among them all, how many take rank of our own Washington? As years roll on, his name will shine brighter and brighter. Every relic of him will be cherished with increasing

veneration. Our children, and the great and good of coming generations, will make pilgrimages to Boston to see these precious memorials of the Father of his country.—*Boston Traveller.*

☞ Second Commencement of the Buffalo Medical University.—The second commencement of the Buffalo Medical University took place this forenoon, at the Washington street Baptist Church. The ceremonies commenced by a voluntary by the choir. Dr. Tucker addressed the throne of Grace, when the degree of M. D. was conferred upon 32 young gentlemen, by Thomas M. Foote, M. D., in the absence of the Chancellor, Hon. M. Fillmore.

The following are the names of the graduating class:

L. J. Barrows,	P. K. Stoddard,
O. M. Farrington,	H. W. Lewis,
E. C. Moe,	Wm. H. White,
W. W. Budlong,	J. W. Steward,
H. Hoyt,	A. M. Cheesman,
J. Soule,	A. L. Gilbert,
J. M. Newell,	L. B. Slaid,
H. A. Tingley,	E. B. Potter,
M. Berier,	J. Brant,
W. B. Parker,	H. Nickols,
S. S. Hewitt,	G. H. Bennett,
W. B. Gould.	C. C. Wyckoff,
C. W. Harvey,	A. Snyder,
M. G. Porter,	S. R. Welles,
B. W. Root,	A. G. Ellenwood,
H. G. Grow,	S. L. Grosvenor.

The *Honorary* Degree of Doctor in Medicine was also conferred upon Dr. G. A. Rogers, of Bath, Steuben Co.; Dr. J. L. Knight, of Paris, Oneida Co.; and Dr. Jenks S. Sprague, of Otsego Co.

After the conclusion of the ceremony of conferring the degrees, Dr. Flint delivered the customary Address. It was beautiful and appropriate, and principally directed to the graduates—embracing rules for their guidance as men and as physicians—besides many valuable suggestions upon various other topics directly and incidentally relating to their profession. The services concluded with singing by the choir, prayer by the Rev. Charles Rich, of the North Presbyterian Church, and benediction by Rev. Mr. Schuyler, of St. John's.

The University is in a very flourishing condition. The number of students during the past term was 95—graduating class, as above, 32. The buildings for the accommodation of the University, corner of Main and Virginia streets, are in progress.

Attorney General—Appointment of Gov. Toucey.—We understand that Gov. Isaac Toucey of this city, has been appointed by the President to the office of Attorney General of the United States, in place of Mr. Clifford, who is now in Mexico as Peace Commissioner. The President's letter, we have been informed, tendering the appointment, was received by Gov. Toucey on Saturday last. We trust he will accept the offer. He is every way qualified for the place, and his services in the Cabinet will prove valuable to the President. Gov. Toucey stands at the very head of his profession, and there are a few abler counsellors.

Connecticut has had only one Cabinet officer, since the formation of our Government—the Hon. John M. Niles, who was appointed Postmaster General by Mr. Van Buren, and who filled the office with distinguished ability. When Mr. Granger was appointed to that honorable place, the Postmaster General was not a Cabinet officer.—*Hartford Times.*

☞ Old Cheese at the State Cattle Show.—In almost every previous exhibition at our State Shows, our dairy interest has been sadly neglected in paucity of old cheeses. All lovers of good cheese prefer that which has acquired an age of at least one, to that of three years. Old cheese used to be plenty in Buffalo, and was to be found on the counters of most of the principal family grocers. But since the Eastern cheesemongers have come among us the dairies have been so barely swept that few prime specimens are left to winter beyond the first year with us. As we are in the heart of perhaps the very best cheese region of the State, and our show of that staple is expected by the public to be large and varied, we trust that not only our dairymen, but that our grocers, when they have the article on hand, will preserve some fine samples for exhibition, they can as well be competitors, in the absence of the producer, as the farmers themselves. Aside from this, it will add to the interest and spirit of the Show, to which we trust all our citizens will most cheerfully do their best to contribute. Let us have at Buffalo—what we surely can have if we try—the best dairy show ever seen in the State. We can even beat the Utica Show of its twenty tons of butter and cheese if the dairymen of Erie, Chautauque, Cattaraugus and Wyoming, and the grocers of Buffalo say the word. Let them do it.

Abolition of Slavery in Connecticut.—On Thursday a bill was passed in the Assembly of Connecticut, by which all slavery is forever abolished in that State. No law completely abolishing slavery had previously existed in Connecticut, and there are at present some eight or ten slaves in the State, who by the provisions of the act are entitled to a support from their former masters.

Mortgages in New York.—By the new Code of Procedure, which goes into effect on the 1st day of July, in this State, all mortgages which have been running for twenty years or more, must be renewed. If not, it will operate as an absolute bar to the payment of the same.

☞ The venerable Gen. Pierre Van Cortlandt died at his residence in Peekskill last Tuesday, aged 86 years. The Albany *Evening Journal* says:

Gen. Van Cortlandt has lingered among us until almost all his compatriots had rendered their final account. His life has been honorable to himself, beneficial to society and useful to his Country. His last public service was rendered in 1840, when, as a Whig Elector of President, he voted for General Harrison.

Jumped over the Genesee Falls!—We learn, just as we are going to press, that a young man, whose name was not given us, but who was an apprentice at the furnace of Mr. William Kidd, jumped over the Falls last evening. He made the leap near the saw-mill of Seth C. Jones, Esq., and but a short distance from the spot where Sam Patch made his last famous leap.

He threatened yesterday morning to jump over the Falls, and said that if he came up alive, he would try it again on the 4th of July. One or two individuals who saw him leap, say that he rose to the top of the water, and struck out for the shore, but immediately sunk. We hear no cause assigned for the rash act.—*Rock. Daily Adv.*, 16th.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND; comprising recollections, sketches, and reflections, made during a tour in the East. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1848.

These two volumes, written by a present member of the Provisional Government of France, a man of excellent traits and of diversified talents, will be read with profound interest by every admirer of beautiful thoughts beautifully expressed. Lamartine visited the Holy Land in 1832, while his heart was swelling with the exuberance of youthful feeling and the green fields of life were in the early June of luxuriance, freshness and beauty. A poet, an enthusiast and a religionist, he treads the sacred grounds where "the sweet singer of Israel, the first poet of sentiment, the king of Lyrics," thousands of years before, had inhaled the breath of inspiration and of sacred song; where the sandals of John the Baptist had, ages before, brushed the dew from the velvet lawns of Judea, and where the "God man" made his advent, pronounced his beatitudes, promulged his doctrines, counselled his disciples, wept over sinners and died for a revolted world:—and no wonder that the volumes before us are full of the sweets of Poetry and the balm of Truth.—A taste of the quality of the work may be had in the following extract. The writer is at Saphora—"the Saphora of holy writ, the ancient Diocle-sian of the Romans, the largest city of Palestine in the time of Herod Agrippa, after Jerusalem:—

A great number of blocks of stone, hollowed out for tombs, traced our route to the summit of the mamelon on which Saphora is situated. Arrived at the topmost height, we beheld an isolated column of granite still standing, and marking the site of a temple. Beautiful sculptured capitals were lying on the ground at the foot of this column, and immense fragments of hewn stone, removed from some great Roman monument, were scattered every where round, serving the Arabs as boundaries to their property, and extending as far as a mile from Saphora, where we stopped to halt in the middle of the day. A fountain of excellent and inexhaustible water flows herefrom, for the use of the inhabitants of two or three vallies; it is surrounded by some orchards of fig and pomegranate trees, under the shade of which we seated ourselves, and waited more than an hour before we could water our caravan—so numerous were the herds of cows and camels which the Arabian shepherds brought from all parts of the valley.—Innumerable files of cattle and black goats wound across the plain and the sides of the hill leading to Nazareth."

For sale at Peck's bookstore.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for June, has been received by Burke. A new volume commences with the July number, and it is to be hoped that those who wish to secure the republication of this Magazine will not only make their own remittances, but induce others to do the same. Should the subscription price be increased, those who remit before any further notice of terms is published, will receive it at the present rate. Three dollars cannot be better expended. Published by Leonard Scott & Co. 79 Fulton Street, corner of Gold, New-York.

GEMS FROM TUPPER: consisting of extracts from Proverbial Philosophy, Thousand Lines, Hæc-tenus, etc., etc. Compiled by a Clergyman, Syracuse: Stoddard & Babcock, 1848.

We have often had occasion to speak of the poetry of Tupper. Though not the most original, it is strikingly pure in sentiment, and has a tendency to link heart to heart in the great chain of humanity. The "Gems" are just what they purport to be, and that is enough to say of them.—Here is one:

BIRTH OF A CHILD.

"Lo, Thou hast crowned me with another blessing,
Into my lot hast dropped one mercy more;
All good, all kind, all wise in Thee possessing,
My cup, O bounteous Giver, runneth o'er,
And still thy princely hand doth without ceasing pour:
For the sweet fruit of undecaying love
Clusters in beauty round my cottage door,
And this new little one, like Noah's dove,
Comes to my ark with peace and plenty for my store.
O happy home! O bright and cheerful hearth!
Look round with me, my lover, friend and wife,
On these fair faces we have lit with life,
And in the perfect blessing of their birth,
Help me to live our thanks for so much heaven on earth."

For sale at DANFORTH & Co's. 230 Main street.

REV. PHARCELLUS CHURCH, D. D.—We regret to learn that Western New York is about to lose this able divine, and elegant writer. He has received and accepted a call from the Bowdoin Square Church Boston Mass., and will enter upon the duties of the pastorate the first of September. The Rochester American speaks of him as follows:—

Dr. Church was settled over the First Baptist Church in this city thirteen years ago the present month. During the time he has enjoyed, in an unusual degree, the confidence and esteem, not only of the society with which he has been connected, but of the community where he resides. He is highly beloved by his parishioners, and they part with him and his labors with extreme regret.

As a preacher, able and eloquent, Dr. Church takes a high rank among the clergymen of western New York. An ardent and devoted friend of education, he is ever ready to lift his voice or take up his pen, to advocate any measure that promises to further so desirable an object; and upon whatever subject he speaks or writes he treats it with an ability equalled by few. We regret in common with the community at large, the withdrawal from among us of one who is eminently qualified for usefulness in the field he has so long occupied.

EVANGELICAL BOOKS IN MEXICO.—We rejoice to learn that as soon as the labors of the soldiers under our government have ceased in Mexico, the labors of the soldiers of the Cross are demanded. Colporteurs in the employ of the American Tract Society at Tampico and Jalapa, write that the Mexicans are not only eager to obtain books, but are willing to pay for them; and even among the most abject classes there is an ability to read with the young which is surprising. At Jalapa, in the

market place before the great cathedral, the colporteurs could scarcely supply the demand; even two priests bought copies of all the Spanish books they had for sale.

Difficulties among the Winnebagoes—Refusal to Emigrate.

Mr. J. B. Henion of this city has just returned from a trip to Fort Atkinson, and through him we learn, that very great opposition was manifested by the Winnebagoes to emigrating to their new home. Stormy interviews were held with their Sub-Agent, Gen. Fletcher, on Thursday and Friday of last week, and severe threats were made by the Indians, in view of force being used to compel their removal. On Saturday morning, when Mr. Henion left, the Indians had taken down nearly all their wigwams, and all the squaws and most of the male Indians had left for parts unknown. Little Hill was addressing those who remained behind. Baptise, a chief deeply hostile to removal, was just starting for the Agency, his countenance filled with indignation. Captain Morgan was apprehensive he should be compelled to send to Fort Crawford for reinforcements.—*Dubuque Tribune, June* 6.

From Ezekiel Dougherty, Esq., recently from Fort Atkinson, we learn, that the principal reasons of the refusal of the Winnebagoes to remove to their new home is that they have not received a certain sum of money from the government, which was promised should be paid to them before they were called upon to emigrate. It is said they offered to take even *one-half* the promised sum, and remove peaceably; but that was refused them. Another fact which aggravates the difficulty was that Gen. Fletcher, the Sub-Agent, had revoked the licenses of all the traders, save Mess. Rice. The Indians say the design is to fleece them unmercifully when they arrive at their new homes, and that the Sub-Agent is to participate in the profits of the operation.

Repeal of the British Navigation Laws.—The Montreal *Herald* gives a report, more than three columns long, of a great meeting, held in that city last Tuesday evening, of those in favor of repealing the British Navigation Laws. The ground taken in the resolutions is that, inasmuch as all protection will shortly be withdrawn from Canadian grain and flour in the British market, the repeal of the restrictive policy of the Navigation Laws, and the removal of every obstruction to the free navigation of the St. Lawrence by foreign vessels, are matters of absolute necessity to the future prosperity of Canada; and that, if these measures be not conceded, the great part of the produce of the Western States and of Canada West that has heretofore gone down the St. Lawrence, will seek a market exclusively through American ports. The proposition introduced into the Imperial Parliament by M. Labouchere to confer on the Canadian Legislature the power of regulating as it may deem best the coasting and internal trade of the Province, was warmly and gratefully applauded by the meeting. The *Herald* in its editorial notice of the meeting says:

It was attended by not only the principal merchants of the city, but also, at one period of the evening, by about 1,500 or 2,000 of the inhabitants. If we may be allowed to judge of the feeling entertained of these Laws, by so large a number of our citizens, we should say that there were few, if any, present who were not in favor of their immediate and total repeal.

☞ The Buffalo route between New York and Cincinnati begins more to attract public attention, as its facilities become known. The putting on to the Lake portion of it a line of first class and fast steamers this season, has done much towards recommending it to the adoption of travellers from the south and southwest. In a short time the railroad between Cincinnati and Sandusky City will be entirely completed, when the running time between the two points will be further reduced. This route is a pleasant one, as well as being one of the speediest and cheapest in the country. The Cincinnati *Chronicle*, is speaking of "travelling north," says:

We had letters a few days since, from a party of ladies and gentlemen who left Cincinnati two weeks since, by the railroad to Sandusky and New York. The information they communicate may be of some service to travelling community. They left Cincinnati on Tuesday at 1½ P. M., and arrived in New York on Saturday, in just four days—having slept several hours at Syracuse—making, in fact, the trip in *three days and eighteen hours!* The whole trip was performed by the ladies, with this unprecedented speed, as comfortably and easy, as if they were sitting in their parlors! From Cincinnati to Sandusky, the trip was made in 16 hours, 14 miles being by stage. From Sandusky to Buffalo was 22 hours, in the fine and pleasant boat Saratoga—one of the new line from Sandusky to Buffalo. From Buffalo to Albany was by Railroad—22 hours travelling time—the party, however, stopping a few hours at Syracuse. From Albany to New York, they went in the Oregon—one of the most splendid boats in the world.

Thus did this party travel one thousand miles in less than four days, and the whole trip was one of perfect pleasure! Such is the wonderful change which a few years have wrought in the means and comforts of travelling. One can go from Cincinnati to New York in less time than he could go to Columbus, in our boyhood. Nor is this all—the trip from Cincinnati to New York will be made before the summer is out, in three days.

In 1830, returning from the East, we said that it took ten days, with great exertion, to get to New York; but the time was not very far off, when it would be made in three days. Our calculation was to travel on Railroads, at 15 miles average per hour. This is just about the present average of our Railroads; but it is obvious that the speed on Railroads may be much greater than this, with safety. We do not, however, need any increase of speed, till American Railrodds are made on more solid foundations

An Extensive and Successful Forgery.—On Sunday forenoon, a forged check for $3,993, purporting to be signed by J. N. Fiske, was presented by a boy and paid at the Hamilton Bank.—The bills paid out on it were seven $500's and three $100's, and the remainder small, all on the H. Bank.

In the course of Saturday afternoon it was ascertained that the check was presented by John P. Banchor, a boy about 14 years of age, son of Mr. Banchor, No. 3 Chatham street. While he was standing near the entrance of Quincy Hall, a well dressed business looking man came up to him in a hurried manner, and asked him if he would go on an errand for him to the Hamilton Bank for a quarter of a dollar. The boy assented, the stranger gave him the forged check, and, the errand having been accomplished, paid the quarter, took the roll of bills, rammed them into a large black wallet, and sloped. The boy, supposing that all was right, told his companions and also his mother how easily he had earned his quarter. —*Boston Post.*

Further by the America.

The Steamship America arrived at Boston on Tuesday evening from Liverpool which port she left on the 3d inst., having made the passage from Liverpool to Boston, including 8 hours' detention at Halifax, in the space of 10 days and 8 hours, a shorter voyage than has ever before been made by a steamship.

IRELAND.

On Saturday last, in Dublin, Mr. Mitchel, convicted of treason upon the previous evening, was sentenced to 14 years transportation, and immediately removed under an escort squadron of cavalry to a steamer of war, which was in waiting to convey him to the convict depot, at Spike Island, in the Cove of Cork. His destination is Bermuda, whither he has already sailed, to be incarcerated on board a dock yard hulk. Intense excitement prevailed in Dublin, up to Sunday night, but has since given way to a deep and solemn silence, which denotes stern preparation and resolve. A liberal provision will be made by the nation for the convict's family.

The European Times says:—When the verdict of guilty against Mr. Mitchel was delivered, a scene of great confusion ensued in the court, but the tranquility of the city of Dublin, was not materially disturbed.

On the following day, the 27th ult., Mr. Mitchel was brought up for sentence, and after some speeches, equally defiant as his previous conduct, of all authority whatsoever, he was sentenced by the court to 14 years' transportation. On the same day, he was conveyed, in the ordinary prison van, to a government steamer lying close to the quay.

By a vote of the Repeal Association, the wife and children of Mr. Mitchel are to be adopted by the people of Ireland, and their comfort and education provided for at the public expense, out of a subscription to be raised for the purpose.

The types of the United Irishman newspaper were immediately seized by the government, and his property sequestered. That paper is accordingly at an end, but arrangements are in progress for bringing out a new journal, of a similar tendency, under the sovereign style, title and dignity of the *Irish Felon*.

The language of Mr. John O'Connell, at the Repeal Association, when urging the members to adopt the family of Mitchel, and in expressing indignation against the Attorney General, was particularly exciting. He called upon all Irishmen never again to speak to the Attorney General, but to spit upon him as he had spit upon the Catholics—not to expose themselves to be struck down singly, but to band themselves together as determined and united Irishmen.

Mr. Mitchel arrived at Spike Island, Cork, on Sunday night, and was instantly handed over to the governor. He will immediately assume the convict dress, and be treated in every respect like an ordinary convict.

From the declaration of Sir George Grey, in the House of Commons, it appears that the government has determined on carrying out the sentence against him of transportation beyond the seas. In consequence, however, of the bad state of health under which the unfortunate man is suffering, they have relinquished the intention of sending him to Norfolk Island, but have ordered him to be conveyed to her Majesty's dock yard at Bermuda, and there, on board the Thames convict hulk, to undergo his first year's sentence.

H. B. steam sloop Scourge, of six guns, Com. Wingrove, left Portsmouth on Monday morning for Cork, to take on board the unhappy Mr. Mitchel, and other prisoners, and proceeded immediately to Bermuda.

CHARTIST MOVEMENTS.

Some partial disturbances have taken place in London, at Bradford, Manchester, Leeds, and other places. Chartists have been the chief instigators of these tumults, which in every case have been almost instantly suppressed.

On Monday evening a large assemblage of Chartists collected at Clerkenwell, in London, but at midnight they dispersed On Wednesday evening similar meetings took place, but the arrangements of the police, aided by a demonstration of the military, were so complete, that the mob, whenever it appeared, was speedily scattered.

The special force was called out to guard the outskirts, and the same alacrity in turning out to preserve order and property was exhibited by the middle classes as on the 10th of April.

At Bradford, a collision took place between the Chartists and the police, and a great riot ensued; but the military restored order, and enabled the police to capture the principal ringleades, many of whom have been committed for trial at Manchester.

After various meetings of confederated clubs and Chartists, a great meeting was organized, to be held on Wednesday, comprising large bodies from the surrounding districts, but the magistrates issued a proclamation forbidding it. They also prevented the Oldham Chartists from entering Manchester. A large body of military and police were drawn up, and the multitude was compelled to retreat.

FRANCE.

During the past week tranquility has been maintained in Paris, under the vigorous administration of Gen. Cavaignac, with a large body of regular troops under his command. The attempts which have been several times made to create disturbance have been at once suppressed.

The National Assembly, surrounded by an immense military force, sits daily, and appears by degrees settling down to the business of practical legislation.

The determination of the Assembly and the Executive to break up the system of organization of labor, set on foot by M. Louis Blac, has occasioned deep resentment among the receipts of the wages of the state. The exccutive first struck a blow at the directors of the *ouvriers*, M. Emile Thomas, who succeeded M. Louis Blanc in the administration of the *atelliers nationaux*.

On the night of the 26th ult., M. Emline Thomas was suddenly sent for by a Minister of Public work, and superseded in his office by two civil engineers, and having been compelled to sign a resignation, was sent off in the custody of two agents of police, to Bordeaux, or the neighborhood.

The workmen demanded the reinstatement of M. Emile Thomas in his functions, and since that time the *rappel* has been beaten almost daily.

Large assemblages of workmen have been drawn together in various parts of Paris, but being kept in check by the overwhelming force both of regular troops and National Guards brought them, all the efforts to disturb the peace, have been abortive. The persons actually receiving the wages of the State cannot be fewer than 120,000. It is intended to draft a portion of these into the provinces, and thus break up the confederacy.

The police have at length succeeded in capturing the redoubtable Blanqui, and also Flotte.

The relations between the executive and the Assembly are at length setled. The members of the executive must attend the Assembly when forty members require it. They have, however,

a special right to be heard, but they are exempt from general attendance.

It is stated that the committee appointed to draw up a constitution has decided unanimously upon the expediency of having but one Chamber and a single President, both the result of direct popular elections by universal suffrage. The number of members to the Chamber is undecided, but it is said that the present will be incapable of re-election and must have at least two millions of votes. The committee will probably conclude its labors in about three weeks.

There can be no doubt, whatever, that the complicity of Louis Blanc in the conspiracy of 15th May, has been established in evidence before the Minister of Justice and Attorney General. These authorities have demanded of the Chamber the liberty to prosecute him, and in spite of the alleged opposition of the executive authority, a committee has been appointed to report on the case. The Chamber has been thrown into great confusion by this proceeding. It appears that Louis Blanc, Barbes, and Soubrier, breakfasted together on the morning of the 15th, and together concerted their measures. The two latter are fast confined in Vincennes, while M. Louis Blanc, after several days' absence from the Assembly, has again ventured to show his face there. Can the conspirators of the 15th May really be brought to punishment under such circumstances? The decision of the committee, on Louis Blanc's case, will disclose whether the Assembly is sufficiently strong to exercise a just vigor.

It is stated that M. de Circourt has been appointed Minister to the United States.

A committee of eighteen, one for each bureau, had been appointed to consider the propriety of impeaching Louis Blanc. The prosecution is looked upon with disfavor.

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE CONTINENT.

Continental news is rather less warlike.

Prussia has discovered that the occupation of Jutland could not be tolerated, and she has withdrawn her troops. A violent street riot, arising out of the disputes so frequent in that city, arose in Berlin on the 25th. The National Guard charged the people, and a good many were hurt. Order was not restored until an early hour of the next morning.

A letter from Trent states that a sharp action between the regular troops of the Milanese and some Austrian regiments, assisted by irregular corps, had taken place near the Lake of Idro, in which the latter were victorious, having taken Caffaro, a strong post called Castel Lodrone, and repulsed the Italians as far as Rocca d'Anfo.

The Schleswig Holstein journal, under date of May 29th, announced that a collision had taken place between the Danes and the Germans, at Sunderlirtt. The Danes landed on the main land and attacked the advanced posts of the German army under the heights of Dupeller, while a number of gun boats assailed the Germans in another quarter. Large numbers were stated to have been killed and wounded on both sides: and at 7 o'clock in the evening, the Germans retreated by Gravenstein, the Danes advancing after them.—About 7,000 were engaged on each side.

It is reported that the Germans lost 1,000 men and 6 pieces of cannon. It is stated that a combined Russian, Swedish and Danish fleet was off Copenhagen, Prince Constantine being on board.

THE FATAL LEAP.—Efforts were made during the whole of yesterday to recover the body of the young man who leaped from the top of the Falls the day before. But up to the last accounts it had not been discovered. It appears that Middlebrook had made this daring leap for the mere purpose of showing his courage, in the belief that if successful in the first attempt he would be able to realize something from it hereafter, out of the curiosity of the public. The most singular fact about it is, that he was totally unable to swim, and had made an arrangement with some of his shopmates to help him out of the water below. He could not be persuaded to abandom the attempt which has cost him life, having full confidence in the motto of Sam Patch, that "some things can be done as well as others." He was very respectably connected in this city.—*Rock. Dem.*

NEW BUFFALO.—Last week we took a peep into New Buffalo, and was both surprised and gratified to see the marks of substantial improvement now progressing in and about that place. The building of a harbor, and the grading of the Central Railroad by the Company, seems to have given them a "jog along," beyond the most sanguine expectations of anybody. Buildings, consisting of stores, public houses and dwellings, have been put up, and ard now in the course of construction, which would do credit to any of the neighboring towns in the surrounding country.—The population is said to nearly equal that of their immediate neighbor, Michigan City.

In the construction of the harbor, there are two pile drivers at work, one propelled by steam and the other by horse power. The piers have been extended out into the lake several hundred feet, and are to be extended some six hundred feet further, which, by being encircled by a breakwater, will complete a good and safe harbor.—*Niles Intelligencer.*

FROM THE WEST INDIES.—We have Kingston papers to the 15th of May, inclusive—not so late as advices recevied *via* New Orleans, yet affording materials for a paragraph or two.

The principal topic of discussion is the financial and commercial condition of the several islands, which is the theme of general complaint, as it has been for some time past. The Legislatures of the several islands were devising ways and means to meet the deficit of revenue, and at St. Vincent an extraordinary meeting of the Assembly had been called. In consequence of a premature adjournment caused by the absence of members, whose neglect of their public duties is specifically rebuked by the Governor in his opening address.

The American brig Draco, from Port au Prince, which arrived at Kingston on the 12th of May, had on board twelve families, the heads of which had been proscribed by the Haytien Government as traitors, and ordered to leave immediately on peril of their lives.

At Antigua the planters are making strenuous efforts to meet the difficulties of their position by reducing wages and other expenses; and they call upon the merchants and ship owners in England to make corresponding reductions in their charges—hope of restored protection against slave labor competition being abandoned.—*N. Y. Adv. of the 12th.*

THE VETERANS PASSING AWAY.—We are pained to announce that our respected fellow citizen, Mr. Alexander Ely, died yesterday morning, aged 86 years. He was a native of West Springfield, Mass., and came to this city in 1816, and has resided here ever since. He was in the war of the Revolution, and was present at the execution of Major Andre. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him. The venerable spirits of the Revolution are indeed rapidly passing away.—*Rock. Adv.*

The Slaughter at Naples.

A London letter mentions that two thousand lives were lost at Naples in the outbreak of May 15. The correspondent of the London Daily News gives a narrative of the events of the day, which we abridge:

Every hour seems to show the greater magnitude of the loss of life on Monday, the 15th, and the horrors connected with it. Enough I have seen to enable me to speak of this terrible disaster as the greatest which has befallen any city in modern times, whether as regards the carnage or the destruction of property. Upwards of 2,000 persons sacrificed! Such is the enormous loss in which all seem now to agree. I went last night to inquire, for a gentleman who resides near me, Melga, proprietor of the Crocelle, in Chiatamine, and found that he had been shot on Monday and buried the same night, tossed into a pit with hundreds of others, and lime thrown upon them.

I met a person who, being at Campo Santo, had seen seven bodies, all of one family, brought in; they were found in a well, and were supposed to have been thrown in, or else to have thrown themselves in to avoid the soldiery. The common voice goes on to speak of women and children being shot as well as men, or placed on their knees in momentary expectation of death while their houses were rifled of everything. So late as Wednesday afternoon I was again wandering through this city of sorrow, and I passed down Santa Brussiva. Near the church was assembled a crowd, horror-struck and silent. There had been a little rain, which had disturbed the rubbush, and men were called in to wash down the steps and street, which was running down a river of blood and water.

Here there had been great carnage; on this spot poor Melga and three others had been shot; in the next house, on the ground floor alone, as many more had been hacked to pieces by the soldiery, who had broken through at the back of the church to get at them. Take these as feeble descriptions of a thousand similar horrors. The aspect of the city is beyond conception sad; this usually gay and cheerful city is now comparatively deserted, houses burned, ruined or robbed; shops generally shut. Most have fled. The houses in the suburbs are filled by poor families, who are too happy to have escaped with their lives. —Very many are clad in recent mourning, and all are agitated by a hundred rumors which point to some approaching and more terrible disaster.—God preserve us from it!

One of the most disgraceful features of this affair has been the plunder on the part of the soldiery and the lazzaroni. This is an undoubted fact: I saw them running by my house with the most valuable articles for two days and a night, exulting over what they deemed their lawful robbery, and shouting "Viva il Re!" It is said they were encouraged to rob by the soldiers; certainly they were not prevented; and that day and the day after it is equally certain that a piastre a-piece was distributed to them. There was a general fraternization between the soldiers and the mob.

The burning rage against the Swiss soldiers is intense; and aasassination will take off many.—The night before last several were murdered; yesterday morning more than one was shot, from whence or by whom no one knows. It must have been by fulminating cotton. One poor fellow was borne by me on a stretcher as I was walking in the Toledo. Later in the day a druggist told me that for three days a young man had been to purchase a pound of fulminating cotton, but that he had refused it, suspecting something wrong. These acts do not increase in us a sense of security.

The King has pardoned all the prisoners taken for the act of Monday, many of whom were taken in arms, and some of whom had cannon in their palaces. Prince Cirella and his sons were the first that were liberated. I was present on Thursday evening in a large crowd watching them as they were let out. Some were wounded; others without hats and half-dressed.

Every order of government, I see, is signed by Labrano, Governor of Naples, the city being in a state of siege. The theatres are to be opened at his discretion. All crowds in the streets are to be dispersed by the soldiery. Except the official journal, nothing has been sold or printed since Monday.

The official journal of late last night has the following orders for the military governor of Naples:

It is forbidden to editors and printers to print placards and journals to be sold in the capital.—Such an order to hold good until government shall publish some regulations on the subject—regulations, however, which will speedily be published.

Banishment of George Sand.—The celebrated George Sand has received a hint that her farther presence in Paris at the present moment might be attended with disagreeable consequences, and she has consequently retired to some quiet spot at a distance from Paris. It appears that she was one of the depositories of the secret of the attempt on the National Assembly on the 15th ult. and one of the principal actors in carrying it into execution. During the attack upon the Assembly she was seen at a small public house at the corner of the Rue de Bourgogne, in company with M. Boccage, and actor at one of the Paris theatres, distributing pistols, daggers, and other weapons, to the persons forming the procession, at the very moment when they were approaching the hall of the Assembly.

The fact was brought to the knowledge of the Attorney General of the Republic, who, on inquiry found the facts to be so well authenticated, that he felt he could not pass the matter over in silence, and he therefore gave the fair conspirator a hint, which has had the effect of driving her into retirement. George Sand, or rather Madame Dudevant, is an intimate friend of M. Ledru Rollin, and she is suspected of having given M. Jules Favre considerable assistance in framing the celebrated bulletins of the Republic. On the day of the election of the Executive Governmen, which has replaced the Provisional Government, Georges Sand was at the National Assembly, and while the ballot for the members of the Executive Government was going on, the National Guards on duty were not a little astonished to see her sitting on the grass with M. Ledru Rollin, in the little garden adjoining the Salle des Pas Pendus, coolly smoking cigars.

Melencholy Suicide.—We are called upon to record a melancholy act of suicide. Mr. John Rogers, of this city, about 23 years of age, a tinner by occupation, in the employ of Mr. Sandford, was found hanging by the neck dead, at about noon this day, in his room at the Franklin House. His shirt was tied about his neck and a rope fastened to it and suspended upon a nail over the door. He was down after dinner yesterday, and was not seen from then until he was found in the situation mentioned. He was a young man of good character, and no cause can be assigned for the melancholy act. It is supposed that he is the person who wished to borrow a pistol of Mr. James, gunsmith, yesterday. A dirk or large knife was found in his room. His friends reside in Brooklyn.—*Utica Observer.*

A GENTLEMAN.—Did you ever see a gentleman? We have seen two or three in our day, but real gentlemen are exceedingly rare. A gentleman is one who treats every body with respect, whether he be black or white, low or high, poor or rich.—He does not bow to wealth, scrape his knees to honor, nor hold his tongue when he sees wickedness in high places. You always receive from him a civil answer to your inquiry, and he kindly imparts to you any information in his power. He will not say a word to injure your feelings, or allude to a subject to pain your heart Whatever may be done, he will not manifest angry feelings, or use unbecoming language. He uses no profane or indecent words; smokes no cigars in your presence, nor spits tobacco juice on your floors.—He is the same kind and accommodating individual from one week's end to another.—*Portland Umpire.*

SAILING OF MISSIONARIES.—The following Missionaries were to sail from Providence on Tuesday, for Africa, in the brig Smithfield, Captain DUFF, bound for Cahoon River: Rev. J. L. WILSON and wife; Rev. A. BUSHNELL and wife; Rev. J. M. PRESTON and wife; Rev. W. T WHEELER; Mrs. GRISWOLD; also, JOHN WESLEY, a native youth, who came to the United States two years since, and has learned the art of printing.

QUICK WORK.—The *Niagara* left Boston Wednesday afternoon for Liverpool, and carried out answers to letters received by the America.—The letters by the latter will be received in England in very little more than three weeks from the hour of despatching those to which they are replies. Captain Ryrie, we see by the Boston papers, expresses his belief that, with moderate weather, he shall make the passage home in ten days. The *America* came over in ten days and eight hours.

A LUMP OF SILVER.—A cake of Native Silver dug from the works of the Lake Superior Company, bed of Eagle river, has just been assayed at the U. S. Mint, with the following results:

Weight—6 lbs. 10 oz., avordupois.

Assay—95 per ct., Silver; 5 per ct., earthy matter.

Value—$118,57, hard money.

A pocket full of such rocks wouldn't be bad.

TO COOK PARSNIPS.—Persons who have never eaten parsnips cooked according to the following mode, have no idea what an excellent dish they are. Scrape the parsnips, wash and slice them lengthwise; boil in just enough water to cover them till thoroughly done, Then put in a piece of butter, with a little salt and pepper. Beat up an egg with a spoonful of flour, and pour over them. They are then ready to dish up. Parsnips are likewise very good, split once and roasted with pork in the dripping pan.—*S. Planter.*

The body of Hosea Middlebrook, who jumped the Genesee Falls last Thursday evening, was discovered about two o'clock yesterday afternoon near the spot where he struck the water, by two young men who were bathing. An inquest was held on the body by Coroner Frost.—*Roch. Amer.*

MARRIED.

On the 13th inst., by the Rev. Chas. Rich, Rev. GROSVENOR W. HEACOCK, Pastor of La Fayette St. Presbyterian Church, and Miss NANCY, daughter of Jesse Stone, Esq., all of this city.

At Black Rock, on the 11th instant, by the Rev. H. P. Mathews, Mr. CHARLES A. REYNOLDS, and Miss SARAH AUSTIN.

On the 12th inst., by the Rev. G. W. Hosmer, Mr. L. L. FRINK, and Miss JULIA, daughter of Horatio Warren, Esq., all of this city.

DIED.

On the 18th instant, FRANK, youngest child of Seth C. and Lavinia P. Hawley, aged 2 years, 4 months and 10 days.

This morning, 17th instant, Mr. STEPHEN CLARK, aged 63 years.

Suddenly, this morning, 17th inst. of severe illness, Mrs. MARY E, wife of Chas. H. Munro[illegible] recently of Woburn, Mass.

At Middletown, Mo., on the 28th ult., at the residence of his brother, Dr. C. Pearson, Mr. THURSTON PEARSON, in the 20th year of his age, youngest son of Mr. C. Pearson of this city.

In New York, on the 15th inst., after a painful illness, MATILDA M., wife of Tennis W. Quick, and eldest daughter of M. Hughes, in the 23d year of her age.

Price Current—June 21, 1848.

Flour, bbl	$4 75	Turkeys	50@75
Pork, bbl	$9 25@50	Chickens, lb	12@16
Do slaugh. cwt	$5 00	Geese, each	—
Beef, cwt	$4 50@5 00	Clover seed, bu	$2 50
Butter, lb	12@14	Timothy seed, bu	$2 00
Lard, lb	6¼	Flax seed, bu	$1 00
Cheese, lb	5½@6	Whitefish, bbl	$7 00
Hams, lb	5@5½	Codfish, cwt	—
Shoulders, lb	3@3½	Potatoes, bu	50
Corn meal, cwt	$1 00	Salt, bbl	$1 12½
Wheat, bu	$1@1 02	Apples, bu	62½
Corn, bu	36½@37½	Dried apples, bu	$1 00
Oats, bu	31	Onions, bu	$—
Slaughter hides, lb	3½	Eggs, doz	9@10
Dry hides, lb	7½@8	Saleratus, lb	6½
Calf, lb	6½	Soap, lb	4@5
Sheep, slaughtered, lb	25@75	Whiskey, gall	17
Lamb, slaughtered, lb	18½	Highwines, gall	19
Hard wood, cord	$3 00	Lead, cwt	$4 00
Hemlock, cord	$2 00	Beans, bu	$1
Bit. (O.) coal, ton	$5 50	Wool, lb	30@38
Blossburgh, ton	—	Hay, ton	$10

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Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1848. NO. 22.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

A Tale of Italy.

BY MARIANNA HENDER.

The last low peal of the Convent bell
Was murmuring faintly by,
As a maiden knelt in a vine-wreathed bower,
'Neath the blue Italian sky.
But that vesper-calm shed no breath of balm
O'er the fevered pulse and brain—
While the storm-gust caught from her spirit, wrought
In a deep, impassioned strain!

"Ah! little reck they, the glad and gay,
As they chide the tears that start,
Of the weary woe that hath folded slow
Round my crushed and breaking heart!
Yet its burdened scroll may no hand unroll,
Nor that voiceless grief confess—
Pride brooketh no eye of sympathy
On its boarded wretchedness!

"I will mingle to-night, in the revel bright,
With a proud, imperial brow—
And mine eye shall beam as it ne'er were dim
In tears o'er the false one's vow!
Hope's mantling blush shall my pale cheek flush,
And my sad lip wear the smile,
That it brightly bore, in those days of yore
Ere the soul had dreamed of guile!

"Fair gems shall rest on my heaving breast,
Though they lift to the heart-throb there!
And orient pearls, mid my clustering curls,
Shall a softened radiance wear.
But starry streams from these burning gems
O'er a cold, cold heart shall flow,
Like the faithless play of the meteor-ray
That flasheth o'er polar snow!

"A measure I'll trace in the dance's maze,
With a calm and queenly air;
But my heart I'll veil from the mocker's gaze,
For the canker-worm wasteth there!
Yet careless words, from its shattered cords,
Shall its fainting anguish hide,
Till they marvel all, that the spirits thrall
Is so *lightly* cast aside!

"Glad strains shall float to the lute's soft notes,
And the harp's rich minstrelsy!
Nor voice of woe, 'mid the cadence low,
Breath a mournful melody!
Oh long, too long, to the lip of song
Hath a seal of anguish clung!
Should the proud soul pine by the broken shrine
Where its gifts were vainly flung?

"For he wearies now of his early vow,
As he seeketh a portioned bride;
While the murmured words that mine ears have heard,
Are poured at another's side!
Nay! with tearless eye will I burst each tie,
And that plighted faith restore;
But the trusting truth of my sunny youth,
Ye can give me back no more!

"For a clasping chain o'er my heart hath lain
Till each link is buried deep;
And years may roll but my silent soul
Must that searing impress keep!
I could kneel to bear e'en the death-point there,
Had *another* dealt the doom!
But it matters not! to his brighter lot
May no dark upbraidings come!

"I would weep to throw, round his path below,
As he walketh unscathed and free,
The withering blight that like pall of night
O'ershadoweth my destiny!
For the desert blast o'er each joy hath past,
With its hot, consuming breath;
Nor may greenness spring where its scorching wing
Hath swept with the Siroc's wrath!

"'Tis o'er! 'tis o'er!—from the dust once more
Doth my lofty spirit rise!
High anthems swell, for the victim pale
Is robed for the sacrifice!
"'Mid that pageant proud, with a soul unbowed,
Shall the scorned Bianca shine;
And the shaft may speed, but no eye shall read
That a bursting heart is mine!"

* * * * * * * * * *

'Tis night's deep noon, but the olive-gloom
Is flashed with the torches' gleams,
As the revellers steal with a merry peal,
On the fair Bianca's dreams!
"Ha! tarriest thou from the Bridal now?"
—But the sudden life that fled
From each whitening cheek might the sad tale speak,
For the gentle girl was dead!

Two Death-bed Scenes.

From the Vermont Chronicle.

"Look first on this picture; then on that."

It was a gorgeously furnished apartment in the palace of England's queen. The windows are hung with crimson velvet; the sofas and draperies are of the same rich material, tastefully arranged. Costly and beautiful paintings from the ancient masters, in massive frame decorate the walls. The last rays of the sun, breaking through the crimson curtains shed a soft and mellow light through the apartment.

Reclining upon a royal couch, a noble queen lies dying. Her countenance is severely stern, and expressive of determined resolution. That broad forehead is contracted, as if in pain. She has enjoyed all the honors this world can bestow. How worthless pleasure, wealth and renown appear, as the vista of futurity opens upon the eye of the soul. The scenes of eternity now unveil themselves to her astonished vision, and her whole preparation for that untried state is crowded into a few brief moments. Now despair is depicted in every feature; the lashings of conscience are terrible. She actually writhes under excess of mental anguish; there is an expression of awe in the countenance of every beholder, and the profound silence of terror seems to pervade the apartment. With accents faltering in death, the dying Eliza-

both exclaims: "Millions of money for a moment of time." Miserable woman; she possesses wealth and fame; she is surrounded with pleasure and luxury—and yet she shrieks in vain for a moment of time. There is a groan, a spasm, and all is still, the heart has ceased its throbbing and that soul stands in the presence of Jehovah. Proudly did she rise above the great and the gifted upon the earth:

"But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night."

* * * * *

In a lowly cottage, half concealed with the overshadowing foliage resides the family of the missionary. It is a lovely morning; the birds are pouring forth their rich notes of melody; the air is perfumed with the grateful fragrance of flowers, bending, half concealed, with the abundance of dew upon them. The windows of the cottage are thrown open, and the fringed curtains looped far back to admit the fresh breeze. Although everything around seems joyous, yet there is sorrow in that dwelling; the wife and mother; the devoted missionary is dying. A smile is on her lip; in her countenance there is an unearthly beauty.—Hers has been a life of sacrifice and selfdenial in the cause of her Redeemer—she had given up the ease, pleasure and luxury of her early home to serve Christ. Now she is going to reap her reward in heaven. Death has no terror for her; serenity pervades her whole bearing as she draws near eternity. Her eyes are closed yet visions of hear early home, of childhood's joyous hours, are thronging her mind. Now she joins in the worship of God in the sanctuary, now unites in a hymn of praise; now she beholds the gates of heaven, the river of life, while earth and all its scenery grows dim about her.

Look at her again. Her face is calm, like that of an angel: those lips move not; that heart has ceased its beating.

"The gentle air
Comes through the open window freighted with
The savory odors of the early spring—
She breathes it not; the laugh of passers by
Jars like a discord in some mournful tune,
But worries not her slumbers. She is dead."

Her spirit, borne on angel's wings, enters the gate of the heavenly city. The mind of man never conceived such glory as now bursts upon her enraptured vision. The ear of mortal never listened to such music as now fills her soul with melody. The imagination never conceived such happiness as now fills her whole being with delight.

"Before the throne she stands sublime in robes
Of glory; and now her fingers wake the chords
To praise; which all in heaven repeat."

Novels and Insanity.—In the fourth annual report of the Mount Hope Institution for the insane, by Dr. W. H. Stokes, he says, in respect to moral insanity, "Another fertile source of this species of derangement has appeared to be an undue indulgence in the perusal of the numerous works of fiction, with which the press is so prolific of late years, and which are sown broadcast over the land, with the effect of vitiating the taste and corrupting the morals of the young. Parents cannot too cautiously guard their young daughters against this pernicious practice. We have had several cases of moral insanity, for which no other cause could be assigned than excessive novel reading. And nothing is more likely to induce this disease than the education which fosters sentiment, instead of cherishing real feelings—such as result from the performance of active benevolence, sacred duty of ordinary life, and of religious obligations—which awakens and strengthens the imagination without warming the heart; and, to borrow the language of an eloquent divine, places the individual 'upon a romantic theatre—not upon the dust of mortal life.'"

Battle of Dunbar.

The spot on which Oliver drew up his little army, was a small, narrow, tongue of land, running out into the Frith of Forth—high and bleak near where it joined the main land, and overlooking, on either side, the restless ocean. The town of Dunbar was behind him—a single mansion, Brocksmouth House, faced his extreme left—else there was not a covering on the desolate expanse, save one hut, into which the cannon were carried to shelter them from the rain, which fell in torrents.

On this bleak and narrow peninsula, only a mile and a half wide at its base, behold the white tents of Cromwell's army! In front of him, landward, is a desolate, unpassable moor, with a low ridge of hills beyond, on which stands the Scotch army, twenty-three thousand strong. At the base of these runs a small streamlet, forty feet wide and almost as many deep; furnishing only two passes over which troops can march. Cromwell's ships are in the offing, his now last remaining resource: the lion is at length caught, and the prey deemed secure.

On the second of September, Oliver looks forth from the desolate heath, on which his army is drawn up in order of battle; and lo! what a sight meets his gaze. Behind him is the sea, swept by a strong wind; and before him, blocking him in from shore to shore, a chosen army outnumbering his own two to one. The white tents, that are sprinkled over this low peninsula, rock to and fro in the storm of sleet and hail; and darkness and gloom hang over the Puritan host. This strip of land is all that he has left in Scotland, while a powerful army stands ready to sweep him into the sea. But it is in circumstances like these that his character shines forth with greatest splendor.—Though his overthrow seems certain, he exhibits no discouragement or fear, for, "*he was a strong man in the dark perils of war; in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all others.*"

At four o'clock that evening, as he was watching the enemy's movements through his glass, he saw that the Scotch commander was bringing down the whole army from the hill to the brook at its base, to be ready next day to commence the assault. In this movement his quick eye detected an error, which, like Bonaparte, he determined to avail himself of.

Lesley, in executing his maneuver, had packed his main body into a narrow space, where it could not easily deploy; while the entire right wing stretched into the plain. Cromwell saw, that if he could rout this wing, and roll it back in disorder on the unwieldly mass, before it could draw up in order of battle in the open ground, victory would be sure. That night, therefore, his twelve thousand men were placed in battle array, with nothing white about them to show conspicuous in the dusky twilight, and with orders, as soon as the morning dawned, to fall on the enemy. All night long, the drenched army stood, without a tent to cover them, in the cold storm; while the moan of the sea, as it rolled heavily on the beach, seemed chanting a requiem beforehand, for the dead that should cumber the field. But, amid the shriek of the blast, and the steady roar of the waves, the voice of prayer was heard along the lines; and many a brave heart, that before another night should beat no more, poured forth its earnest supplications to the God of battles.

Toward morning, the clouds broke away, and the moon shone dimly down on the silent host.—Cromwell, who had been intently watching the enemy's motions, now saw a column moving down the southern pass; and lifting up his arm, exclaimed, "the Lord hath delivered them into our hands!" The trumpets then sounded the charge—the artillery opened their fire, while louder than all rang the shouts, "*The Lord of Hosts! the Lord of Hosts!*" as infantry and cavalry poured in one wild torrent together on the enemy. The first division of the foot recoiled; when Cromwell ordered up his own regiment, which, with leveled pikes, pressed sternly forward amid the carnage, bearing down all opposition. At that moment, the cavalry came thundering on; the Scotch paused in terror; the next moment the clattering tempest was upon them. Over the brook and over the hostile ranks they went, trampling down the steady battalions like grass beneath their feet, and bearing three thousand souls to the next world, in their fierce passage. In the midst of this terrible charge, on which Cromwell's eye rested with the deepest anxiety, the sun rose over the naked hills, and, struggling through the mist that was gently moving away from the battle-field, sent his level beams athwart the commingled hosts.

So did the sun rise on Napoleon at Borodino, as he stood and surveyed the field on which two hundred and sixty thousand men were moving to battle, and the sublime expression burst from his lips, "Behold the Sun of Austerlitz!" But Cromwell carried way by a higher sentiment than glory, gave vent to his emotions in sublimer language.—As the blazing fire-ball rolled slowly into view and poured its light over the scene, he burst forth, "LET GOD ARISE, *and let his enemies be scattered!*" Ay, and they were scattered. The right wing, broken and disordered. was rolled in a confused mass upon the main body of the army; and the panic spreading, those twenty thousand men became a cloud of fugitives, sweeping hither and thither over the field. At the base of Doon Hill, on which the enemy had been encamped, Cromwell ordered a general halt: and while the horse could be rallied for the chase, bade the army sing the hundred and seventeenth Psalm "Hundred and seventeenth Psalm, at the foot of Doon Hill; there we uplift it to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky." As the mighty anthem died away on the field, the shout of battle was again heard; and the fierce cavalry drove amid the broken ranks, riding down the fugitives and sabring them without mercy, till the ground was covered with dead.

Three thousand were slain: and ten thousand taken prisoners; while fifteen thousand stand of arms; two hundred stands of colors, and twenty-seven cannon, remained as spoils to the victors. It was an utter rout of the Scotch; the whole country around became covered with a disorderly multitude, through which the steady squadrons of the republicans galloped without resistance.—*Headley's Life of Cromwell.*

TO RAISE SHEPHERD DOGS.—Take a pup of the largest cur species, from 3 to 6 weeks old, and a ewe that has a young lamb. Kill or otherwise dispose of the young lamb; confine the ewe in a small pen, and make the puppy suck the ewe three or four times and you have done all that is necessary. The puppy will recognize the ewe as its mother, the ewe will own the puppy as her offspring, and will rear it. A dog thus raised is wilder and fiercer, and much more severe in fight than the ordinary cur—able to use up all the wolves that can be produced. They in part partake of the nature of a wild animal, and will subsist like sheep upon vegetation. We have a friend in the sheep business in South America, some 20 miles back from Montevideo, who has a large number of dogs with his flock, and they afford complete protection. This is the whole secret in raising shepherd dogs.—*Galena Jeffersonian.*

CHURCH MUSIC.—The following extract is taken from "Ranke's History of the Popes," and will be found curious and interesting to those who delight in church music as an aid to devotion;

"With regard to one art alone, it was long doubtful whether it would lend itself entirely to the purposes of the church or not. In the middle of the sixteenth century, music had lost herself in the most intricate artificiality. The reputation of a composer rested entirely on arbitrary and difficult tricks, while the meaning of the words were wholly disregarded; there are a great number of masses of that period, which are variations on themes of some well known profane airs; the human voice was treated as a mere instrument. No wonder if the council of Trent was scandalized at the performance of such music in the churches. In consequence of its discussion, Pius IV. nominated a commission to advise upon the question, whether music was to be permitted in the churches, or not. The decision was very doubtful. The church required distinctness of words, and adaptation of musical expression to them. The musicians affirmed that this was not to be attained according to the laws of their art. Carlo Borromeo was in the commission, and severe judgment was rendered very probable by the strict opinions of this great ecclesiastic. Happily for art, the right man appeared at the critical moment. Among the composers at that time in Rome was Piero-Luigi Palestrina. The rigor of Paul IV. had driven him out of the papal chapel because he was married; from that time he had lived, secluded and forgotten, in a miserable hut among the vineyards of Monte Celio. His was a spirit that diversity could not crush. Even in this solitude he devoted himself to his art with an enthusiasm which ensured to the creative power within him, freedom and originality of production.

Here he wrote the 'Improperie,' which still yearly solemnizes Good Friday in the Sistine chapel. Never, probably, had a composer a more exquisite appreciation of the profound sentiment of his text, of its symbolical meaning, its applicability to religion, its capacity for moving the soul. If ever a man was competent to make the experiment, whether the method he had adopted could be applied to the more extended and complicated work of a mass, it was Palestrina; the commission intrusted it to him. He felt completely that it was an experiment on which depended the life or death of the grand music of the mass. He applied himself to his task with conscious tension of all his powers; on his manuscript were found the words, 'Domine illumina oculos meos!" He did not immediately succeed; the two first attempts failed; but at length, in a fortunate moment, he completed that mass, known under the name of the mass of Pope Marcellus, which surpassed all expectation. Though full of simple melody, it may be compared in variety with any preceding masses. Choruses separate, and re-unite; the meaning of the words is expressed with unrivalled force and accuracy; the Kyrie is submission; the Agnus, humility; the Credo, majesty. Pope Pius IV., before whom it was performed, was enraptured, and compared it to the heavenly melodies which the Apostle John heard in his ecstatic trance. By this one great example the question was now for ever set at rest. A path was opened, in following which the most beautiful works, the most touching, even to those who are not of

the church, were produced. Who can hear them without enthusiasm? It is as if nature acquired tone and utterance; as if the elements spoke, and the voice of universal life broke forth in the spontaneous harmony of adoration; now undulating, like the waves of the sea—now mounting in songs of triumph to Heaven. This art, which had perhaps been more completely alienated, from the spirit and service of the church than any other, now became the most strongly attached to it.—Nothing could be more important to catholicism. —Even in its dogmas, it had, if we mistake not, caught somewhat of that spirit of enthusiastic reverie which pervades the most impressive penitential and devotional books. Spiritual sentimentality and rapture were the favorite themes of poetry and painting. Music, which speaks a language more direct, more impressive, more irresistible, more adapted to ideal expression, than any other expositor or any other art, became the interpreter of these emotions, and thus subjugated all minds to her empire."

THE HURRICANE.—There is a vigor and truth in the following sketch by the author of the "Owl Creek Letters":

We had a hurricane yesterday, which left the mountain side marked with the forest ruins. There is a path mowed across the whole range. It came on at about noon. A dense black cloud lay on the horizon, and came slowly up until it reached the zenith. At the instant that the black thunder had veiled the sun, I saw the trees on the opposite mountain ridge swaying and bowing before the blast. It was perfectly still and calm where we were, and not a breath moved the delicate flower of the mysotis, which bloomed at my feet as I stood on the river bank. A moan came from the storm, and I bowed my head and listened to it. At first it was but a low wail, followed by a low whisper, as if a mother had heard her waking child's cry and was stilling it. I knew well that voice. It was premonitory of coming destruction. Not like that indescribably melodious sound of the wind on the ocean, but more broken, fierce, yet sweet. For the wind on the ocean is married to the sea, and deals with it as with a bride. Its sounds are always full of music, until it meets some intruder, and then with shriek and cry of madness it bears away the stranger. But on land the wind seems hurrying to its bride, and angry at every obstruction. So now. The trees swung to and fro on the ridge, and waved and tossed their arms in confused fright; until at length they were suddenly released from their terror and stood still. But the ensuing silence was fearful. I saw a commotion in the center of the black cloud; I heard a roar, indistinct at first, then loud as thunder; and on the top of the ridge, a hundred rods from the highest peak, I suddenly saw a giant oak go down, and a pathway was opened, and a hundred trees lay by it as the storm came down the hill. I was chained to my place. I could not move, but gazed. They swept away like straws those noble trees; some writhed for an instant, and tossed their branches high up, and turned quite around, as if to face the tempest, and then fell crashing. Others lifted no hand, but bowed their old heads, on which the spring was but just shedding its blessings, and, Cæsar-like, seemed to fold their mantles around them as they fell. Some of them, I thought, looked at the wind with mournful look before they fell, a sort of "*et tu brute*" look, for they had fancied that the centuries had made the wind their friend. You see how quickly I had personified them. I had no thought of danger myself, but pitied the forest. In fact, the track of the hurricane was across the hill side, and not toward me; so that I was perfectly safe, until the usual general tempest which follows a hurricane should reach me. When that came, as it did at length, I was thoroughly drenched before I could reach the cabin, and I thought for a half hour that the logs would not hold together; but they stood it bravely, and the sun shone out clearly at 2 o'clock on a green and lovely scene. Only the track of the wild wind was desolate, The fine old trees lay in confused masses, leaving a broad pathway open for the next storm that may come that way. This morning we crossed the river and went up to look at the ruins. They presented a sad scene. The forest is full of such scenes. In many places we came across piles of fallen trees, all lying in the same direction, in a narrow line extending for miles, heaped on one another, and all giving unquestionable evidence that they met their fate together. I have never seen a more thorough work of destruction than this of yesterday has been.

DEATH NOT PAINFUL.—We think that most persons have been led to regard dying as a much more painful change than it generally is; first because they have found by what they experienced in themselves and observed in others, that sentient beings often struggle when in distress: hence struggling to them is a sign, an invariable sign of distress. But we may remark, that struggles are very from being invariabl signs of distress; muscular action and consciousness are two distinct things, often existing separately; and we have abundant reason to believe that in a great proportion of cases, those struggles of dying men which are so distressing to behold, are as entirely independent of consciousness as the struggles of a recently decapitated fowl. A second reason why men are led to regard dying as a very painful change, is, because men often endure great pain without dying, and forgetting that the like causes produce like effects only under similar circumstances, they infer that life cannot be destroyed without still greater pain. But the pains of death are much less than most persons have been led to believe, and we doubt not that many persons who live to the age of puberty, undergo tenfold more misery than they would, did they understand correct views concerning the change. In all cases of dying, the individual suffers no pain after the sensibility of his nervous system is destroyed, which is often without any previous pain.

Those who are struck dead by a stroke of lightning those who are instantly destroyed by a crush of the brain, experience no pain at all in passing from a state of life to a dead state. One moment's expectation of being thus destroyed far exceeds in misery the pain during the act. Those who faint in having a little blood taken from the arm, or on any other occasion, have already endured all the misery they ever would did they not again revive. Those who die of fevers and most other diseases suffer their greatest pain, as a general thing, hours, or even days, before they expire.—The sensibility of the nervous system becomes gradually diminished; their pain becomes less and less acute under the same existing cause; and at the moment when their friends think them in the greatest distress, they are more at ease than they have been for many days previous; their disease, as far as respects their feelings, begins to act upon them like an opiate. Indeed, many are already dead as it respects themselves, when ignorant bystanders are much the most to be pitied, not for the loss of their friends, but their sympathizing anguish. Those diseases which destroy life without immediately affecting the nervous system, give rise to more pain than those that do affect the system so as to impair its sensibility.—

The most painful deaths which human beings inflict upon each other are produced by rack and faggot. The halter is not so cruel as either of these, but more savage than the axe. Horror and pain considered, it seems to us that we should choose a narcotic to either.—*Charles Knowlton M. D.*

The Two Brothers.

The following beautiful Arabian legend we copy from the "Voice of Jacob:"

The site occupied by the temple of Solomon was formerly a cultivated field, possessed in common by two brothers. One of them was married and had several children; the other was unmarried—they lived together, however, cultivating in the greatest harmony possible, the property they had inherited from their father.

The harvest soon had arrived. The two brothers bound up their sheaves and made two equal stacks of them and left them on the field. During the night, the unmarried brother was struck with an excellent thought: "My brother," said he to himself, "has a wife and children to support; it is not just that my share of the harvest should be as large as his." Upon this he arose, and took from his stack several sheaves, which he added to those of his brother; and this he did with as much secrecy, as if he had been committing an evil action, in order that his brotherly offering might not be refused. On the same night the other brother awoke, and said to his wife—"My brother lives alone without a companion; he has no one to assist him in his labor, nor to reward him for his toils, while God has bestowed on me a wife and children; it is not right that we take from our common field as many sheaves as he, since we have already more than he has—domestic happiness.—If you consent, we shall, by adding secretly, a certain number of our sheaves to his stack, by way of compensation, and without his knowledge, see his portion of the harvest increase." The project was approved, and immediately put into execution.

In the morning each of the brothers went to the field, and were much surprised at seeing the stacks still equal. During several successive nights the same contrivance was repeated on both sides, for as each kept adding to his brother's store, the stacks always remained the same. But one night both having stood centries to dive into the cause of this miracle, they met, each bearing the sheaves mutually destined for the other. It was thus all elucidated, and they rushed into each other's arms, each grateful to Heaven for having so good a brother.

Now, says the legend, the place where so good an idea simultaneously occurred to the two brothers, and with so much pertinacity, must have been acceptable to God. Men blessed it, and Israel chose it, there to erect the house of the Lord!"

WHAT A "GENTLEMAN" MAY DO, AND WHAT HE MAY NOT DO.—He may carry a brace of partridges, but not a leg of mutton. He may be seen in the omnibus box at the opera, but not on the box of an omnibus. He may be seen in a stall inside the theatre, but not at a stall outside one. He may dust another person's jacket, but must not brush his own. He may kill a man in a duel, but he mustn't eat peas with his knife. He may thrash a coal heaver, but he musn't ask twice for soup. He may pay his debts of honor, but he need not trouble himself about his tradesman's bills. He may drive a stage coach, but he musn't take or carry coppers. He may ride a horse as jockey, but he musn't exert himself in the least to get his living. He musn't never forget what he owes as a gentleman to his tailor. He may do any thing, to any body, in fact, within the range of a gentleman—go through the insolvent debtor's court, or turn billiard marker—but he must never, on any account, carry a brown parcel, or appear in the street without a pair of gloves.—*N. O. Delta.*

A Bit of Romance.

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

It is a trite but at the same time true remark that the real incidents of life constantly occurring around us, possess a far more romantic interest than the fanciful ones conceived in the teeming brain of the novelist. Of this the following 'o'er true tale,' told us in brief by the Steward of the packet-boat Louisiana on Saturday, will furnish an illustration:

Some ten years ago, as our readers will remember, there was what was termed a 'rebellion' in Canada, and after the 'patriots' were subdued, some were summarily executed, and a portion banished, for a long term of years to Australia.—Most of these latter were men with families, from which they were torn without mercy, to expiate in a far-distant land, by imprisonment and hard labor, the crime of having failed in their attempt to rid their country of the evils of misgovernment. We think they acted very unwisely in proceeding to the extremities they did, but this point we will not stop to consider. With one of these expatriated men our tale has chiefly to do.

For seven or eight weary years he had borne the hardships of a lonely captivity, hopeless of ever seeing home or friends again, when a general amnesty was proclaimed by the British Government in regard to all, with one or two exceptions, of those who had been concerned in the rebellion. Our hero was now at liberty, and his first thought was to seek his home. But he had no means to pay his passage there, and he accordingly shipped on board a whaling vessel, which, at the end of two years more, landed him upon his native shores.

'Wife, children and friends' filled his thoughts, and he hastened on to his old residence in Canada. Everything remained as it had been—friends and neighbors greeted him as he passed along—but how his heart sunk within him to find the homestead deserted, and to learn that his wife had been married two years to another, supposing the 'husband of her youth' to be dead. She and her new-found mate, had left that part of the country and settled somewhere in Illinois.

The poor man felt desolate indeed, and he determined to see, and if possible to reclaim his wife and children. After weary travel and many inquiries he traced them to Knox county, Illinois, where they were comfortably settled in their new home. There he presented himself a few days since. The wife could not have been more surprised or pained to see an apparition from the grave, for she had long considered him as dead. The new husband, too, was rather disagreeably surprised to see before him a claimant for his wife. What should be done? The first husband was anxious to obtain the lady, the second was disinclined to give her up, looking upon his 'claim' as good.

They were reasonable people all round. The original claimant remained in the neighborhood a couple of weeks, during which time the matter was frankly talked over. At last the rivals came to the very just and rational conclusion that the lady was the proper person to make a final decision of the question, and to her it was mutually agreed to refer it, giving her time to consider it in all its bearings.

What more perplexing position could a woman be placed in than this? Here were two men with almost equal claims upon her affections. One was

the father of all her children, but one the companion of her youth—the other, bound to her heart by near and sacred ties, and by the mutual love they bore an infant that had been born to them.—She could not for a time decide—what true-hearted woman could? A tumult of thoughts and emotions filled her heart, alternately swaying her from side to side. Thus the conflict lasted for several days, during which time she was enabled to look clearly into her own heart, and at last she was ready for a decision. Which could she choose but the man around whom were twined the tendrils of a first and strong affection—to whom she had given the first offerings of her heart? The needle may vibrate for a time, but it points at last with unfailing constancy to the never-setting star fo the north; and in like manner, the heart of a true woman, having in the wide universe but one fitting mate, will, after all vicissitudes, turn lovingly to the sunny warmth of 'first, only love.'

A disposition of the youngest child must now be made, and it was mutually agreed by the two men, that, as it could not be deprived of a mother's care, the first husband should take it with the other children, to be restored to the father at some future time. The reunited family now made preparations to go to a new home; and so great was the interest excited in the neighborhood by this singular affair, that as many as a hundred and fifty persons from the neighborhood were present to witness their departure. On Saturday last they came up in the packet Louisiana, on their way to Michigan, where they will take up their residence.

We naturally sympathize with the first husband, to whom wife and children are restored, but who will not feel for the bereavement of the second?

Lake Pleasant — Glorious Fishing.—The editor and correspondents of the Spirit of the Times have time and again told us of the glorious fishing in Lake Pleasant, Hamilton county, and a friend who has recently made an excursion thither, fully confirms all that has been said of it in that excellent sporting paper. Although only about a mile and a half in circumference, it contains some of the largest trout this side of the jumping-off place. They have been taken of the enormous weight of thirty odd pounds, we believe, and our friends had a two hours' tussle with a seventeen pounder, which he finally killed, with an ordinary fly-rod and a very light line, after attempting to *gaff* the fish, and pulling out the shaft of the instrument in trying to pull him in. Our friend and a companion, in three days took between six and seven hundred pounds of lake and brook trout, including one fish of 17 pounds, several of 15 pounds, 11 pounds, 9 pounds, and 5 pounds, and down to 3 pounds, 2 pounds, 1 pound, and ½ pound. The largest brook trout taken weighed over two pounds. Besides the bites from the fish, they had any quantity of mosquito bites, and were a good deal annoyed by a black fly, indigenous to that region, and remarkably pertinacious and blood-thirsty.

Hamilton county, especially the northen part of it, seems to be a sort of *terra incognita* to the people of the rest of the State. The spot where our friend camped, is nineteen miles from any house, and he and his fellow sportsman lodged in a shanty made of boughs, and built up immense fires every night to keep off the wolves, "*bars*," panthers, mosquitoes, and other insects. Twenty miles north from that point the whole region is an unreclaimed wilderness, full of "varmints," and entirely uninhabited. It is a great sporting country, abounding in deer and other large game. By looking at the map, it will be seen that the county is the largest in the State except St. Lawrence.

We strongly advise our citizens, who have a taste for sport, and a soul above horse mackerel, and sand snipe, to put up their tackle and double barreled fowling pieces, next September, and make an irruption into the "primeval solitudes," in the vicinity and to the north of Lake Pleasant. The *locale* would not be unpleasant in this blazing weather; the lake, if we mistake not, being some 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.—*N. Y. True Sun.*

Power of Early Musical Impressions and Associations.

BY G. W. LUCAS.

From the Cleveland Herald.

During the war which broke out in 1754, between the French and English, a party of Indians from Canada entered Pennsylvania, burnt several houses and carried off many captives. Among these was a little German girl whose father was killed by the Indians, but her mother escaped.—The name of the little girl was Regina, and she was given to an old Indian woman. While with the Indians in Canada, Regina never forgot her kind parents, nor the little hymn which they had taught her to sing. In the year 1764, that excellent man, Colonel Bouquet, was sent with a small army against the Indians who carried off Regina.—He soon conquered the Indians, released all the captives they had taken in Pennsylvania, among whom was Regina, and then returned with them to Carlisle, in that State. He then gave public notice that the parents who had lost children by the Indians might come and see if they were among the poor captives. The poor mother of Regina, among others, went to Carlisle to see if she could find her long-lost child. But when she got there, she did not know Regina, who had grown up and looked like the Indians. Thus disappointed, the poor mother stood weeping, when the kind hearted Colonel Bouquet came up to her and said—"Do you recollect nothing by which your child might be discovered?" Nothing, replied the mother, but a little hymn which I taught her to sing, and which is as follows:

"Alone, and yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear:
I feel my Savior always nigh,
He comes the weary hour to cheer:
I am with Him and He with me—
E'en here alone I cannot be!"

The Colonel desired her to sing the hymn as she used to do. She had sung but two lines when Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing also, and threw herself into her mother's arms. Thus the dear child was found.

How important, then, is the power of Musical Association! We might as well look for the flowers of Paradise upon the burning sand as for pleasure in Music without this principle.

Utility.—Man's use and function (and let him who will not grant me this follow me no further, for this I purpose always to assume) is to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness. Whatever enables us to fulfil this function, is in the pure and first sense of the word *useful to us*. Pre-eminently, therefore, whatever sets the glory of God more brightly before us. But things that only help us to exist, are in a secondary and mean sense, useful, or rather, if they be looked for alone, they are useless and worse, for it would be better that we should not exist than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of existence. And yet people speak in this working

age, when they speak from their hearts, as if houses, and lands, and food, and raiment were alone useful, and as if sight, thought and admiration, were all profitless, so that men insolently call themselves Utilitarians, who would turn, if they had their way, themselves and their race into vegetables; men, who think as far as such can be said to think, that the meat is more than the life, and the raiment than the body, who look to the earth as a stable, and its fruit as fodder; vinedressers and husbandmen, who love the corn they grind, and the grapes they crush, better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden; hewers of wood and drawers of water, who think that the wood they hew and the waters they draw, are better than the pine forests that cover the mountains like the shadow of God, and than the great rivers that move like his eternity. And so comes upon us that woe of the preacher, that though God "has made every thing beautiful in his time, also he hath set the world in their hearts, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end."—*Modern Painters.*

LITERARY IMPOSTURES.—The N. Y. Literary World gathers from its late foreign journals the following literary scandal:

A Mr. Querard has recently published a work entitled "Literary Impostures Unveiled," a considerable portion of which is devoted to M. Dumas, so long a favorite with the cheap novel publishers here. His assumptions and impositions are unmercifully exposed. Of the forty-five dramas which go under his name, M. Dumas himself has only written four without assistance; and he is said "to have been always ready to honor a deceased writer by borrowing his aid," even to the extent of taking "scenes, characters and incidents wherever he could find them," and to use his own phrase, he "conquers" them, i. e. annexes them to his own "literary dominions." M. Dumas has always stoutly maintained that in all his productions, whether dramas, novels, histories, or travels, he never had any other literary assistance than that of M. Auguste Magnet. M. Querard makes out a list of *seventy-four* collaborators, whose names he gives, besides specifying the particulars of their assistance! Then again he is accused of having sold the works of others as his own. A rich instance is given. "Jacques Artis, par M. Dumas," was the title of a work published in 1839. This was nothing more nor less than a translation of "Ultime Lettere di Jacopo Ortis," by Ugo Foscolo: nor was the translation by M. Dumas himself—it was merely a republication of a translation published ten years before by M. Gosselin, with a few trifling alterations! To give a few more samples: A story by M. Mery, called "La Chasse au Chastre," was first "conquered" by M. Dumas for his "Impressions de Voyage dans le Midi de la France," and again, for the end of the sixth volume of "Le Chevalier du Maison Rouge." "Albine, on la Chambre Rouge," was a translation from the German, but purported to be original; "Georges" was written by M. Mallefille. Says the Athenæum: "'Fernande' is another pleasant example, originally written by M. Hippolyte Auger for the *Revue de Paris*. On his arrival in St. Petersburg, the author found his 'Olympe' christened 'Fernande' and signed Alexander Dumas. Is this not delicious? A writer quits France; and the great conqueror instantly 'annexes' his property, utterly reckless of consequences! These things are so incredible that the most positive testimony is wanted before we can even listen to them! but this evidence M. Querard has given." "Une Fille de Regent" was written by M. Canailhac; and omitting many other instances, we come to one which crowns the whole, viz: M. Florentino wrote the first part of "Monte Christo;" M. Auguste Maguet the second, as well as "Les trois Monsquetaires" and "Vingt Ans Apres," great part of them, however, being borrowed from the "Memoires d'Artagnan." M. Querard's book is a rich exposition of literary impostures, and the author appears to have had every facility for ascertaining the truth as far as regards his contemporaries. The correspondent of the Literary Gazette represents Dumas as immersed in politics, and writing a leader of three columns every day for the paper La Liberte; where he "conquers" a success of ridicule. So thanks to the revolution the liter ary manufactory is suspended for the present.

THE VIAMETER.—It was recently stated that the distance between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico, had been measured by means of the "viameter." Not having been able to find a definition for this word in the dictionary, we were glad to meet with the following explanation in the Philadelphia Ledger:

In the year 1845, when Gen, Taylor and that portion of the army under him, was ordered to the Rio Grande, the late Lieut. George Stevens, of the 2d regiment of Dragoons, was despatched on topographical engineering service, and was ordered by Gen. Taylor to survey the route of the army from Fort Jessup, La., to Corpus Christi, Texas. Lieut. Stevens being an inventive genius, constructed this "viameter" out of an old wooden clock, and attached it to the axletree of a cart given him by his commanding general, for the purpose, and in the hub of the wheel he drove a spike, and every revolution of the wheel the spike would strike a pin in the clock and cause the hand to move one notch, thereby indicating the circumference of the wheel and the distance the army had travelled every day by looking at the "clock," as the officers used to say.

By this piece of mechanism Lieut. Stevens was enabled to make a perfect survey of the route for the army, a drawing of which is now in the War Department. Lieut. Stevens received some very flattering compliments from the President, the Secretary of War and Gen. Taylor, for the beautiful and ingenious style in which the survey was made.

A few days before the battles of the 8th and 9th of May, Lieut. Stevens, not knowing what might be his fate, desired that his Government should be the owner of this valuable invention. He gave it to the Quartermaster's department for the use of the U. States, and after passing through those battles unscathed, Lieut S. was drowned while leading his squadron across the Rio Grande on the 18th of May.

STEADY HABITS.—The Boston *Daily Advertiser* announces in its advertising columns the dissolution of the partnership of Messrs. TROTT & BUNSTEAD, an honorable, enterprising, and successful mercantile house, and one of the oldest firms in that city. Their partnership, says the *Advertiser*, has subsisted for a period of fifty years, and previous to their partnership, they had been apprentices in the same store for a period of seven years. Immediately adjoining this paragraph, we noticed another, in the same paper, copied from the Salem *Register*, which says a little fishing schooner that laid at one of the wharves of Salem last week, was manned by a crew consisting of skipper Marshall, aged 78; his brother aged 76; another man aged 76, and a *boy* 65. The vessel is 45 years old and the united ages of vessel and crew number 340 years! The skipper has followed the pursuit from the age of 9 years.

For the Western Literary Messenger

A Prayer.

God of the night and all its majesty,
Clouds and strange whispery winds and burning stars,
To Thee I call. A dimmed yet quenchless spark
Of thy own gift of being, seeks its source.

God of the lightnings, which with blazonry
Most wonderful, and the triumphant rolling
Of swift-wheeled chariots, are passing now.
To Thee I call: to Thee from out the depths,
Where sad, maternal earth all vainly pours
The faint sweet odor of her fading flowers
And her low, mournful melody of tone
On the unresisting sense of agony.
To Thee, to Thee I call; for thou alone
Who bidst the chainless lightnings and they come,
Spreading their flame-bright pinions to perform
Thy mandates, Thou alone canst break the gloom
Along the turbulent waves of human thought
With radiant truth; or speak the weariness
Of wronged and vain affections into rest.

God of my soul, who knowest its aching fear
And dread, deep, untold thirstings, bend, oh, bend
From thy unseen and awful grandeur now,
And let that gracious hand, whose thrilling touch
Gave more than life to Judah's leper, rest
Its hallowing, blest burden here—even here
On head and heart.

Mayville, N. Y. The Recluse.

June Exhibition of the Buffalo Horticultural Society.

Horticultural Rooms, June 22, 1848.

The committee on flowers, and flowering plants, having duly examined the within mentioned contributions, beg leave to offer the following report:—

Your committee cannot resist the temptation here so strongly offered to make a few general remarks upon the rise and progress of the acts and doings of this society.

The fair this day held, is the second of the series for this season; and it has been universally conceded by an unusually large concourse of visitors, to have been in all respects, far superior in point of quality and excellence of specimens, and variety, to any of the preceding exhibitions of the society. This may be readily accounted for, in the improved knowledge and progressive cultivation of taste—a nicer discriminating judgment based upon a higher standard than has heretofore existed with us. Our citizens generally, and especially the ardent zeal of our ladies, are becoming far more enlisted in the enchanting employment of Floriculture generally; and the greatly increased number of the members of the society, with the benefit of mutual interchanged opinions upon the subject of skill and method, are strongly evidenced, in each succeeding fair; and affords another strong claim, were it wanting, to the good wishes and fostering care of all who would refine both the head and the heart, and render home a delight, by creating and cultivating a charm which endears it with many of the most prominent and natural pleasures.

Our commonly termed "*June Roses*," or those which bloom but once in the season, of the class "Old French and Provence Roses"—with some very proper exceptions,—as the varieties: George IV., Madame Hardy, White Unique, Hundred Leaved, Persian Yellow, Yellow Cabbage, York and Lancaster &c., with some of the pillar and trailing varieties, as well also as that truly beautiful and unique class, the Moss Roses, which will ever command the delight and labor of the florist. With these and some other exceptions, the June Roses are fast giving place to a new and far more splendid and interesting class. The "*Hybrid Perpetuals*" and "*Remontantes*," which, from their remarkable luxuriance of growth, and free blooming qualities—blooming as they do throughout the whole season, and until the cold and freezing blast of November, cuts off hundreds of yet unexpanded buds. Their splendor of size is oftimes enormous, (witness La Reine) rich in fragrance, remarkably double, of every tint and color, and whose foliage is peculiar for its size and lusturous green. It is not to be wondered then, that the rose of this month should be supplanted by so prolific and charming a rival.

The Hybrid China Roses, the parents from which these "Perpetuals" are derived, are crosses or cross breeds between the China Tea-Scented-noisette and Bourbon roses, fertilized by the French Provence or other summer roses. These then are Mules or Hybrids, but as some of them mature seed in the Hep, they have been crossed again with other Chinese and Bourbons, from which seed this new and distinctive class "Hybrid Perpetuals" have sprung, having the properties of great and continuous flowering with vigorous growth, and tolerable hardihood. In this class are the splendid varieties, La Reine, Mad. Laffay, William Jessie, Prince Albert, and many others which are truly splendid.

Among the many beautiful "Noisette Roses," in whose peculiarity of growth lies the great clusters of corymbs of flowers generally cupped, forming oftimes twenty or thirty in a cluster, and exceedingly beautiful and of a more hardy habit than the Tea Roses, are found many splendid yellow, viz: *Chromatella (cloth of gold) Solfaterre, Amie Vibert, La Marque, Julie de Lyones*, &c.

Among the Bourbons, which are remarkable for their large sized flowers, profuse clusters, and vigorous shoots, often three or four feet long, covered with a splendid corymb of flowers, and which are also generally cupped; we find *Prince Albert, Mad. Suchet, Emily Plantier. Paul Joseph, Countess Mole*, &c. These varieties, with proper attention will bloom freely in pots during the winter months. Here then, we have a class of the "Queen of Flowers," worthy of our praise and labor, and it were but justice that we should acknowledge the fountain head, from which has sprung the great majority of these floral treasures. To Colonel B. Hodge of the Horticultural gardens, are we chiefly indebted, for the liberal enterprise in obtaining a large and splendid collection of Europe's choicest roses, his list on show being

but a tithe of his valuable collection. (These are on sale by him, at very moderate rates,) We would not fail to notice the delegation visiting us from the Horticultural society of the valley of the Genesee, in the person of Mr. P. Barry, of the firm of Elwanger & Barry, who contributed a splendid collection of Roses, and other rare and beautiful flowers which are enumerated below. Mr. Bissell, of the firm of Messrs. Bissell, Hooker & Sloane, and that deservedly well-known Pomologist and flourist N. Goodsell of Greece—we welcome them with pleasure. We were also visited by the executive committee of the N. Y. S. A. Society, and its highly respected and efficient Secretary, Col. B. P. Johnson; they having been in session during the week.

To our lady committees, both senior and junior; as well the volunteer committee in assistance, and to our worthy and ever tasteful secretary Mr. W. Coleman, we would offer our grateful thanks.—Their untiring assiduity and good taste, exhibited in decorating the Hall, and the arrangement of the boquets &c., met an universal approbation.

To Mr. W. H. Glenny for the use of glass ware, we would tender our best thanks.

The throng of visitors during the day and evening was very great, and more than doubled any previous exhibition, your committee were particularly gratified with the general careful observation made by visiters upon specimen flowers, and the nice discriminating judgement exercised in defining their peculiar excellencies. During the afternoon a portion of the pupils of the public schools visited the Hall. The President having extended an invitation to their teachers to bring such of their pupils as they might think proper, for half an hour, from half past two to three, P. M. on each day of exhibition. In the evening a spirited sale of the boquets and other contributions took place and were all sold by an early hour. The prices ranged from two shillings to thirteen each. The contributions were much more numerous than heretofore and number one hundred and three, and were as follows:

From W. R. Coppock—Cut flowers comprising a large collection of roses, hybrid perpetual, moss, tea, noisette and bourbon roses, and miscellaneous green house flowers for decoration &c.

Mrs. W. R. Coppock—2 boquets composed of roses and mixed green house flowers.

Miss Cornelia Curtiss—Boquet of beautiful moss, tea, and other fine roses &c.

Miss S. A. Curtiss—Boquet of roses 12 varieties; clematis digitalis, &c. beautifully wrought.

Miss A. E. Hart—2 elaborately made boquets consisting of oleander, fuchsia, abutilons, 7 varieties geraniums, moss roses, white perpetual, phelox van hou; also, a beautiful yellow honey suckle from the Manitou Islands.

Miss Hannah Hart—Boquet 4 varieties of choice roses, clematis, delphinium, &c., very tastefully made.

Mrs. W. Sherwood—beautiful boquet composed of 6 varieties of roses, pronus, clematis, &c.

Mr. Harry Thomson Jr.—Boquet 5 varieties roses, very good, delphinium, clematis, &c.

Mr. J. E. Hart—Boquet roses 7 varieties, larkspur, clematis, honey suckle, irish dragon, &c., very pretty.

Mr. L. F. Allen—A wholesale basket of miscellaneous cut flowers, embracing splendid varieties of moss roses, cabbage, hundred leave, various varieties of beautiful summer roses, peonies in variety, phloxes, flowering shrubs, syringa in varieties, clematis, &c. &c., which were used in the decorations of the hall.

Mrs. L. F. Allen—Three very beautifully made boquets consisting of roses, &c. in great variety.

Mr. C. W. Bull—Boquet roses, 6 varieties, (very good,) pinks, irish dragon, honey suckle, clematis, &c.

Miss Ann Eliza Lacy—3 very tastefully made flat boquets comprising a large variety of roses, many of which were very fine, with honey suckles, clematis, Phloxes, &c. &c.

Miss Caroline Hamilton—Boquet roses 8 varieties, some of which were particularly fine, Geo. IV, white moss with several tea roses, &c.

Miss C. Walden—2 boquets of rich roses, peonia humei, pinks, phlox, roses in variety, made up with artistic skill and elegance.

Miss J. Burrows—A beautiful boquet consisting of excellent tea roses, fine carnations, feather few, privet, seringas, &c.

Miss Lucy Burrows—Boquet of roses, in var. lily's &c., made up with Miss L.'s usual good taste.

Mrs. M. Perry—Boquet of roses, phlox, pinks, honey suckles, pansies, with a fine rhododendron, &c.

Mrs. Hiram Pratt—Splendid boquet comprising several varieties of moss roses, ayrshire climbers, baltimore belle, digitalis in variety, carnations, spireas and miscellaneous flowers in variety.

Miss Louisa E. Pratt—A highly ornamental and beautifully wrought boquet of rich roses, &c. in profusion.

Miss Julia Beals—Boquet of rich roses, in var. pinks and very fine pansies, &c.

Mrs. E. A. Maynard—Basket of cut flowers in profusion, many of which were very fine.

Miss Sarah A. Tifft—A very tasteful boquet of roses and other beautiful miscellaneous flowers.

Mrs. Horace Stillman—Boquet, chiefly of roses in variety, very tastefully wrought.

Miss Grace Bird—4 rich and highly ornamental boquets, comprising roses principally which were excellent, pinks, geraniums, &c.

Miss Matilda Bull—A very beautiful boquet of roses very tastefully made up.

Miss Catherine C. Wilcox—Boquet of good roses, privet, lilac, with capital pinks, &c.

Mrs. H. A. Parsons—Boquet of roses, peonies, &c. very good, with miscellaneous flowers for decoration.

Mrs. P. D. Eaton—A very rich boquet of exquisite roses, geraniums, &c. &c.

Miss Jeanie Rogers—7 ornamental boquets consisting of roses in variety, rich flowering shrubs artistically made up in good taste.

Miss Lucy Hubbard—Boquet of rich hybrid perpetual roses, provence roses, candy tuft, also a pair of excellent pansies.

Mrs. H. Shumway—Splendid boquet comprising several varieties of perpetual roses, gladiolus, candy tuft, also noble pansies for which Mrs. S. is famed.

Mrs. Chas. Howland—2 boquets made up with excellent taste, comprising fine varieties of moss and provence roses, madam hardy, white unique, nerium splendens, rich verbenas, geraniums, carnations, white peonies, iris, sweet william, phlox &c. &c.

Miss Maria Louisa Walker—2 boquets of roses in variety, very pretty and neatly made.

Master Cleveland Allen—Boquet of fine roses in variety, very tastefully made up.

Mrs. McArthur—A beautiful floral design, consisting of rich flowers in variety, very ornamental.

Mrs. G. B. Webster—2 boquets consisting of several splendid varieties of moss roses. These boquets were much admired and sold under spirited competition.

Mrs. G. T. Williams—Boquet of fine roses in variety, digitis, privet, &c. &c.

Mrs. Chas. H. J. Williams—A large and beautiful boquet of rich and rare miscellaneous flowers.

Miss Agnes Thomas—2 boquets of exquisite moss rose buds, very tastefully made.

Mrs. C. F. S. Thomas—2 boquets of rich roses in variety, among which were white moss, George IV., very fine, chinese peonies, &c.

Mrs. Lewis Eaton—A pyramidal flower stand, with compartments for water, (a capital and convenient article;) within this, was a splendid and beautifully wrought variety of rich roses in great profusion, among which were Madame Laffay, augustine mousnalet, provence cabbage, tuscany cabbage, madame hardy, hundred leaved, &c. &c. Also several other rich boquets.

Miss H. Grey—Boquet, prettily made of miscellaneous flowers.

Mrs. John Hollister—1 magnificent boquet, and three vases of rich and choice roses in great variety.

Mrs. Robt. Hollister—3 rich and splendid boquets, composed of roses in variety, *very fine*, spireas, candy tuft, gladiolus.

Mrs. T. J. Dudley—Boquet of beautiful roses in variety, spireas, phloxes, &c. very tastefully made.

Mrs. O. G. Steele—3 boquets, one of which was composed of moss roses, particularly beautiful. The others, miscellaneous fine flowers artistically made.

Mrs. L. Wilson—2 beautiful boquets made up by Mrs. W. W. Mann.

Mrs. T. B. Chase—1 large and beautiful boquet composed of roses, iris, digitalis, spiren, &c. &c.

Mrs. S. G. Haven—1 vase of rich and choice roses beautifully blended in colors, much admired.

Mrs. G. F. Pratt—12 boquets, comprising a large list of Hybrid, tea, noisette and other splendid roses for which the Dr is famed, with flowring shrubs, &c. &c., very beautiful.

Mrs. Chas. Taintor—A large basket of cut flowers, which were used in the decorations, and much esteemed.

Mrs. Col. Vandeventer—4 exquisite boquets of roses, in great variety and excellence, made up in charming good taste. These boquets were sold under spirited bidding.

Miss Antoinette Vandeventer—A charming boquet of carnations, roses, verbenas, &c.

Miss Haggart, of Black Rock—Five boquets of great beauty embracing, roses peonies, carnations, pinks, candy tuft, sweet william, &c.

Miss Maria B Hazard—Boquet, roses in var. lilies, sweet william, &c. very tastefully made.

Miss Harriet Ebner—Boquet of exquisite roses, and other flowers made up with excellent good taste.

Mrs. W. W. Mann—Bouquet of flowers in great varieties, artistically wrought, and in good keeping.

Mrs. E. Ford—Boquet of roses, ten varieties, many of them were very fine, with other beautiful flowers in variety, tastefully made.

Miss L. Colton—Boquet of roses eleven varieties, arranged very beautifully.

Mrs. P. Staats—One rich and beautiful boquet, composed of flowers in great varieties.

Mrs. J. D. Sheppard—Boquet of roses, French honey suckle, pinks, clematis, &c. &c. very ornamental.

Mrs. Joseph Dart—Two boquets of most charming moss rose buds. These were earnestly sought for at the sales.

Miss Grace Bird—A wreath of flowers, highly ornamental and tastefully put together.

Mrs. L. F. Allen—Boquet of moss rose buds, scarlet luxembourgh, white unique, &c. very beautiful.

Miss Mary Burnham—A very tasteful wreath of roses.

Mrs. E. R. Wilkinson—One large and beautiful boquet of roses of various colors very fine; also a splendid moss boquet.

Miss Maretta Salisbury—Rich boquet of fine roses in varieties.

Miss Lucy Bryant—Several rich and highly tasteful boquets, elaborately wrought, comprising roses in varieties: tea, chinese, noisette, with other beautiful flowers in profusion.

Messrs. Elwanger & Barry, Mount Hope Gardens, Rochester, presented 92 varieties of Roses, viz:—

Hybrid Perpetuals.—Baron Prevost, William Jessie, Duchess de Nemours, Dr. Marx, Louis Bonaparte, La Reine, Madame Laffay, Mrs. Elliot, Prince Albert, Compte de Paris, Julia Dupont.

Moss Roses.—Louxembourgh Moss, New Crimson, Single Crimson, Crested Moss, White Perpetual, Marbled, Alice Le Roy, Red Moss.

Climbers.—Queen of the Prairie, Baltimore Belle, Perpetual Pink, Caradora Allen, Elegans, Pink Ayrshire, Double white Ayrshire, Felicite perpetual, with over 60 varieties of Tea, Noisette and Bourbon Roses. Also one hand boquet, and one flat boquet, composed of rich moss roses, verbenas, fuchsias, heliotropes, carnations and other beautiful flowers, and very tastefully made up, also a beautiful collection of flowering shrubs, and spiræs, among which was filipen dula, lobata, japonica, four var., digitalis, and delphinium, several varieties. The whole collection was very beautiful and much admired.

A. Bryant & Sons, Erie Co. Nursery and Gardens—Four splendid boquets, comprising over 50 varieties; of rare roses, viz: Moss, Hybrid Perpetuals, Tea, Noisette and Bourbon roses, also 33 var. of border roses making a most gorgeous display; also a large variety of flowering shrubs, and a basket of miscellaneous cut flower used in decorations.

B. Hodge of the Buffalo Nursery and Horticultural garden, presented the following splendid variety of roses:

Moss Roses.—Celina, Crimson, Common Red, Crested or Cristata, Crimson Pompone, De Meux, Eclatante, Grandiflora, Luxembourgh, Mousse Presque Partout, Mousse Partout or Zoe, Malvina, Precoce, Princess Adelaide, Prolifere or Mottled, Single Crimson (Rivers,) Unique Provence, De Veillard, Precilla, Compresse de Meurencies, Carnea, Princess Royal, Bluish Moss, Afeuille Cuisant, Catherine de Wurtemburgh.

Hybrid Perpetual Roses.—Aubernon, Augustine Mouchelet, Baronne Prevost, Comptesse Tanneguy Duchate, Clementine Seringe, Duchesse de Sutherland, Duchesse de Nemours, Duc d'Aumale, Edward Jessie, Earl Talbot, Julia Dupont, Lady Alice Peel, La Reine, Lady Ephinstone, Louis Bonaparte, Madame Laffay, Madame Damene, Marshall Soult, Mrs. Crips, Ponctue or Spotted (Laffay,) Prince Albert, Prince de Galles, Prudence Raeser, Rivers, Reine de la Guillotiere, Reine de Tanneguy, Perpetual Inaigo, La Boquitier, Docteur Marx, Lane.

Bourbon Roses.—Boquet de Flore, Hannequin or Splendids, Henri Plantier, Hermosa, Julie de Lyons, Madame Newman, *Dubriel or Monthly*

Cabbage, Parquin, Paul Joseph, Souvenir de Malmaison.

Tea Roses.—Bon Silene, Carolina, Devoniensis, La Ractole, Roi de Siam, Yellow Tea.

Hybrid China Roses.—Caroline Mignoue, Geo. the Fourth, Hybrid Blanch, or *A Blanch Fleur*, La Tourtereile or Parny, Maheka, Russleyanum, Venus.

Prairie and Climbing Roses.—Queen of the Prairies or *Beauty of the Prairies*, Baltimore Belle, Elegans, Perpetual Pink, Pallida, Persian Yellow, Harisons Double Yellow, and some forty or fifty sorts of garden or June roses. Two pans of splendid specimen moss roses embracing as per list.

Mrs. B. Hodge—Three large and beautiful boquets composed of roses in great variety, peonies, carnations, phloxes. &c. &c.

Misses Maria and Fanny Hodge—Two very neat boquets consisting of moss roses and choice green house flowers,

Elisha Tyler, North St. Garden—Fifteen rich and beautiful boquets, composed of splendid Hybrid perpetuals, and other fine roses, among which were, Chromatella, Augustine Mouchalet, Belle of Travasi, Madame Despres, White Tea, Chinese Peonies, etc. etc.

GREEN-HOUSE PLANTS.

Of Green-house plants there was a very handsome show, embracing some splendid specimens of Fuchsians, Geraniums, Hydrangeas, Plumbago capensis, Roses, etc, The plants showed careful cultivation, and the style of blooms were particularly fine.

E. Tyler exhibited 12 varieties of Geranium, among which were, Queen of Sarum, Princess Sophia Matilda, Grand Turk, etc. Mr. Tyler is unquestionably the best geranium grower in our section of country. His plants are strong, vigorous and dwarf; and laden with the largest and most splendid tresses of rich colored flowers we have ever seen. His fuchsias were magnificent. stanwelliana and exoniensis were beautifully noble.

Mrs. R. H. Heywood—A beautiful specimen of amaryllis johnsonia, and a geranium Gen. Scott.

Mrs. S. G. Haven—A very fine geranium.

Mr. McArthur—A fine specimen of nerium splendens.

W. R. Coppock—26 green-house plants in full bloom; among which were a new scarlet hydrangee, rose souvenir de malmaison, yellow tea, devoniensis, plumbago capensis, geraniums Hebe, queen of Sarum, Matilda, discount, gains king, memphis, fuchsia exoniensis, Duke of Wellington, fulgens corymbiflora, and Stoddard's seedling strawbery fruited in pots.

Miss Mary Drake—Exhibited some very pretty drawings of flowers, etc.

The committe regretted exceedingly to find several beautiful boquets without the exhibitor's name appended, which has deprived them of the pleasure of giving due credit, and would earnestly desire that all contributions for future fairs, should be delivered *first* to the Secretary Mr. W. Coleman, for record.

W. R. COPPOCK, *Chairman*.

REPORT ON VEGETABLES.

The committee on vegetables report, that

W. Cooper—exhibited a fine sample of green peas.

R. Dickinson—Peas, radishes, onions, beets, and new potatoes.

H. W. Rogers—Beets, carrots, and onions.

John Gibbs—Beets and onions.

J. Keel—Peas, blood beets, carrots, radishes, onions and turneps.

T. C. Peters—Rhubarb and asparagus.

A Bryant & Sons—Eleven specimens of rhubarb of different varieties; also radishes and table beets, and a fine crooked necked squash, the growth of 184-, in a state of excellent preservation.

All the above named articles were excellent of their kind, and evinced much skill in their cultivation. But the committee, in justice to the cultivators, would particularize by saying, that in their opinion, H. W. Rogers exhibited the best table beets of the Barsano variety.

J. Keel—The best blood beets, carrots, onions, radishes, peas and turneps, all of which were super-excellent: and that A. Bryant & Sons, the best rhubarb, which was truly magnificent and worthy of all admiration.

Signed, in behalf of the Committee.

H. A. PARSONS.

REPORT ON FRUITS.

The Committee on Fruits having examined the various specimens offered for exhibition, beg leave to submit the following report:—

Your committee report that owing to the cold rains which prevailed last spring, and other unfavorable causes, the fruit crop has been materially injured, and particularly so as regards cherries and plums. The ravages of the curculio seem unabated, this season, the salt remedy for which has generally proved a failure. Cherries generally set very well, but subsequently became blasted, or shriveled, from the effect of either drouth or the sting of some insect. Your committee would beg leave to offer their congratulations upon the accession of an increased variety of the new and most highly esteemed kind of pears upon quince stocks which have been introduced among us.

The prospect of an abundant crop is considered to be quite flattering, the fruit having set remarkably well; and the committee trust that our amateurs of fruit will take care to preserve specimens of rare and new kinds, to be exhibited at the pomological convention, to be held here in September, under the authority of the State Agricultural Society.

A. Bryant & Sons—Exhibited strawberries of the following varieties, viz: Hovey's seedling, Bishop's orange, Myatt's new *fins*, Stoddard's seedling, longborough early scarlet, methven, the most of which were very fine, and excellent specimens. Cherries—white ox heart, goose berries—white amber, currants—red dutch.

Lewis Eaton—Exhibited cherries, 7 varieties, viz: bigareau de lyon, an early and fine variety of French cherry, and quite new in this vicinity, fully equal in size and flavor to the black tartaran and ripe earlier; early richmond, an early variety and extremely fine flavor; bleeding heart, early white heart, new may duke, white bigareau, holmans duke.

Dr. B. Burwell—Exhibited Strawberries, viz: Hovey's seedling, very large, showing good skill in cultivation, *fine*.

Chas. Taintor—Exhibited cherries, viz: Holmans duke, white bigareau, Wilmot's superb, Hovey's seedling, neck pine, Duke of Kent scarlet, white alpine, fine specimens for which Mr. T. has always been famed.

Mrs. Hiram Pratt, exhibited strawberries, Hovey's seedlings. Mrs. Pratt's strawberries have always a marked superiority and decidedly the best shown.

Charles C. Haddock, exhibited some fine speci-

mens of black tartarian cherries from Cleveland, not, however, superior to those grown here.

Prof. W. R. Coppock, exhibited strawberries, four varieties, viz: Hovey's seedling, Stoddard's seedling, early scarlet, and white alpine. Good specimens.

LEWIS EATON,
CHAS. TAINTOR, } *Committee.*
W. W. MANN.

Just as our report was going to press the president received, per express, a box of sample cherries, from F. R. Elliot, Esq., of the Owl's Nest Cleveland. The varieties were as follows:—A seedling, unnamed, of a large size, sub-acid, rich flavor, and decidedly a firstrate cherry, doubtless of the Duke origin. Also a seedling No 127, closely resembling in size, color and flavor, the well known variety Belle de Choisy, but judging from the sample not its equal, Also, "Elliot's Favorite," an excellent fruit of rich flavor, and good size, not ripe enough to critically judge it, but yet think it hardly equal to the unnamed seedling. Also, late Bigarieu, a capital large fruit, not yet ripe. It would have given great pleasure had these specimens arrived in time for our June Exhibition, when they would have had a more extended examination. The President tenders the thanks of the Society to Mr. Elliot for his spirited and generous contribution.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

THE LIFE OF SILAS WRIGHT, with an appendix. By JOHN S. JENKINS. Auburn: Alden and Markham.

"Indignant critics," says the North British Review, who find their tables loaded with the memoirs of persons, uninteresting to them, have a stereotyped complaint against the evil. Readers in the public libraries complain that sound literature will soon be drowned, being already chin-deep among the biographies of nobodies. Indeed some impatient gentlemen propose sanitary measures for the health of the republic of letters, and would abate biographical nuisances by an improved system of critical sewerage."

Such is the outcry in Great Britain against an overflowing Nile of biographies. No such evil exists in this country, consequently there is no necessity of cleansing the Augean stables of *our* current literature on *this* account. But "were biographies to be as common as tomb stones," they would not be too numerous, if the subjects of them were all as worthy as he was, whose life lies before us.

Silas Wright was the Cincinnatus of the 19th century. He was the only statesman of our nation who was "awful at the plough." A tiller of the soil from a love of the employment: carrying the simplicity, and industry, and honesty of the farmer into the halls of legislature, and possessing powers of mind that awed greatness itself, he towered in the Senate of the United States like a colossal statue; and when he fell, the shock more powerful than an earthquake, was felt in every part of the land.

"The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun." Silas Wright was a *great hope* of a great republic—the idol of his party, and the pride of his country: and shadows fell over the land when he sank to rest. The character and career of the subject of this biography, like that of John Quincy Adams—another great luminary whose last beams fell upon the new-made grave of his compeer—should be carefully studied by the young men of the country; and the work before us will be found a valuable assistant in performing the duty.

For sale at BREED'S bookstore, 188 Main st. and GEO. H. DERBY & Co. 164 Main street.

SYMPATHY OF NATURE FOR HER PAINTERS.—Sir Walter Scott says,

> they do not err
> Who say, that when the poet dies,
> Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
> And celebrates his obsequies.

And Bryant, in his funeral oration on the death of Thomas Cole, says that "the landscape painter is admitted to a closer familiarity with nature than the poet. He studies her aspect more minutely and watches with more affectionate attention its varied expressions. Not one of her forms is lost upon him; not a gleam of sunshine penetrates her green recesses, not a cloud casts its shadow unobserved by him; every tint of the morning or the evening, if the gray or the golden morn, if the near or the remote object, is noted by his eye and copied by his pencil. All her boundless variety of outlines and shades become almost a part of his being, and are blended with his mind."

"We might imagine therefore, he continues a sound of lament for him whom we have lost in the voice of the streams and in the sighs of the winds among the groves, and an aspect of sorrow in earth's solitary places; we might dream that the conscious valleys miss his accustomed visits, and that the autumnal glories of the woods are pale because of his departure."

We can add nothing to the above. It is the modest poet modestly breathing, in the form of prose, the tributary feelings of regard over the grave of a brother artist of a kindred school.

LADY'S BOOK.—Godey cannot be outdone. He is not only in advance of everybody else in the commencement of the new volume of his Magazine, but we venture to say, that this (the July) number cannot be surpassed in elegance of embellishment, or in the variety and ability of its articles. Such names as Simms, Rockwell, Tuckerman, T. Buchanan Read, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Ellet, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Neal, &c. are a sufficient guaranty of its worth.

The body of GEORGE WRIGHT who was drowned in Rochester on Friday of last week, was found Saturday, brought to this city Sunday Morning and interred in the afternoon. The funeral was attended at Swan Street Methodist Church where his brother is stationed. He was possessed of an amiable disposition, winning manners, and a true heart for his friends.

Later from the Sandwich Islands.

By Overland Express across the Isthmus via New Orleans, we have received files of Sandwich Islands papers and dispatches to the 1st of March last.

From Honolulu.—Charles E. Hitchcock. Esq., has been appointed Director of the Government Press and Editor of *The Polynesian*. His salutatory is highly creditable to the man and to the country whence it emanates. The establishment is the property of the Government, but Mr. Hitchcock, in assuming the chair editorial, avers that in doing so he is entirely untrammeled—that he is only bound to the Government so far as to publish its laws, decrees. etc., but that he is free to discuss and animadvert upon any measures contrary to the interests of the country, and that he will ever maintain his freedom in that respect.

Dueling appears to be in vogue at Honolulu as well as in the United States. A duel was fought there the latter part of February, on Sunday, and all the parties to it, principals and seconds, were brought before the Police Court and fined $10 each for desecrating the Sabbath and a breach of the public peace.

The progress which the Hawaiian Government and people are making in the adoption of laws, manners and habits similar to those of civilized countries, is surprising.

From Tahiti.—On the first of January every thing was quiet and business beginning to assume a more settled aspect. The demand for merchandise was limited, owing in a measure to the entrenching policy of the new Governor, M. Lavaud.

Rear Admiral Bruat had left for France, taking with him a Tahitian Chief named Taariirii and seven youths, whose parents stipulated they should be educated by a Protestant.

The new Governor avows good intentions, having taken measures to restrain excesses in dancing and drunkenness and entirely prohibiting the importation of ardent spirits. Not even the Consular corps are allowed to land them for their own consumption. We doubt, however, whether it will be possible to prevent its importation.

Queen Pomare was residing in the Government house. She had engaged Rev. Mr. Thompson, Protestant Missionary at Papeete, to educate her children. She has had a farther addition to her family, making the sixth child now living.

From Samoa.—Samoa is in a dreadful state at present - they have professedly been going to war for the last three months. The people on the western part of Upola have left their houses and lands to prevent war, and are now living on the various parts of the islands with their friends.—Things are far from being settled.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Deserter Riley and his Men.—A letter to the Cincinnati Commercial, dated City of Mexico, May 7th, says: I have seen the deserter Riley at the Citadel, taken at Contreras, with fifty other deserters, wearing balls and chains, They are to lie in prison here until after the war is over, and then to be taken to the largest cities of the United States, with their heads shaved, and then be drumed out. There have been about fifty already hung, taken at Chapultepec. Those in prison are all branded with the letter D, on the right cheek.

The Slave Insurrection.—Capt. Knapp, of brig Ann, states that when he left Matanzas on the 11th inst., the slave insurrection at Martinique and other places was not known. The Spanish Government will probably do their best to keep such news from the ears of their slave.—*Boston Transcript.*

More Indian Insurrection—Tuspan Threatened.—The schr. John Bell, Capt. McLaughlin, arrived last evening from Tuspan, which she left on the 1st June. We are placed under great obligations to Capt. McLaughlin for important information of the state of affairs at Tuspan. At the time of the sailing of the John Bell, there was the greatest panic and alarm among the people, on account of the threatened attack of the Indians, who had surrounded the place in great numbers, estimated by some as high as 8,000. They were but 12 leagues from Tuspan, and were steadily advancing upon it. At Tamiagua the Indians killed several whites, and were about to execute others. The people of Tuspan are under arms, and a constant patrol is kept up. A command of horse was sent to rescue the whites who had been captured by the Indians and condemned to be executed.—The war steamer Vixen, lying near Tuspan, sent a company of marines and some ammunition to aid in defence of the town. One of our armed schooners was moored at the bridge, ready to open a fire upon the Indians, as soon as they appeared. There was no other American vessels at Tuspan when Capt. McLaughlin left.—*N. O. Delta, 14th.*

Kentucky.—The Slave States are moving. Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky have spoken in words that burn. Kentucky has again raised her voice. The following resolutions were adopted unanimously at a meeting of friends of humanity recently held in Lewis county:

Resolved, As slavery is the question of the age—an institution affecting the interest of almost every individual, and is intimately connected with the national affairs of this Government, necessarily affecting its ultimate peace and safety—we therefore deem it the duty of every individual of the nation, and especially of our State and National Representatives, to meet and investigate the subject with great candor and faithfulness.

Resolved, That we greatly admire, and highly commend, the bold, faithful, and yet respectful manner in which John P. Hale, in the Senate of the United States, has discussed the question of Slavery in its relations to the National Government, and the policy of the Nation in regard to it sextension.

Resolved, That we highly esteem the late speech of Mr. Hale, (in which he shows that slavery and its extension was the true and grand moving cause of our war with Mexico,) as a speech replete with valuable truths—and here express our wish that the friends of Freedom and Truth will put that speech in pamphlet form, and send it to every neighborhood, if not every family in the Nation.

Restored to his Rank.—Capt. James Reynolds, of the New Jersey Battalion, who returned from Mexico a short time ago, under the sentence of a court martial, dismissing him from the service, has been restored to his rank by a recent decision of the President, reversing the decision of the court. The charges preferred against the Captain were for an alleged violation of orders and insubordination, but the testimony proved that the orders given him were of such a character that he would have been equally liable to the charge if he had acted in any other manner than that for which he was censured. Capt. Reynolds is a citizen of Philadelphia, who exhibited a praiseworthy zeal in organizing a company, with much expense and labor, to assist in making up the requisition upon New Jersey, and we are gratified that the President has relieved him from the reproach unjustly thrown upon him by the decision of the Court Martial. He will now rejoin his company on its return from Mexico.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Late and Interesting from Martinique.

From the N. Y. Herald.

By the arrival of the brig Columbus, Captain Webster, we are placed in possession of intelligence from Martinique, one of the French West India Islands, to the 2d inst.

On board the Columbus are Messrs. J. B. Duchamp, E. Duchamp, L. Duchamp, F. Crassous, T. Regnal, and T. Desgrotto, formerly wealthy planters of the Island, who, with their families, in all thirty-five persons, were obliged suddenly to seek refuge on board the vessel to save their lives. They escaped from the shore in the night, leaving all their property behind. Fears were entertained that the blacks would attack the brig, but Captain Webster gallantly determined, and made every preparation, to resist any attempt of the kind. For Capt. Webster's efforts in their behalf, the above unfortunate persons express their heartfelt gratitude, and that is all that they have to offer him, not having saved hardly a dollar of their valuable property.

The blacks were massacreing the white inhabitants daily. Some thirty-six persons, including women and children, were on one occasion driven into a house, the building set on fire, and with its unfortunate inmates, entirely consumed.

The white inhabitants were fleeing to every place that afforded the possibility of an asylum from the vindictive assaults of their foes. A number had escaped to New Orleans. Some captains of vessels had declined taking any of the refugees on board their vessels, fearing an attack from the blacks.

Business of all kinds was at a stand; several vessels were in port, unable to dispose of their cargoes.

Capt. Webster is of opinion that if assistance were not speedily received, the place would be entirely destroyed.

The new Governor, appointed by the French Republic, had not arrived, but was daily expected

The decree of the French Government, abolishing Slavery in the Colony, took effect on the 23d of May. The official announcement of the fact is contained in the Courrier de la Martinique of the 24th of May. A general amnesty for all political offences is annexed to the decree, coupled with some local provisions for the future tranquility of the colony, which recent disturbances have rendered needful.

Further particulars will be found, detailed in our correspondence, and in the extract which we give below:

St. Pierre, Martinique, May 31, 1848.

At the present time, matters here appear to be more settldd, although order is far from being restored. How long it may continue so, we are unable to judge. Business of every descriptisn is at a complete stand, and confusion has bewildered the mind of every one. This state of things has destroyed all confidence, and caused a wretchedness unequal to any description.

We received news yesterday from Guadeloupe, and we are informed that the Governor of that Island, on being made acquainted with events here, immediately abolished slavery likewise, in the Island of Guadeloupe and its dependencies; but in so doing, took such precautionary measures as to protect life and property, and matters there passed off in a quiet and orderly manner.

The inhabitants of the Island repose all their trust and all their hopes for the future, in the abilities and wisdom of the recently appointed Governor (Perrinton,) to this Island, and whose arrival is looked for with very anxious eagerness.

Many families and private individuals are leaving this daily, for other countries, principally to the United States, which is, in fact, the only country at the present time where one can live in peace, and find protection. The brig Columbus takes away no less than 30 passengers, and every vessel leaving the island will have as many in proportion.

From the St. Lucia Palladium, May 27.

Murder!—Incendiarism!—Abolition of Slavery!—Our worst anticipations, we find with pain, have been surpassed in the state of general confusion and anarchy into which things have fallen under the new system at Martinique of "*Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite.*" Fire and bloodshed have been resorted to by the negroes, to hasten that freedom which, unfortunately, had not been given them before; and, thus suffering themselves to be intimidated, the authorities have surrendered the power into the hands of the rabble, and slavery has been abolished. There is no safety, under the existing saturnalia, to life or property, in Martinique; and numbers of the inhabitants have been forced to seek it by flight to other countries. We have only space for the following harried details given by an eye-witness.

On Monday, the 22d instant, a negro slave was sent to gaol by his master, Mr. Leo Duchamp, a planter in the neighborhood of St. Pierre, for something he had uttered of cutting his master and mistress's heads off and burying them in the sand. Shortly after, the whole gang of the estate, joined by a great many others, went to the gaol to rescue their fellow slave. On seeing this, the Mayor had some soldiers called out to resist the mob, and was on the eve of dispersing it by the force of arms, when Mr. Papy, adjoint-mayer, found proper to set the prisoner at liberty. The mob, pushed on by some evil-minded rascals among the colored free, continued to complain of Mr. Duchamp's behaviour towards his negroes.—Collecting in great numbers towards evening, they began to show the intention of firing the town. About 7 o'clock the first incendiary torch was applied, the house of Mr. De Sanois being the first taken in their diabolical design: it was then occupied by two families of planters, (the Lesueurs and Lilettes,) to whom some other persons had joined themselves, making in all 33 or 34 persons, mostly women and children. The mob entered the house below, and began by breaking up some furniture. Unfortunately, whilst they were leaving the premises, one of the inmates (Mr. Desabaya,) standing on the staircase above, fired a gun on the invaders, and killed one of them. Exasperated at the death of their comrade, they re-entered the house, made one heap of all the furniture, and of the staircase, which they cut down, and then set fire to the whole. Excepting three gentlemen, who escaped, half burnt and much bruised, by throwing themselves from the second story into the yard, the inmates all perished in the flames! During this awful scene, which lasted three or four hours, the authorities of the town sent nobody to the rescue of the unfortunates. The fire engines going to the spot, were stopped on the way by the brigands: and when they at last arrived, it was too late. The violence of the fire, pushed by a strong breeze, consumed three or four houses more in the same street (la Lorgnette) belonged mostly to people of color.

The fire was also put in another street at some distance, to three fine houses occupied by Mr. Marin, an engineer, Mr. Portal, and Mr. Lalaurette: the first, who is a young European, escaped with his lady unhurt, but very marvellously, having had several shots fired at him; they lost every thing they had in the house, and did not save even a second shirt. The scoundrels continued masters of the town during all that night, running through all the streets, threatening death and fire

to the whites. They killed with pistol-shot the elder son of Mr, Fourniol, a young man of about 22 years old, of excellent disposition, who was harmlessly standing on the *perron* of a friend's door on the *Savanne du Mouillage*, with his mother near him, in whose arms he fell to breathe his last. Such were the monstrous deeds perpetrated on Monday night; and, to prevent a recurrence, the Governor, Gen. Rostoland, instead of calling to aid the soldiery and marines, who were themselves in the greatest eagerness to be called forth, thought better to grant the boon of freedom to the republican heroes and murderers; and, accordingly, the abolition of slavery was proclaimed in all the streets of St. Pierre on Tuesday, the 23d inst., and throughout the whole island on the following day! It may be better imagined than described what is the carousing of the new *citoyens*, parading the streets on foot, or mounted on horses or mules, with all sorts of flags and banners, and shouting *Vive la liberte! Vive Bissette! Vive Perrinon! &c.* Mr. Perrinon has not yet arrived.—The female population, white and colored, were thrown into great alarm by the events of Monday night, and a large number of them, with many men also, fled on board of the vessels in port, which were luckily numerous, about 28 or 30 in all. The larger ships received 200 or 300 each. Many have since returned on shore. Several families are preparing to leave the island, and numbers have already quitted.

Arrival of the Britannia.

The Express Boat *Buena Vista*, from Halifax, brought the *Britannia's* news to Boston last night.

Trade rather depressed. Cotton, Wheat, Corn, Flour, &c., all declining. Corn, 32s to 33s. Flour, U. S., 27s to 28s. Wheat—Sed and White, 7s 6d to 8d.

There is much confusion in France, though affairs are generally more quiet.

Prince De Joinville had been arrested in Paris.

Prince Louis Napoleon and M. Thiers have been elected to the Assembly.

It is rumored that Lamartine and Ledru Rollin would resign, and Thiers would probably succeed them. Lamartine is suspected of conniving at the affair of the 15th May.

A decree has passed to prevent turbulent assemming in Paris.

Soldiers were obliged to charge a large assembly at Port St. Dennis with fixed bayonets. None killed, but many arrested.

The Committee on the Constitution declare for a democratic Republic. Besides the present rights, the people are to have free education—and the right of labor and assistance.

A great Banquet of 100,000 was to come off at Vincennes, and created some uneasiness.

Spain requires all Englishmen at Cadiz to give security for their conduct.

Arrests are plenty in Madrid.

The Cholera is raging in Russia. One hundred and fifty cases occurred in Moscow in one week.

Nothing important from Austria. The Emperor has gone to Inspruck, and refuses to return to Vienna. Some disturbance between the people and the nobles, the latter leaving Vienna.

The Bankers Rothschild and other rich men fled. The foreign Embassadors had also gone to Dobling,

Charles Albert has captured Pescheira, and defeated 30,000 Austrians at Goito.

The Pope is recovering popularity.

Ireland is still greatly excited. The Repeal Association and the Irish Confederation have united in one body, called the Irish League. They will try peaceful efforts for repeal.

Mitchell's forniture sold enormously high, as relics.

No farther efforts have been made to indic Meagher or Smith O'Brien.

The confederation has issued a manifesto, quite as daring as Mitchell's treasonable writings.

There is very little prospect of an immediate outbreak against the government.

The Chartists are making frequent disturbances in England. Three have been arrested and examined.

Farther disturbances at Lyons. Large bodies of workmen appeared in arms. They were soon surrounded by troops, and were finally disarmed and dispersed with serious consequences.

In the engagement at Goito the Austrian forces amounted to 30,000; that of the Piedmontese to 15,000. The Austrians were completely routed, being pursued by the Cavalry. When flying in confusion, a great portion were cut to pieces.

The King and the Duke of Savoy were personally engaged in this combat. The former received a slight contusion of the ear from a cannon ball which passed near him, and the latter slightly wounded by a musket ball; not sufficient, however, to induce him to dismount or to retire from the finld.

Peschiera having surrendered to Charles Albert on the 30th ult., the Austrians were permitted to march out with the honors of war, and the privilege of embarking at Venice for Trieste, but under an oath not again to serve during the war of Independence.

There was an ineffectual attempt to proclaim a republic at Milan on the 29th ult. The prime movers in the affair were arrested and imprisoned. A letter from Turin of the 4th, announces that deputies from Sicily had arrived at the head qarters of Charles Albert, with proposals for the annexation of Sicily to the new Italian Kingdom.

Accounts from Alexandria state that the Sieks have revolted, killed two commissaries and massacred all the British troops at Lahore.

The Austrian General, Radasky, had succeeded in reaching the rear of the Sardinian army and forcing its retreat.

Letters from Vienna, state that hopes are entertained of the Emperor's return.

The Liberal Programme of the Foreign Minister had met with his approval.

Accounts state that Marshal Redetsky left Bologna with nearly all the troops under his orders. A decisive battle was expected. The Sardinian army numbers 40,000, and has 80 pieces of cannon.

Reports were current in Madrid, on the 4th, that the Carlists intended to attempt a renewal of the civil war in Spain.

The people of Paris appear displeased with the election of Thiers. His house has been attacked, but the mob was repulsed by the military without any serious collision.

Liverpool, June 9.

Wheat—A moderate fresh supply of wheat from European ports, and a few small parcels of

Indian corn, but of all other produce, whether British or foreign, the imports of the past few days are exceedingly light. The supplies of wheat, Indian corn and beans, recently into Cork and Falmouth, have been mostly ordered to their several destinations; and there are scarcely any subsequent arrivals at those ports. Duties on foreign wheats have advanced 9s per qr., and on flour to 5s 5d per bbl., being the only change this week therein. The trade for most leading articles has ruled very flat between Tuesday and today, at almost nominal rates, except Indian corn and corn meal, which assumed a firmer aspect, and upon a renewal of demand, each has acquired some improvement in value.

Prime old brands of the latter in one or two cases, commanded somewhat higher terms. Of foreign oats, several hundred parcels were disposed of within the range of our last quotations, but in other descriptions, or in oat meal, scarcely any business was apparent, and must be deemed the turn lower in value. Having several Irish buyers here this morning, Indian corn was taken rather freely at an advance of 1s to 2s per qr. over the reduced rates of Tuesday; and corn meal was held firmly at an advance of 6d per bbl. each exhibiting a farther tendency upward.

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.—We announced the other day the intended departure, from Providence for Western Africa, of several missionaries and their wives, viz., the Rev. John Leighton and wife, Rev. Albert Bushnell and wife, Rev. Ira M. Preston and wife, Rev. William T. Wheeler and Mrs. Mary R. Griswold, by the brig Smithfield. Those honored messengers of mercy sailed on Wednesday. We learn, from the Providence Journal, that most of the ministers of the city, connected with the enterprize, being absent at the Rhode Island consociation of Congregational Churches, the Rev. Dr. Wayland conducted the religious services, inploring, in an earnest and appropriate prayer, the Divine blessing upon these messengers of truth, who go out under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

Their destination is the Gaboon mission, on the Gabeen River, Western coast of Africa, and immediately under the equator. Mr. Wilson has labored in that field about thirteen years. Mr. Bushnell and Mrs. Griswold have also been engaged in the same work several years; the latter having lost two husbands, who were cut off in the midst of their work, and now goes back to labor alone.—*N. Y. Com. Adv., 17th.*

THE NIAGARA.—The steamer Niagara was towed down from Genesee River this morntng by the Cataract. She was raised a few days since, after much labor and repeated ineffectual attempts. The machinery is all out, and on the whole, she bears evidence of having had a rough time of it. She goes to the Marine Railway here for repairs, and we now confidently expect to see Capt. Childs and his favorite steamer afloat again as good as new, with the advantage (if any it be) of some pretty severe experience.—*Oswego Adv.*

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—The noon train for the east, getting on as far as 12 miles from this city, ran off the track. The engine and cars were very much broken up, and the track tore up for several rods No person was materially injured. The damage to the train and road could not be repaired so as to enable the cars to go on with the passengers, and many of them returned to the city. The evening trains went on as usual.—*Rochester Dem.*

Price Current—June 28, 1848.

Flour, bbl	$4 75	Turkeys	75
Pork, bl	$9 25@50	Chickens, each	10@15
Do slaugh. cwt	$5 00	Geese, each	—
Beef, cwt	$4 50@5 00	Clover seed, bu	$3 50
Butter, lb	10½@12	Timothy seed, bu	$2 00
Lard, lb	6	Flax seed, bu	$1 05
Cheese, lb	5½@9	Whitefish, bbl	$7 00
Hams, lb	5@5½	Codfish, cwt	—
Shoulders, lb	3@3½	Potatoes, bu	50
Corn meal, cwt	$1 00	Salt, bbl	$1 1-½
Wheat, bu	97½@1 03	Apples, bu	62½
Corn, bu	37	Dried apples, bu	87½
Oats, bu	33	Onions, bu	6—
Slaughter hides, lb	3½	Eggs, doz	11
Dry hides, lb	7½@9	Saleratus, lb	6½
Calf, lb	6½	Soap, lb	4@5
Sheep, slaughtered, lb	35@75	Whiskey, gall	17
Lamb, slaughtered, lb	12½	Highwines, gall	18½
Hard wood, cord	$3 00	Lead, cwt	$4 00
Hemlock, cord	$2 00	Beans, bu	$1
Bit. (O.) coal, ton	$5 50	Wool, lb	28@30
Blossburgh, ton	—	Hay, ton	$8

QUOTATION OF UNCURRENT FUNDS.

Canada West.	ℙ ct. dis. 2	Baltimore	ℙ ct. dis. 1
Canada East	2	Philadelphia	1
Ohio	1	New Orleans	3
Indiana	1@1½	Missouri	3
Kentucky	1@1½	Virginia	3
Pennsylvania	¼ to 1	Michigan State Bank	1@1½
Relief notes	2	F. & M. Bank, Detroit	1@1½
Pittsburgh Scrip	20	Mich. Ins. Company	1@1½
Alleghany Scrip	20	Wis. F. & M. Ins. Co.	1@1½
East. Exch.	ℙ ct. prem.		

MARRIED.

At Aurora, on the 14th inst., by H. J. Harvey, Esq., Mr. NELSON J. PRATT, and Miss ARAMINTA BREWSTER, all of that town.

DIED.

In Southport, Wisconsin, on the 6th instant, PARDON PIERCE, of Boston, in this county, aged 68 years 9 mos.

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AMBROSE S. CARNER,

DRAPER AND TAILOR, Nos. 274 and 276 Main street, (Kremlin block, up stairs,) Buffalo.

JEWETT, THOMAS & CO.

PUBLISHERS,

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER BUILDINGS

MAIN STREET, BUFFALO.

TERMS.—To mail subscribers, $1,50 per annum in advance, four copies for $5,00, ten copies for $10,00. To city subscribers who receive their papers from the carrier, $2,00. Mail subscribers will also be charged $2,00 if payment is not made in advance.

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Steam Press of Jewett, Thomas & Co.

Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1848. NO. 23.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

The Mystic Star.

There is among the Persians a superstitious belief that in Tinge an Eastern clime the inhabitants are perfectly happy, owing to the influence of the star Canopus, which rises nightly over the country.

From whence did'st thou come, O gentle star,
With thy healing beams of light,
And whose the hand that placed thee first
In the silent vault, of night?

Did'st thou shine where raptu'rous numbers burst,
From the joyous hosts on high,
As this fair and blushing world, came forth
From the dread immensity?

Or, art thou some guardian Angel's gem,
Set on the brow of even,
To mark where rest his pinions bright
In his flight of love through Heaven.

Whatever thou art, O! beautiful thing,
Wherever thy home may be,
Thy mellow rays have caught their light
From the throne of Deity.

They shine far off in an eastern sky,
And the dwellers of that clime,
Know not of the bitter tears we shed
As we count the sands of time.

O'er their breasts the dark relentless waves
Of sorrow may never roll,
For thy mystic beams shed perfect peace,
Through the restless human soul.

With the happy tones of nature's harp,
There comes a plaintive strain
From the human heart, whose trembling chords
May never be tuned again.

They fall on the ear, and breathe a tale,
So fraught with the deepest grief,
That the pitying spirits well might weep,
If their tears could bring relief.

They tell of hopes once blushing bright,
Now shrouded o'er in gloom,
Of voices sweet that charmed us once,
Now hushed in the silent tomb.

Of paths all sad, and lonely now,
Where loved one's footsteps trod.
Of forms once warm, with life and love,
Now mouldering 'neath the sod.

They tell of all those varied scenes,
That make this life of ours,
As changeful as the hues that tinge,
The sweet but fragile flowers.

Yes, these alas! are the dismal scenes,
The day-god's beams must see,
As they light a world, whose countless throng
Move on to dread eternity.

But thou, O! radiant gem canst shine,
Where the brow for aye doth wear,
The smile that ne'er is chased away
By the gloomy shade of care.

In truth, the dwellers 'neath thy beams,
May call thee "holy star"
Let me who live in sorrowing climes,
Know one that's holier far.

It rises above sin's darkest cloud,
Its rays with soft lustre shine,
And gild each shadow of the soul,
With light and peace divine.

And when o'er death's dark stream we're borne,
As our breasts its torrents span,
Faith lifts her eye, and the waves grow calm,
'Neath the "star of Bethlehem."

BUFFALO. M. H. S.

The Music-Master.—A Tale of France.

"Extensive sale of Objects of Curiosity. Pictures, Books, Clocks, and other Furniture, the property of a lady lately deceased."

Such was the announcement in *Galignani's Messenger*, which first struck my eye as I sat listlessly looking out of the reading-room window in the Rue Vivienne, alternately glancing at the journal I have mentioned and the heavy drops of rain, as they pattered against the panes of glass. Inwardly, I had been drawing a comparison between my present situation and that of the gentleman similarly situated and graphically described by Washington Irving. As far as actual position was concerned, I yielded without hesitation to the stout gentleman, for he had, at least a flock of ducks to watch and observe; whereas in the court-yard of Monsieur Galignani, not even a blade of grass showed itself, to break the monotony of the scene.

It may seem strange that in a gay metropolis like Paris, where every one confessedly *resorts* for amusement, I should thus feel lone and dull, puzzled—awfully puzzled—how to kill time, yet many an English traveller, I feel confident, will bear me out, that nothing is so solitary, so care-begetting, as the conciousness of being an utter stranger, "unknowing and unknown," in a large and populous city.

The words, however, I had just read, at once struck out a new path of pleasure for me to tread. Many men love attending auctions; many go to them without any desire to purchase, for the mere delight of gazing at the exciting scene; but none ever, I believe, liked lounging in one of these marts as well as myself. None could ever have been more anxious to increase his cabinet of *virtu* than myself. None was ever more delighted at the idea of the amusement he was about to share in than was I, when I came to the advertisement in question; so, quickly putting on my hat, and placing my cane under my arm, in the true John Bull style, I hastily quitted the room, and calling for a cab, was, in less than ten minutes, safely landed at the auctions rooms in the Rue ——.

Here was a scene for a philosopher to analyze; the cool, the cunning dealer, the anxious virtuoso, the eager female, and the careless idler, the rich, the poor, the humble, and the proud—all brought to a common level by a desire to possess some article of furniture, or, like myself, to kill time.—The pretty grisette, ogling, coyly attempting to avoid the very glances she seeks; the looks of anger exhibited by those who were outbid, and the quiet triumph of the happy purchasers—all combined to afford a rich treat, for I forgot to tell my readers that I am a great studier of the Book of

Nature, I do not endeavor to trace the character of the heart to which it serves as a title-page.—In short I am a sort of peripatetic philosopher, whose first principle is founded on a trite line of Pope, which tells us that

"The proper study of mankind is man."

But as I have very little to do with the story I am about to relate, I will at once plunge into my subject.

One of the first objects offered for sale after my entrance, was an old piano, an instrument so utterly worthless, that I was not a little astonished at hearing a sharp competition suddenly arise, and the hitherto monotonous tone of the auctioneer—the slow bidding repeated by him— in a moment pour forth with a volubility which would not have disgraced many of our first rate sons of the hammer

In French auctions it is customary for the actual worth of every lot to be publicly stated by a sworn appraiser as the object is put up for sale. The piano had thus been valued at one hundred and fifty francs, ; the chances were that it would, of course, be sold considerably under that sum

"*One hundred and eighty!*" cried a merchant opposite to me, evidently drawn on to this exorbitant bid by opposition.

"*O e hundred and eighty five!*" echoed close to my ear.

The tone in which this sum was named, made me turn toward the speaker. The evident emotion with which the words were uttered, instantly aroused my curiosity.

"*One hundred and ninety! One hundred and ninety-five!*"

"*Two hundred!*" roared out the now maddened dealer: "*two hundred!*"

"*Two hundred!*" repeated the auctioneer. "Will any one bid any more? It is against you, sir," added he, speaking in a tone of soft insinuation, turning to the young man beside me.

"*Two hundred and*— I Great heaven! I cannot! I have not got it!" as the auctioneer knocked down the article to the dealer, I saw the young man, after casting a look of almost despair at the instrument he seemed so highly to prize, turn away, and with a tear in his eye, approach the door.

I am a little bit of a philanthropist, as well as a philosopher. The young man's evident agitation—his disappointment—suddenly created in my breast a desire to serve him. From his dress and style, he was certainly an artist, or a musician. His long black hair, curling down his back, clearly denoted this. His dark habiliments bespoke him to be a mourner. His youth, and seeming grief at losing the piano, at once interested me; so, stepping up to him I stammered out something about my regret at seeing him outbid, and tried to console him, by assuring him that the instrument was not worth half the money paid for it.

"I know it, sir I I know it I But I would have given everything I possessed to obtain it."

"Why not then— ?" I paused; the youth eyed me from head to foot; he seemed to be doubting within his own mind whether my questions arose from kindness, or mere curiosity; whether it would be right to reply candidly to a stranger or no. For an instant, he assumed a haughty look of wounded pride, and was about to turn away, when, more properly reading the real motive which urged my question, he suddenly changed his demeanor, and with a look of despair, yet candor, replied: "You would ask me, sir, why I did not continue to bid for an object so prized? I will reply to you without shame. I offered all the money I possessed in the world for it. I had no more, or I would never have allowed another to possess that instrument."

"I beg your pardon; but will you do me the favor to speak to me, in a moment or two, outside the street door; if you will wait for me, I will be with you in less than five minutes."

The stranger bowed, though he seemed rather puzzled at my strange request, complied.

I now hastened back to the auction-room, and passing through the crowd, found the late eager dealer examining, with evident marks of disappointment, his purchase. The heat of opposition had passed away, and he was now curiously reviewing the fruits of the struggle.

"You have made a bad bargain there, my friend!" said I, approaching him.

"Perhaps so," replied he, for no broker ever allows *positively* that he has made a dear purchase.

"Will you part with it!"

The man looked up—a cunning glance shot from his eye. I at once saw my mistake. From my readiness to take the article off his hands, he again began to think he had made a good bargain; and after a discussion of some minutes, only ceded the piano to me at a profit of fifty francs—though I really believe he would have gladly given half that sum to have got any one to relieve him from it ten minutes before.

The bargain concluded, and the money paid, I hastened out to the young stranger. When I told him what I had done, I thought he would have embraced me. Never did I see joy so clearly, so warmly expressed. He poured forth his gratitude in terms I should be ashamed to record. He begged and prayed me to tell him how he could repay me. As to the money, he hoped soon to be able to refund it; but my kindness—never, never could he repay that. I was his best friend on earth: I was, in fact—but I see no use in telling all he said. Suffice it to add, I assured him all I asked in return was his motive for thus desiring to possess an apparently worthless piano.

"It is a long story—a harrassing one; but I will tell it you.'

"Will you come and lunch with me? Desire the instrument to be sent home to your lodgings, and return with me to Meurice's."

He instantly agreed. After the meal, he thus related his story;—

"I am the son of respectable parents. Plunged into a ruinous lawsuit by the misconduct of one of his nearest relations, my father found his pecuniary affairs so dreadfully embarassed, that he determined on bringing me up as a music-master. In my earliest years, I had ever displayed a taste for the art, and on the very instrument you saw this day I first learned to play. The acquirement was then intended as an accomplishment, but when, subsequently, my parents fell into poverty, it became my only means of subsistence. There is no passion which more ardently increases than the love of music. Each day my study became more pleasing, and as I overcame each difficulty, a desire to encounter more obstacles hourly sprang up in my breast. In a word, I applied myself so diligently, and with such success, that I was fortunate enough to carry off the first prize of the *Conserratoire*, for my execution of Thalberg's "Moise." My delight at this fortunate circumstance only served to make the art I professed more dear to me. My parents soon afterward died, and I was left alone in the world, to shift for myself.

"Thanks to good fortune, rather than to my particular merit, I found plenty of scholars, and I already began to think of realizing a future competence, when I was recommended, as a musical

instructor, to Mademoiselle d'Olbreuse, an orphan heiress, who resided with an uncle, to whose guardianship she had been committed, in the Faubourg Saint Germain.

"Agatha d'Olbreuse, sir, was a divine creature; I can scarcely believe that she was ever designed for this world. So perfect in every way—in mind, in talent; in person, equally gifted. She was one of the few beings whom we see, and cannot designate otherwise than as an angel.—You will pardon my raptures, you will, perhaps, blame them; but they are only just tributes to the to the worth of one now in heaven; and the youth paused for a moment, but, checking his emotion, he hurriedly continued:—"It may readily be imagined, that such a being soon became my best pupil. Indeed, I have no hesitation in saying she soon excelled her master.

"I am now about to confess my folly, my presumption—were there a stronger expression I would make use of it—to express my hardihood. I fell desperately in love with Agatha, and she from pity, I can scarcely believe it could be otherwise, condescended to reciprocate the feeling.—Oh how we loved! Our looks must have betrayed us, for there was a deep devotion seated in our souls, which must have been expressed in our eyes. When interrupted in our moments of mutual confession of affection by visitors or by members of the family, then would we together hang over the piano, the same piano you have this day purchased for me (for she had expressed a desire to learn on the very instrument by which I had acquired my musical fame), and in melting melody express those outpourings of love which we did not dare to utter.

"Agatha had promised to become my wife, but, alas! she was only nineteen, and the two years which must intervene before she could be a free agent, seemed to us an age. A few weeks only of this period had elapsed, when Monsieur Roy, her uncle, discovered our attachment, and considering, with great justice, that his neice was entitled to a better match, banished me the house, threatening to remove Agatha from France, if she did not instantly consent to give her promise never to see me without his leave. I induced her to give this pledge, and we separated, hoping soon to meet again under happier circumstances. To keep up, however, a kind of correspondence, to express, even when distant the sympathy of our souls, we agreed daily, at a certain hour, to play a particular air—a touching ballad I had taught her, on the piano. For the purpose, I left her the one which I now repossess, and whose cords have so often vibrated to the tender sorrows of my adored Agatha. Already I knew the period had arrived which would bring freedom to her, and happiness to myself, and only waited her summons, to throw myself at her feet, when one morning, to my great surprise, a servant of M. Roy's entered my breakfast-room. He requested me to follow him to his master. I did so. On our way, he informed me that Agatha, *my* Agatha, was dying!"

For a few moments the young artist paused, overcome with grief; becoming at length more calm, with an effort he continued.

"In her last moments she had desired to see me, and I was now sent for to take leave of her. How can I ever paint the scene which met my view as I entered the chamber where all I loved was about to be snatched from me, or the feelings which then shook my breast? I will hurry over it.

"On her bed, evidently in the last stage of rapid consumption, lay my once lovely and blooming Agatha, more pale than Parian marble.

"As I entered, she attempted to raise her head, but alas! she was already too powerless to do so. Her relations and friends—or rather fiends, for they had brought her to this by their cruelty—made way for me to approach her. I did so; and kneeling down, I kissed her cold hand, as I presently offered up a prayer to Heaven to receive her soul.

"In an instant, a languid smile played upon her angelic features, and, pointing to my piano, which stood open in the room, she expressed by signs (for her voice was completely gone) a desire that I should touch it.

"I flew to it, and with feelings of grief beyond description, I played over the melancholy air we had agreed upon as the record of our feelings. My heart seemed to respond to every note, and I could almost fancy I heard her voice in every note. Suddenly a chord rudely and loudly gave way—at that instant Agatha's pure soul took its eternal flight.

"Can you now wonder that I desire to possess an instrument whose every note seems to breathe her voice—our mutual friend—our only confidant? I heard that the property of Agatha was to be sold, in order to be divided between her relations. This it was which prevented my hitherto leaving Paris. I have waited now six months for the moment when I could purchase the only object on earth dear to me. Imagine then sir, how grateful I must feel to you, who have enabled me to obtain the only treasure I desire to possess in this world."

After a few common attempts on my part to console him, the young artist arose, and assuring me I should see him again before he left Paris, took up his hat and quitted me.

The next morning I was sitting before my fire in the act of reading several letters I had received from England, when my new friend and protege rushed in. I expressed my surprise at seeing him return so soon.

"Ah, sir, 'tis to you I owe all. I knew that my Agatha wished me to possess that piano. It ran as follows:

"'Surrounded in my last moments by persons who have hitherto never shown me esteem or affection, well aware of their sordid views, I only dare confide my last will and testament to this my long-cherished piano.

"'I hereby give and bequeath to Henri Aubriot, professor of music, in return for the sincere love he has ever evinced for me, everything which I now, or which I may ever have been entitled to possess.

"'I pardon my guardian for having attempted to force me into a marriage repugnant to my feelings, because I believe he sincerely thought it to be for my advantage.

"'Lastly, I beseech the person into whose hands this document may fall, to publish and make known this my last will.

"'Made and dated two days after becoming twenty-one years of age.

"'12th Dec., 1840. Agatha D'Olbreuse.'"

The artist whose story I have here narrated, and whose history I have given under the name of *Aubriot*, is now the celebrated ——

But no, it is not fair to give his *real* appellation.

Early Hours of Labor.—We have always been in favor of shortening the hours of labor, and closing stores early, in order to give clerks and mechanics the benefits of evening study and instruction. If they do not achieve it in that way, how are they to acquire knowledge, when and where are they to cultivate the mind and improve

the faculties? They understand these things in England, and improve upon the understanding.—There the Mechanics who have improved their time, can rise in the world. One of the leading Editors of the Western Review, and the most brilliant writer of the age, was a cooper. One of the principal Editors of a London daily journal was a baker; one of the best reporters of the London Times was a stone mason; one of the most eloquent Ministers in London, was a blacksmith; Joseph Hume was a sailor, and then an apothecary. There is an army of working men now holding high intellectual positions in England. So have many great Americans sprang from ploughboys and mechanics, but they have had time to improve themselves—leisure to cultivate their minds. This is what our clerks, our apprentices, our laborers want. They ought not to labor from dawn until late at night—they are jaded and fatigued, they become exhausted, and have no strength or inclination for study.—*Organ.*

THE LORD SENT IT, IF THE DEVIL BROUGHT IT.—There resided in my neighborhood a poor widow, whose means of support were exceedingly limited. Between nursing herself for rheumatism, and spinning and knitting, most of her lonely time passed. I am ashamed to say, that on one or two occasions I joined some wild young chaps in playing off tricks upon her, such as making unusual noises about the house at night, smoking her almost to death by putting a board over the top of her low mud-built chimney, and such like doings, that we thought rare sport, but for which we deserved a little wholesome chastisement, if there had been any one authorized to administer it.

One night, soon after dark, it happened that I was returning home in company with a merry fellow about my own age, and had to go by old Granny Bender's cottage. I had been in the town, and was bringing home a couple of 'Baker's loaves,' of which some of our folks were as fond as city people are of getting now and then a good taste of country 'home made.'

'Tom,' said I, as the old woman's cottage came in sight at a turn of the road, 'suppose we have a little fun with Granny Bender?'

'Agreed,' was Tom's answer, for he was always ready for sport.

We had not fully decided upon what we would do, when we came up to the cottage, and paused to settle our mode of annoyance. The only light within was the dim flickering of a few small sticks burning on the hearth. As we stood near the window, listening to what was going on inside, we found that Granny was praying, and a little to our surprise asking for food.

'As she expects to get food from heaven,' said I, irreverently, 'I suppose she will have to be accommodated.'

And turning from the window, I clambered up noiselessly to the top of her chimney—a feat of no great difficulty—and tumbled my two loaves down.

When I reached the window again, in order to see what effect this mode of supply would have upon Granny Bender, I found the good old creature on her knees, piously thanking God for having answered her prayer.

'That's cool,' said I to Tom, 'now isn't it?'

'I rather think it is,' repied Tom.

'And is the old woman really such a fool as to think that the Lord answered her prayer, and sent her well baked loaves of bread down the chimney?'

'No doubt of it.'

'It won't do to let her labor under the mistake? no, never in the world,' said I.

'Hallo, Granny!' and I threw open the window, and pushed my laughing face into the room.

She had risen from her knees, and was about putting a piece of bread into her mouth.

'Now, Granny Bender!' said I, 'it isn't possible that you believed that bread came from heaven? Why you old sinner, you, I threw it down the chimney.'

By this time the old woman's countenance was turned fully towards me, and by the dim light of the feeble fire, I could see there were tears of thankfulness upon her faded and withered face.—The expression of that face did not in the least change, though there were a deep rebuke in the tones of her voice, as well as in the words she uttered, as she said—

'The Lord sent it, if the devil brought it!'

You may be sure that I vanished instanter, while Tom clapped his hands and shouted,

'Good! good! too good! oh dear! but the old lady was too much for you that time!' with sundry other expressions of like tenor.

I tried to laugh with him as he went home, and did laugh, perhaps, as loud as he did, but somehow or other, the laugh didn't appear to do me any good.

After that I let Granny Bender alone.—*Phila. Saturday Courier.*

A Wonderful Phenomenon.

From the Detroit Daily Advertiser.

A singular phenomenon was brought to light a week ago yesterday, in the township of Greenfield, about eight miles from this city. The facts are very nearly as follows. The Messrs. Grangers in boring to find water to supply their saw mill, sunk a four inch hole to the depth of 70 feet, when they struck a vein, or cavity. As they withdrew the augur from the hole, to their great surprise, it was followed by a violent current of air, that threw up stones as large as hen's eggs, ten or fifteen feet high. For a few moments, when the hole was first opened, the air was accompanied by a stream of water, which was thrown ten or twelve feet high. The water, however, soon ceased coming, and the air gushed out with such force that the roar could be distinctly heard fifty or sixty rods distant. On touching fire to the air, it caught, and the flames flashed twenty feet high, and came near burning the building, covering the machinery in which it is located.

They finally succeeded with considerable difficulty in stopping it, by forcing down blankets, and driving a spile into the hole, which was their only means of stopping the air or gas, and extinguishing the flames. For several moments after the hole was stopped, the earth trembled and shook for some distance around, as though an eruption was about to take place. The people, who by this time had gathered to the number of about a hundred, were greatly alarmed at these symptoms, and scattered with all possible rapidity, supposing that "Millerism" was about coming to a focus, or that they were about to be blown up sky high by an earthquake. From the time it was opened till it was thus closed, was about six hours, and the air gushed out all of the time with unabated force.

It has been opened several times since with the same effect. The power and force of the air does not seem to diminish in the least. The Messrs. Grangers are proposing to secure it with apparatus so as to shut it off and let it out at leisure, and test its real qualities. The people in that vicinity are all confident now, that it can be conveyed here in pipes, and successfully used for lighting the city with gas, from this great natural, underground Gasometer. We learn that several scientific gentlemen of this city intend visiting it soon.

Our Country.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

From the Gentleman's Magazine for June, 1848.

Land of broad rivers, and of ocean-lakes,
Sky-kissing cliffs, and prairies prank'd with flowers,
That seated on thy mountain-throne, dost hear
The Atlantic and Pacific's clamoring surge,
Battling against thy coast, and throw to each
Thy snow-white sails, that visit every clime,
And kindred under Heaven. Fair Land! Free Land!
How glorious art thou.

Mid thy cultur'd vales
The sturdy reapers sing, garnering the corn
That feedeth other realms, beside their own.
—Toil lifts his brawny arm, and takes the wealth
That makes his children princes—Learning wins
By studious lamp, the better gold, that dreads
Nor rust, nor rubber's wile—Art deftly brings
Tissue, and tinture—and the fretted stone:—
Strange steeds of iron, with their ceaseless freight
Tramp night and day—while the red lightning bears
Thy slightest whisper on its wondrous wing.—
—Proudly thou spread'st thine eagle-pinion o'er
The exil'd, and the crush'd from every clime,
Giving them welcome; may no vulture beak
Transpierce thee for thine hospitality,
But sons of strangers build thy walls, and call
Thy gates—salvation.

'Neath thy lofty dome
'Tis good to linger, where in conclave high,
Convene the chosen from thy many States,
Sages, and men of eloquence, who stretch
Their line of travel through an Empire's length
To pour their wisdom at thy shrine, and make
Thy union perfect. From the wind-swept hills,
To where the rich Magnolio drinks the breath
Of fervid suns—from the great, beating heart
Of the young, giant West, to where the East
Wrinkled with thought, doth nurse a Nation's mind,
They come, to do thee honor. There, to list
The grave debate, or catch the kindling thrill
With which impassioned eloquence maintains
Thine equal laws, inspires the ardent prayer
Of patriot love, that God would hold thee safe,
And firmly knit thy children's hearts, to share
One home—one destiny.

A mighty wind
Doth shake the palaces of ancient time,
And voices 'mid the despot thrones are heard,
Crying as in Jerusalem of old,
"Let us depart!" But thou, my blessed Land—
Like some fair hearth, which hovering angels guard,
Gather thine offspring round thee, and make bright
Their hallow'd chain of love. Warn them to bear
Each other's burdens—seek the common good,
Be pitiful to error, and repress
Each ruder breath that stirs to wrathful deeds.

Oh, beautiful and glorious! thou dost wrap
The robes of Liberty around thy breast,
And as a matron watch thy little ones
Who from their cradle seek the village school,
Bearing the baptism on their infant brow
Of Christian faith and knowledge, like the bud
That at the bursting of its sheath, doth feel
Pure dews, and heavenward turn.

There is thy strength,
In thy young children, and in those who lead
Their souls to righteousness. The mother's prayer
With her sweet lisper, ere it sinks to rest—
The faithful teacher 'mid a plastic group—
The classic halls—the hamlet's slender spire
From whence, as from the solemn Gothic pile
That crowns the city's pomp—ascendeth sweet
Jehovah's praise—these are thy strength, my Land!
These are thy hope.

Oh! lonely Ark, that rid'st
A tossing deluge, dark with History's wrecks,
And pav'd with dead who made not Heaven their help,
God keep thee perfect in thy many parts,
Bound in one living whole.

Hartford, Conn., May 10th, 1848.

Incidents of a Day's Excursion.

One day last summer I took my place in a Gravesend Steamer, and found considerable amusement in watching the various characters. Two persons in particular attracted my notice; one was a middle aged gentlemen, stout, rather surly, taciturn, who paid no attention to any living being on board, except a huge Newfoundland dog, that was panting or lolling out his tongue, or roamed among the passengers, shoving them out of his way, frightening children by suddenly covering their faces with one lick of his great tongue, and convincing nervous ladies that he was going mad by the vigor with which he stuck out his legs while rolling on his back upon the deck. His master eyed these pranks with a sly smile, and seemed quietly to enjoy the terror occasioned by the antics of his burly friend.

The other person whom I especially noticed, was a very pretty and well-dressed lady. Young lady she would no doubt have been called, but that she had with her a little girl, about seven years old, who called her "mamma." She was evidently possessed of nerves. Indeed, she seemed to be possessed by them, and their name was Legion. Endless were the petty annoyances in which they involved her. But her keenest sufferings in this small way were caused by the unwieldly gambols of Lion, the Newfoundland dog; and her incessant and puerile exclamations of terror, indignation, and spite, against the good-natured brute, kept up the sly malicious smile upon the lips of his apparently unnoticing master.—The little girl, on the contrary, had, to the increased alarm of the weak mother, made friends with the monster; and for a long time amused herself by throwing bits of biscuit for him to catch, which feat, notwithstanding the incorrectness of her aim, he managed to accomplish, by making a boisterous plunge to one side or the other; and when at last she timidly offered him a piece out of her hand, and he acknowledged the compliment by licking her face and rubbing his side against her till he almost pushed her down, the little creature fairly screamed with delight. Her mother screamed too, but in one of the small hysterical screams in which she was fond of indulging, and was followed by an outburst of anger at Lion's audacity.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "if that horrid creature should be mad he'll have killed my child! And how dirty he is, too! Look at your pelisse, Adeline; see what state it is in! How dare you play with that dirty animal?"

This transition from hydrophobia to a soiled dress was too much for Lion's master, and he burst into a long and loud laugh.

"I wish sir," said the lady, snappishly, "that you would call away that nasty dog, instead of setting him on to annoy everybody who is not accustomed to have such dirty animals about them."

The gentleman said nothing, but bowed and walked forward; and I soon after saw him enjoying a cigar, while Lion played the agreeable in his own rough fashion to people who knew how to read the expression of his honest and intelligent physiognomy.

Little Adeline, deprived of the attraction which had fixed her attention to the inside of the boat, began to see amusement in watching the foaming water as it rushed from the paddle-wheels, and danced in long lines behind them. She knelt on a shawl which a fellow passenger had kindly lent as a cushion for her little knees, and leaned quietly over the side watching the roaring water; so her mother was for a time relieved from the thousand mosquito-winged vexations which had hitherto beset her.

We were within a few miles of Gravesend.—The tide was just at the full, and the broad expanse of the river lay around us in all its majesty: and to those who have never beheld the Hudson or the Mississippi, old Father Thames is majestic; ay, and if we place in the balance the historic, political, and commercial importance of the transactions of which his broad breast is and has been the highway, our "time honored" river will not lose in dignity even when compared with those giant floods of the West.

Such thoughts as these, however, did not trouble Adeline's pretty head, which began, I could see, to grow giddy with the continual whirl beneath her. A large seaweed that was dashed from the paddle-wheel caught her attention. It sank, then rose, turned round in a short eddy, and then darted out in the long wake that was left behind the steamer. She leaned forward to watch its progress, farther, farther still her little neck was stretched; she lost her balance, and toppled over into the roaring flood. In a moment all was confusion on board. Men were shouting for ropes and boats, to stop the steamer; cries of "a child overboard!" "who can swim?" and a thousand other cries and questionings; but above all, were the poor mother's heart-rending shrieks, too painfully in earnest now; and she alone, in the fond instinctive devotion of maternal love, that even could she reach her child she could only sink with her, endeavoring to leap into the water to save her.

Suddenly Lion, followed closely by his master, came tearing along the deck, knocking the people to right and left like ninepins. They sprang into the boat that hung at the stern, everybody giving way before the determined energy of both man and dog. Lion looked anxiously in his master's face, and uttered a short low bark.

"Wait," said the latter in reply; "where was she seen last?"

"There, sir," replied a sailor promptly, "there, beside that piece of plank?"

"How often has she risen?"

"Twice."

The gentleman drew a long breath, and said to his dog in a low tone "look out!"

And Lion did look out, with wild flashing eyes, and limbs that trembled with anxiety. What a moment that was! Every one else was passive; every other attempt was laid aside, and all stood in mute expectation; those who were near enough watching the third rising of the poor child, and those who could not see the water keeping their eyes fixed upon Lion. In another instant a cry was raised; as a golden-tressed head was seen to emerge from the water. The noble dog had seen her first though, and ere the warning cry had reached his ears he had dashed from the boat with wonderful rapidity and was swimming towards the little sufferer as though he knew that life and death depended on his efforts.

His master marked his progress anxiously.—His face was pale as death, and it was only by rigidly compressing them that he could control the nervous quivering of his lips. "He has her!" he exclaimed as Lion rose to the surface after a long dive, holding the little Adeline by the hair of the head in such a manner that her face was out of the water. "He has her, and she is saved!" Down went the steps, and on them stood a couple of active sailors, encouraging the brave dog by shouts and gestures, and ready to receive his precious burthen when he should approach them.—Slowly he came on, wistfully eyeing the steps, and now and then looking up at his master, who was leaning over the side, and encouraging him with his well-known voice.

"Here you are!" cried the sailors, seizing the little girl. She was handed from one to another, and at last deposited in the arms of an active looking gentleman, whom every body seemed instinctively to recognise as a surgeon, and by him carried below.

"Now, come up, there's a brave fellow!" said the sailor, retreating to make way for Lion to climb up the steps. But the poor creature whined piteously, and after one or two fruitless attempts to raise himself out of the water, he remained quite passive.

"Help him—help him! He is exhausted!" cried his master, fighting his way through the crowd, to go to the rescue of his brave favorite.—By the time, however, that he had reached the top of the ladder the sailors had pereived the condition of the dog, and with some difficulty dragged him from the water. With their assistance he crawled feebly up; and languidly licked his master's hand, and stretched himself on the deck.

It would be difficult to tell which received the most attention—the little girl under the hands of the surgeon and all the women, who had squeezed themselves into the cabin under the firm conviction that they were exceedingly useful, or the noble dog from the kind but rough attentions of the steamer's men, under the superintendence of his master.

Both the invalids were convalescent; and Lion was sitting up, receiving with quiet dignity the caresses of his frieds, when Adeline's mother came running up stairs; and throwing herself upon her knees before him, and clasping him affectionately in her arms, laid her cheeks upon his rough head and wept.

"He's a dirty animal, madam," said the gentleman, who could not forget her former slighting remarks. "He'll make your pelisse in such a state! Besides, he may be mad!"

She cast up her eyes with an expression of meek reproach. They were very fine eyes, and I think he felt it, for his features softened immediately.

"Oh, pray, pray, give him to me!" she began.

"Give Lion to you, he exclaimed in derision. "Why, what would you do with him? I will tell you. You'd pet and pamper the poor beast till he was eaten up with disease, and as nervous as a fine lady. No, no; you'd better give little Adeline to me Lion and I could take much better care of her than you can."

"Perhaps so, sir," she replied, with the gentle manner that had come over her since the accident; "but still I could not spare her. She is my only child and I a widow."

"I must go," muttered the gentleman to himself. "Whew! a widow! Has not the immortal WELLER assured us that one widow is equal to twenty-five ordinary women? It's not safe—morally safe—to be in the same boat with her."

He walked away. But who may wrestle against fate? When the boat returned to London Bridge, I saw him carrying Adeline ashore, with the pretty widow leaning on his arm. They had a long conversation all the way home! and when he had put them into a cab they had another chat through the window, terminating with a promise to "COME EARLY." What could all this mean? He looked after the cab till it was out of sight.

"I think she has got rid of her nerves," he observed to himself. "What a charming creature she is without them!"

Mr. Palmer, late of Indiana, who has explored the country north of the Columbia river, says, that Vancouver's Island is as large as Great Britain, and contains all the natural resources to make it the seat of empire of a great nation.

THE CATHEDRAL OF PUEBLA.—The following graphic description of one of the many magnificent churches in Mexico, is from the correspondence of the *Courier & Enquirer:*

Yesterday I paid an early visit to the Cathedral, and as that is the mammoth of the large family of churches in this city, you must be content with a slight description of it alone. It is the most magnificent and imposing building I have yet seen.—It is built of a dark-grey porphyry, and occupies the west side of the Plaza. There are two towers at each angle of the front, behind which, on the same line, and near the centre, are two domes, and in the centre, near the foot of the church, is another dome exceeding considerably in altitude the others. The roofs of the domes are of variously collored mosaic. The left tower, from the weight of the material, has sunk, and perceptibly leant from the perpendicular. Niches, both in front and on the sides of the church, are occupied by full length marble statues of the apostles, remarkably well executed. The hight of the towers is nearly 100 feet, and in these towers are fifty very finely toned bells, which make a deafening sound when rung. It is the interior of the Cathedral, however, that strikes the visitor with surprise, and almost a sensation of awe. It is a grand, imposing edifice. There are three aisles supported by immense fluted porphry columns: the ceiling is composed of grained arches, and is very high; between each column on the side aisles, there are rich altars, shut off by open iron work gates gilded with gold. There are six altars on each side, ten at the head and ten at the foot, and one near the centre of the building, composed entirely of the different marbles of the country, inlaid with solid gold. It is a temple within a temple. There are double rows of concentric Corinthian columns supporting the exterior dome, built also of solid marble. In the interior there was once a figure of the Virgin Mary in solid gold, worth three millions of dollars. Santa Anna carried it off, ostensibly for the good of the people, really for the benefit of his own pocket. In the front of this temple is the altar. As you enter the church for one-third way down the centre aisle is enclosed, excepting the face towards the foot of the church; in the interior along the sides are ovens, containing the remains of the several archbishops who have died since the foundation of the church, which was completed in 1666; on the top of this enclosure are two immense, highly ornamented organs. Every nook and corner of the church was filled with choice paintings set in magnificent gold frames, and in parts not occupied thus, it is one mass of elaborate gold gilt carving. In one of the niches there are several busts of archbishops; the busts are hollow, and each contains the skull, head, or some patt of the illustrious individual, which is visible through the glass ser in the bust. About the centre of one of the side aisles is a perspective view of the interior of a cathedral. which is very perfect. In one of the aisles you can see some of the marble cubes of the floor have been taken up and replaced with new ones. Under this repose the remains of the consort of the illustrious Santa Anna. All the ornaments, carvings, &c., of the cathedral are exquisitely beautiful, and give evidence of refined taste and cunning workmanship. Every thing looks rich, yet not the least gaudy.

I had the boldness to ascend to the top of the tower, and for me a bold undertaking it was.—The ascent is up a narrow stone spiral stair case, confined in a very small tower. On one of the landings the bell ringer's family lived quite comfortably in two rooms. I thought I never would reach the top, but once there, I was amply repaid for my trouble. The whole city was at my feet, every building could be distinctly seen, and the view of the plain beyond is very extensive. It was a curious sight, looking over the tops of the buildings: they are all flat with tile roofs, and the arch which they all have, is continued to the top of the house, and reminds one, with the arches and pillars of the porch below, of a child's pasteboard house. A funeral of a dragoon passed along while I was at this commanding height; the solemn tones of the dead march mingled with the chime of bells, made it very impressive. The height is so great, that the market people in the plaza looked like little children, and in running about looked like a troop of ants. Every church in the city could be seen, and their number, I believe, is computed at 80. You may imagine the number of bells; there cannot be less than 1500. It is the most priest-ridden community in Mexico. When I reached terra firma I thought my legs would certainly break off.

ALARM LOCK.—An ingenious Yankee has invented a machine which is destined to come into universal use. It consists of the attachment of a cheap, simple and durable alarm to a lock of almost any description, so arranged as not to interfere in any respect with the action of the lock, and so connected with the bolt, that the latter cannot be withdrawn, or even the attempt made, without giving an alarm, at once distinct and sufficient to awaken any person in the vicinity, and which may be distinctly heard at the distance of 20 or 25 rods.

The expense of this lock is no more than those in use, and it can be applied to the common lock; the improvement will no doubt be soon applied to almost every lock that is manufactured.—*Farmer & Mechanic.*

SOMETHING IN LOOKS.—A man's look is the work of years. It is stamped on his countenance by the events of his whole life—nay more, the hand of nature, and it is not to be got rid of easily. —There is, as it has been remarked repeatedly, something in a person's appearance at first sight which we do not like, and which gives us an odd twinge, but which is overlooked in a multitude of other circumstances till the mask is taken off, and we see this lurking character verified in the plainest manner in the sequel. We are struck at first, and by chance, with what is peculiar and characteristic. Also, with permanent *traits* and general effects. These afterwards go off in a set of unmeaning, common-place details. This sort of *prima facie* evidence, then, shows what a man is, better than what he says or does—for it shows us the habit of his mind, which is the same under all circumstances and disguises.—*Hazlitt.*

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION OF GAS.—In St. Louis last Wednesday evening, three loud explosions, like explosions of gunpowder, were heard in a four-story stone building on the levee, occupied by J. & W. Finney. The building was very much injured from the foundation to the roof.—Upon inquiry the explosions were found to have been caused by the building becoming filled with gas from a breakage of the pipe in the street. Of the three persons in the building, two were thrown into the street without being much hurt, but the other, a German, was shockingly burned and lacerated.—*Louisville Jour.*

THE COD FISHERY.—We are happy to learn, says the St. John's (Newfoundland) Royal Gazette, of the 30th May, that intelligence has been received in town, that the Cod fishery to the Southward and Westward, has been prosecuted so far with unusual success.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Geraldine.

Along yon lonely pathway by the shore
Where sounding waters dash tumultuously,
Pale Geraldine moves musing silently
Upon the days and woes of heretofore.
The thought of him who unto her was more
Than life itself, comes soft and dreamily
Upon her heart—a thought exceedingly
And sadly sweet she loves to linger o'er
Those woes become in time joy-bringers dear
Clad in a sober livery, and we greet
Them as companions of the days of old
Who in our sympathy were sharers sweet,
Who dwelt within our hearts most secret fold
Searching yet soothing—thus e'er would we have them near.

ROYALTON, N. Y. J. H. B.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Profane Swearing.

This a practice and evil of common occurrence. Scarcely a day passes but that we hear the name of God profaned, alike in high places and low, among the wealthy and the poor. Our ears are saluted with profanity from the grey-headed man, the middle aged, the youth, and even from the little boys in our streets. Nor is it confined exclusively to males, it is sometimes permitted to disgrace and blacken female character. But why should individuals indulge in it? Are there any considerations which commend it? None; but there are many which condemn it; we will mention a few.

First—It is a useless habit. It has never done any one good, but often done him injury, and made him ashamed of himself. It has never added to one's honor, influence, wealth, peace, or happiness. It does not strengthen, but rather weakens an individual's character for veracity. A man of known truth does not need to confirm his statements by constant oaths, and one who does do it, awakens by that very means the suspicion that he may not be strictly a man of truth.

Again—It is a practice which shows a want of due respect to others. The profane swearer is frequently in the company of those who disapprove of the practice, and whose chaste and proper conversation is disturbed and whose hearts are pained by his profanity. A man has no right to disturb and annoy his fellow by a useless, much less by a vicious practice or habit: it is not treating him with proper respect. If men will swear, let them swear with swearers, and not offend the ears and pain the hearts of the virtuous by their profanity. It is rude and disrespectful to them to indulge in it in their presence.

Again—It is a coarse and ungentlemanly practice. It always indicates coarse and unchaste feelings. The profane swearer, however strong may be his pretensions to refinement, is proved coarse by this vulgar and sinful habit. It is a trait of the lowest and most abandoned in society, the dialect of the grog-shop, the gaming-house, the brothel, and every place that is vile, and of all that are low, filthy, and corrupt. He that indulges in it, so far proves his relationship to the vulgar and the vile. Weak minds may suppose it a mark of manliness and gentility, but they are egregiously mistaken. Is the profane man entitled to the claim of a gentleman? a gentleman is a man of good breeding, a man raised by his character above the vulgar. Is the profane swearer such a man? What parent would teach profanity to his child? What school would teach it as an accomplishment? What scientific lecturer, moralist, or preacher, would be tolerated, who should constantly confirm his statements by oaths, and indulge in profanity before the public assembly? What person of gentlemanly feeling will indulge in it in the parlor, in the presence of refined and intelligent ladies?

Again—It is unreasonable and ridiculous. It is a common practice with unbelievers and those who are skeptical concerning the doctrines of revelation to indulge in profanity. What propriety or consistency is there in a man, who denies the existence of a God or the immortality of the soul, calling upon Deity in oaths and imprecations? His profanity denies his creed. So, what propriety in a man who disbelieves in a hell, cursing and damning his fellow? Dumb beasts and even inanimate objects are not unfrequently made the objects of imprecation and cursing: now what reason is there in calling upon God to curse and damn that which has neither soul nor moral character, perhaps not life itself! Is it not ridiculous in the extreme?

Again—It is a sin of no trifling magnitude. It is a violation of the express and specific command of Jehovah. It is indulged in merely to gratify a depraved will, a corrupt heart, and is in open defiance of the Almighty; it directly appeals to him to witness it. What greater indignity can man offer him? His holy name is profaned, and he is treated with contempt to his face. Reader, dost thou swear, art thou profane? Think of the character of thy useless, vulgar, wicked habit, and repent of it, refrain from it. Learn to fear and honor the name of thy Heavenly Father.

C. P. S.

MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.—We derive the following information from a late private letter, received in this city from Canton. A few days previous to the date of the letter, three Roman Catholic missionaries arrived at Canton, who had been seized in one of the Northern provinces. They were sent as prisoners to Canton, where, on Dr. Parker's requesting their liberty, and giving Tsi-Yeng a receipt for them, they were liberated on the 7th of March. They came, says the letter, from their place of confinement to our house, where they remained a few hours and then proceeded to Hong Kong. Two of them were Italians, and one a Spaniard; one of them, Bishop Rizzolati, had resided in the interior 20 years, Bishop Novella 5 years, and Priest Narvoo 3 years. The former conversed in the Mandarin with all the ease and fluency of his native tongue, and it was interesting to see these men and Dr. P.,—all having been born on the other side of the world—

using the Chinese language as the medium of communicating with each other, interspersing their conversation with Latin where they could not make themselves clear in the Mandarin. Many of our friends came in to see them, and at one time the Bishop and Dr. P. were engaged in an amicable conversation in Chinese; another speaking first with one, and then another in Spanish and French, and the third with another party still in Italian. They were all most interesting looking men, and in full Chinese costume and flowing beards, were quite imposing in appearance.—*Boston. D. Adv.*

Rural Department.

☞ Raising Celery.—This plant has become quite an object of culture among our gardeners, as well as a favorite with our citizens—many of whom produce it for their own use. The last number of the *Horticulturist* has some valuable and practical in tructions in relation to raising it, which we copy for the benefit of those who would have the article in perfection :

Having fixed up the ground for my celery patch, I have it well trenched two feet deep with a spade, if it has not been trenched previously. In the trenching, I bury all the best top soil in the bottom of the lower pit, and throw the clayey or gravelly subsoil on the top. The reason for this precedure is obvious. You always set celery plants in a trench. If you take off half the top soil to make this trench, it is evident that you have but a very poor bottom left on which to grow celery. On the other hand, if you make the soil of double the usual depth and put the best soil at the bottom of the two feet, it is placed exactly where it is of most benefit to the roots of the plants; while the poorer subsoil, being on the top, answers equally well to raise about the stalks, in order to blanch them.

Very well; at the 10th of June, then, I mark out my plat of trenched ground into trenches three feet from each other. The trenches themselves should be dug a foot wide and eighteen inches deep. You can scarcely make the soil in them too rich; and I have ascertained by experiment that the celery plant not only likes common stable manure, but is also very fond of bone dust, or horn shavings. I therefore, in preparing the trench, put half a peck of either of these substances to the soil of every fifty feet of trench, and a quart of fine packing salt. Then the whole manure, bone dust, etc., is well incorporated in the soil of the trench to the depth of six or eight inches, and you are ready for the transplanting.

It is best to do this in a dull or cloudy day. But if it is properly done, i. e., with balls of earth to each plant, one day will answer nearly as well as another. In order to accomplish this, the stock, or nursery bed, in which the plants grow in their second stage, must be thoroughly saturated with water two or three hours in advance. Then, with a trowel, take up each plant separately, with a small ball of earth, lay the balls in a sieve or basket, and carry them at once and plant them in the trenches. If it is well done, as it may indeed be with the greatest facility, not one plant in five hundred will fail; and they will scarcely suffer the least check, and will require no shading.

About earthing-up the plants, in order to blanch or whiten the stalks, there is a good deal of difference of opinion; but it is all easily reconciled. If you wish very large plants, you must not commence blanching till the last three or four weeks. If you do not care about the size of the celery, but only the delicacy and crispness of flavor, you must commence earthing-up about the middle of August; doing it frequently, and very little at a time, in fine dry weather.

The two best sorts of celery that I have tried are Seymour's White Solid, and Red Solid. But, after all, I have raised as heavy and as fine plants of the Common White, by the mode here given, as of other of those varieties.

A word or two about keeping celery for winter use, may not be out of place here. Many persons complain of the difficulty of keeping it in the winter—its rotting in the cellar, root-house, etc. The method I have employed for nine years, is a very simple, easy one, and I have never lost a single head of it, though I have raised and kept many thousands. It is as follows: In November, when the frosty weather sets in, and the time for digging the plants comes, choose a high and dry part of the garden in any convenient place; level it, and begin at one side to open a shallow trench, deep enough to lay in the roots of the celery close together, burying them in an inclined position, so as to cover all the blanched part of the stalks—only leaving the green leaves at the top exposed. The next row may be put within three inches of the last, and so on, row inclining upon row, till the whole is laid in. In this compact way, the space required for a large crop will be only a few feet square. This done, cover the whole, as soon as the winter sets in, with two and a half feet of straw, covered with a few bits of wood to keep it down. This will most effectually keep out all frost while the temperature of the soil itself is so low that there can be no decay or change in the plants. At the same time, by removing a portion of the straw on one side, celery may be reached at time during the winter when required.

The Harvest in France.—The Paris National states that, from all quarters, the most satisfactory accounts are received of the state and prospect of the harvest. All the journals of the departments repeat that the "oldest inhabitants," cannot remember a season so favorable to the fruits of the earth. The corn is strong and well advanced, the heads begin to be heavy. The vines are covered with grapes and flowers. The grains are abundant, and already in many parts of the country it has been necessary to mow the artificial prairies where the luzerne, the sain foin and clover begin to suffer from excess of vegetation.

From the Dublin Nation.

A Beautiful Dream.

I have no joy but in thy smile—
Save in thy frown, no pain;
Come to my side a little while—
I'll never ask again
To see thee, and thy looks to bless—
To hear thee, and thy words adore,
I never dreamed of more than this—
I'll dream of this no more.

I know the idle tale I tell
Will wake no echo in thy breast;
In thy heart's charmed circle-well
I know mine cannot rest.
But thou wert dear from earliest years,
And dearer every day,
And love that's nursed in thought and tears
Cannot be wiled away.

If I could bid my heart be still,
Of what avail were this?
'Twill never cost thine own a thrill
Of anguish or of bliss
'Twill follow thee through life and death,
True guardian by thy side,
Yet never ask a single breath
Of fondness for its guide.

Come to my side a little while—
I'll never ask again;
My heart is sick for one sweet smile—
Hearts should not plead in vain.
Ah! but thine eyes are filled with tears—
They do not turn away:
Thy hand—thy hand—the love of years
Has not been all astray.

Arrival of the Cambria.

By O'Reilly's Western Telegraph.

The *Cambria* arrived at New York this morning. She sailed on the 27th.

Commercial news unfavorable.

Cotton depressed. Prospect of improvement. Fair Upland and Mobile 4c. Orleans 4¼.

Corn—Market dull. Prices receding.

Wheat 7s 9d. per 70 pounds.

France.—Great alarm and excitement. The hopes of the moderate party were likely to be defeated by the party favoring the empire.

Louis Napoleon had rekindled the old Bonaparte enthusiasm. Soon as the Government perceived the symptoms, 100,000 troops concentrated at Paris. Disturbances occur nightly. On the 10th 20,000 rioters were hemmed in and made prisoners. Among them were Englishmen, Americans and distinguished women. The assembly at first displayed a noble feeling, eloquently denouncing tyrants and dictators. The popular feeling divided—"Vive Republic" drowned by "Vive le Bonaparte."

On Monday, when it was rumored that Louis had arrived, more than one regiment of the National Guards shouted *Vive l'Empereur*. Lamartine mounted the Tribune, pale as ashes, demanding restoration of the decree of '32 against Louis. Whilst speaking, shots were fired outside. Shouts *Vive l'Empereur*.

Lamartine sat down overwhelmed. One National Guard was shot Lamartine was skilful to turn the advantage and said, "First blood shed. Despotism not a Republic." The Decree was then sanctioned by acclamation. The people disputed the Decree and declared Louis should take his seat.

On the 13th, the excitement increased. Barricades were attempted, but the overwhelming military force prevented them. In the evening, the Assembly by a large majority, reversed the decision of the preceding day, and declared Louis admitted to membership. Ledru Rollin opposed the motion, but the majority prevailed, and Rollin immediately resigned,

Rumored that Lamartine will follow. A proclamation was issued calling the people to arms, to place Louis on the throne. Wednesday, Paris was quiet—Louis hourly expected. Several commercial houses had failed in Paris.

The Bonaparte leader arrested.

Ireland.—More tranquil since Mitchell's conviction.

Ship Building in New York.—It is mentioned in the New York papers, as a fact strikingly illustrating the change in maritime affairs that steam is effecting, that in that city, so long and justly renowned for the number and excellence of her sailing packets, although the ship yards are all fully employed, there is not one ship on the stocks intended for a sailing vessel. But there are, says the *Mirror*, ten sea steamers now building, some of which are already launched, and will soon be ready for service. Two are for E. K. Collins's Liverpool line. They are larger than any of the American steamers. There are two for Sloo's line to Chagres; three for Howland & Aspinwall's line of Pacific steamers from Panama; two for the New York and Savannah line; and one, the Franklin, for the Bremen line. The keel of another will shortly be laid to run with the Crescent City to New Orleans; and two more are to be built, to run with the Northerner and Southerner to Charleston, making a semi-weekly line.

We learn from other sources that some of these new steamships in comfort, power, speed, and good seagoing qualities generally, are intended to surpass any thing of the kind afloat. No pains or expense are spared in their construction, and New York steamers will soon be as numerous, and as famous for every desirable quality, as her sailing packets have been. It would be a reproach to the home of Fulton and the proverbial enterpise of Americans, if it were not so.

Mexican Barbarity.—The meanest kind of persecution has already been commenced by the Mexicans against their countrywomen, who have been civil towards our gallant soldiers during their sojourn in that country. The correspondent of the N. O. Crescent says:

"The lower order of the Mexicans, instigated by some of the better informed, have already begun their persecutions towards those who have been friendly or sociable towards the Americans. At Cuernavaca they sacked their houses, and at San Angel, the day General Patterson's division left, they committed great excesses. It is reported that they not only destroyed the furniture of those of the softer sex who received the visits of *los Yanquies*, but took a number of them to the very trees where Riley and his companions were whipped and branded, and there cut their hair short from the head, and with a hot iron branded the letters "U. S." upon their cheeks. When the news was received in the city, the women who had visited the balls, and danced with our people, were in a great way. They ran off to their houses, eschewed all Yankee company, and knowing that they had been marked for future punishment, commenced making preparations for departure.—Those who had not a particular friend among the Americans were running round the different wagon-yards, and begging the teamsters to take them to Jalapa, Vera Cruz, or to such other place on the road as they might live for a while in safety, and I verily believe they will average two to each wagon that is now on the road. While one cannot but feel sorry for them in their unfortunate position, he cannot but be amused at the earnestness with which they appeal to those who, but a few hours since, were enemies to their country, to take them from their homes. There are, perhaps, no men on earth who are so jealous of any little attentions paid to the ladies of their country by foreigners, as these Mexicans, and to so great an extent does their hatred go to those who return even common civilities, that their conduct is at times beneath the brute creation. Knowing what I do of the men, I am not suprised at the great disposition evinced by a certain class of females to travel."

We regret to announce the loss of another of our steamers. The Speed, belonging to Messrs. Macpherson & Crane, was burnt on Saturday, on the Ottawa, about 20 miles below Bytown. The flames first broke out in the neighborhood of the boilers. The Speed was a very fine, fast, new vessel, and cost, we are told, upwards of £8,000. No insurance was effected on her.—*Montreal Herald of Tuesday.*

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

New Gleanings from Old Fields.

NUMBER ONE.

CLEVELAND, June 14th.

Lamartine, a pure-hearted man and a true *poet*, says of the tourist belonging to his "order of mortals:"

"The poet traveller—his bread is thought—
His heart doth live upon the works of God."

This must be true, but it is not the whole truth. Other travellers besides the poet love nature, and are *fain* to claim her as *their* "dearest mother still." It is the glorious privilege of all tourists to see her in her Protean phazes of grandeur and loveliness; and he who can even measurably appreciate the sublime and beautiful in external things, must receive daily a portion of the "bread of thought," and have his faith more firmly established in that Good Being who has made so many bright and lovely things.

LAKE ERIE, June 15th.

Passing from Cleveland to Detroit in the beautiful Hendrik Hudson to night, how refreshing it is to sit on the upper deck at this late and quiet hour, and be fanned by the balmy breeze. Withdrawn from the dust of the city and the oppressive heat of the noontide sun, one can here lay open his bosom to the invigorating influences of heaven's mild breath, and bathe his whole mortal self in an ocean of ease. Meanwhile, he can give to thought its wildest, loftiest range without fear of it sheing called home on a sudden, to attend to the dry matters of practical being: and while

"heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love had spread
To curtain the sleeping world,"

embracing so opportune a moment, the imagination may shoot away, and take a few turns round yonder worlds of light, and drop, here and there, a query into the ear of immensity.

Tell me, Saturn, are the democrats in thy distant realms as noisy, at times, as the democrats of Cleveland have been this afternoon in their reception of Gen. Cass? or does one party embrace all the members of thy great confederacy and thus render man-worship unnecessary? Tell me, red-eyed Mars, are thine inhabitants, like thine old sponsor of mythological notoriety, always for war, and do all *thy* generals aspire to the presidency? And thou Venus, Hebe of the radiant sisterhood of night,—tell me if the crystal waters of thy fairy lakes are ever broken by the on-dashing monsters of the deep, with oaken ribs, and breath of steam, and nostrils spouting fire? or do the scaly tribes that inhabit thine inland seas, fold up their fins at night and quietly repose on their beds of golden sand, till Aurora sprinkles the mountains with rosy light, and some trumpet tongued "fish-horn," reverberating through all thy watery domains, gives a universal summon to breakfast?

But to all these queries, stammering conjecture frames an indefinite answer; and thanking the moon for furnishing us a temporary lamp, and bidding her and the world good night, we go to the embrace of

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

DETROIT, June 17th.

How like enchantment are the operations of the Michigan Central Railroad! One short year ago the 17 acres of ground which they had purchased for their eastern terminus, lay almost naked, and partly under water; now there are standing there, completed or nearly so, a freight depot 100 feet wide and 800 feet long; a passenger depot 326 feet long and 75 feet wide; two large warehouses; a circular engine house 130 feet in diameter, covered with a dome which is surmounted with a cupola; and a spacious machine shop.—Other buildings for the repairing and making of cars, etc., are in a state of erection, and a wharf 1100 feet in length is being constructed. If this company is not the embodiment of the genius of enterprise, there is no such thing in Yankeedom.

THE HOME JOURNAL.—A new volume of this journal commenced the first of July. There could not exist a happier combination of talent for conducting a family paper than is found in Morris & Willis. They serve up for their patrons from week to week a most delightful dish embracing all the "varieties of the season" and by way of dessert give them the cream of foreign politics, chit-chat, &c. Published by Morris & Willis, at two dollars a year, 107 Fulton street, New York.

UNION MAGAZINE FOR JULY.—This number opens with an article entitled "Sight-seeing in Europe," by the editor, who is now in England; and there is no one who has read her piquant, humorous sketches of western life, that will not look eagerly for her limning of foreign scenes and personages. Park Benjamin, Henry B Hirst, J. Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Gould, and Miss Lynch, also enrich this issue with articles. The engravings are certainly unique. Published at three dollars a year by Jas. L. De Graw, 140 Nassau street, New York.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.—It is to be regretted that our citizens have for a few years past taken no measures to commemorate our great nation's birth-day according to its spirit. The different kinds of entertainment at the gardens and elsewhere, are well enough in their way, but not *eminently* calculated to fan the fire which burned in the bosoms of our revolutionary sires.

YOUNG PHILLIPS who committed suicide at the Brattleboro Water Cure a week or two since, bequeathed one hundred thousand dollars to the Harvard University to aid in erecting its observatory. He was worth about seven hundred thousand dollars.

European News.

The *Cambria* arrived at Boston from Liverpool on Friday last, with one week's later advices from Europe. The most interesting news she brings is of the manifestation of a feeling in France in favor of the establishment of an empire and the restoration of the Bonaparte dynasty in the person of Louis Napoleon, the son of Louis, ex-King of Holland, and Hortense Beauharnois.—Not enough has been received to warrant an expression of opinion as to the result of this manifestation, though the calling of Louis Napoleon to the throne, seems now a much more probable event than the establishment of a constitutional republic in France. Thus far the course of things has shown pretty conclusively, that, whatever else may be said, the French people, or the men to whom they have delegated the conduct of public affairs and the reorganization of government, are not adequate to the task proposed. There are great and pure men among them, but, unhappily, their influence is neutralized or overpowered by the efforts of ambitious demagogues, and the prevalence of wild anarchical doctrines, and the general ignorance of the people. If these difficulties did not exist, the fact that in France there is no possibility of organizing a republic on the basis of a federal union of States, as in this country, would lessen the chances of success. In this fact of a federal union, with its consequent division and balance of powers, will be found the secret of our stability and strength, and we very much doubt whether any republic, lacking that element, can be firmly established. A republic could be established in Germany, according to our notion, with far greater ease than in France, but we are very strongly inclined to believe that the first real republic in Europe will be organized in Great Britain.

The English news is comparatively unimportant. As full a summary of the intelligence as we could find room for, will be found below.

The position and prospects of the West India sugar planters had given rise to several public meetings in England on the subject.

The threatened demonstration of the Chartists in London on the 12th of June, proved even a more signal failure than the previous affair of the 10th of April, at Kennington Common.

Tom Steele, Head Pacificator for Ireland, under O'Connell's Repeal Association, died at London on the 15th.

A number of Chartists in London have been indicted for sedition.

The Spanish Minister to England has left for home in a "huff;" diplomatic intercourse between the two nations is therefore suspended.—There is no reason to anticipate anything worse, however.

Affairs are more quiet in Ireland. The subscription for Mrs. Mitchell, wife of the exile, has reached the sum of £1116. The repeal agitation is declared to have come to a stand still. The "fraternization" of the Young and Old Irelander, or the two Repeal Associations, is not yet perfected.

In France, great excitement prevailed and the friends of the Republic were much alarmed, in consequence of the popular enthusiasm manifested for Prince Louis Napoleon, who has been chosen to the National Assembly, by a large vote, obtained without an apparent effort. The French yet worship the name of Napoleon, and the popular revolution that has just now occurred in favor of this young member of the family, points, according to the English papers, to a return to a one-man power with him to wield it.

Louis Napoleon, says the European Times, was, at latest accounts, expected hourly in Paris to take his seat. He will affect humility, and buy golden opinions from all men. With the most ordinary prudence and caution the high road to imperial power is straight open before him, and in that case the splendid pageant of a French Republic will dissolve,

> And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind.

The *Vraie Republique* says that the revolution is only beginning. This is the paper of Barbes, Pierre Leroux, George Sand, Louis Blanc, &c.

At last accounts, Louis Napoleon remained in London.

There is nothing strikingly important from other parts of the Continent.

It is asserted that the Russians have crossed the Pruth on the frontier of Bessarabia, the Austrian Minister at Constantinople protesting in vain against it.

It is also reported that a large Russian force had marched into Prussia and entered Memel.

The people of Berlin are again in a state of tumult, the democratic party being arrayed against the Court party. The present excitement grew out of a vote in the Berlin Parliament. Civil war is threatened.

Nothing decisive had occurred in Austrian Italy, since the battle of Goito and the fall of Peschiera. The future movements of the two armies it is impossible to predict. The Austrians are confined to the neighborhood of Mantua, and the Piedmontese are engaged in cutting off their communications with Verona.

It is said that the Pope has expressed a most anxious desire to visit Ireland.

The Lords of the Treasury have prohibited the exportation of arms from England, to be employed in hostilities against Denmark.

Obituary.—On the 17th ult., at Constantinople. Prince Mahomet D'Abil, son of the Sultan.

A Postcript to Willmer & Smith's *European Times* says that the latest advices from Paris state that the Bonapartist excitement continues, and means are taken to keep it vigorous. Pamphlets in praise of Prince Louis Napoleon are strewed about the crowded assemblies, and newspapers in his interest are distributed *gratis*. The Prince has issued the following address to his constituents:

London, June 11.

Fellow-Citizens:—Your suffrages fill me with gratitude. This mark of sympathy is the more flattering to me, as it was unsolicited on my part, and reached me at a moment when I regretted being inactive, when the country had need of all her children to extricate her from the difficulties in which she was placed.

Your confidence imposes upon me duties which I shall know how to fulfil: our interests and our sentiments are the same. A child of Paris, now a representative of the people. I shall unite my efforts to those of my colleagues to re-establish order, credit and labor; to secure peace abroad, to consolidate democratic institutions,and to reconcile interests which appear hostile, because parties are struggling against each other, instead of working for one common end —the grandeur and prosperity of the country.

The people have been free since February 25.—They can obtain all they want without having recourse to brute force. Let us, then, rally round the altar of our country, under the flag of the Republic, and give to the world the grand spectacle of a people who have regenerated themselves without violence, civil war, or anarchy.

Receive, fellow-citizens, the assurance of my devotedness and sympathy.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

On the evening of Tuesday the National Assembly, by a large majority, stultified their vote of the previous day, when they confirmed the exile of Louis Napoleon, and now revoked it, and declared that he should be admitted as a member of the National Assembly.

Ledru Rollin opposed this proceeding; but the majority prevailed.

In consequence of this vote, Louis Napoleon is admitted to take his seat, subject, however, to prove that he is a French citizen.

The Assembly separated at a quarter past six, in extraordinary agitation.

It is said that Ledru Rollin immediately resigned, and that Lamartine would follow his example. It is said that a triumvirate of Marrast, Billault and Cavaignac is being formed, but this is mere conjecture. At Ardennes a proclamation has been issued calling upon the people to rush to arms, and to place Louis Napoleon on the throne. However, before it comes to that, there will be a struggle for supremacy between the Legitimists and the Bonapartists.

Thiers, Odillon Barrot, Berryer, and Duvergier de Hauranne voted in favor of Louis Napoleon.

On Wednesday Paris was quiet, the people had triumphed. Louis Napoleon was expected hourly in Paris to take his seat.

A meeting of the Representatives was held, to request Lamartine, Arago and Garnier Pages to remain in the Government, even should Ledru Rollin retire.

At the last accounts, notwithstanding their defeat, the Executive Commission still kept their ground. On the 15th inst. the Assembly was discussing a proposition for declaring Algeria an integral part of France. Paris was tranquil.

The walls were, on the 15th, stuck over with a placard bearing no signature, but recommending in strong terms the Assembly to dismiss the Government and the Ministry, and to confer a dictatorship on M. Caussidiere.

The Prince de Joinville and Duc d'Aumale, report says, have passed some days in Paris, also that the Duke of Bordeaux has been there, and been received by the Duke Montemart, and passed a day with his nurse.

The Prince de Joinville, however, is said to have refused to encourage an attempt to overthrow the existing government. The attempts of the police to arrest these dangerous visiters, though aware of their presence, had been unsuccessful.

Paris was said to be quiet at the latest dates; but that there are causes enough at work to produce excitement is very manifest.

Mr. Lesseps, the French Ambassador at Madrid, and Mr. Henderson, deputed as an envoy by the English bondholders, are reported, by the last advices, to have waited together upon the Spanish finance minister, and demanded "the large sums due to France and England on divers accounts." This seems to be a simultaneous step with Lord Palmerston's dismissal of M. Isturitz.

The following extracts are from the second edition of the London Times of the 16th:

The draught of the constitution for France was said to be ready for presentation, and was referred to generally yesterday. Rumor stated that it would recommend a President who should hold office for four years, and that M. Arago would probably be selected for that post. Prince Louis Napoleon was also spoken of, but only it is believed, to bring him into discredit. A very strong petition to the Assembly was in course of signature, recommending M. Caussidiere for the office.—"Strange to say," observes our correspondent, "neither M. Lamartine nor M. Ledru Rollin are mentioned as candidates."

The Committee appointed by the National Assembly to report on subjects of legislation was occupied on Tuesday in examining petitions. A most singular petition was presented from Citizen Barete, residing at 35, Faubourgh Montmatre, demanding that a plurality of wives should be permitted in marriage.

It was understood in Paris yesterday that a "family council" was held in Paris on Tuesday of the moderate friends of Prince Louis Bonaparte, at which it was resolved to exhort him to persevere in the intention he had announced not to return to France until the Constitution had been voted by the National Assembly.

The London Standard of June 16th, says that up to the present time Prince Louis Napoleon remains at his residence in London, without any orders having been given for a removal.

Letters from Naples to the 4th of June state that all continued quiet, but there were indications that this was but a temporary state. The Republican party were evidently only waiting a favorable opportunity for another struggle, while the troops and lazzaroni, flushed by success, and with an eager appetite for further plunder, were doing their best to provoke such an event by insolence.

Kingdom of Northern Italy.—The votes given in the province of Milan, for the immediate union of Lombardy with Piedmont, amounted to 129,440, and those opposed to it did not exceed 272. In the province of Cremona. there were for the union, 47,064; against it, 24. In the province of Lodi, for the union, 46,860; against it, 69.

A considerable number of the chief places of the Venetian provinces had also declared themselves in the same sense, and it is now nearly certain that the Provisional Government at Venice will adopt a like course. The Kingdom of Northern Italy will thus probably be soon consolidated, so as to form a rampart or boulevard protecting the Southern States of the Peninsula from the encroachment of Northern Powers.

Letters from Bologna, published in the supplement to the Contemporaneo, of Rome, of the 2d June, announce that negotiations are already on foot between the Austrian Government and Charles Albert. Austria is to retire her troops from Italy on condition that Italy shall take upon it a part of the Austrian debt. It is said that the Pope will be the referee to settle the conditions.

The Hungarians have resolved not to fight against the Italian cause.

The Pope has declared his willingness to place the iron crown of Charlemagne on the head of Charles Albert, if it would tend to the peace of Italy.

From Ireland there is no news of importance. The "Irish League," or union of the repeal association and the Irish confederation, is not yet consummated. It was postponed for a fortnight, to allow of an expression of opinion from the various branch associations. The opinion seems to prevail that the coalition will not be sustained.

A report was in circulation that a warrant had been issued for the arrest of Meagher. It seems to want confirmation. Mr. Smith O'Brien seems to keep in the shade. Clubs were in process of formation in many parts of the country. Emigration is still in progress on a very extended scale, notwithstanding the stringency of the recent regulations. Some of the boards of guardians are taking advantage of the facilities afforded by the Colonial Land and Emigration Commmissioners, to send out paupers and children.

Accounts from Vienna confirm the statement of the Emperor of Austria's wish to resign his imperial authority in favor of his brother, Archduke Francis Charles. But it is asserted that in that case, the Archduke Charles is prepared to resign his rights in favor of his son Francis Josef, during whose minority the Archduchess Sophia (a sister of the Queen of Prussia) would be Regent. Vienna is perfectly quiet, and even the secession of Bohemia has failed in producing a lasting impression.

It is understood that, the centralization system of Prince Metternich being now completely broken up, the future government of the Austrian Empire will be attempted on the federal plan; Hungary constituting one independent state; Transylvania another, Croatia and Illyria a third, Istria and Dalmatia a fourth, and Bohemia and Moravia a fifth, united only by their common allegiance to the Emperor and for all purposes of commerce, war or defence.

Letters from Potsdam state that the King of Prussia intends to abdicate his sovereignty in favor of his brother, the Prince of Prussia; and that it was this determination of his Majesty which caused his ministers to hasten the return of the Prince to Berlin.

The war has been renewed between the Danes and Germans with great vigor, and all hopes of mediation appear at an end. It is said the former will agree to no other settlement. An action was, however, fought between the belligerent troops, on the 5th instant, and appears to have resulted to the advantage of the Danes.

M. William Tell Poussin has been appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from France to the republic of the United States.

Novel Correspondence.—We find in the Boston Daily *Advertiser*, a correspondence between Tsi Yeng, the Chinese Governor at Canton, on the occasion of his leaving that city for Pekin, to enter upon the duties of Prime Minister, and Dr. Parker, the American Secretary of Legation at Canton. The correspondence is in a most amicable style and shows the friendly relations which exist between the two nations, as well as the estimation in which Dr. Parker is held by the Chinese functionaries. These semi-official state papers, are something new with the Celestials, but they exhibit much more of liberal views and enlargement of mind, than we are accustomed to give them credit for, in political matters and international courtesy.

Mrs. Parker, sent a sheet of note paper with the Dr.'s reply, requesting the autograph of Tsi Yeng, to which he returned the following,

Your Lady, Sir, has commanded me to write my autograph upon a sheet of note paper (which you enclosed) but in the hurry and confusion of making ready for my journey, I am mortified that I cannot do it well. (Such as it is) I enclose a present to defile (her fingers) and excite a smile.

Tsi Yeng, is succeeded by Governor Jee, who is renowned as cherishing a very upright mind, and transacting business equitably and justly—and that his talents are great and his knowledge vast in both civil and military affairs.

Phenomenon.—A very brilliant phenomenon was visible from Williamsburgh and Brooklyn, and partially so from our city, last Friday evening. Just before sunset, the horizon was covered with dense thunder clouds, which extended to the zenith, and were also very black in the North and South. As the storm advanced, they appeared to be concentrating over New York, and from our position on Long Island presented a very grand appearance. At about fifteen minutes before sunset, a sudden flush of gold pervaded the lower portion of the cloud directly West of us, and then as suddenly spread until the whole semi-circle from the North to the South point was flooded with an inconceivably brilliant golden lustre. It was dazzling to the eyes in any portion of the Western sky. This strange wall of gold advanced swiftly until it hid New York from the view. The city seemed involved in a flood of terrific beauty. We observed the commotion of a coming tempest in the dense black clouds above the gold, but the latter appeared like a perfect, unwaving, unbroken wall, extending from the North point, or a little East of North, to the extreme South, a little higher at the West than at the extremities. A Millerite might have been pardoned a fright at the scene. Children were in great terror, and some older persons. In the midst of the whole, a sudden edge of deep crimson seemed to *ray out* from the clouds, and at that moment a flash of lightning passed five times up and down across the gold in the West. We never have seen so brilliant an appearance. It was more like a sudden rift in the clouds, letting through the indescribable glory, in its full radiance, which had before been struggling through clouds.

This scene was followed by a hurricane and storm of rain, but at 8½ o'clock in the evening, the west ends of houses were lit as if by a large fire. The same appearance was noticed as far east as Hartford and New Haven.—*Jour. of Com.*

Stores in Federal Street "caved in"—Great Destruction of Property, and Wonderful Preservation of Life.—Great excitement was produced in this city soon after 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, by a tremendous crash which occurred in the new granite front "Dearborn block," Nos. 27, 29 and 31 Federal-street, erected by Mr. George Gerrish of Chelsea, and occupied by Messrs. Dutton, Richardson & Co., and Waterson, Pray & Co., wholesale dealers in dry goods. Two brick pillars in the cellar having given way, the iron posts in the upper stories were forced through the floors, causing the floors so to settle in the centre, as to form a set of tunnels from the attic to the cellar, and precipitating cases and bales of goods towards their centres. Some 30 persons were in the building at the time of the

accident, but the cracking of the timbers gave a sufficient warning, and enabled them all to escape. Some jumped out of the windows—3 men in the third story came down by the fall; a boy in the fourth story was so frightened by the crash, that he got out of a window, upon a narrow stone sill, and walked the whole length of the block.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, however, a still more terrific crash occurred. A large portion of the rear wall (brick) fell in, breaking down the entire floorings of the building, and tumbling about 800 cases of goods into the basement.—Three of the workmen who were relieving the strained floors of their weight, were precipitated with the falling mass. They were badly but not seriously injured. A youth named Charles Pierce, was buried a great depth beneath the pile of ruins, which, however, was kept from crushing him by the formation of a net work of timbers immediately above him. After about four hours labor by a gang of workmen, he was relieved from his perilous position, and though severely bruised had no bones broken.—*Boston Chronotype.*

Later From Mexico.

From the N. O. Delta of June 21.

The Royal Mail Steamer Trent, Capt. Norton, arrived at Ship Island on Monday evening the 19th inst., at 6 P. M. She left Vera Cruz on the 15th at 9 P. M. We have received verbal intelligence by the Trent to the 13th of June from the City of Mexico, and our correspondence from Vera Cruz to the 15th. The last division of the army, under Gen. Worth, which had been stationed at Tacubaya, three leagues from the city, broke up its quarters and marched through the city, bringing up the rear of the army. Immediately after the departure of Gen. Worth, the officers of Herrera's Government arrived near the city, and were escorted into it by the National Guards. Some firing was heard at this time, which, it was reported, arose from a conflict between the National Guards and the Leperos, the latter having declared their determination to overthrow the former.

Gen. Paredes was said to be in the City of Mexico.

There were encamped at Encero, awaiting transportation, nearly 10,000 troops, consisting of Gen. Lane's division, Gen. Paterson's 1st division of volunteers, and Gen. Marshall's 2d division, composed partly of regulars and volunteers. The troops were enjoying fine health.

Six out of the so-called "Ten Regiments" were encamped at Sardinia, three miles from Jalapa, on the National Road, under command of Col. Morgan.

Gen. W. O. Butler was in command at Jalapa. Troops were constantly arriving there, en route for Vera Cruz.

The following regiments were to leave Encero on the 16th for Vera Cruz, and would probably take transportation thence on the 21st and 22d:—New York, 1st and 2d Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, South Carolina, Georgia Battalion, two regiments of Ohioans, New Jersey and the District of Columbia and Maryland Battalion. The South Carolinians and Georgians were to sail for Mobile, the others for New Orleans.

Capt. Tilghman's Light Artillery was to leave on the 16th inst. for this city.

A train arrived at Vera Cruz from Encero, on the afternoon of the 15th, and reported having met an express at San Juan, going on to Encero to carry intelligence that additional transports awaited them at Vera Cruz.

The Trent got under way shortly after the arrival of the British courier at Vera Cruz, leaving behind, it is said, more that a million and a half of specie. Her hasty departure is attributed to important English intelligence from the City of Mexico.

The health of Vera Cruz had improved. A norther had been blowing from the 9th to the 14th, an occurrence which has not happened at this season of the year for more than a quarter of a century.

Many of the invalid officers and men are represented to have died on the march from the interior, being unable to undergo the fatigue of the journey at this season.

Col. Sevier, our Commissioner, had arrived at Vera Cruz, and taken passage in one of the Government steamers for this port.

Col. Dominguez and staff, of the Mexican Spy Company, formerly in the employ of Gen. Scott, has also arrived at Vera Cruz, and were to leave on the Maria Burt. His soldiers, 125 in number, were anxious to come to the United States, as they had been maltreated, and feared the vengeance of their countrymen.

City of Mexico, May 29, 1848.

The revels in the Halls of the Montezumas are rapidly drawing to a close. The lights will soon be extinguished, the banquet ball deserted; and in a few brief but joyous days the Anglo-Saxon will retrace his measured steps to the home of his fathers his bosom swelling with manly pride for deeds of noble valor, while imagination bodies forth the pure and calm delight of once more embracing "wife, children and friends."

Delightful, however, as it may be to return to their native land, there are few among them that will not feel some pang of regret as they bid farewell to this sunny clime, rich in natural beauty and historical associations—rich in its noble views, its fertile luxuriance, its massive structures, its fountains and Alamedas and Paseos, its splendid churches, and their gorgeous decorations and paintings, and dreamy music and mystic ceremonies.

I deem it, however, no visionary speculation to say that the Anglo-Saxon has not yet run his full career in this country—that the far-seeing Jonathan, ever true to the principles of his parent stock, will again visit this Eldorado of the Western World. He goes home but to refit and repair damages, and will then be ready for a new crusade, be it to spread the principles of democracy, of religious toleration—to infuse the blood of his race into the veins of the descendants of the Aztecs, or to fill his pockets with Mexican mint drops.

One of these objects he has already effected, it is said to a very considerable extent; the seed has been sown, and it seems but fair and natural that those who have sown, should feel inclined to return and receive the fruits of their labors at the hands of the fair Senoritas—some thousands of whom, poor creatures, are bewailing the departure of their lovers with tears and lamentations, doomed, it is said, to have their flowing locks and rich suits of hair cropped from their lovely heads, as a penance for their devotion to their heretical admirers.—*N. O. Delta, June 17th.*

State Printing.—The Secretary of State and Comptroller have given notice that they have awarded the printing and publishing of all notices required by the 4th section of the act to provide for the public printing, to Edwin Croswell & Sherman Croswell, proprietors of the Albany Argus, they having agreed to publish such notices without charge, and being the lowest bidders for the same.

Soul Discipline.

BY MRS. OAKES SMITH.

No inward pang, no yearning love
Is lost to human hearts;
No anguish that the spirit feels
When bright-winged hope departs;
Though in the mystery of life
Discordant powers prevail—
That life itself be weariness,
And sympathy may fail—

Yet all becomes a discipline
To lure us to the sky;
And angels bear the good it brings,
With fostering care on high.
Though others, weary at the watch,
May sink to toil-spent sleep,
And we are left in solitude,
And agony to weep—

Yet they with ministering zeal
The cup of healing bring,
And bear our love and gratitude
Away on heavenly wing,
And thus the inner life is wrought,
The blending earth and heaven—
The love more earnest in its glow,
Where much has been forgiven.

☞ DOUBLE CRIME.—A double tragedy of an attempt at murder and suicide was enacted yesterday afternoon, by a man named *George Hammond* residing on Chicago street, in this city. He inflicted several large and severe gashes upon the breast, neck and back of his wife, and then, thinking, doubtless, that he had accomplished his object of murdering her, cut a horrid gash in his own throat with a razor. Both were severely wounded, and it is thought that the woman will recover, but that the man will not, though he was alive when heard from last. Jealousy is assigned as the cause of the act of attempted murder and self-destruction.

P. S. *Hammond* was not so severely wounded as thought at first, and has been arrested, and examined before Justice CHILD, and committed to jail.

☞ A NEW SPECIES OF FRAUD.—Last Wednesday a man called at the house of Bishop TIMON during his absence, with a large package, elaborately done up and sealed with four large impressions, representing that it contained money, &c., and demanded and received five dollars for it—after which the same person called upon the Pastor of St. Louis Church, presented a similar package and obtained a similar amount from the servant girl, in the absence of the priest. The packages contained some old newspapers, and after the fraud was discovered were left with the Mayor. They were done up in a style calculated to deceive. Persons should be careful to caution domestics and others in their employ against paying charges upon any thing of the kind. Had the principals been at home in either of these cases, it is probable the rogues would not have attempted the fraud.

MARRIED.

This morning, by James G. Dickie, Esq., Mr. PETER SMITH, of Willoughby, C. W., and Miss MARY ELIZABETH WATSON.

On the 29th ult., by Rev. Stephen R. Smith, Mr. GEO. W. INGALL and Miss ELIZABETH CAMERON, all of this city.

On the 30th ult., by the same, Mr. ELIJAH J. WOOD, and Miss JULIETTE STONE.

On the 30th ult., by the same, Mr. JOHN ADES, and Miss ANNA SHEPHERD.

On the 30th ult., by the same, Mr. JOHN HUNT, and Miss CATHARINE CLARK, both of Rochester.

DIED.

At the residence of his brother, at Monroe, Mich., on the 28th ult., Mr. THERON TAYLOR, formerly of Rochester, N. Y., aged 40 years, brother of Charles Taylor, formerly of this city. His remains have been taken to Rochester for burial.

Price Current—July 5, 1848.

Flour, bbl	$4 75	Turkeys	75
Pork, bbl	$9@50	Chickens, each	10@15
Dd slaugh. cwt	$5 00	Geese, each	—
Beef, cwt	$4 50@5 00	Clover seed, bu	$3 50
Butter, lb	10½@12	Timothy seed, bu	$2 00
Lard, lb	6½	Flax seed, bu	$1 06
Cheese, lb	5½@9	Whitefish, bbl	$7 00
Hams, lb	5@5½	Codfish, cwt	—
Shoulders, lb	3@3½	Potatoes, bu	38
Corn meal, cwt	$1 00	Salt, bbl	$1 12½
Wheat, bu	85@1 00	Apples, bu	62½
Corn, bu	37	Dried apples, bu	87½
Oats, bu	32	Onions, bu	8—
Slaughter hides, lb	3½	Eggs, doz	11
Dry hides, lb	7½@9	Saleratus, lb	6½
Calf, lb	6½	Soap, lb	4@5
Sheep, slaughtered, lb	35@75	Whiskey, gall	17
Lamb, slaughtered, lb	18½	Highwines, gall	15½
Hard wood, cord	$3 00	Lead, cwt	$4 00
Hemlock, cord	$2 00	Beans, bu	$1
Bit. (O.) coal, ton	$5 50	Wool, lb	28@30
Blossburgh, ton	—	Hay, ton	$8

QUOTATION OF UNCURRENT FUNDS.

Canada West.	℘ ct. dis. 2	Baltimore	℘ ct. dis. 1
Canada East	2	Philadelphia	1
Ohio	1	New Orleans	3
Indiana	1@1½	Missouri	3
Kentucky	1@1½	Virginia	2
Pennsylvania	½ to 1	Michigan State Bank	1@1½
Relief notes	2	F. & M. Bank, Detroit	1@1½
Pittsburgh Scrip	20	Mich. Ins. Company	1@1½
Alleghany Scrip	20	Wis. F. & M. Ins. Co.	1@1½
East. Exch.	℘ ct. prem. ½		

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Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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Steam Press of Jewett, Thomas & Co.

Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1848. NO. 24.

For the Western Literary Messenger

Impromptu—On hearing of Unkind Remarks.

They say that I am friendless,
That my heart is proud and cold;
'Tis well—I may not woo the smile
Which others can withhold:
But not the less shall kindness
In my heart of hearts still be,
A fountain living, full and deep,
For some who love not me.

They say that I am friendless,
But they know not of a band,
With looks of kindly greeting,
Who come from memory's land:
They dream not of those radiant ones,
The painless, pure, and high,
Who are not of earth, yet lowly list
To my thirsting spirit's sigh.

Yet would I deem it blessing,
While life's troubled ways I tread,
To pause by each lonely pillow
And raise the drooping head.
Yea, I would deem it blessing,
A gift indeed divine,
If a spell o'er pain's sad throbbings
Of soothing power were mine.

It is not thus—no utterance
From my prison-breast may steal,
Of all the sympathy it knows
Even painfully to feel.
Still some will call me friendless,
Still the boon of love refuse,
But the calmness which my soul has won
It may not lightly lose.

THE RECLUSE.

Leap-Year Calls.

I.

Lady reader, plotting against the state of "single blessedness" in which a certain individual—you know whom—is luxuriating—wondering, in the innocence of your heart why he "do'nt propose"—a word in your ear, I pray. "Hats off, gentlemen," and let "the *angels* listen in silence," while I quote a short paragraph which recently met my eye, and which must have had its origin in the days of Chaucer or Spenser:—

"*Albeit it is now a parte of the Common Lawe that as often as every besextile year doth return, the ladyes have sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they may doe, either by words or lookes, as unto them it seemeth proper; and moreover, no man shall be entitled to the benefits of clergy, who dothe refuse to accept the offers of a ladye, or who dothe in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely.*"

An editor out West, suddenly inspired by this piece of information, breaks forth on this wise. Hear him. He is evidently in a beatific state of mind: "Think of sitting all alone in your office, indulging in a fit of the blues, of the deepest shade. Dick Ruggles has just left you. He has been on a visit to your old chum, Fred. Wild, who some five years since "committed matrimony." Fine wife! lovely children! excellent dinners! everything so cozy and comfortable. Anathematizing your own bashfulness, which has always been a stumbling-block in the way of your advancement into the good graces of the fair sex, you hear a slight knock at the door. Anticipating the visit of some clamorous dun, or, at least, some little urchin who has been dispatched to borrow the newspaper for his father, you exclaim, in no very pleasant tone of voice, "Come in!" Another and louder knock follows. Starting to your feet, muttering something which would sound strangely to ears polite, you open the door, with an expression of countenance not calculated to reassure your visitor— and behold, Fanny Ray! the very individual of whom you were thinking scarce five minutes since. Your countenance undergoes a sudden change; trembling with ill-disguised agitation, you invite her to walk in, to take a seat. Imagine all the embarrassment attending such an occasion to have vanished, all the general topics of conversation to have been discussed, and the hour waning towards a close. A silence of a few moments succeeds. Suddenly, softly, silently, Fanny takes your unresisting hand in her own. How your heart thrills at the touch of that little soft, white hand, and the warm life-tide suffuses your countenance. You are silent —"Jeremiah," she whispers. Still no reply. "No words your trembling lips allow." She speaks again—"Will you be mine?" Softly, tenderly, pleadingly her blue eyes look into your own—we cannot go on. Imagine all this, ye disconsolate bachelors, and let your voices swell the glad chorus, "The year of Jubilee has come!"

I think the ladies of the village of P——must have had an inkling of the quaint old paragraph we have quoted above, when one evening, soon after the advent of Leap Year, some half dozen of them met, in solemn conclave, in the large old fashioned parlor of that vine-wreathed cottage which Nell Morris, the beauty and belle of the village called her home. She was beautiful certainly, or she would not have been acknowledged as *the* belle, in a village where every young lady could boast of a pretty face, in connection with other and more substantial charms. But Nell was a mad capt, mischievous little elf, probably because she was an only child, and had been petted and indulged from infancy, and I only wonder, after passing through the ordeal of a fashionable boarding school, in a distant city from which she had just returned, that she was not entirely spoiled. But then she was frank, generous, and impulsive, and those qualities in the estimation of some, sufficiently atone for a deficiency in other respects. It seems strange that such an universal favorite as our heroine should still remain unmarried, but there were not many *eligibles* among the swains of the village. Nell was rather fastidious, and perhaps a little ambitious, and some of the most interesting cavaliers, strange to say, were afflicted with bashfulness, or something which prevented them from sharing so largely in the smiles of the ladies as they might have done. Justly indignant at their backwardness, the ladies of P——concluded, after a solemn consultation in Nell Morris' parlor, to avail themselves of the privileges of the

Leap Year, and immediately to invade the premises of such of those fated individuals as were luxuriating in single blessedness. Among the victims selected, was a gentleman in whose behalf all Nell's interest, and much of the romance which was part and parcel of her nature, had been awakened. Alfred Barton, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, as the sign over his office proclaimed in large golden letters, was sufficiently "tall, pale, and interesting," to awaken the interest of any lady, and there was a slight mystery hanging about him, which, coupled with his personal appearance, rendered him almost irresistible. He might perhaps, have reached his twenty-eighth year—the ladies did not know positively, as none of them had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him, and their papas, who sometimes had professional business with him, forebore to enquire respecting his age. He had only resided in the village for about six months, and report said that the lady to whom he had been affianced, having prove faithless, he had since avoided female society. This was sufficient, of itself, to awaken Nell's interest, and she accepted a challenge from the merry group around the fire, that on the day following, she would call on Lawyer Burton, at his office, and then and there make his acquaintance. It must be confessed that her heart beat somewhat faster than usual, when, in company with a little sister of one of her friends, she turned towards Lawyer Burton's office on the following afternoon, and when, in reply to her gentle knock, footsteps were heard within, approaching the door, she actually grew nervous. The glance of profound astonishment with which he regarded his visitant, did not reassure her, and both for a moment stood in equal embarrassment. The lawyer first recovered his self-possession, and courteously invited her to walk in. Nell hesitated a moment, entering, and turning to bid her companion to follow her, saw, in dismay, that she was rapidly making her way out of the door. To retreat was now impossible, and feeling with vexation that her face was assuming each moment, a deeper and still deeper hue of pink, she seated herself in silence. Had it not been for the immense volumes scattered around, and the table, loaded with all the appurtinences of a lawyer's office, Nell might have fancied herself in a lady's *boudoir*, for there were luxurious ottomans and lounges disposed around, and birds and flowers, and almost everything that could charm the taste. But she scarcely heeded these, as blushing, trembling and confused, she sat in a corner of the sofa, not venturing to lift her eyes to meet the glance which she felt was fixed upon her face. At last the lawyer broke the silence: "Can I be of any service to you, Miss—Miss Morris, I believe it is." Nell made a desperate effort to reply, and looking up she met Mr. Burton's eyes fixed upon her face. There was something beside inquiry in that glance—something which the heart of every *beautiful* woman might understand, and it brought confidence to her tone as she replied, with a half smile, she did not come to consult him professionally, and then she stopped again for a moment. All the appropriate remarks which she had been arranging during her walk, were *minus*, at present, and her usual self-possession was rapidly taking its flight, particularly when she encountered the eyes of Burton—*such* eyes fixed upon her face. It was so provoking, she thought to be able to recall nothing *apropos*, and she murmured something somewhat incoherently about "Leap Year," and "*privileges.*" The lawyer seemed instantly to comprehend what she intended to have expressed in a more graceful manner, and there was a slight shade of sarcasm mingled with the gallant speeches to which the announcement would of course give occasion. At any rate, although she managed to sustain her part in the conversation, she felt extremely embarrassed, and making a much shorter call than she intended when she first accepted the challenge of her companions, she hastily turned her steps homeward, followed to the street door by lawyer Burton, who politely invited her to call again. The moment she gained the privacy of her apartment, she resorted to that last feminine solace, a hearty fit of weeping, the result of mingled mortification and vexation. What would Lawyer Burton think of her, a lady and a stranger, thus intruding herself upon his solitude. The plea of its being a privileged season, Leap Year, now appeared a very unsatisfactory excuse to her, and probably he thought so likewise. How she must have lowered herself in his estimation! Every remark he had made, had indicated a fine taste, and excellent good sense. How like a silly girl—even worse, an artful and designing coquette, must she appear in his eyes.

In the midst of her agreeable reflections, evening came on, and she was startled by the entrance of her mother, informing her that Mr. Burton was below, and had requested to see her. The good lady expressed her wonder at the appearance of such an unusual visitant, being entirely unconscious of the afternoons' occurrence, but Nell was too much agitated to heed her expressions of surprise. For what could he desire to see her again? Should she descend to the parlor and frankly acknowledge her indiscretion, in thus obtruding herself upon his notice? In that case he might, perhaps, fancy that she wished to improve upon the acquaintance she had already commenced.—No, she would retrace the step she had taken, if possible, and discourage every attempt on his part, to continue the acquaintance, and leave him to draw the inference from her conduct, which she supposed would be most apparent. So giving her mother a somewhat unsatisfactory excuse for so doing, she declined seeing Lawyer Burton, who had called for very private and particular reasons of his own, and was somewhat perplexed at being thus cavalierly treated. The cold bow which Nell bestowed upon him, when next they met, discouraged any attempt at farther acquaintance, and so Spring and Summer passed away, and no immediate result followed her experiment at making Leap Year Calls, though nine matches had followed the exertions of several of her acquaintances, who availed themselves of their privileges.

II.

It was a bright moonlight evening in the latter part of Autumn, when Nell, enveloped in a cloak and hood, which served as a complete disguise, took her way through the principal street of the village, and directing her steps toward Lawyer Burton's office, she knocked with a trembling hand at the door. He opened it, and started with surprise as a female form, closely muffled, met his view. He invited her to enter, however, but as Nell hastily flung back her hood, he uttered an exclamation of astonishment. "Miss Morris! is it possible? To what am I indebted for a *second* call?" Nell did not heed the tone in which this question was made, but laying her hand upon his arm, she struggled ineffectually to speak, and burst into tears. By the bright glow from the fire by which he had been sitting, Lawyer Burton saw that she was very pale, and extremely agitated.—The slight expression of *hauteur* which had crossed his fine countenance when he first recognized his visitant, instantly vanished; he beat soothingly, but respectfully over her, and seated her unresistingly upon the sofa from which he had arisen. A moment or two elapsed before Nell had sufficiently

recovered her composure to trust her voice, but when she at last spoke, she did so pleadingly and earnestly.

"I know not what you may think of me," she said. "Judge of me as you will, but do not refuse what I am about to ask of you. A poor boy, as you well know, has to-day been arrested on suspicion of being an accomplice in occasioning the fire of last evening. I have been his only friend for two or three years past, and to night I have visited him in his confinement, and am as fully persuaded of his innocence, as I am of my own existence at this moment. To-morrow, as you are aware, he will be taken to the next town for trial, and I know not what will be his sentence —a heavy one, doubtless, for prejudice is strong against him, and many among us would gladly believe that the sins of his vicious and abandoned father rest upon his despised and outcast son.—He has something to tell you, which I am confident will not only prove his innocence, but also reveal the true offenders. Oh, you will not refuse to come with me this evening, and at least hear his defence for yourself."

Lawyer Burton shook his head somewhat doubtfully as Nell asserted the innocence of the young prisoner.

"Do not depend too much upon his word," he replied. "Evidence, almost amounting to certainty, is against him, and I will confess that *my* suspicions are strongly awakened, and with my present belief I can do but little to prove his innocence."

"But you will not refuse to hear his defence yourself," exclaimed Nell, starting from her seat, and clasping her small white hands pleadingly, as she looked anxiously into his face. "I know that his word is not always to be depended upon, but I am confident he would not deceive *me*. I ask only a few moments of you. No one knows of my visit to him but yourself, and I, too, must hasten, lest I shall be too late to prove of any service, for, as you know, no one can visit him after eight."

Five minutes' walk brought them to the low wooden building, where offenders against "the majesty of the law" were committed before their trial in the town adjoining the little village.—Drawing her hood still more closely over her face, so as to avoid being recognized by the turnkey, she followed her companion into the miserable little cell where Bill Robbins, the young offender, was confined. He was a bright intelligent looking lad, though it was evident from his appearance, that his associates had been none of the best.—The acts of kindness, which Nell had bestowed upon the motherless and outcast boy, had awakened much of his better nature, though it was not in her power to withdraw him from the vicious associations with which he had been surrounded; and the prejudices which had been strongly excited against him from the conduct of his abandoned father, had tended to keep him still farther aloof from those whose intercourse with him might have been productive of good. The grateful smile with which he greeted her entrance, amply compensated Nell for the momentary struggle she had undergone, when at last, in compliance with the urgent request of poor Bill, she consented to attempt to influence Lawyer Burton to hear the story he had to relate—conscious, at the same time, that the young prisoner could send no other messenger. A few minutes' conversation with the boy, convinced Lawyer Burton that he was really innocent, and at the same time demonstrated clearly who were the true offenders. Giving him an assurance that he should soon be liberated, he once more accompanied Nell into the open air, and attended her homeward footsteps, making himself exceedingly agreeable to his fair companion, who, however, on her part, was unusually silent and thoughtful. What sudden spell has come over the usually gay and talkative little lady? Perhaps a mysterious influence, whose presence she was not yet willing to acknowledge.

"Good night, Miss Morris," said Lawyer Burton as they reached the gate of Nell's domicile. "I shall return your call to morrow. May I hope to find you disengaged?"

III.

"Pray tell me, Mrs. Burton," said a gentleman who was gaily chatting with a small bridal party which stood on the deck of one of our North River steamboats, some months after—"pray tell me how my old friend and your husband came within the magic circle of your presence? When I last parted with him in a distant city, more than a year since, he was apparently sinking fast in the depths of hopeless misanthropy—that is, with respect to the ladies. He had been jilted by a faithless lady love, and he solemnly declared, in my presence, that in future he intended to shun all female society; and as I know of old that when he has once declared his intentions respecting anything, you might as well attempt to move the Catskill mountains, as to change his purpose, I am curious to know how he could have been thrown into your society."

Nell, or Mrs. Burton, as we must now call her, hesitated a moment, then with a smile and a blush, she looked archly at her husband, as if expecting him to reply."

"My dear Sedley," said Lawyer Burton. "I must confess that I owe part of my present happiness to Leap Year.,'

"How so." enquired his friend, as he encountered the bride's mirthful glance. "I conclude Mrs. Burton must have become enamoured of the melancholy which sat gloomily upon your brow when we last parted, and seeking you out, threw herself on her knees in lover-like attitude before you, and offered you her heart and hand, which, in the recklessness of despair, you accepted, thinking that as "marriage and hanging go by fate," you might as well make your exit from the world by one way as the other."

"Not exactly," said Nell's husband. "I will tell you precisely how it came about. An individual, whose confidence in woman's love had once been coldly betrayed, sat one afternoon in the solitude of a lawyer's office, feeling particularly miserable, and dreaming that the sun of his hopes had forever set. There came a vision of youth, grace, and beauty to his loneliness—not an Ideal, but a Reality—(here Mrs. Burton slightly blushed) yet it vanished all too soon. But a gleam of sunlight broke once more upon his heart, and though when he would have sought the presence of his new enchantress, she coldly repulsed him, much of its beauty remained to cheer his loneliness.—But as month after month rolled away, the beam grew fainter and fainter, till it faded at last in the night of Disappointed Hope. Just then, the angel of his dream appeared once more on a mission of love and mercy—smiled propitiously upon him, and, to crown the whole, overturned all the philosophy with which he had been endeavoring to console himself, and made a Benedict of him."

"Quite a little 'Romance and Reality,'" laughed his listener. "You almost persuade me to sit down quietly and 'bide my time,' for the next four years, could I be so singularly fortunate at last as you have been"—and he bowed gallantly to Nell—"Henceforth I shall be a strong advocate for Leap Year Calls."—*Nonpareil.*

Mr. Winthrop's Address,

ON THE OCCASION OF LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.

Fellow-Citizens of the United States:

We are assembled to take the first step towards the fulfilment of a long deferred obligation. In this eight-and-fortieth year since his death, we have come together to lay the corner-stone of a National Monument to WASHINGTON.

Other monuments to this illustrious person have long ago been erected. By not a few of the great States of our Union, by not a few of the great cities of our States, the chiselled statue or the lofty column has been set up in his honor. The highest art of the old world—of France, of Italy, and of England, successively—has been put in requisition for the purpose. Houdon for Virginia, Canova for North Carolina, Sir Francis Chantrey for Massachusetts, have severally signalized their genius by portraying and perpetuating the form and features of the Father of his Country.

Nor has the Congress of the Nation altogether failed of its duty in this respect. The massive and majestic figure which presides over the precincts of the Capitol, and which seems almost in the act of challenging a new vow of allegiance to the Constitution and the Union from every one who approaches it, is a visible testimony—and one not the less grateful to an American eye as being the masterly production of a native artist—that the Government of the country has not been unmindful of what it owes to WASHINGTON.

One tribute to his memory is left to be rendered. One Monument remains to be reared. A monument which shall bespeak the gratitude, not of States, or of Cities, or of Governments; not of separate communities or of official bodies; but of the People, the whole People of the Nation—a National Monument, erected by the Citizens of the United States of America.

Of such a monument we have come to lay the corner-stone here and now. On this day, on this spot, in this presence, and at this precise epoch in the history of our country and of the world, we are about to commence this crowning work of commemoration.

The day, the place, the witnesses, the period in the world's history, in our own history—all, all are most appropriate to the occasion.

The day is appropriate. On this 4th day of July—emphatically the people's day—we come most fitly to acknowledge the people's debt to their first and greatest benefactor.

WASHINGTON, indeed, had no immediate connection with the immortal act of the 4th of July, 1776. His signature did not attest the Declaration of Independence. But the sword by which that independence was to be achieved was already at his side, and already had he struck the blow which rendered that declaration inevitable.

"*Hostibus primo fugatis, Bostonium recuperatum,*" is the inscription on the medal which commemorates Washington's earliest triumph. And when the British forces were compelled to evacuate Boston, on the 17th day of March, 1776, bloodless though the victory was, the question was irrevocably settled that independence, and not the mere redress of grevances, was to be the momentous stake of our colonial struggle.

Without the event of the 4th of July, it is true, Washington would have found no adequate opening for that full career of military and civil glory which has rendered him illustrious forever. But it is equally true that without Washington, this day could never have acquired that renown in the history of human liberty, which now, above all other days, it enjoys. We may not say that the man made the day, or the day the man; but we may say that, by the blessing of God, they were made for each other, and both for the highest and most enduring good of America and of the world.

The place is appropriate. We are on the banks of his own beloved and beautiful Potomac. On one side of us, within a few hours' sail, are the hallowed scenes amid which Washington spent all of his mature life, which was not devoted to the public service of the country, and where still repose, in their original resting-place, all that remained of him when life was over. On the other side, and within our more immediate view, is the Capitol of the Republic, standing on the site selected by himself, and within whose walls the rights which he vindicated, the principles which he established, the institutions which he founded, have been, and are still to be, maintained, developed and advanced.

The witnesses are appropriate, and such as eminently befit the occasion.

The President of the United States is here, and feels, I am persuaded, that the official distinction which he lends to the scene has no higher personal charm, if any higher public dignity, than that which it derives from its associations with his earliest and most illustrious predecessor. "I hold the place which Washington held," must be a reflection capable of sustaining a Chief Magistrate under any and every weight of responsibility and care, and of elevating him to the pursuit of the purest and loftiest ends.

Representatives of foreign nations are here, ready to bear witness to the priceless example which America has given to the world, in the character of him whose fame has long since ceased to be the property of any country or of any age.

The Vice President and Senate, the Heads of Departments, the Judiciary, the Authorities of the City and District, the Officers of the army and navy and marines, from many a field and many a flood of earlier and of later fame; veterans of the line and volunteers; fresh from the scenes of trial and of triumph, with swords already wreathed with myrtles, which every patriot prays may prove as unfading as the laurels with which their brows are bound; all are here, eager to attest their reverence for the memory of one, whom statesmen and soldiers have conspired in pronouncing to have been first alike in Peace and in War.

The Representatives of the People are here; and it is only as their organ that I have felt it incumbent on me, in the midst of cares and duties which would have formed an ample apology for declining any other service, to say a few words on this occasion. Coming here in no official capacity, I yet feel that I bring with me the sanction not merely of the Representatives of the People, but of the People themselves, for all that I can say, and for much more than I can say, in honor of Washington.

And, indeed, the People themselves are here; in masses such as never before were seen within the shadows of the Capitol—a cloud of witnesses,—to bring their own heartfelt testimony to the occasion. From all the States of the Union: from all political parties; from all professions and occupations; men of all sorts and conditions; and those before whom men and conditions bow, as lending the chief ornament and grace to every scene of life; the people, as individual citizens, and in every variety of association, military and masonic, moral, collegiate, and charitable, Rechabites and Red Men, Sons of Temperance and Firemen, United Brothers and Odd Fellows; the people have come up this day to the temple gates of a common and glorious republic, to fraternize with each other in a fresh act of homage to the memory of the man, who was, and is, and will forever be, "first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Welcome, welcome, Americans all! "The name of American, which

belongs to you in your national capacity, (I borrow the words of Washington himself,) must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations."

Nor can I feel, fellow-citizens, that I have yet made mention of all who are with us at this hour. Which of us does not realise that unseen witnesses are around us? Think ye that the little band, whose feeble forms are spared to bless our sight once more, are all of the army of Washington, who are uniting with us in this tribute of reverence for his memory? Think ye, that the patriot soldiers or the patriot statesmen, who stood around him in war and in peace, are altogether absent from a scene like this. Adams and Jefferson, joint-authors of the Declaration, by whose lives and deaths this day has been doubly hallowed; Hamilton and Madison, joint-framers of the Constitution, present, visibly present, in the venerated persons of those nearest and dearest to them in life; Marshall, under whose auspices the work before us was projected, and whose classic pen had already constructed a mounment to his illustrious compeer and friend more durable than marble or granite; Knox, Lincoln and Green; Franklin, Jay, Pickering and Morris; Schuyler and Putnam, Stark and Prescott, Sumter and Marion, Steuben, Kosciusko and Lafayette; companions, counsellors, supporters, friends, followers of Washington, all, all; we hail them from their orbs on high, and feel that we do them no wrong in counting them among the gratified witnesses of this occasion!

But it is the precise epoch at which we have arrived in the word's history, and in our own history, which imparts to this occasion an interest and an importance which cannot easily be overestimated.

I can make but the merest allusion to the mighty movements which have recently taken place on the continent of Europe—where events which would have given character to an age have been crowded within the changes of a moon.

Interesting, intensely interesting, as these events have been to all who have witnessed them, they have been tenfold more interesting to Americans. We see in them the influence of our own institutions. We behold in them the results of our own example. We recognise them as the spontaneous germination and growth of seeds which have been wafted over the ocean, for half a century past, from our own original Liberty Tree!

The distinguished writer of the declaration which made this day memorable, was full of apprehensions as to the influence of the Old World upon the New. He even wished, on one occasion, that "an ocean of fire" might roll between America and Europe, to cut off and consume those serpent fascinations and seductions which were to corrupt, if not to strangle outright, our infant freedom in its cradle.

Doubtless these were no idle fears at the time. Doubtless there are dangers still, which might almost seem to have justified such a wish But it is plain that the currents of political influence thus far have run deepest and strongest in the opposite direction. *The influence the new world upon the old* is the great moral of the events of the day.

Mr. Jefferson's "ocean of fire" has, indeed, been almost realized. A tremendous enginery has covered the sea with smoke and flame. The fiery dragon has ceased to be a fable. The inspired description of Leviathan is fulfilled to the letter. "Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out. Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or caldron. His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth. He maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment."

But the Saint George of modern civilization and science, instead of slaying the dragon, has subdued him to the yoke, and broken him into the service of mankind. The ocean of fire has only facilitated the intercourse which it was invoked to destroy And the result is before the world.

New modes of communication, regular and more rapid interchanges of information and opinion, freer and more frequent comparisons of principles, of institutions, and of conditions, have at length brought the political systems of the two continents into conflict; and prostrate thrones and reeling empires this day bear witness to the shock!

Yes, fellow-citizens, (if I may be allowed the figure,) the great upward and downward trains on the track of human freedom have at last come into collision! It is too early as yet for any one to pronounce upon the precise consequences of the encounter. But we can see at a glance what engines have been shattered, and what engineers have been dashed from their seats. We can see, too, that the great American-built locomotive "Liberty" still holds on its course, unimpeded and unimpaired; gathering strength as it goes; developing new energies to meet new exigencies; and bearing along its imperial train of twenty millions of people with a speed which knows no parallel.

Nor can we fail to see that men are every where beginning to examine the model of this mighty engine, and that not a few have already begun to copy its construction and to imitate its machinery. The great doctrines of our own Revolution, that "all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and to institute a new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness;" these fundamental maxims of the rights of men are proclaimed as emphatically this day in Paris as they were seventy-two years ago this day in Philadelphia.

And not in Paris alone. The whole civilized world resounds with American opinions and American principles. Every vale is vocal with them. Every mountain hath found a tongue for them.

—— Sonitum toto Germania cœlo
Audiit, et insolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes.

Every where the people are heard calling their rulers to account and holding them to a just responsibility. Every where the cry is raised for the elective franchise, the trial by jury, the freedom of the press, written constitutions, representative systems, republican forms.

In some cases most fortunately the rulers themselves have not escaped some seasonable symptoms of the pervading fervor for freedom, and have nobly anticipated the demands of their subjects. To the sovereign Pontiff of the Roman States in particular belongs the honor of having led the way in the great movement of the day, and no American will withhold from him a cordial tribute of respect and admiration for whatever he has done or designed for the regeneration of Italy. Glorious indeed on the page of history will be the name of Pius IX. if the rise of another Rome shall be traced to his wise and liberal policy. Yet

not less truly glorious, if his own authority should date its decline to his noble refusal to lend his apostolical sanction to a war of conquest.

For Italy, however, and for France, and for the whole European world alike, a great work still remains. A rational, practical, enduring liberty cannot be acquired in a paroxysm, cannot be established by a proclamation. It is not, our own history proves that it is not

"The hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripened fruit of wise delay."

The redress of a few crying grievances, the reform of a few glaring abuses, the banishment of a minister, the burning of a throne, the overthrow of a dynasty, these are but scanty preparations for the mighty undertaking upon which they have entered. New systems are to be constructed; new forms to be established; new Governments to be instituted, organized, and administered, upon principles which shall reconcile the seeming conflict between liberty and law, and secure to every one the enjoyment of regulated constitutional freedom.

And it is at this moment, fellow-citizens, when this vast labor is about to be commenced, when the files of the Old World are searched in vain for precedents, and the file-leaders of the Old World are looked to in vain for pioneers, and when all eyes are strained to find the men, to find the man, who is sufficient for these things, it is at such a moment that we are assembled on this pinnacle of the American Republic—I might almost say by some Divine impulse and direction—to hold up afresh to the admiration and imitation of mankind the character and example of George Washington.

Let us contemplate that character and that example for a moment, and see whether there be any thing in all the treasures of our country's fame, I do not say merely of equal intrinsic value, but of such eminent adaptation to the exigencies of the time and the immediate wants of the world.

I will enter into no details of his personal history. Washington's birthday is a National Festival. His whole life, boyhood and manhood, has been learned by heart by us all. Who knows not that he was a self-made man? Who knows not that the only education which he enjoyed was that of the common schools of Virginia, which, at that day, were of the very commonest sort? Who remembers not those extraordinary youthful adventures, by which he was trained up to the great work of his destiny? Who remembers not the labors and exposures which he encountered as a land surveyor, at the early age of sixteen years? Who has forgotten the perils of his journey of forty-one days and five hundred and sixty miles, from Williamsburg to French Creek, when sent, at the age of only twenty-one, as commissioner from Gov. Dinwiddie, to demand of the French forces their authority for invading the King's dominions? Who has not followed him, a hundred times, with breathless anxiety, as he threads his way through that pathless wilderness, at one moment fired at by the Indians at fifteen paces, at the next wrecked upon a raft amid snow and ice, and subjected throughout to every danger which treacherous elements or still more treacherous enemies could involve? Who has forgotten his hardly less miraculous escape, a few years later, on the banks of the Monongahela, when foremost in that fearful fight, he was the only mounted officer of the British troops who was not either killed or desperately wounded?

Let me not speak of Washington as a merely self-made man. There were influences employed in moulding and making him, far, far above his own control. Bereft of his father at the tender age of eleven years, he had a *mother* left to whom the world can never over-estimate its debt. And higher, holier still, was the guardianship so signally manifested in more than one event of his life. "By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence," wrote Washington himself to his venerated parent after Braddock's defeat, "I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation; for I had four bullets through my coat and two horses shot from under me; yet I escaped unhurt, although death was levelling my companions on every side of me." Well did the eloquent pastor of a neighboring parish, on his return, "point out to the public that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom (says he) I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to the country."

And not less natural or less striking was the testimony of the Indian chief who told Washington, fifteen years afterwards, "that at the battle of the Monongahela he had singled him out as a conspicuous object, had fired his rifle at him many times, and directed his young warriors to do the same, but that, to his utter astonishment, none of their balls took effect; that he was then persuaded that the youthful hero was under the special guardianship of the Great Spirit, and immediately ceased to fire at him; and that he was now come to pay homage to the man who was the particular favorite of Heaven, and who could never die in battle."

Our Revolutionary fathers had many causes for adoring the invisible hand by which they were guided and guarded in their great struggle for liberty; but none, none stronger than this providential preparation and preservation of their destined Chief. Be it ours to prolong that anthem of gratitude which may no more be heard from their mute lips: "The grave cannot praise Thee; death cannot celebrate Thee; but the living, the living, they shall praise Thee, as we do this day!"

Of the public services of Washington to our own country, for which he was thus prepared and preserved, it is enough to say that in the three great epochs of our national history he stands forth pre-eminent and peerless, the master-spirit of the time.

In the war of the Revolution we see him the leader of our armies.

In the formation of the Constitution we see him the President of our Councils.

In the organization of the Federal Government we see him the Chief Magistrate of our Republic.

Indeed, from the memorable day when, under the unheard but by no means inauspicious salute of both British and American batteries, engaged in no holiday exercise on Bunker Hill, it was unanimously resolved that George Washington, having been chosen commander-in-chief of such forces as are or shall be raised for the maintenance and preservation of American liberty, "this Congress doth now declare that they will maintain and assist him, and adhere to him, the said George Washington, with their lives and fortunes in the same cause;" from this ever-memorable 17th of June, 1775—a day on which (as has been well said) Providence kept an even balance with the cause, and while it took from us a Warren gave a Washington—to the 14th day of December, 1799, when he died, we shall search the annals of our land in vain for any important scene in which he was any thing less than the principal figure.

It is, however, the character of Washington, and not the mere part which he played, which we would hold up this day to the world as worthy of endless and universal commemoration. The highest official distinctions may be enjoyed, and the

most important public services rendered, by men whose lives will not endure examination. It is the glory of Washington that the virtues of the man outshone even the brilliancy of his acts, and that the results which he accomplished were only the legitimate exemplifications of the principles which he professed and cherished

In the whole history of the world it may be doubted whether any man can be found who has exerted a more controlling influence over men and over events than George Washington. To what did he owe that influence? How did he win, how did he wield, that magic power, that majestic authority, over the minds and hearts of his countrymen and of mankind? In what did the power of Washington consist?

It was not the power of vast learning or varied acquirements. He made no pretensions to scholarship, and had no opportunities for extensive reading.

It was not the power of sparkling wit, or glowing rhetoric. Though long associated with deliberative bodies, he never made a set speech in his life, nor ever mingled in a stormy debate.

It was not the power of personal fascination.—There was little about him of that gracious affability which sometimes lends such resistless attraction to men of commanding position. His august presence inspired more of awe than of affection, and his friends. numerous and devoted as they were, were bound to him rather by ties of respect than of love.

It was not the power of a daring and desperate spirit of heroic adventure. "If I ever said so," replied Washington, when asked whether he had said that there was something charming in the sound of a whistling bullet; "if I ever said so, it was when I was young." He had no passion for mere exploits. He sought no bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth. With a courage never questioned, and equal to every exigency, he had yet "a wisdom which die guide his valor to act in safety."

In what, then, did the power of Washington consist? When Patrick Henry returned home from the first continental Congress, and was asked who was the greatest man in that body, he replied: "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is the greatest orater; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Col. Washington is by far the greatest man on that floor."

When, fifteen years earlier, Washington, at the close of the French war, took his seat for the first time in the House of Burgesses of Virginia, and a vote of thanks was presented to him for his military services to the Colony, his hesitation and embarrassment were relieved by the Speaker, who said, "Sit down, Mr. Washington, your modesty equals your valor; and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

But it was not solid information or sound judgment, or even that rare combination of surpassing modesty and valor, great as these qualities are, which gave Washington such a hold on the regard, respect, and confidence of the American people. I hazard nothing in saying that it was the high moral elements of his character which imparted to it its prepondering force. His incorruptible honesty, his uncompromising truth, his devout reliance on God, the purity of his life, the scrupulousness of his conscience, the disinterestedness of his purposes, his humanity, generosity, and justice—these were the ingredients which, blending harmoniously with solid information and sound judgment and a valor only equalled by his modesty, made up a character to which the world may be fearlessly challenged for a parallel.

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire. *conscience*," was one of a series of maxims which Washington framed or copied for his own use when a boy. His rigid adherence to principle, his steadfast discharge of duty, his utter abandonment of self, his unreserved devotion to whatever interests were committed to his care, attest the more than vestal vigilance with which he obeyed that maxim. He kept alive that spark. He made it shine before men. He kindled it into a flame which illumined his whole life. No occasion was so momentous, no circumstances so minute, as to absolve him from following its guiding ray. The marginal explanation in his account book, in regard to the expenses of his wife's annual visit to the camp during the revolutionary war, with his passing allusion to the "self-denial" which the exigencies of his country had cost him, furnishes a charming illustration of his habitual exactness. The fact that every barrel of flour which bore the brand of "George Washington, Mount Vernon," was exempted from the otherwise uniform inspection in the West India ports—that name being regarded as an ample guaranty of the quality and quantity of any article to which it was affixed—supplies a not less striking proof that his exactness was every where understood.

Every body saw that Washington sought nothing for himself. Every body knew that he sacrificed nothing to personal or to party ends. Hence, the mighty influence, the matchless sway which he exercised over all around him. "He was the only man in the United States who possessed the confidence of all, (said Thomas Jefferson;) there was no other one who was considered any thing more than a party leader."

Who ever thinks of Washington as a mere politician? Who ever associates him with the petty arts and pitiful intrigues of partisan office-seekers or partisan office-holders? Who ever pictures him canvassing for votes, dealing out proscription, or doling out patronage?

"No part of my duty," wrote Washington to Governor Bowdoin, in a letter, the still unpublished original of which is a precious inheritance of my own: "No part of my duty will be more delicate, and in many instances more unpleasant, than that of nominating and appointing persons to office. It will undoubted happen that there will be several candidates for the same office, whose pretensions, abilities, and integrity may be nearly equal, and who will come forward so equally supported in every respect as almost to require the aid of supernatural intuition to fix upon the right. I shall, however, in all events, have the satisfaction to reflect that I entered upon my administration unconfined by a single engagement, uninfluenced by any ties of blood or friendship, and with the best intention and fullest determination to nominate to office those persons only who, upon every consideration, were the most deserving, and who would probably execute their several functions to the interest and credit of the American Union; if such characters could be found by my exploring every avenue of information respecting their merits and pretensions that it was in my power to obtain."

And there was as little of the vulgar hero about him, as there was of the mere politician. At the head of a victorious army, of which he was the idol—an army too often provoked to the very verge of mutiny by the neglect of an inefficient Government—we find him the constant counsellor of subordination and submission to the civil authority. With the sword of a conqueror at his side, we find him the unceasing advocate of peace. Repeatedly invested with more than the power of a Roman dictator, we see him receiving that power with reluctance, employing it with the ut-

most moderation, and eagerly embracing the earliest opportunity to resign it. The offer of a Crown could not, did not, tempt him for an instant from his allegiance to liberty. He rejected it with indignation and abhorrence, and proceeded to devote all his energies and all his influence, all his popularity and all his ability, to the establishment of that Republican System, of which he was from the first to the last the uncompromising advocate, and with the ultimate success of which he believed the best interests of America and of the world were inseparably connected.

It is thus that, in contemplating the character of Washington, the offices which he held, the acts which he performed, his success as a statesman, his triumphs as a soldier, almost fade from our sight. It is not the Washington of the Delaware, or the Brandywine, of Germantown or of Monmouth; it is not Washington, the President of the Convention, or the President of the republic, which we admire. We cast our eyes over his life, not to be dazzled by the meteoric lustre of particular passages, but to behold its whole pathway radiant, radiant every where, with the true glory of a just, conscientious, consummate man! Of him we feel it to be no exaggeration to say that

"all the ends he aimed at
Were his Country's, his God's, and Truth's."

Of him we feel it to be no exaggeration to say, that he stands upon the page of history the great modern illustration and example of that exquisite and Divine precept, which fell from the lips of the dying Monarch of Israel—

"He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God;
"And he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds!"

And now, fellow-citizens, it is this incomparable and transcendant character, which America, on this occasion, holds up afresh to the admiration of mankind. Believing it to be the only character which could have carried us safely through our own Revolutionary struggles, we present it, especially, this day, to the wistful gaze of convulsed and distracted Europe. May we not hope that there may be kindred spirits over the sea, upon whom the example may impress itself, till they shall be inflamed with a noble rage to follow it?—Shall we not call upon them to turn from a vain reliance upon their old idols, and to behold here, in the mingled moderation and courage, in the combined piety and patriotism, in the blended virtue, principle, wisdom, valor, self-denial, and self-devotion of our Washington, the express image of the man, the only man, for their occasion?

Daphni, quid antiquos signorum suspicis ortus,
Ecce Diomi processit Cæsaris astrum!

Let us rejoice that our call is anticipated.—Washington is no new name to Europe. His star has been seen in every sky, and wise men every where have done it homage. To what other merely human being, indeed, has such homage ever before or since been rendered?

"I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men," wrote Erskine to Washington himself, "but you are the only being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence."

"Illustrious man!" said Fox of him, in the British House of Commons in 1794, "deriving honor less from the splendor of his situation than from the dignity of his mind; before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance, and all the potentates of Europe become little and contemptible."

"Washington is dead!" proclaimed Napoleon, on hearing of the event. "This great man fought against tyranny; he established the liberty of his country. His memory will be always dear to the French people, as it will be to all free men of the two worlds."

"It will be the duty of the historian and the sage in all ages," says Lord Brougham, "to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man; and, until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

"One thing is certain," says Guizot—"one thing is certain: that which Washington did—the founding of a free Government, by order and peace, at the close of the Revolution—no other policy than his could have accomplished."

And later, better still: "Efface henceforth the name of Machiavel," said Lamartine, within a few weeks past, in his reply to the Italian Association—"efface henceforth the name of Machiavel from your titles of glory, and substitute for it the name of Washington; that is the one which should now be proclaimed; that is the name of modern liberty. It is no longer the name of a politician or a conqueror that is required; it is that of a man, the most disinterested, the most devoted to the people. This is the man required by liberty. The want of the age is a European Washington!"

And who shall supply that want but he who so vividly realizes it? Enthusiastic, eloquent, admirable Lamartine! Though the magic wires may even now be trembling with the tidings of his downfall, we will not yet quite despair of him.—Go on in the high career to which you have been called! Fall in it, if it must be so; but fall not, falter not, from it! Imitate the character you have so nobly appreciated! Fulfil the pledges you have so gloriously given! Plead still against the banner of blood! Strive still against the reign of terror! Aim still

"By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear!"

May a gallant and generous people second you, and the Power which preserved Washington sustain you, until you have secured peace, order, freedom to your country!

"Si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris.'

But, fellow-citizens, while we thus commend the character and example of Washington to others, let us not forget to imitate it ourselves. I have spoken of the precise period which we have reached in our own history, as well as in that of the world at large, as giving something of peculiar interest to the proceedings in which we are engaged. I may not, I will not disturb the harmony of the scene before me by the slightest allusion of a party character. The circumstances of the occasion forbid it; the associations of the day forbid it; the character of him in whose honor we are assembled forbids it; my own feelings revolt from it. But I may say, I must say, and every one within the sound of my voice will sustain me in saying, that there has been no moment since Washington himself was among us, when it was more important than at this moment that the two great leading principles of his policy should be remembered and cherished.

Those principles were, first, the most complete, cordial, and indissoluble Union of the States; and second, the most entire separation and disentanglement of our own country from all other countries. Perfect union among ourselves, perfect neutrality towards others, and peace, peace, domestic peace and foreign peace, as the result; this was the chosen and consummate policy of the Father of his Country.

But above all and before all in the heart of Washington was the Union of the States; and no opportunity was ever omitted by him, to impress up-

on his fellow-citizens the profound sense which he entertained of its importance at once to their prosperity and their liberty.

In that incomparable address in which he bade farewell to his countrymen at the close of his Presidential service, he touched upon many other topics with the earnestness of a sincere conviction. He called upon them, in solemn terms, to "cherish public credit;" to "observe good faith and justice towards all nations;" avoiding both "inveterate antipathies and passionate attachments" towards any; to mitigate and assuage the unquenchable fire of party spirit, "lest, instead of warming, it should consume;" to abstain from "characterizing parties by geographical distinctions;" "to promote institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge;" to respect and uphold "religion and morality; those great pillars of human happiness, those firmest props of the duties of men and of citizens."

But what can exceed, what can equal the accumulated intensity of thought and of expression with which he calls upon them to cling to the union of the States. "It is of infinite moment," says he, in langnage which we ought never to be weary of hearing or of repeating, "that you should properly estimate the immense value of your National Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, *in any event*, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

The Union, *the Union in any event*, was thus the sentiment of Washington. The Union, *the Union in any event*, let it be our sentiment this day!

Yes, to-day, fellow-citizens, at the very moment when the extension of our boundaries and the multiplication of our territories are producing, directly and indirectly, among the different members of our political system, so many marked and mourned centrifugal tendencies, let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union, and let us recognize in our common title to the name and the fame of Washington, and in our common veneration for his example and his advice, the all-sufficient centripetal power, which shall hold the thick clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever! Let the column which we are about to construct be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union! Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and riveted, in a spirit of national brotherhood! And may the earliest ray of the rising sun—till that sun shall set to rise no more—draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony, which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the Republic!

Proceed, then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled! Lay the cornerstone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American People to the illustrious Father of his Country! Build it to the skies; you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles! Found it upon the massive and eternal rock; you cannot make it more enduring than his fame! Construct it of the peerless Parian marble; you cannot make it purer than his life!—Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and of modern art; you cannot make it more proportionate than his character!

But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves.—Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. *Similitudine decoremus.* He has built his own monument. We and those who come after us in successive generations are its appointed, its privileged guardians. This wide-spread Republic is the true monument to Washington. Maintain its Independence. Uphold its Constitution. Preserve its Union. Defend its Liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light, and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world; and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fitly testify our veneration for him, this, this alone can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.

Nor does he even need this. The Republic may perish; the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone by stone its columns and its capitol may moulder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall any where pant, or human tongues shall any where plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame, of GEORGE WASHINGTON!

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Cowper as a Descriptive Poet.

Good descriptive poetry requires great genius and most refined taste. The beauty and spirit of description consist in proper selection and arrangement; if too concise, the idea of the object will be confused; if too minute, the description will be tedious and disgusting. It must impress upon the mind a full idea of the object, by presenting the most striking parts, and leaving the minute to be supplied by the imagination. The taste and genius of the poet are displayed in so introducing these circumstances, as to preserve the harmony of the picture. Description must be natural and original, to be interesting; and on this account, few poets have excelled in this department.

For simplicity and correctness in description, Cowper is generally acknowledged to be unrivaled. In his descriptions, we see no attempts at display; no legendary fictions are connected with his plains and groves; a beautiful reality pervades the whole. He consulted none of his predecessors for subjects, but took them from nature. He is natural without laboring to shun the opposite; and original with no effort to avoid imitation.—His descriptions of some of the human passions, show his extensive knowledge of human nature; and the manner in which he touches upon the follies of his age, his acquaintance with human conduct. He was an ardent admirer of rural scenery, and with this his descriptions are chiefly connected. In his landscapes, there is nothing superfluous, and there seems to be nothing wanting; and so vividly are they presented to the view, that when he comes to the

"Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear,"

the unconscious reader detects himself, just ready to turn his head to catch the dying sound.

Cowper does not attempt to raise a low or common object, but applies to it such language as will make it appear natural. Of this kind is the mail-carrier in a snow storm, who,

"With half shut eyes, and puckered cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on."

Also the woodman going to his task;

"Shaggy and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow, and now with many a frisk
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right towards the mark."

Our author knew the inconstancy of earthly renown, as may be seen in his statesman:

"The rabble, all alive,
From toppling benches, cellars, stalls and sties,
Swarm in the streets. The statesman of the day,
A pompous and slow moving pageant, comes.
Some shout him, and some hang upon his car,
To gaze in his eyes, and bless him. Maidens waive
Their 'kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy.
——But the wane is near,
And his own cattle must suffice him soon."

When the subject requires, Cowper can elevate his style. The effects of the earthquakes on Sicily, may be considered an example:

"Her palaces are dust. In all her streets
The voice of singing and the sprightly chord
Are silent. Revelry, and dance and show
Suffer a syncope and solemn pause,
While God performs upon the trembling stage
Of his own works, his dreadful part alone."

Thomson, the most celebrated descriptive poet, is not always so chaste and natural as Cowper.—He occasionally indulges his imagination somewhat, while Cowper is true to nature. In describing the effects of frost upon the cascade, Thomson represents it as congealing the water in its descent:

——"The dumb cascade
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar."

But Cowper makes it appear natural.

"No frost can bind it there; its utmost force
Can but arrest the light and smoky mist
That, in its fall, the liquid sheet spreads wide."

Thomson's descriptions have an ideal beauty, but Cowper's "have an unrivalled charm of truth and reality." W. L. E.

KALAMAZOO, Mich.

The ancient Mexican idols, with their sacrificial basins, have arrived in this city. They are the finest and the most interesting specimens of American antiquity ever brought to the United States. A series of lectures will be given next season by our most eloquent and learned men, on the antiquities of our own country. The idols above referred to are intended to illustrate them. The object of these lectures will be for the purpose of raising funds, preparatory to establishing an asylum in this city for respectable destitute females.—*N. O. Picayune.*

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

STEAMER QUEEN CITY,
Lake Michigan, July 4, 1848.

MR. EDITOR: You see I am spending the Fourth on the water—on one of the great lakes of our great country. I am, and have of late been, placed in circumstances to contemplate the magnitude and increasing greatness of this, my native land: nor have I ever felt more proud of my country or more patriotic than I feel today.

When, on the Fourth of July, 1776, our fathers, in the face and eyes of the sternest and mightiest monarchy that then cursed the earth, declared that "these united Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States," notwithstanding the greatness of their minds and the strength of their imaginations, I do not think they even half realized what would be the rapidity of the growth, and what the destiny, in point of greatness, of the new-born Republic. Our nation could then boast of no prophetic bard, and the visions of all other mortals have been more than realized. Less than three fourths of a century has since passed away, and the original Thirteen States have been more than doubled; from a handful of freemen we have become twenty millions; and the shouts for liberty that then went up to Heaven along the coast of the Atlantic with no response from the far and almost boundless West, is re-echoed today by the children of the Revolutionary fathers, not only between Plymouth Rock and the southern streams of Georgia, but around and on our vast inland seas; in the great valley of the Mississippi, that cradle where is being rocked that still infant Hercules of American Enterprise; on the beeting crags of the Rocky Mountains; and where the waves of the Pacific are stayed by the Heaven-built walls of granite that protect the coast of Oregon. Cities have taken the place of solitary wigwams; steamboats, whose frame work exhibits the noblest impress of mechanic art, and whose spacious area enfolds the annual products of hundreds of freemen, and bears them onward to the mart of trade with a speed that mocks the agility of the well-trained land courser, have supplanted the rude little barque of uncivilized indolence; and the trail of the unlettered forest ranger, has been surmounted by the metalic track of the iron horse, and the whole overtopped by the path which unshackled genius has constructed for the harnessed lightning.

Truly the spirit of enterprise is "lengthening the cords" of this young and already mighty Republic; and the shouts of freemen will mingle today, from limits which make the imagination sublime to survey. The Declaration of Independence has been read on a steamboat named for a city which, though containing more than forty thousand inhabitants, had but a name a quarter of a century ago; it has been read on a lake which had not, perhaps, been crossed by a white man when that immortal document was promulgated to the world, but which is now whitened with the sails of commerce, and beautified and gladdened on its shores by thri-

ving villages and by cities even, which seem to have been "born in a day," and it has been read in the presence alike of the New England pedlar, the southern planter, the saw-mill builder from the St. Croix, the huntsman from the Lake of the Woods, the farmer from the base of the Rocky Mountains, and the trapper from the branches of the Oregon. To all of them it is the gospel of their civil rights; and under its fostering power, they wander at large and without molestation, from lake to lake, from river to river, and from ocean to ocean. Glorious document! it is pregnant with immortal principles; and these principles, which are the leaven of the civil world, though slow in their operation, are certain, and will prove effectual. Europe, at this very hour, is upheaved by them, and other portions of the earth are feeling their mighty and irresistable influence. God grant that this leaven, small in its beginning, may continue to spread in its operations, until the whole great globe shall be quietly and peacefully, yet speedily and thoroughly "leavened."

Yours in the bonds of patriotism, J. C.

Rural Department.

Vegetable Physiology.

ARTIFICIAL COLORING OF FLOWERS, BY THEIR ABSORPTION OF VEGETABLE JUICES.

The artificial coloring of flowers, by the above named process, though not yet extensively practiced, is a process not less curious than instructive. Mons. Bier recently laid before the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, some specimens of this, which commanded no little attention.—Among these were the white hyacinth, and white roses, the petals of both of which were beautifully marked with fine red lines. This *Savant* had tried a great variety of experiments, in the matter, some of which produced most singular results. Most coloring matters he found to penetrate plants but slightly, and others not at all; while many became wholly changed, or decomposed in passing through the vessels of the vegatable tissues. But the most ramarkable fact, perhaps, which he encountered was, that while many plants obstinately refused the injection, others were penetrated with great rapidity; and yet the places of these plants in the Natural System of Botany, in no wise either suggested or explained these differences. For instance, a few minutes, only, were sufficient to mark, with a multitude of fine, red lines, a white Monthly Rose, while a Musk Rose, equally white, experienced no change of color; and even flowers upon the same plant, he found to exhibit these extreme opposites. Where the experiment did succeed, the observer was able to note its exact progress, and to determine, by the eye, at any moment, the extent of that progress—thus rendering visible the course and size of the exceedingly minute vessels through which nutrition is distributed to all parts of flowers.—For coloring the flowers laid before the French Acadamy, as mentioned above, Mons. Bior employed the expressed juice of *Phytolaca decandra, (the Poke weed,)* and this was sprinkled upupon the ground in which the plant, in blossom, was growing. The red color began to appear, in the blossoms, in most cases, in about an hour.—The color thus given is not permanent, but disappears after a few days exposure of the growing plant in the sun.

As this is the season of flowers, will not the ladies of our city, who have already so largely interested our people with their monthly exhibitions of fruits and flowers, still farther amuse themselves and instruct the public by some of these strange and peculiar artificial preparations? If I mistake not, their monthly fairs might be greatly heightened, in interest, by exhibitions of this kind, if prepared by the ladies, themselves, and accompanied with full descriptions of the processes and the results. R. W. HASKINS.

FRUIT PROSPECTS IN ENGLAND.—The following extract from a late London letter in the *Courier & Enquirer*, may contain matter of some interest to the growers of fine fruit in Western New York and on the Lake shore. If our farmers generally, would pay more attention than they do to the cultivation of choice fruit, and putting it up properly for market, we have no doubt they would find their profits greatly enhanced:

The apple and pear orchards of England are failures for this year at least, and many of the trees are so injured, that they will die altogether. It therefore behoves the farmers of the States to take much care of those fruits, and to thin their crops, that the apples which may arrive at maturity, shall all be the best of their kind, and in good condition. The fruit trade here is a very large one. So much so, that many persons devote their attention exclusively to a *single* fruit; as for instance in the cherry orchards of Kent; and in this instance the cherry is of a singular kind, (the Kentish cherry,) and that a sour, thin, poor cherry, only fit for pies, and never introduced into desserts. This cherry has been in luck in several ways—first, we are indebted for our earliest knowledge of the effect of manure to the fact that a farmer in Kent used to throw open his orchards to the herds of bullocks on their way to the London markets; and observed that in those years in which he did so, he had better crops and finer fruit than in others; and he made known his observations; and in course of time *Guano* at £16 per ton, became one of the results. Another piece of luck for the cherry was the reduction of the duty on sugar, converting the poor farmers into men of comparative wealth.—Formerly, the fruit which could not be sold, was given to the pigs; now it is preserved—formerly the fruit being sown, the rich only could afford to have the requisite amount of sugar to eat with it; now it forms a portion of the Sunday's dinner to the poorest artizan. The same remark applies to the apple. By the laws of England, all preserves from foreign countries, into which sugar is introduced, pay a very heavy tax—six pence per pound. Is there not some speculating ingenious Yankee, who has the desire to lay the foundation of a fortune for himself and his family, ("a name for this as well as a future generation") by introducing American apples in some mode hy which they can be preserved for table use in England, during the winter, without the use of sugar? The dried apples—both whole and in slices, (duty two shillings and sixpence per cwt.,) are bro't from the Continent; and as they are introduced year after year, one can only suppose that the importation of them must be lucrative. It will, however, be requisite to avoid the great fault of all of Jonathan's

exports; a practical belief that quantity not quality is the one thing requisite; and that if he sends a mass from his wharves it will be sufficient—regardless alike of the condition in which it may arrive, and of the probability of its pleasing the eye of the purchaser. The dried Apples from the Continent arrive in beautiful and clean baskets of wicker work, containing from six to ten pounds; each apple chosen for sit soundness, and the whole of them assorted in sizes and ranged in rows, with all the neatness of a spinster's work box.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

New Gleanings from Old Fields.

NUMBER TWO.

KALAMAZOO, June 24th.

Pleasantly the week has passed away. Friendly greetings from old acquaintances are, under all circumstances, gratifying to the feelings and healthy to the spirit; and when such greetings are new and numerous every day, the participant lives fast and enjoys much. It is no doubt a source of pride for the citizens of the several villages along the Central Railroad to welcome, on their own grounds, their eastern friends. The thriftiness and beauty of these "miniature towns" is indubitable evidence that the country is rich and that Enterprise is the most important "settler."

The additional college building which has been erected for the State University at Ann Arbor the past year, has destroyed the loneliness of the first and, till now, the only dormitory, and added a new charm to the already beautiful college grounds: and when the building for the medical department—the foundation of which has lately been laid—is completed, Ann Arbor will be still more attractive.

The mechanic and artizan are busy at Jackson, Albion, Marshall and Battle Creek, erecting additional dwelling houses and shops and mills, etc. for business; and Industry seems to be the empress of every place. Plans are in operation for the establishment of a Female department in the noted Academy at Albion, of a higher order than hitherto enjoyed there, and indeed of a higher order than has yet been found in the State. A course of studies similar to that of females at Oberlin, Ohio, will be laid out, and diplomas will be given the same as to male graduates in colleges. Such an institution will do much to elevate the character of female education in this growing state—a project highly commendable *any where*. The school will be under the patronage of the Methodist denomination, though open for the admission of all persuasions.

To morrow is the Sabbath; and how pleasant it will be to spend it here in Kalamazoo, the Arcadia of the Peninsula State. The Sabbath! it is a *welcome* day *any where*. It "is God's special present to the working man, and that one chief object is to prolong his life and preserve efficien his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation-pond: it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity, and vigor, which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding. And in the economy of existence it answers the same purpose as, in the economy of income, is answered by a Savings' Bank. The frugal man who puts aside a pound to-day, and another pound next month, and who in a quiet way is always putting past his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail, gets not only the same pounds back again, but a good many pounds besides.—And the conscientious man who husbands one day of existence every week—who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up—the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and in length of days and a hale old age gives it back with usury. The Savings Bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath-day."

CHICAGO, June 27th.

Were we about to make a voyage around the world, we should want no better master of the craft in which we were to sail, than Captain S. CLEMENT of the steamer Samuel Ward, which runs between St. Joseph and Chicago. Thorough seamanship and the gentleman are combined in his qualities, and we have never heard him named but to be praised.

We would like to have had a full survey of Michigan City, where the Ward halted at noon to-day, but this is an age of short stops. We merely learned that the place, which lies in the north-west corner of Indiana, in the county of La Port, has been settled about eighteen years; that it contains something like one thousand inhabitants; has three churches and eight or ten ware houses, and that 500,000 bushels of wheat were shipped there last year. Should the Michigan Central Railroad be extended from New-Buffalo around the lake to Chicago, it will pass thro' this place.

To say that we have been well pleased to-night in visiting the hall where the June exhibition of the Chicago Horticultural Society is being held, only half expresses our feelings. To find one's self amidst a profusion of choice and tempting fruits; flowers that seem to be exhaling themselves in odor; and beauties of the city, huddled by the dozen in different parts of the room, all smiling as Aurora and lovely as the nymphs of Calypso—it is too much for an humble votary of the quill to enjoy at one time. But it will do to dream over; so once more to the world, good-night.

AVON SPRINGS.—We learn, privately, that Avon Springs are receiving an unusual number of visitors this season. We are not surprised, for they are in a lovely, healthy and health-improving place. Our friend COMSTOCK of the Eagle hotel, is no doubt full of business about these times.

PUBLICATIONS FROM THE WEST.—We have received from Mr. I. A. HOPKINS, bookseller and publisher at Milwaukee, Wis., *Sketches of the West*, or Home of the Badgers, consisting of sprightly letters, which embrace much of the early history of Wisconsin, together with a map of the state; *Wisconsin, its Geography and Topography*, second edition, enlarged, embracing the geology and mineralogy of the State, and also sketches of its natural history, antiquities, productions, etc. etc. By I. A. LAPHAM: *New Form Book*, or Every Man's Legal Assistant, "containing the most useful forms of legal instruments to be found in any work of the size in the United States, and adapted to the wants of business men, to which is added the patent laws and forms, coin tables, bookkeeping, and the new Constitution of Wisconsin;" and *A Phrase Book of English and German*, with a literal translation of German into the English. The above works are for sale at Peck's and Breed's bookstores, and at the literary depots of Messrs. Burke and Hawks.

FRANCE, its King, Court and Government. By an American (GENERAL CASS.) Third edition. New York: Leonard Scott, 79 Fulton st. 1848.

The new edition of this much-talked-of pamphlet, makes its appearance just in the nick of time. The political friends and opponents of Gen. Cass will seize the work with fresh and like avidity, the one class to praise it indiscriminately, the other to convert it into political capital to operate against its author. "Single copies, 25 cts. 5 copies and upwards, 20 cts. each. 25 copies and upwards, 18¾ cts. 50 copies and upwards, 16¾ cents; or $16 a hundred. Money remitted by mail, either in coin or bank notes, to be *post paid*. The TRADE supplied on liberal terms."

For sale by Burke.

MR. JAMES E. MCKNIGHT, teller of the Bank of Attica, who was drowned in the Niagara river on the Fourth, was found on Monday, drifted ashore on Grand Island. The dreadful catastrophe occurred about three miles above that place.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The lines on "*My Father's Grave*," will be published when the author gives us his full name.

The author of the poem on the first page of this number, can not write too often.

THE ADDRESS of Speaker Winthrop, delivered on the Fourth, will be read we trust with care

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MR. W. R. EDWARDS, of Jackson, Mich. is authorized to act as agent for the Western Literary Messenger.

T. S. HAWKS, has the Horticulturist and Knickerbocker for July.

THE PEACE MESSAGE of the President was sent into Congress on the 6th instant. The ratification of the treaty will be hailed with joy over all the land. Touching the territory acquired by the war the President remarks as follows:

New Mexico and U. California have been ceded by Mexico to the United States, and now constitute a part of our country. Embracing nearly ten degrees of latitude, lying adjacent to the Oregon Territory, and extending from the Pacific to the Rio Grande,—a mean distance of nearly 1000 miles, it would be difficult to estimate the value of these possessions to the United States. They constitute a country large enough for a great empire.

* * * Rich in mineral and agricultural resources, with a climate of great salubrity, they embrace the most important ports on the Pacific coost.

The possession of the ports of San Diego and the Bay of San Francisco will enable the United States to command the entire commerce of the Pacific. The number of our whale ships employed in that sea exceed seven hundred—requiring now more than 20,000 seamen to navigate them—while the capital invested in this particular branch of commerce is estimated at not less than $40,000,000.—The excellent harbors of Upper California will, under our flag, afford security and repose to our commercial marine—and American mechanics will soon furnish ready means of ship building and repair, which are now so much wanted in that distant sea.

By the acquisition of these possessions we are brought into immediate proximity with the west coast of America, from Cape Horn to the Russian possessions north of Oregon; with the Islands of the Pacific ocean; and by a direct voyage in steamers, we will be in less than thirty days of Canton and other ports of China.

In this vast region, whose rich resources are soon to be developed by American energy and enterprise, great must be the augmentation of our commerce; and with it new and profitable demands for mechanic labor in all its branches, and new and valuable markets for our manufactures and agricultural products.

Interesting Trial.

From the Detroit Daily Advertiser.

A trial is now progressing in the United States Court for this District, (Judge McLean presiding,) which is creating a good deal of interest by reason of its important relation to the law relative to the re-capture of runaway Slaves. The suit is brought against several of the most influential men of Marshall, in this State, for opposing the retaking of several fugitive Slaves in that village during the winter of 1847, by the authorized agent of their owner, a citizen of Kentucky. The opposition is alleged to have been so great on the part of these citizens as to have resulted in the flight of the Slaves from the village, and a consequent loss of their value, which is estimated at $2,800. Suit is brought against the defendants for the recovery of this amount, in the name of the owner. The principal witness for the plaintif was the person who attempted the recovery of the Slaves, and he was kept upon the stand for the space of 29 hours. The testimony for the plaintif is yet progressing, and the trial bids fair to continue for a week to come. Some of our most eminent counsel have been retained by the defendants, while the prosecution is conducted by Mr. Pratt, of Marshall, assisted by John Norvell, Esq., United States District Attorney. This being the first time, if we mistake not, that a question of this kind has arisen within the limits of our State, the result is looked

forward to with a good deal of anxiety, especially by that portion of the community who are desirous of rendering just as small an amount of assistance to Slave-holders who come among us on such errands as they possibly can without incurring the penalty of law.

Arrival of the Caledonia.

The steamer *Buena Vista* arrived at Boston in 40 hours from Halifax.

The *Caledonia* arrived at Halifax at 12 M. on Thursday, and the *Buena Vista* left at 1 P. M. the same day.

The steamer *United States* arrived at Northampton the 23d of June in 13 days from N. N.—The *Hibernia* arrived at Liverpool on ihe 21st in 14 days.

LIVERPOOL, June 23.

The cotton market is no lower this week. Ordinary qualities of American cotton a point higher. Quotations for Uplands and Orleans not only steadily maintain, but the latter from their scarcity, are quoted at ⅛ higher.

Consols on the 23d. 81⅜a83⅛.

Flour 28a29s. Corn 31s. 6da33s. 6d, white; 36 for yellow with good demand. Beef is 6s. 6da7s. 6d.

FRANCE.—Paris is still agitated. The resignation of Louis Napoleon postponed the trouble for the present. Six candidates for President are already in the field. M. Lamartine, Thiers, Prince Louis Bounaparte, M. Marent, Gn. Cavaignac and M. Caussidiere, ex-Prefect of Police,

The Orleans party will support M. Thiers and Berryer has declared in his favor. The Legitimists are divided between M. Thiers and Lamartine.

If the elections were soon to take place, little dout exists that Louis Buonaparte would be the successful candidate. The feeling exhibited by the French people in his favor leaves no doubt that in the event of a Presidential election, in almost every electoral college he will have a majority. Accordingly the Constitution has already been altered to meet this first difficulty in its working, and the President, instead of being elected directly by the people, unless he has an absolute majority of the votes given, is to be elected by the National Assembly, from five persons returned by the people.

The election of Prince Louis Napoleon, as Col. of the 4th Legion of the National Guards, of the Baulcue, vice d'Altenshee, resigned, has been definitely declared.

A new pretender is spoken of in the person of Prince Leuchtenberg, son of Prince Eugene, and son-in-law of the Emperor of Russia.

DENMARK.—War in Denmark continues unabated. At a conference of the Kings of Sweden and Denmark at Copenhagen, which was attended by the British Minister, the Russians, in behalf of Denmark, domanded that the Germans should evacuate both Duchies before any negotiations were entered into, and that if Schleswig was given up, Russia retained Holstein, according to the treaty with the Danes and Paul.

OUTBREAK AT BERLIN.—At Berlin on the 13th June, a collision took place with the burgher guard, arising out of an attempt to disperse some workmen who had gone to the minister to demand work or money. Being refused, the guard attempted to disperse them, and five men were wounded. The news spread like lightning. Barricades were formed, and the people having discovered that the arsenal was left unprotected, at 11 o'clock at night, made an attack upon this building and plundered it of about 2000 stand of arms, and of all the trophies of war which it contained. The crowd kept possession of the building till 10 o'clock and then retired. The next day was quiet, but one of the deputies moved that the Assembly should send away all the troops and put themselves under the protection of the people. This was carried and the Government resigned.

At Prague the King having refused to confirm the Provisional Government, and Prince [somebody] having erected batteries round the town, the mob and the students rose en masse and demanded arms.

A despatch from London, dated June 24, at noon, says: A struggle has commenced in Paris and the National Guards are fighting with the people. There had already been an awful sacrifice of life. Every thing is in great confusion.

PARIS, Friday, 5 P. M.—It is just reported that the executive government have resigned, and Gen. CAVIGNAC has been placed at the head of the armed forces, and has declared Paris in a state of siege. That is the last movement of which we have intelligence, and we can only say that the usual Expresses from Paris for London journals have not arrived. All we can obtain from the best sources is a repetition of the statement that all communication with Paris had been interdicted.

There was an outbreak at Pragne which resulted in the loss of many lives in the city. Barricades were made and the troops were drives out At the last accounts things were more quiet,

The Roman Chambers are about passing a decree separating temporal and spiritual powers of the Pope.

Ireland is quiet but arming.

Horrid Murders in Petersburgh!

From the Troy Commercial Advertiser, Monday.

Noah Smith and his wife, both over 70 years of age, were murdered at Petersburgh on Saturday night. Mr. Smith was a farmer, an old resident of the town—a very quiet, inoffensive man—and was known to have quite a sum of money in his house, generally supposed to be from $1000 to $1500, and that much of it was in specie.

They lived about a mile and a half east of the village of Petersburgh, on the Williamstown road. Mrs. Smith was a sister of the father of the Hon. Gideon Reynolds, present member of Congress from this district. Mr. Smith was a citizen of high character, and enjoyed the confidence and respect of that community. The occurrence produced the most profound sensation and highest excitement in that section of the county; and as the news spread like electricity, thousands assembled yesterday at the scene of the horrid tragedy.

Coroner Defreest of this city, left town yesterday afternoon, and is now engaged in an examination.

No person lodged at the house on the night of the murder, except Mr. and Mrs. Smith. The murdered bodies were found about five o'clock yesterday morning. Mr. Smith was found near his barn, a short distance from the house, with his skull broken in. It is thought that he was called out on some pretence, and despatched.—The body of Mrs. Smith was in the house, with a severe wound upon her head, and her throat cut from ear to ear! From appearances, she was about retiring to rest; and from this fact, it is supposed the murders were committed about nine o'clock in the evening.

It was known to the friends and neighbors of Mr. Smith, that a few days ago he received $800 or $900. No definite suspicion is entertained as to the authors of this horrible crime. Four hundred dollars were found in the house, in thirteen different places, where it is supposed it was placed to prevent the chances of robbery.

The town of Petersburgh was never before the theatre of such a crime; and this fact, together with its dreadful atrocity, and the high and spotless character of the victims, contributed to produce the most intense excitement in the public mind. No effort will be spared by the people to ferret out the murderers.

We are indebted to Mr. Joshua S. Lewis of Grafton, and to Mr. Joel Mallary of this city, for the above particulars. Mr. Lewis had them from a gentleman who was yesterday at Petersburgh.

Congressional.

WASHINGTON, July 3, 1848.

SENATE.—Mr. Underwood, of Kentucky, presented the credentials of his newly-appointed colleague, Mr. Metcalf, who went forward, was duly qualified, and took his seat.

After the transaction of some unimportant business, the Senate resumed the consideration of the joint resolution from the House in favor of fixing on the 17th inst. as the period for the adjournment of Congress.

Mr. Mangum, of North Carolina, resumed the speech which he had previously commenced.—He said that he should be able to demonstrate that Gen. Cass stands nowhere on the subject of the Wilmot Proviso, and that he has evaded the only real issue on this question. He had left the public wholly in the dark. Mr. M. then went on to make quotations from Gen. Cass's speeches, letters and other documents, to sustain this position.

He was here interrupted, and on leave, interrogated by Mr. Hannegan and Mr. Foote.

Mr. Mangum replied, and then proceeded to speak for upwards of two hours, and stated that two different set of opinions had been produced by the Democrats, one for circulation at the South and the other at the North.

When he had concluded, Mr. Hannegan obtained the floor and made a brief and eloquent reply. He defended Gen. Cass and explained the charges preferred against him, and showed that the apparent discrepancy of his opinions made both before and after his nomination, were reconcilable.

When Mr. Hannegan sat down, Mr. Reverdy Johnson obtained the floor, and produced the third edition of the Life of Geneal Cass.

Mr. Hannegan rejoined, and expressed surprise at the disclosure made by the Senator from Maryland, and disclaimed for every democratic member in the House any participation in the transaction.

Mr. Foote, of Mississippi, followed at length, in defence of General Cass, and in reply to the attack made upon him, his opinions and principles.

When he had sat down. Mr. Niles, of Ct., said this was very much like a ratification meeting, with great decorum to be sure. There were no groans and no hisses. All the speakers had been very successful in assisting opponents and in damaging their own condidates; at least none had been very successful in defending their respective nominees. He supposed the next thing would be resolutions ratifying both nominations, and denominate candidates or the two Generals—Gen. SUCCESS and Gen. AVAILABILITY.

Without taking any question, the Senate adjourned till Wednesday, the 5th of July.

The House assembled at 11 o'clock. The Speaker took his seat and called to order. The Journal was read and approved.

After the transaction of some routine business, Mr. Burt, of South Carolina, moved that the Committee of the Whole be discharged from the farther consideration of the bill in favor of increasing the efficiency of the Army Regiments, and providing for disabled officers, &c., which was carried, and the bill laid on the Speaker's table.

Delivery of Trophies of the Revolution to Vermont.

Mr. Collamer, of Vermont, introduced a joint resolution in favor of delivering two cannon at the Washington Arsenal to the State of Vermont, whose people captured them in the Revolutionary War. The resolution was adopted.

Mr. Vinton of Ohio, moved that when the House adjourn, it adjourn over till Wednesday, the 5th inst. He also moved that the House resolve itself into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, which was agreed to, Mr. Root of Ohio, being called to the Chair, when the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was taken up.

Mr. Flournoy of Virginia, being entitled to the floor, resumed a speech which he had commenced on Saturday, and concluded. When he had sat down, he was followed oy Mr. Woodward, of S. C., in a constitutional argument against the Wilmot Proviso.

When he had sat down. Mr. Preston of Virginia, obtained the floor and replied to Mr. Bailey's recent speeches on territorial rights, and warmly advocated Gen. Taylor's election.

On motion the bill was laid aside and the Post Office bill was taken up, when the Senate's amendment respecting the mail to Havannah was discussed, and then on motion the bill was laid aside and the Committee rose and reported progress.

Mr. Jones of Tennessee, moved to take up the resolution calling for all the pay received by Gen. Cass for all his sevices.

The motion was objected to, when on motion the House adjourned over till Wednesday, the 5th inst.

DEATH FROM THE BURSTING OF A SODA FOUNTAIN.—Between 3 and 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon, a soda fountain in the manufactory of Asa White, No. 109 Ann street, exploded, instantly killing a young man named Leander Washburn, the foreman of the establishment, and inflicting a bad wound on the heel of another workman named Clifford. The deceased was a man of good habits and character, and a native of Peterboro', N. H. At the time of the explosion, the deceased was standing over the fountain, charging it, when a part of it flew upward, striking him on the lower jaw, which it fractured in three places, dislocating his neck, and bruising his face.—*Boston Daily Adv. July 4.*

THE U. STATES MEN-OF-WAR.—The Dallas, a sister vessel to the War Steamer Jefferson, made her appearance in Kingston Dock Yard, on Sunday, accompanied by a Merchant Schooner, acting as tender to the men-of-war. Both steamers are now preparing to descend the St. Lawrence towards the ocean, thence to New York, to be turned over to the service of the Coast Guard.—It is probable that they will take their departure today or tomorrow. The two vessels are under the charge of Capt. Frazer, the head of the Revenue Department, at Washington; but the Dallas is commanded by Capt. Ottinger, and the Jefferson by Captain Howard. We need not add that these gentlemen have been the recipients of the attentions and hospitalities of the officers in garrison, both naval and military, because such is ever the custom when officers of a foreign service visit a British port. With these attentions, nevertheless, we have heard the American officers express themselves highly gratified; and yesterday, on board the Jefferson, an opportunity was taken to return the same, by inviting some sixty or seventy ladies and gentlemen to a lunch on board that vessel.—*British Whig.*

From the Cayuga Telegraph.

Cayuga Lake.

Cayuga Lake, how lovely yet
Thy waters seem to me;
I've wander'd far, and ne'er have met
A Gem in so much beauty set,
A scene so sweet and free.

Long years ago, when wildness still
Reign'ed o'er this magic view,
Then o'er thy wave with a woodman's skill,
A flashing oar, and joyous will,
I paddled the bark canoe.

The banks were fringed with the elm and pine,
The oak and sycamore;
Whose crowns were wreath'd with many a vine,
Which cast a shade in a waving line,
Beneath the pebbled shore.

The graceful swan in cove and bay,
Flock'd o'er the silver flood;
On poised wings and measur'd way,
The Fisher Hawk in quest of prey,
In mid air hov'ring stood.

The Doe and spotted Fawn were here
To drink the fountain pure;
Or wash their track from the foe in the rear,
And gaz'd at my barque without any fear,
From arm of mine secure.

As Genii in some fairly land
Watch'd o'er the fates of men,
An Eagle on yon jutting strand,
From a leafless tree, on ev'ry hand,
O'erlook'd the lea and glen.

Oh! then this heart of mine was light,
No care was on my brow;
My youthful hopes had never a blight,
The future was bathing a gleam as bright,
As the light upon thee now.

Cayuga Lake, how lovely yet,
Thy waters seem to me;
I've wander'd far, and ne'er have met,
A Gem in so much beauty set,
A scene so sweet and free.

AMERICANS ABROAD.—We learn that Silas E. Burrows, Esq., of this city, sailed yesterday in his yacht, the Patapsco, for St. Petersburg, Russia.—He is bearer of despatches from the State department to our minister at the court of the Czar. It is the intention of Mr. B., we understand, to visit the principal ports on the Baltic, before his return to the United States. This will be the first trip of an American gentleman across the Atlantic in a pleasure yacht.—*N. Y. Herald.*

FIRST WHEAT RIPE.—Mr. John Park, of Gates, commenced cutting wheat yesterday, the 30th of June. The grain is the Soule variety. We believe there has been no example of such early harvesting in this county.—*Rochester American of Saturday.*

Wm. S. Wait, candidate of the National Reformers for Vice President, declines, because Gerrit Smith for President on the same ticket is an abolitionist.

NEW YORK, July 5—3 P. M.

FROM HAYTI.—Hayti dates to the 20th June complete, have been received. Tranquility has been restored.

Mitchell arrived at Bermuda on the 20th ult. from Ireland on board the *Scourge*. Transferred to convict ship *St. George*.

☞ The girl who murdered BREMOND was his wife.

The President has nominated PILLOW and CHILDS, Major Generals.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—During the thunder storm on Wednesday afternoon, Miss MARY SCOTT of Drummondville, C. W., was killed at the house of Mr. B. T. SMITH on North Division Street.

Price Current—July 12, 1848.

Flour, bbl.	$4 02½@4 75	Turkeys	75
Pork, bbl.	@9@9 75	Chickens, each	10@12½
Do slaugh. cwt.	$5 00	Geese, each	25
Beef, cwt.	$4 50@5 00	Clover seed, bu.	$3 50
Butter, lb.	12	Timothy seed, bu.	$2 00
Lard, lb.	6½	Flax seed, bu.	$1 00
Cheese, lb.	4½@5	Whitefish, bbl.	$7 00
Hams, lb.	5@5½	Codfish, cwt.	—
Shoulders, lb.	3@3½	Potatoes, bu.	75@1 00
Corn meal, cwt.	$1 00	Salt, bbl.	$1 25
Wheat, bu.	85@1 00	Apples, bu.	1 25
Corn, bu.	37	Dried apples, bu.	37½
Oats, bu.	32	Onions, bu.	$1
Slaughter hides, lb.	3½	Eggs, doz.	12
Dry hides, lb.	7½@9	Saleratus, lb.	4½
Calf, lb.	6½	Soap, lb.	4@5
Sheep, slaughtered,	25@75	Whiskey, gall.	17
Lamb, slaughtered, lb.	18@	Highwines, gall.	15½
Hard wood, cord.	$3 00	Lead, cwt.	$4 00
Hemlock, cord.	$2 00	Beans, bu.	$1
Bit. (O.) coal, ton	$5 50	Wool, lb.	30@38
Blossburgh, ton	—	Hay, ton	$8

MARRIED.

On the 5th inst., by Jas. G. Dickie, Esq., Mr. SIDNEY L. WALDRON, of this city, and Miss CHARLOTTE VOSBURG, of Black Rock.

On the 3d inst., by J. G. Dickie, Esq., Mr. WILLIAM COLE, of Brantford, C. W. and Miss FLORILLA PERRY.

On the 4th inst., by the same, Mr. HENRY HASKEL, of Niagara Falls, C. W., and Miss MARGARET McKENZIE.

By the same, Mr. JOHN W. CARPENTER, of Pelham, C. W., and Miss MARY CAMPBELL.

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Particular attention will also be paid to all orders, through country merchants or by mail, for law, medical and miscellaneous books for public and private libraries, and no effort will be spared to complete all such orders on the most reasonable terms.

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Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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Steam Press of Jewett, Thomas & Co

Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1848. NO. 25.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

My Father's Grave.

My father's grave! how sacred is the spot,
Where sleeps the dust of my departed sire;
That hallowed place can never be forgot,
While in this heart shall burn affection's fire.

I love at eve to wander there alone,
When sadness rules each passion in my breast,
And lean myself upon the cold gray stone,
That tells of him who finds beneath a rest.

Then come the visions of my childhood years,
And memory gives to each a native grace;
Thy stately form, departed sire, appears,
With welcome smiles upon thy pallid face.

O could I aught address thy airy shade,
Or hear thy counsel for each path I tread,
How many errors might I thus evade,
And shun the toils that vice around hath spread!

But while I mourn thee with affection due,
And chide the blow that struck thy manhood down,
Still Virtue's path I boldly will pursue,
Nor yield to pleasure's smile or avarice's frown.

I'll plant no flowers above his lowly grave,
That blossom and decay with life so brief,
But let the grass perennial o'er it wave,
A fitter emblem of abiding grief.

BUFFALO, July, 1848. O.

From Peterson's Magazine.

Bread upon the Water.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A lad was toiling up a hill, near the city, under the weight of a heavy basket, on the afternoon of a sultry day in August. He had been sent home with some goods to a customer who lived a short distance in the country.—The boy was lightly built, and his burden almost beyond his strength. Many times he sat down to rest himself on his way up the hill. But it seemed as if he would *never* reach the summit. Each time he lifted the basket, it felt heavier than before.

The boy was about half way up the hill with his basket; when a gentleman overtook and passed him. He had not gone on many paces, when he stopped, and turning round to the lad, looked at him for a moment or two and then said, kindly—

"That's a heavy load you have, my boy.—Come! Let me help you."

And the gentleman took the basket; and carried it to the top of the hill.

"There. Do you think you can get along now?" said he, with a smile, as he set the basket down. "Or shall I carry it a little farther?"

"Oh no, thank you, sir." returned the boy with a glow of gratitude on his fine young face. "I can carry it now, very well; and I am very much obliged to you."

"You are right welcome, my little man, said the gentleman and passed on.

Twenty years from that time, a care-worn man well advanced in life, sat motionless in an old arm chair, with his eyes fixed intently upon the glowing grate. He was alone, and appeared to be in a state of deep abstraction. In a little, while however, the door of the room opened, and the light form of a young and lovely girl glided in.

"Papa," said a low sweet voice, and a hand was laid gently on the old man's arm.

"Is it you dear?" he returned, with a low sigh.

"Yes, papa," and the young girl leaned against him, and parted with her delicate fingers the thin, gray locks that lay in disorder about his forehead.

"I would like to be alone for this evening Florence," said the old man. "I have a good deal to think about, and expect a person on business."

And he kissed her tenderly; yet sighed as he pressed his lips to hers.

The girl passed from the room as noislessly as she had entered. The old man had been calm before her coming in' but the moment she retired, he became agitated and, and arose, and walked the floor uneasily. He continued to pace to and fro, for nearly half an hour, when he stopped suddenly, and listened.—The street door bell had rung. In a little while a man entered the room.

"Mr. Mason," he said, with slightly perceptible embarrassment.

"Mr. Page," returned the old man, with a feeble, quickly fading smile. "Good morning," and he offered his hand.

The visitor grasped the hand and shook it warmly. But there was no pressure in return.

"Sit down, Mr. Page."

The man took a chair, and Mr. Mason sat down near him.

"You promised an answer to my proposal tonight," said the former after a pause.

"I did," returned the old man; "but am as little prepared to give it as I was yesterday. In fact, I have not found an opportunity to say anything to Florence on the subject."

The countenance of the visitor fell, and something like a frown darkened upon his brow.

There was an embarrassing silence of some minutes. After which the old man called Page, said—

"Mr. Mason, I have made an honorable proposal for your daughter's hand. For weeks you have evaded, and do still evade an answer. This seems so much like trifling, that I begin to feel as if just cause for offence existed."

"None is intended, I do assure you," replied Mr. Mason, with something deprecating in his tone. "But, you must remember, Mr. Page, that you have never sought to win the young girl's affection and that as a consequence, the offer of marriage which you wish me to make to her, will be received with surprise, and, it may be disapproval. I wish to approach her on this subject, with discretion. To be too precipitate, may startle her into instant repugnance to your wishes.

"She loves you, does she not?" inquired Page, with a marked significance of manner.

"A child never loved a parent more tenderly," replied Mr. Mason.

"Give her, then, an undisguised history of your embarrassment. Show her, how your fortunes are trembling on the brink of ruin; and that you have but one hope of relief and safety left. The day she becomes my wife you are removed from all danger. Will you do this?".

The old man did not reply. He was lost in a

deep reverie. It is doubtful whether he heard all that the man had said.

"Will you do this?" repeated Page, and with some impatience in his tone.

Mason aroused himself as from a dream, and answered, with great firmness and dignity.

"Mr. Page; the struggle in my mind is over. I am prepared for the worst. I have no idea that Florence will favor your suit; and I will not use a single argument to influence her. In that matter, she must be perfectly free. Approach her as a man and win her if you have the power to do so. It is your only hope."

As if stung by a serpent, Page started from his chair.

"You will repent this, sir," he angrily retorted —"and repent it bitterly. I came to you with honorable proposals for your daughter's hand; you listened to them; gave me encouragement, and promised me an answer to-night. Now you meet me with insult! Sir! You will repent this."

Mr. Mason ventured no reply, but merely bowed in token of his willingness to meet and bear all consequences that might come.

For a long time after his angry visitor had retired, did Mr. Mason cross and recross the floor with measured tread. At last he rung a bell, and directed the servant who came to say to Florence that he wished to see her.

When Florence came, she was surprised to see that her father was strongly agitated.

"Sit down, dear," he said, in a trembling voice, "I have something to say to you that must be no longer concealed."

Florence looked wonderingly into her father's face, while her heart began to sink.

Just then a servant opened the door and ushered in a stranger. He was a tall, fine looking man, just in the prime of life. Florence quickly retired, but not before the visitor had fixed his eyes upon her face, and marked its sweet expression.

"Pardon this intrusion, sir," he said as soon as the young girl had left the room; but facts that I have learned this evening have prompted me to call upon you without a moment's delay. My name is Greer, of the firm of Greer, Miller & Co."

Mr. Mason bowed, and said—

"I know your house very well, and now remember to have met you more than once in business transactions."

"Yes. You have bought one or two bills of goods from us," replied the visitor. Then after a moment's pause he said, in a changed voice—

"Mr. Mason, I learned to-night from a source which leaves me no room to doubt the truth of the statement, that your affairs have become seriously embarrassed. That you are in fact, on the very eve of bankruptcy. Tell me frankly whether this is indeed so. I ask from no idle curiosity, nor from a concealed and sinister motive, but to the end that I may prevent the threatened disaster, if it is in my power to do so."

Mr. Mason was dumb with surprise at so unexpected a declaration. He made two or three efforts to speak, but his lips uttered no sound.

"Confide in me, sir," urged the visitor—"Trust me as you would trust your own brother, and lean upon me, if your strength be indeed failing. Tell me,then, is it as I have said?"

"It is," was all the merchant could utter.

"How much will save you? Mention the sum, and if within the compass of my ability to raise, you shall have it in hand to-morrow. Will twenty thousand dollars relieve you from present embarrassment."

"Fully."

"Then let your anxiety subside, Mr. Mason. That sum you shall have. To-morrow morning I will see you. Good evening."—The visitor arose and was gone before his bewildered auditor had sufficiently recovered his senses to know what to think or say.

In the morning, true to his promise, Mr. Greer called upon Mr. Mason, and tendered a check for ten thousand dollars, with his note of hand at thirty days for the ten thousand more, which was almost the same as the money.

While the check and note lay before him upon the desk, and ere he had offered to touch them, Mr. Mason looked earnestly at the man who had so suddenly taken the character of a disinterested, self-sacrificing friend, and said—

"My dear sir, I cannot understand this.—Are you not laboring under some error?"

"Oh, no. You once did me a service that I am now only seeking to repay. It is my first opportunity, and I embrace it eagerly."

"Did you a service. When?"

"Twenty years ago," replied the man, "I was a poor boy and you a man of wealth One hot day, I was sent a long distance with a heavy basket. While toiling up a hill, with the hot sun upon me, and almost overcome with heat and fatigue, you came along, and not only spoke to me kindly, but took my basket and carried it to the top of the hill. Ah, sir, you did not know how deeply that act of kindness sunk into my heart, and I longed for the opportunity to show to you by some act how grateful I felt. But none came. Often, afterward, did I meet you in the street, and look into your face with pleasure. But you did not remember me. Ever since, I have regarded you with different feelings from those I entertained for others; and there has been no time that I would not have put myself out to serve you. Last night I heard of your embarrassments, and immediately called upon you. The rest you know."

Mr. Mason was astonished at so strange a declaration.

"Do you remember the fact to which I allude?" asked Mr. Greer.

"It had faded from my external memory entirely; but your words have brought back a dim recollection of the fact. But it was a little matter, sir, a very little matter, and not entitled to the importance that you have given it."

"To me it was not a little matter, sir," returned Mr. Greer. "I was a weak boy, just sinking under a burden that was too heavy, when you put forth your hand and carried it for me. I could not forget it. And now let me return the favor, at the first opportunity, by carrying your burden for you, which has become too heavy, until the hill is ascended, and you are able to bear it onward again in your own strength."

Mr. Mason was deeply moved. Words failed to express his true feelings. The bread cast upon the water, had returned to him after many days, and he gathered it with wonder and thankfulness.

The merchant was saved from ruin. Nor was this all. The glimpse which Mr Greer received of the lovely daughter of Mr. Mason, revealed a character of beauty that impressed him deeply, and he embraced the first opportunity to make her acquaintance. A year afterward he led her to the altar.

A kind act is never lost, even though done to a child.

SPEED OF SPEECH.—Some reporters say that Daniel Webster speaks at the rate of from 80 to 110 words per minute; Gerrit Smith, from 70 to 90; Dr. Tyng, from 120 to 140; Mr. Botts, from 100 to 120; Mr. Clay, from 130 to 160; Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Choate, from 160 to 200.

Literature of Mexico.

Correspondence of the Boston Atlas.

Mexico, May, 1848.

My Dear S.:—Perhaps you may expect that in the course of these letters, I should say something in regard to the literature of Mexico. It must necessarily stand very much in relation to that of Spain as our own does to that of Great Britain.—The works of the dramatists, poets, romancers and historians of the mother country, are to be found in almost any number, and are familiar to the more intellectual portions of the population, of both sexes. The writings of all French authors of celebrity may be had in most of the private, and in many of the public libraries of the city. The ancient classics, too, are on their shelves, or in the cloisters. The military library, at Chapultepec, I well remember, (for I was half a day in ransacking it,) contained many volumes of each of the classes I have mentioned. I have also repeatedly met them in the different convents of the city. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing to hear an accomplished Spaniard or Mexican—whether lady or gentleman—quoting the ancient or modern classics. With regard to the literature of Great Britain and the United States, the mass of the people are of course profoundly ignorant If they can read the Mexican newspapers, or the "Pronunciamentos" posted up at the corners of the streets, they are fortunate. Some few of the more educated can read Prescott in the original, while there are thousands in the capital alone, who understand and appreciate him in the Spanish translation. The same may be said in relation to many of the English classics, and some of our own novels, which I have seen in several libraries, in a Spanish dress. I think I have before mentioned Young and Blair among the English writers. The immortal works of Cervantes and Le Sage are to be found in the library of every intelligent citizen, and I have seen pulque shops with signs bearing the names of Sancho Panza and Gil Blas.

But Mexico cannot be said to have a national literature of her own. I do not mean that there are not accomplished scholars within her borders, who can write an able treatise upon some passing political occurrence—or furnish poetry for the columns of a newspaper or annual. But I mean that Mexico has never yet, so far as my knowledge extends, produced any great national work, either in poetry, history, philosophy or science, which places her at once upon a high and proud position. I have recently seen the sheets of a History of Mexico, by a native author, which has been long in preparation; but it is dangerous for any one, either in Mexico or out of it, to attempt to chronicle the events of the conquest, with the work of our own accomplished countryman before him. A history of the war between Mexico and the United States is announced. Its impartiality is vouched for by those who have seen portions of it, but one can judge better on that important point when he has given the volume a perusal. At any rate, the author will be fortunate indeed, if it rise to the rank of a standard work.

The Mexican annuals, which I have seen are edited with taste and abilty. The poetry is generally of a passionate and voluptuous character, as you might suppose it would be, under the influences of a tropical clime. From the sale of several of these, the number of admirers of light literature must be very considerable.

The periodical literature is more than respectable in character. Since the nation has been in a state of war, no literary magazines have been published. Indeed, the condition of the Republic in this respect presented a great obstacle to the cultivation of *belles lettres*. It has not, however, always been so. I have seen bound volumes of different periodicals, running through a long series of years, devoted to the discussion of literary topics, and to poetical contributions. The daily papers are conducted with much ability, and a large space in them is occupied with original or select sketches, as in the French journals, under the title of "*Boletin*." One of them, the *Monitor*, the leading paper in the Republic has published, thus far, nearly half of the "Count of Monte Christo," by Dumas—though I imagine the editor, before he concludes the work, will find some passages in it that will not prove entirely acceptable to his readers. Indeed, complaints have already been made of the publication. A column or two in each journal is devoted to poetry, but a large portion of the dailies is necessarily given up to political matters. The *Monitor* has also recently published in its columns an entire treatise on *Mexican Cookery!*

One of the pages of this influential journal will hereafter be published in English, and the old *Siglo XIX*, edited by Otero—one of the Senators who voted against the Treaty—will soon be revived—a page of it, also, published in English. These things show the effect of the occupation of the country by the Americans upon its periodical literature.

Pulpit literature ought to form an interesting feature in the literary history of the country. I am not able to speak with confidence in relation to its quality or character. One meets with a good many occasional sermons in print, remarkable rather for their sectarian devotion than for any literary excellence. And yet there are some highly educated and most accomplished men among the clergy of Mexico. The Archbishop of Mexico and Cesarea is distinguished for his learning and his eloquence. His letter to General Scott, asking the release of certain Mexican prisoners, is a finely conceived and eloquent production.

Many of the bishops might also be named, who are men of a high order of intellect, and thoroughly versed in ancient and in much of the modern literature of Europe. The monks and friars are a different order of beings. Their reading is altogether of a theological character. They delve into the musty tomes of the Fathers, and reproduce whole volumes of them in the Spanish language. You may go into any convent in the city, and you will find its library—generally very large—filled with little more than the Latin works—each in more volumes than one would suppose could emanate from a single brain—of the monks of the middle ages. Among them you will discover large piles of manuscripts—either translations or original disquisitions upon some favorite theological doctrine. You will generally find in these libraries also most of the Latin classics.

As might be supposed, in a country where there is so much political agitation, the number of political tracts which issue from the press is by no means small. These are frequently written by some of the most distinguished statesmen of the republic, and often printed in a style that challenges admiration. Indeed, much of its best talent, which might be given to literature, is devoted to the discussion of political topics. But Mexico is not a solitary instance of this. It is emphatically true of the United States, where so much of the intellect of the country wears the political garb.

Mexico possesses all the elements of a national literature. Her scenery is magnificent, almost beyond conception. The wild and the beautiful, the grand and sublime, cannot be without their influences upon her people. She possesses, also, many intellectual spirits, who, catching inspira-

tion from these influences, might, by their literary efforts, immortalize themselves and their country. I have often thought that the poet or romancer could desire no better theme for his pen, than that suggested by the relation which has so long existed between the two races inhabiting the country. The conquerors and the conquered live upon the same soil, in daily intercourse with each other. It is true, Mexico achieved her independence, and threw off the Spanish yoke. But the Spaniards still remain, and are the superior race. They are haughty and proud, presenting in this, as in many other points, a strong contrast to the descendants of the Aztecs. The hostility existing between them can probably never be eradicated. Look, for instance, at the rising of the Indians against the whites in Yucatan. Ancient grievances, growing out of the conquest of the country, are at the bottom of all this hostility. The offence is of no recent standing. Indeed, there is much the same contrast between the two races in Mexico as existed between the Saxons and Normans in England, from the study of whose history and manners at that early period, Walter Scott gave us that wonderful literary achievement, Ivanhoe.

I believe several of our own countrymen have attempted the illustration of Mexican life and manners in the form of the novel. I remember only "Calavar," a Tale of the Conquest, by Dr. Bird, and "Francis Berrien," by the late Timothy Flint. The first I never happened to read. The latter is remarkable more for the beauty of its style and its graphic descriptions of scenery, than for the naturalness and truthfulness of impersonations or portraitures of character. It is a modern tale, and nearly as full of improbabilities and hair-breadth escapes, as a ghost story by Monk Lewis, or Mrs. Kadcliffe. The conquest of Mexico affords a fine field for the exercise of the romancer's pen, and as there are many educated and intellectual men in the army, who have had the benefit of seeing Mexico as it is—ay, and in many respects, as it was centuries ago—it is hoped that some of them will hereafter embody the result of their observations and reflections, in the form of a poem or a romance.

MEXICAN INDIANS AND THE AMERICANS.—On the departure of our army from Mexico, the Indians—who constitute nearly the whole laboring population—exhibited their sorrow in the most striking and affecting manner. The sojourn of our army in Mexico has relieved these poor and interesting people of many oppressions and taxes to which they have long been subjected. They are the producers and industrials of the country, and hitherto have contributed, thro' the *Alcabala*, and other taxes, to support the extravagant Government of Mexico. Intercourse with our soldiers—a knowledge of the kindly dispositions, as well as of the brave hearts and strong arms of our countrymen—have inspired the descendants of Montezuma with a profound respect and warm affection for the American people.—There is one single trait of our countrymen which has aroused the liveliest admiration of the poor Indians. It is their behavior to females.

The lower class of the Mexicans treat their women harshly. As for the poor Indians, of both sexes, the Mexicans treat them like dogs. When they contrasted the kind and polite consideration of our soldiers toward their women with the brutal conduct of the Mexicans—when they saw an American soldier turning out of the way to let a Mexican woman pass—they could scarcely understand, much less express their gratitude for, such unexpected kindness. As our army passed out of their towns, crowds of these poor people surrounded our troops and threw bouquets and fruit to the soldiers, and many of them wept piteously, crying out that they had lost their only friends.

This feeling will inevitably arouse the Indians, who compose six-eighths of the population of Mexico, to resistance and rebellion against the authorities of that country. These effects have been manifested throughout the country. The power of the whites can no more resist the overwhelming force of the Indians than a dry reed could stand against a tornado. They will be driven to the seashore—ay, into the sea, and compelled to leave the country. Foreign assistance alone can save Mexico from relapsing into the hands of the aborigines.

Demonstration of Louis Napoleon.

The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald* says:

Prince Napoleon is exciting an immense sensation throughout France. I have just returned from Fontainbleau, and passengers upon the railroads and steamboats were engrossed in discussing the passing events of the last three days. They seem to regard it now as certain that he will be a most prominent candidate for the Presidency, and probably a successful one. The common people are full of Napoleon, and they can almost see Napoleon himself, with his cocked hat and gray surtout, again re-uscitating the mighty power of France, and dictating laws to Europe. No one can fully realize how strong this national sentiment is towards Napoleon, without mingling with the French people. Indeed, the man is living all around them. He lives in paintings, statuary, and monuments—in every man's resting place; and the glory of his deeds is written upon the walls of all the huts, as well as palaces, in France. Wherever you go, the traveller meets Napoleon. Napoleon really accomplished more in the ten years of his immortal reign in France—more that will be enduring, and is worthy to be commemorated—than all the Bourbons that have sat upon the throne. This the plain common sense of the people understand, and all the old men of the nation, or nearly so, have made with him the tour of Europe, and been eye witnesses to the magnitude of his foreign conquests. They want a republic, but they want a great man at the head of it; and they feel that it is better to have the descendant of a great man, who bears the name of Napoleon, if they cannot have a new name which will give new glory to France.

The correspondent of the *Tribune* says of LOUIS NAPOLEON:

Four departments have chosen him as National Representative, and after two days of parliamentary debates and street riots, their choice has been confirmed by the National Assembly. Today he is to take his place as a member of that body, and since a noisy demonstration is again expected on this occasion, the troops are marching, the drums are rolling the orderlies spring hither and thither, and the blousemen and *gamins* swarm together. At every street corner his picture is sold to crowds of buyers, and the cry "*Vive Napoleon!*" is every where heard.—Four new Bonapartist journals have already been established: *le Napoleonien, le Napoleon Republicain, la Constitution de la Republique Napoleonienne* and *le Petit Caporal*. Pamphlets and loose sheets, which make a great man of him, are rather given away than bought—old officers of the Imperial Army talk glory to the groups—the laborers are told, that the Prince possesses *two thousand millions* francs in property; which he will immediately place at the disposition of France, and make everybody rich at once—the Army, which finally feels a desire to play some other part than to be quietly shot down in Algiers by the Bedouins, or in Paris by the men of the barricades, greets him with enthusiasm as a glorious remembrance and a brilliant hope—the Bourgeoisie, who, before all things, wish to have quiet and order, and who remember, with pleasure, the masterly order which prevailed under the iron hand of the Emperor, are not precisely discontented; and thus

all—citizens, soldiers, workmen, students, blouse men and *gamins*—shout "Vive l' Empereur!"

Under these auspices Louis Napoleon appears on the stage. Surrounded by experienced counselors and skilful agents, richer than the Republic, which is now very poor, he has an easy play, in opposition to a weak, incapable Government, and an exhausted, divided National Assembly; and should it remain the determination of the Committee who draft the Constitution, that the future President shall be chosen by the universal suffrage of all the citizens of France. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte will be first elected—and after he has been President three years, it will be but a short step to an *Emperor*. Thus matters stand at present—not very consolatory, but what is to be done! We have trembled forty-three years under a Monarchy—the whole generation has grown up in monarchical ideas—there is a visible lack of Republicans, and without Republicans no genuine Republic can be founded.

Dr. Roe's "Manipulator."—Last Winter, we announced the invention of this telegraphic machine; and promised a future description of its structure and operation. Dr. R. is now in the city, for the purpose of exhibiting his improvement, for which he has received a patent, and we now redeem our promise.

All of the Magnetic telegraphs in use depend for their operation upon the simple *connecting*, *continuing* and *breaking* of the galvanic circuit. In all, the operation consists in alternately separating and connecting, by contact, the conducting wire. In Morse's, and most other telegraphs, this is done by raising and depressing by the hand, a small lever, to which the end of the wire is attached. This Manipulating is the operation to be performed by the new invention; and is effected by passing one of the separated ends of the conducting wire rapidly over the surface of types, each one of which is successively made the point of junction between the two portions of separate wire. The types on their surfaces correspond with the characters used by the particular telegraph which they are intended to operate. They are set up from the case, as other types are, from the "copy" in the hands of the compositor. This can be done while other telegraph stations are using the wire. This matter is locked up, and the form placed upon the machine. A few turns of the crank pass the conducting point rapidly over the types, and Presto! the dispatch has been telegraphed to a distant city.

The Manipulator is remarkably simple in construction, and somewhat resembles a printing press A metalic bar extends across the machine, six inches above the types, on which plays the "Traverser." This is a tube or cylinder, perforated at the upper end, to enable it to slide across the types, upon the bar, which passes through it. The traverser contains the "wand," made of any non-conducting substance, and terminating at the lower end. in two inclined planes, meeting at an obtuse angle, to enable the types to glide easily under the wand. Immediately at the angle, where these planes meet, the point of the conducting wire comes to the surface from within the wand, and is impelled against the types by a spring within the tube. The other end of the wire connects with the types.

The operation of the machine is this: by a hand upon the crank, the type-bed is made to move in its frame, and one long line of types passes under the point of the wand; closing the galvanic current, when the point touches a type, continuing it according to the length of its surface, and breaking the connection while passing from type to type. When a line of types has passed, a brake falls into a tooth of a rachet-wheel, which causes the traverser and its wand to slide upon the bar a slight distance, and the next line of types passes the point of the wand, by a reverse motion of the crank. This alternate motion is continued until each line has passed once under the wand.

We are assured by the inventor that his model, although very imperfect, will transmit about fifteen hundred of Morse's signs per minute.—*Cincinnati Chronicle.*

The Beautiful Legend.—We find in a late sermon of Theodore Parker, the following story. The subject of the discourse is "rest:"

"They tell a story that one day Rabbi Judah and his brethren, the seven pillars of wisdom, sat in the Court of the Temple on feast day disputing about rest. One said that it was to have attained sufficient wealth, yet without sin. The second, that it was fame and praise of all men. The third, that it was the possession of power to rule the state. The fourth, that it consisted only of a happy home. The fifth, that it must only be in the old age of one who is rich, powerful, famous, surrounded by children and children's children. The sixth said that all were vain unless a man keep all the ritual law of Moses. And Rabbi Judah, the venerable, the tallest of the brothers, said—'Ye have spoken wisely, but one thing more is necessary, he can only find rest, who to all these things addeth this—that he keepeth the tradition of the elders.'

"There sat in the Court a fair haired boy, playing with lilies in his lap, and hearing the talk, dropped them in astonishment from his hands, and looked up—that boy of twelve—and said—'Nay, nay, fathers, he only loveth rest, who loves his brother as himself, and God with his whole heart and soul. He is greater than fame, and wealth, and power, happier than a happy home, happy without it, better than honored age, he is a law to himself and above all tradition.' The doctors were astonished. They said—'when Christ cometh, shall he tell us greater things?' And they thanked God, for they said—'the old men are not always wise, yet God be praised that out of the mouth of this young suckling, has His praise become perfect.'"

A Gem Passage.—In a letter written in 1838, Lamartine thus beautifully and religiously explains his motives for entering political life:

When the Divine Judge shall summon us to appear before our conscience at the end of our brief journey here below, our modesty, our weakness will not be an excuse for our inaction. It will be of no avail to reply, we were nothing, we could do nothing, we were but as a grain of sand. He will say to us, I placed before you, in your day, the two scales of a beam, by which the destiny of the human race was weighed; in the one was good, and the other evil. You were but a grain of sand, no doubt, but who told you that that grain of sand would not have caused the balance to incline on my side? You have intelligence to see, a conscience to decide, and you should have placed this grain of sand in one or the other; you did neither. Let the wind drift it away; it has not been of any use to you or your brethren.

Sneezing.—An amusing account of the ceremonies which attend the sneezing of a king of Monomotapa shows what a national thing may be the sneeze of despotism. Those who are near his person when this happens, salute him in so loud a tone, that persons in the ante-chamber hear it, and join in the acclamation. In the adjoining apartments they do the same, till the noise reaches the street, and becomes propagated throughout the city. When the king of Sennaar sneezes, his courtiers immediately turn their backs on him, and give a loud slap on their right thigh.

Foreign Items by the Caledonia.

IRELAND.

The County Down anti-Repeal declaration, forwarded for presentation to his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, has attached thereto 33,000 signatures.

The Dublin Confederate clubs are to hold an open air meeting on Sunday next, at Donnybrook-green. Of course the police will prohibit the clubs from marching to or from the place of meeting.

Day by day the accounts of the harvest are still more gratifying, and we have the fairest prospects of very abundant crops. New potatoes, excellent in quality, are coming into market, although their consumption at present is confined to the wealthier classes.

From an abstract of returns from the clerks of the crown and clerks of the peace of the several counties, &c., in Ireland, the number of persons committed to the different jails in the year 1847, we learn is the following:—Committed, 31,683; convicted, 15,276; acquitted by jury, 6,639; no bill, 4,892; discharged from want of prosecution, 4,075; bailed, not tried, insane, or remaining for trial, 802. Sentenced—death, 25; transportation for life, 88; fourteen years, 179; seven years, 1,879; imprisoned one year and upwards, 398; one year and six months, 1,322; six months and under, 9,528; other punishments, 1,833. Total convicted and sentenced, 15,276; acquitted or discharged, 15,606.

FRANCE.

The Constitution was presented on the 19th of June. Is was read to the National Assembly by Mr. Armand Marrast, the reporter of the Special Committeee appointed to draw it up, and excited the deepest interest, being listened to with a religious silence.

The following summary of its chief features, we copy from *Galignani's Messenger:*

It consists of one hundred and thirty-nine articles, and the following are the principal points set forth in them:

The legislative power is to consist of one National Assembly, composed of 750 representatives, elected for three years by universal suffrage.—The head of the republic is to be a President, nominated for four years by universal suffrage; any person can be elected who has attained the age of 30 years, and is a French citizen. The President cannot be re-elected, unless four years have elaped from having before held the chief office in the republic; the President to be lodged at the expense of the republic, with a salary of 600,000 francs a year. A Vice President is to be named by the National Assembly, also for four years, out of a list presented by the President; he is to replace the President when absent; should the Presidentship become vacant by decease, resignation, or any other cause, the Vice President does not then take his place, but a new election is proceeded to within a period of one month. A Council of State, consisting of at least forty members, is to be elected by ballot for three years by the National Assembly, in the first month of each legislature; should any members of the Assembly be chosen. a new election shall be immediately proceeded to, to supply their place as representatives of the people; the Council of State is to draw up such bills as the government may think fit to submit to the Assembly; and to examine such bills as emanate from the Assembly itself; it is also to exercise full control over the departmental and municipal administrations—all courts of justice are to be open, and the jury system is to be extended to certain correctional and civil matters, to be determined by law; the judges of *premiere* instance and of appeal are nominated by the President of the Republic, and the juages of the Court of Cassation by the National Assembly, and all for life; a high court of justice is to be appointed for the purpose of judging without appeal all accusations made by the National Assembly, either against one of its own members, or against the ministers, or against the President.

Also all persons accused of plots or treason against the State are to be tried by this high tribunal—the practice of having substitutes in the army is interdicted—the punishment of death is abolished for political offences—slavery is abolished in all the French colonies—the press is free, and every man has a right to print or cause to be printed whatever he pleases, subject to such guarantees to the State as may be deemed necessary—the censorship is for ever abolished—all religions are are allowed in France, and the various ministers of the religions recognized by the State are to be paid—public instruction is to be free, but subject to the superintendence of the State.—The national debt is guaranteed—property is inviolable—gratuitous education is to be given to the working classes, so as to prepare them for their different callings—labor is to be essentially guaranteed by equality of relations between the workmen and the employers by the establishment of great public works. Algeria and the colonies are French territory, and to be governed by special laws—the Legion of Honor is to be maintained.

The Constitution guarantees to all citizens—

Liberty—Equality—Security—Instruction—Labor—Property—Assistance.

Liberty consists of the rights of going and coming; of meeting peaceably and without arms; of exercising one's religion; of manifesting his thoughts and opinions by means of the press or otherwise. The exercise of these rights has no other limits than the rights and liberties of other nations, and the public security.

Equality consists in the exclusion of every title and privilege of birth, class, or caste, in the admissibility of every one to all public employments, without any other motive or ground for preference but virtue and talent, and the equitable participation of all citizens in the charges and advantages of society.

Security consists in the inviolability of the person, the family, the domicil, and the rights and property of each and every member of society.

The right of instruction is that which all citizens have to receive gratuitously from the state, the education proper for the development of the physical, moral, and intellectual faculties of each of them.

The right of labor is that which every man has to live by his work. Society must, by the productive and general means of which it disposes, and which will be organized hereafter, furnish labor to all men in health, who cannot procure it otherwise.

Property consists in the right of enjoying and disposing of one's goods and revenues, of the fruits of his intelligence, and of his industry.

The right of assistance is that which belongs to children abandoned, to the infirm, to the old, to receive from the state the means of existing.

AUSTRIA.

The Revolution at Prague.—The Leipsic Gazette, of the 15th, says that intelligence was received at Leipsic of riots at Prague on the previous day, in consequence of Prince Windischgratz, the commander of the troops, refusing to give cannon and ammunition to the students. It appears that the Czech party had got up a demonstration on the 12th, and that crowds had assembled in consequence to listen to some inflammatory speeches from the leaders of the party. The

result was as intended. The people, becoming excited, about midday assembled before the house of the commandant to give him a charivari. A body of grenadiers who were concealed within the place came forth; and the crowd having been uselessly summoned to disperse, blows ensued, which led ultimately to a general fight, and the raising barricades on the part of the people. The commandant, Prince Windischgratz, caused the alarm to be beaten, and gave till four o'clock to the people to take down the barricades. The tumult, however, increased every minute, and fresh barricades were made. A mass of People attacked the house of Prince Windischgratz, and the Princess herself was wounded in the head. The Prince ordered heavy guns to be brought out, and a strong cannonade took place, which lasted from five till ten in the afternoon.

Heroism of Prince Windischgratz.—The Warsaw Zeitung gives the following interesting details: "Owing to the refusal of the Prince to give arms to the people on the 10th, the Swornost faction proceeded in large numbers to the residence of the Commander-in-Chief, where they sang songs insulting to the Prince, accompanied by hootings and threats. The military on duty having in vain called upon the mob to be orderly and disperse, and the fatal shot being fired at this moment which deprived the unfortunate Princess of her life, the Prince, with great dignity and calmness, advanced into the midst of them, and addressed them to the following effect:

"'Gentlemen: If it is your desire to insult me because I am of noble birth, go to my palace and do there as you may think fit. I will even give you a guard that you may not be disturbed in your amusement. But if you act thus because I am commander of Prague, and purpose making a demonstration in front of this building, I tell you candidly that I shall prevent such a step with every means at my command. My wife now lies a lifeless corpse above stairs, and yet I address you in words of kindness. Gentlemen, do not drive me to severe measures.'"

After this noble speech, under circumstances of so heart-rending a nature, the Prince, instead of being hearkened to, was roughly seized upon by two Czechs, and dragged to the next lamp-post, where a rope was soon provided—at this moment the Prince's grenadiers advanced with fixed bayonets, and in less than a second cleared the square and delivered the Prince. Five minutes afterward the artillery swept the streets.

Prince Windischgratz is spoken of as one of the most distinguished generals in the Austrian service, a perfect soldier, of great energy, and a will as firm as iron. The Bohemians fear and respect him, and call him "Prince Herod"—his men are blindly devoted to him.

The Princess Windischgratz was the daughter of Field-Marshal Prince Schwarzenberg, and her mother is the lady who perished in the flames while endeavoring to save her child, at the conflagration of the Festive Hall erected as a ball room to celebrate the marriage of Napoleon with Maria Louisa of Austria, an occurrence which at the time caused an immense sensation.

Bombardment of the City.—The Leipsic *Gazette* says: "On the 13th, at midday, the military had completely the upper hand, and Prince Windischgratz determined to restore the communication between the old and new town. For this purpose he caused the chain bridges over the Moldau, which had been broken, to be repaired, and the barricades on the lesser side to be taken by storm. In this affair several of the troops were killed, being shot from the neighboring windows. The fighting here lasted until six o'clock in the afternoon, when the Czech party demanded a parley, and hopes were held out that the students and the people would lay down their arms. The Czechs, however, required that Prince Windischgratz and the military should leave the city, consequently every idea of accommodation was abandoned. The rumor was spread on the night of the 13th that there would be a general attack on all the German inhabitants of the town. Great fright was caused by this, and whole families might be seen flying through the gates out of the city, leaving their all behind. After the breaking off the parley the people retired to Podskal, where they concentrated themselves, and where the jagers and hussars followed them, to attack them. There a terrible slaughter ensued on both sides; twenty-six hussars were thrown into the Moldau by the people, and the battle lasted until the 14th June, at half-past nine. On that day General Count Mensdorff arrived from Vienna, in order to assume the command-in-chief, in the hope that as the Bohemians seem to have taken a vehement dislike to Prince Windischgratz, the assumption of command by Mensdorff might restore peace.—This was, however, a vaint hope; the tumult increased every moment, the fight was renewed, and the Czech party obtained possession of the town. Prince Windischgratz then abandoned the town with the military, and retired to the heights round the city, thence to bombard the town.—Such was the state of affairs on the morning of the 16th, to which date our accounts reach.—Count Leo Thun had been obliged to fly in the disguise of a servant."

Horrible Slaughter and Cruelty.—A letter from Vienna of the 17th says: The news from Prague is melancholy in the extreme: To-day we hear the insurgents continued to hold out with unflinching obstinacy. Prince Windischgratz had commenced bombarding the town, all the inhabitants willing to leave Prague having been allowed to withdraw. The details received concerning the insurrection are appalling: the most hideous acts of atrocity have been committed. Murder and pillage reigned in the city, and the German inhabitants, who at the risk of their lives had escaped into the country, were robbed by the bands of marauders infesting the neighborhood.

Another account says: "The scenes of horror are frightful in the extreme. A stationer of the name of William Weiss, who, in the capacity of National Guard, had slain two students, was crucified on his own door, and his house demolished.—If Prince Windischgratz had been captured it was resolved to cut off his head and stick it on the highest pinnacle of the tower of the Town Hall.—The Prince, with a very polite message, sent an escort of cavalry to accompany the members of the Sclavonic Diet in safety to the gates of Prague."

Vienna, June 18.—Intelligence from Prague is of a more quiet character. The city has capitulated. The rebels have given fourteen hostages; and Prince Windischgratz, who has again undertaken the supreme command, has occupied it with his troops.

Lord Brougham in Luck's Way.—Mr. Watt, jr., of Birmingham, recently deceased, has bequeathed to Lord Brougham £50,000. The £25,000 left some time ago to his lordship by Mrs. Flaherty, of Hammersmith, he generously gave to his brother, Mr. W. Brougham.

When the old soldiers of the Imperial army, at the Hotel des Invalides, heard last week that the National Assembly had voted for the admission of Prince Louis Napoleon, they, under the influence of enthusiasm inspired by the name of their former Emperor, fired four of the cannon mounted on the esplanade of the Invalides.

From Graham's Magazine.

Fair Margaret—A Legend of Thomas the Rhymer.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

Old yews in the church yard are crumbled to dust,
Deep shade on the grave-mound once flinging;
But oral tradition, still true to its trust,
Her name by the hearth-stone is singing:
For never enshrined by the bard in his lay
Was a being more lovely than Margaret Gary.

Her father, a faithful old tenant, had died
On lands of Sir Thomas the Seer—
And the child who had sprung like a flower by his side,
Sole mourner, had followed his bier;
But Ercildoun's knight to the orphan was kind,
And watched like a parent the growth of her mind.

The wizard knew well that her eye was endowed
With sight mortal vision surpassing—
Now piercing the heart of Oblivion's cloud,
The *Past*, in its depths, clearly glassing;
Anon sending glance through the curtain of dread
Behind which the realm of the Future lies spread.

He gave her a key to decipher dim scrolls,
With characters wild, scribbled over;
And taught her dark words that would summon back souls
Of the dead round the living to hover;
Or oped, high discourse with his pupils to hold,
Old books of enchantment with clasps of bright gold.

The elf queen had met her in green, haunted dells
When stars in the zenith are twinkling,
And time kept the tramp of her palfry to bells,
At her bridle rein merrily tinkling:
By Huntley Burn oft, in the gloaming, she strolled
Weird shapes, that were not of this earth, to behold.

One eve came true Thomas to Margaret's bower,
In this wise the maiden addressing—
"No more will I visible be from this hour,
Save to those sight unearthly possessing:
But when I am seen at feast, funeral or fair
Let the mortal who makes revelation beware!"

Long years came and passed, and the Rhymer's dread seat
Was vacant the Eildon Tree under,
And oft would old friends by the ingle-side meet,
And talk of his absence in wonder:
Some thought that afar from the dwellings of men,
He had died in some lone Highland forest or glen:

But others believed that in bright fairy land
The mighty magician was living—
That newness of life to worn heart and weak hand,
Soft winds and pure waters were giving;
That back to the region of heather and pine
Would he come unimpaired by old age or decline.

Astir was all Scotland! from mountain and moor,
With banner folds streaming in air,
Proud lord and retainer, the wealthy and poor,
Thronged forth in their plaids to the fair;
Steeds, pricked by their riders, loud clattering made,
And, cheered by his clansmen, the bag-piper played.

Gay lasses with snoods from the border and hills
In holiday garb hurried thither,
With eyes like the crystal of rock-shaded rills,
And cheeks like the belles of the heather:
But fairest of all, in that goodly array,
Was the Lily of Bemerside, Margaret Gray.

While Ayr with a gathering host overflowed,
She marked with a look of delight
A white-bearded horseman who gallantly rode
On a mettlesome steed black as night,
And cried, forcing wildly her way through the throng,
"*Oh! master thy pupil hath mourned for thee long?*"

Then, checking his courser, the brow of the seer
Grew dark, through his locks long and frosted,
And making a sign with his hand to draw near,
Thus the lovely offender accosted—
"By which of thine eyes was thy master descried?"
"With my *left* I beheld thee!" the damsel replied.

One moment he gazed on the beautiful face,
In fondness upturned to his own,
As if anger at length to relenting gave place,
Then fixed grew his visage like stone:—
On the violet lid his cold finger he laid,
And extinguished forever the sight of the maid.

NOTE. I am indebted to Hugh Cameron, Esquire, of Ruffelo N. Y. for this strange and strikingly beautiful legend. Mr. C. informs me that it has long formed a part of the fire side lore of his own clan, and from a remote period, has lived in the memory of Scotland's peasantry. He expressed surprise that men of antiquarian taste, in compiling border ballads, and tales of enchantment, had not given "Fair Margaret" a conspicuous place in their pages; and at his suggestion I have attempted to clothe the fanciful outlines of the original in the drapery of English verse.

The Eildon tree referred to in the poem, was the favorite seat of Thomas the Rhymer, and there he gave utterance to his prophecies.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

Michigan Correspondence.

JACKSON, July 4th, 1848.

MR. EDITOR:—This is the strangest anniversary of our nation's birthday, that I ever saw. No one in our usually noisy village had his or her slumbers disturbed this morning, by a National salute, for "the Fourth of July don't come through here," as a little boy said a few days since, and the cannons have all gone where they *do* have a Fourth of July. There was no *ringing* of bells at sunrise, but at 7 o'clock the Brick Church bell *tolled* for the death of a man one hundred years old, who this Independence day has exchanged worlds. The tones of that death-knell sounded strangely solemn; and the thought arose, will the funeral knell of our nation, now so prosperous and happy, ever fall on human ear till it be declared that "time shall be no longer." Who can tell? Who would wish to look into the future and read such a revelation as this?

July, 5th.—To-day attended the funeral of the aged man who died yesterday. It was a strange spectacle to me to see his gray-headed sons and daughters standing around the coffin of their father, with grand children almost arrived at life's meridian, and great-grand children whom but a few short years more will place on the stage of active life.

How few attain to the age of an hundred years—A whole century! And how undesirable it must be to outlive the days of active usefulness.—When a person becomes unfitted to benefit his fellow beings, how much better to pass to a habitation of rest. The deceased felt this, and though all was done, that filial affection could do for his happiness, he thought that "to be with Christ," were far better.

July 6th. Last evening heard the particulars concerning the Celebration at Spring Arbor and Tecumseh. Spring-Arbor, as you know, is a small place, yet, notwithstanding the rain, there was an audience of about 500, who listened to an oration delivered by Mr. H. Frink, of this place, in a grove a short distance from the village. A dinner was served up in a bower near the hotel

and no one could complain that it was a "*dry* affair," for about that time, the rain came down in torrents. Not one, when the cloth was removed, felt disposed to sing "I'd be a butterfly" &c.

At Tecumseh the large assemblage were compelled by the rain, to adjourn from a bower that had been prepared, to the Presbyterian church, which could not half hold the audience. After the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and an eloquent oration, the latter by the Rev. G. L. FOSTER of this place, and other appropriate exercises, the procession formed and marched to a large ware-room, where a bountiful collation was in readiness. Five hundred "Sons of Temperance" and about one hundred and sixty ladies partook of the refreshments.

A gentleman who was present, when he was asked the next day what sort of a time they had at Tecumseh; "Oh" said he "we had a most enthusiastic time, and just water enough for the Sons."

Some of the farmers are in the midst of their wheat harvesting; others have not yet commenced In both cases fears are entertained that the grain will be injured. How few there are, either in the country or in the city, who will lay aside all anxiety about these perishable things, and adopt, in heart and life, the beautiful language of the prophet, "although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

Surely the faith of the present generation in the goodness of their Creator is not as a grain of mustard seed."

E. MARIA SHELDON.

CAUTION TO MERCHANTS.—Whe heard a good story of a sagacious country gentleman, who came to our city some days ago, with a bill on a highly respectable firm of this city. The bill was duly presented for acceptance, and a young member of the firm, a fashionable, showily dressed gentleman, who had cultivated a very dainty moustache, wrote with a gold pen, his endorsement on the bill, giving his middle name as J. Templeton Tompkins. The countryman looked at the signature, read it slowly, glanced at the fashionable merchant, who was very fascinatingly twirling his whiskers, and handing the bill over to him, remarked, "Here stranger, cash that document."

"What!" indignantly replied the merchant, "discount my own paper! it is a positive insult."

"Wall, can't help it," said the countryman, "if you don't I must get somebody else to do it."

To prevent his paper from getting on 'Change' the merchant concluded to cash the bill, and paying over the money to the countryman, asked quietly, "Why, my friend, do you offer me the gratuitous insult of requiring me to discount my own paper?"

"I don't mean any harm, stranger, but I have jest got this idea into my skull, that when you see a merchant with that har on his upper lip, and who writes his middle name out in full, and endorses bills with a gold pen, you may set it down as purty certain he's gwine to bust up in a week."

The Late Massacre in Oregon.

The Missionary Herald for the present month contains the particulars of the late massacre in Oregon, as communicated by Mr. Spalding, one of the surviving missionaries of the Am. Board in that Territory. The Board had four stations in Oregon, viz. at Waiilatpu, (where the massacre took place,) under the superintendence of Dr. Whitman,—at Clear Water among Nez Perces, under the charge of Mr. Spalding, mentioned above,—at Tshimakain among the Flat Heads, under charge of Messrs. Eells & Walker,—and at the Dalls under Mr. Hinman. From Mr. Spalding's narrative we make the following extracts:

Our dear brother and sister Whitman have been massacred by the Indians; and with them were murdered twelve other persons; namely, Mr. Rogers, who has been two years preparing for the ministry, with a view to join our mission, John and Francis Sagar, the two eldest boys of the orphan children, Messrs. Kimble of Indiana, Saunders, Hall, Marsh, Hoffman of Elmira, New York, Gillan, Young, Sails and Bulee, of the late immigration, who had stopped at the station to winter. The three first have left large families.

The massacre took place November 29. Mr. Smith and family were at the saw-mill, twenty miles distant, also Mr. Young, his wife and three sons. Next day Mr. Young came down to the station for provisions, and was killed. The others were sent for nine days after the horrible deed and their lives were preserved that they might take charge of the flour mill. But the women and children, to the number of forty-eight, (including my oldest daughter, who was at the station at the time,) were made slaves by the murderers, and treated in the most cruel and brutal manner.

Eight days after the first massacre, Messrs. Gails and Bule, young men who were sick, were dragged from their beds, butchered and cut to pieces in the most horrible manner, in the presence of the women and children, and their dead bodies lay near the door for forty-eight hours in mud and blood; and the captives, and among them was a sister of Bulee, were compelled to pass over them for their wood and water. No one was allowed to wash and bury them till two Nez Perces arrived.

Dr. Whitman had just returned from burying an Indian child, and was engaged in reading.—An Indian, to divert his attention, was in the act of soliciting medicine, while another came behind him, and with a tomahawk struck him on the back of his head. A second blow on the top of the head laid him lifeless on the floor. Then Tilaukait, a principal chief, who has received unnumbered favors from the Doctor, and who was about to be received into the church, fell upon the dead body, and mangled it horribly, cutting the face and head, taking out the heart, &c., &c., and scattering them in the mud. Other bodies were treated in the same brutal manner; and the little captive girls were compelled to pass over them frequently, to torment them. They lay forty-eight hours, (from Monday till Wednesday,) scattered about the premises. None were allowed to gather them up and bury them. Even the distracted widows were not allowed to go out and soothe the last moments of their dying husbands, some of whom lingered long in the agonies of death.

Mrs. Whitman fled up stairs, where she received a wound in the breast, through the window. Mr. Rogers joined her; but they were persuaded to come down, the Indians promising not to kill them. They were immediately taken to the door, however, and shot. Mrs. Whitman died immediately. Mr. Rogers lingered a long time. Mr. Osborn, who was sick, and who with

his sick family hid themselves under the floor, heard him as he lay in the mud and blood frequently say, "Lord Jesus, come quickly," till his voice failed. Mr. Hall fled from the Indians, reached Walla Walla, crossed the Columbia, and proceeded on his way to this place; but he has not yet arrived, and Indian report says that he was killed.

I was at the Utilla, twenty miles west of Waiilatpu, at the time of the massacre; and remained there, visiting the sick and preaching to the Indians, till Wednesday morning; at which time I left for the residence of Dr. Whitman. When I was within about three miles of the station, I met a Roman Catholic priest, his interpreter, and a Kayuse.

After some conversation, the Indian wheeled about, and, with great speed, proceeded towards the house of Dr. Whitman, when the priest informed me of what had taken place. He informed me that he had arrived there the night before; that he had that morning baptized the children of the murderers, while the hands of their parents were yet wet with the blood of their devoted Protestant teachers; after which he had assisted two friendly Indians in burying the slain. He said that ten men and Mrs. Whitman had been killed; that a Frenchman in the employ of the Doctor had been spared, as also the women and children; that no Frenchman or Hudson Bay Company's man would be harmed, but only Americans.—This he received from the chief. Having requested him to take charge of my pack-horse, I took some provisions which he had prepared for the night, and gave myself into the hands of God, and turned my horse to the plains.

In the meantime the Indian had returned toward Dr. Whitman's to reload his pistol, and wait for me to come along. He had started with the priest with the intention of killing me; but, stopping to smoke, he had accidentally discharged his pistol in lighting his pipe, and had neglected to reload. After waiting a while, he wheeled again on his track and followed the priest, who had providentially made great speed, and had gone some ten miles before the Indian overtook him. Not finding me there, nor learning from the interpreter what direction I had taken, he returned again to the roint of meeting and took my track; but darkness soon coming on, he was stopped for the night.

Suffice it to say, the Lord delivered me from my pursuer. I travelled nights, and lay concealed in the day time. The second night my horse left me. I had now ninety miles to walk without food; I must leave everything, even my boots, as they were too small. But, praised be the name of God, the fourth night I reached home, without great suffering.

A dispatch was sent immediately from Walla Walla to this place. Mr. Ogden, with two boats and a great amount of property, proceeded with all haste to Walla Walla, sent an order for myself and family and the Americans at my place to join him without delay, and a request to the Nez Perces to deliver us up, with the promise of property in return. In forty-eight hours we were under way, with a portion of our property. Part of it has been left, a part was plundered by the Indians, and some has been given to appease them. We reached Walla Walla in four days, escorted by about forty Nez Perces, to protect us from the Kayuses; who required a large amount of property, which was furnished at the fort. Here we found the captives from Waiilatpu, rescued by the very prompt and judicious efforts of Mr. Ogden. He paid fifty blankets to the Kayuses for the captives, with a large amount of other property, To the Nez Perces he paid twelve blankets, with other articles.—My party swelled the number of the rescued to sixty, and the next day we were in three boats on our way to this place. God gave us the very best of weather for the season, and we reached here today.

On the 10th we proceeded to Oregon city, where Mr. Ogden will deliver us to the Governor. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the Hudson Bay Company, especially to Mr. Ogden, for their timely, prompt, judicious and Christian efforts in our behalf. We owe it, under a kind Providence, to the efforts of Messrs. Ogden and Douglass that we are alive at this place today. May the God of Heaven abundantly reward them! The property of Waiilatpu has all been plundered, and the buildings are demolished. Four hundred troops have already collected, and are on their way to take possession of the Kayuse country and to punish the guilty. Messrs. Eells and Walker have been advised to flee to Colville. God in mercy direct us.

Mad Dogs.—This Summer panic, which usually pervades the cities, was never hit off more piquantly than by Charles Lamb, in the following waggish extract from his published correspondence:

"Excuse my anxiety, but how is Dash? I should have asked if Mrs. P——e kept her rules, and was improving; but Dash came uppermost. The order of our thoughts should be the order of our writings. Goes he muzzled, or *aperto ore?* Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in *his* conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him. All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the overseers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water: if he won't lick it up, it is a sign—he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally or perpendicularly?—That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased—for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot; and keep *him* for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. They say all our army in India had it at one time; but that was in *Hyder*-Ally's time. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. You might pull out his teeth, (if he would let you,) and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a bedlamite. It would be rather fun to see his odd ways."

Lettings of Labor in the Auburn Prison.—Five of the most important contracts at the Auburn Prison, were let to contractors on the 6th inst. Hames contract, to Silas Baker at 45½ cents per day. The rates under the old contract was 32 cents, showing an advance of 13½ cents. Cabinet contract, to Parsons, Hewston & Co., the old contractors, at 65 cents; former price 49; advance 16. Tool contract, to E. N. Kitchell, at 51 cents; former price 32; advance 19. Shoe contract, to A. Pettibone, at 65½ cents; former price 56; advance 9½. Carpet contract, to Josiah Barber, the former contractor, at prices varying with the number of men employed upon it; for any number not exceeding 150, 32½ cents; 150 to 200, 35 cents; over 200 38 cents; former price 30; advance, 2½, 5 or 8, as the case may be.

It will be seen, says the Auburn Advertiser, (from which we copy,) that the average advance on former rates is about 33 per cent; and we are told it will make a difference from previous prices, for five years for which the contracts are let, of about $20,000, or an average of nearly $5,000 per year.

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

New Gleanings from Old Fields.

NUMBER THREE.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., July 1st.

We have just returned from a concert of vocal music, given by the Chicago Quartette Club, a company of teachers consisting of Messrs. Lumbard, Hillis, Jewett and Darby. Though new beginners in their present capacity, they sing well—very well. In such pieces as "We come with song to greet you," "There's a good time coming," they keep excellent time, and each one well sustains his part. Mr. Hillis sings "The Sea" and Mr. Lumbard "My Mother's bible," most admirably; and the two together perform "The grave of Napoleon" with much satisfaction and with marked effect. The heavy bass voice of Mr. Hillis, in the last mentioned piece, is like the roll of an organ. A thousand, thousand thanks to these gentlemen for their refined and inspiriting entertainment. It has revived the sweetest recollections of a distant home and of friends whose gentle voices are the genuine music of our life: and given an upward turn to thought and a mellow tone to the whisperings within.

QUEEN CITY, Lake Michigan, July 4th.

It is impossible to get up a celebration of the Fourth on a steamboat where congeniality does not exist among the cabin passengers; and such a feeling is not here on the Queen City to day. A few aristocratic families from the South, with their slaves, monopolize a disproportionately large share of the gentleman's cabin, and by their self-importance and overbearing disposition to be "master" every where and over all, prevent, in a measure, the mingling of the waters of patriotism. And then it is hard, at the best, to shout the sacred name of "Freedom" in the very ears of bondmen, and to boast of "rights" which were bought with our father's blood, and which, though purchased at so dear a rate, are not extended to men of *every* hue. There is genuine irony in the homely rhymes of "HOSEA BIGELOW," and would to God it might be *felt* by every trafficer in human flesh throughout the land.

"I do believe in Freedom's cause
As far away as Paris is;
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infernal Pharyssees:
It's well enough agin a king
To dror resolves and triggers,
But libbaty's a kind of thing
That don't agree with niggers."

The following poem by JOHN H. BRYANT, a younger brother of WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, breathes the pure spirit of a freeman; and as it is prophetic, may the God of nations hasten the fulfilment of the prophecy.

As when on Carmel's sterile steep
The ancient prophet bowed the knee,
And seven times sent his servant forth
To look toward the distant sea.

There came at last a little cloud,
Scarce broader than the human hand,
Spreading and swelling till it broke
In showers on all the herbless land;

And hearts were glad, and shouts went up,
And praise to Israel's mighty God,
As the sere hills grew green again,
And verdure clothed the naked sod;

Even so our eyes have waited long,
But now a little cloud appears,
Spreading and swelling as it glides
Onward into the coming years.

Bright cloud of Liberty, full soon,
Far stretching from the ocean strand,
Thy glorious folds shall spread abroad,
Encircling our beloved land.

Like that sweet rain on Judah's hills,
The glorious boon of love shall fall;
And our bond millions shall arise,
As at an angel's trumpet call.

Then shall a shout of joy go up,
The wild glad cry of Freedom come
From hearts long crushed by cruel hands,
And songs from lips long sealed and dumb—

And every bondsman's chain be broke,
And every soul that moves abroad
In this wide realm shall know and feel
The blessed liberty of God.

The *Queen City*, which was built by Messrs. Bidwell and Banta of Buffalo, and which came out this spring, is a beautiful boat, well built for running. Her length is 250 feet, breadth of beam 30¾ feet, depth of hold 12½ feet, diameter of cylinder 56¼ inches, length of the engine's stroke 9 feet. She is undoubtedly as near perfection as to model and arrangement as any steamboat west of the Hudson river. Capt. TITUS, her commander, is one of the oldest and best seamen that sail into Buffalo harbor. Mr. J. S. RICHARDS, the first mate, though a young man, has been on these lakes eight or ten years, and thoroughly understands the science of his profession. Mr. HUTTON is engineer and Mr. F. PARMELEE clerk. But with some, the most important personage is Mr. BUTTERFIELD, the steward. Travellers like to live well, and Mr. B. is the prince of good providers. No better tables are set on these lakes than on the Queen City.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We would be pleased to hear from our correspondents at Utica, Avon, Hamilton, New Hartford, Massilon, O. and some others who seem to have almost forgotten us.

A MOONLIGHT EXCURSION for the benefit of the Young Men's Association came off in the Steamer Niagara on Friday evening of last week. It was a brilliant affair.

THE DAGUERROTYPE, which may be found at T. Baker's, No. 4, East Seneca st., is a solid and most excellent work. It ought to be widely circulated.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for July, republished by Leonard Scott & Co., has been received. It commences a new volume. Now is the time to subscribe. A. Burke, under the Mansion House, is agent.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for August was received the first of the week. It is more richly embellished than any other number previously issued, and indeed goes ahead of all the magazines. Godey is not to be outdone.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL ALMANAC for 1848, published by Fowlers and Wells, has been issued; and, aside from the purposes of an almanac, it contains much interesting matter on a variety of subjects.

Particulars of French News.—The Paris Slaughter.

From Willmer & Smith's European Times

The details of the insurrection, which broke out in the Paris on the 23d ult., and which was so fearfully disastrous in its effects, are of so much interest and magnitude, that we have given them at length to the exclusion of minor intelligence from that city. Our columns, from time to time, have testified to the constant state of terror produced in Paris, by the conduct of the ultra-Republicans, aided by that of the *ouvriers*; and for some time previous to the 23d, the attention of the National Assembly had been directed to the best mode of counter-acting their schemes.

Origin of the Insurrection.

Pursuant to their determination to diminish the number of *ouvriers*, the Government directed that a draught of 3,000 of them, inhabitants of the provinces, should leave town on the 22d. They were supplied with money, and orders for their board and lodging. They left town, but halted outside the barriers, and there spent a large share of their expenses. About three o'clock a body, amounting to 400, returned, and paid a visit to the Executive Government. M. Marie presented himself to hear their grievances. He was addressed by the chief, but M. Marie refused to hear him, as he had been amongst those who attacked the Assembly on the 15th May, and he could not recognise him; then turning to the others, he said, "You are not the slaves of this man, you can explain your grievances." M. Marie entreated them not to be led into rebellion, and assured them that the Government was occupied with the consideration of measures for the improvement of their condition. The delegates withdrew, but did not give an account of their interview. On the contrary, they stated that M. Marie called them slaves. The laborers then commenced shouting "Down with the Executive Commission!" "Down with the Assembly!". Some of them attempted to force into the Church of St. Sulpice, with the intention of ringing the tocsin, but the gates were closed to prevent them. Thence they proceeded to the quays, singing, "We will remain; we will remain!" They next proceeded to the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau, and stationed themselves on the Place de la Bastile, crying, "Vive Napoleon!"

FRIDAY.

The Outbreak—Fatal Conflict at the Barricades.

On the morning of the 23d, at 4 o'clock, about 5000 of these men erected barricades at the Porte St. Denis and St. Martin. Many of them were armed with muskets. At about 10 they attacked a post of national guards, and attempted to disarm it. Resistance being made, the assailants fired, and the guard returned the fire. The people fled. At about 3 o'clock the *rappel* having been beaten for the national guards, nearly one-third turned out. A detachment of the second legion marched against a barricade, and called upon the men who guarded it to surrender. The answer was a discharge of musketry, on which the national guards fired, but after a few rounds they were overpowered and disarmed, and the workmen from the windows of the surrounding houses fired upon them. Three or four were killed, and several wounded. At a later hour the national guards came up in force, and opened a murderous fire on the barricades. The insurgents made an obstinate resistance, but at length abandoned the barricades and fled. Several national guards were killed; a Lieut. Col. and a Chief d'Escadron were wounded. From 30 to 40 of the people were killed in the attack. Gen. de Lamoriciere commanded the troops. The cry of the *emeutiers* was "Vive la Republique Democratique."

At an early hour the Place de la Concorde had been occupied by an immense body of troops, but very few of the National Guards were to be seen; the same was the case in the Faubourg St. Honore, the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue de la Paix, and the Boulevards. By three o'clock the Hotel de Ville, together with the barricades erected there, were occupied by troops. Bodies of the national guard were stationed at the Tuileries, but while on former occasions, the *rappel* had not been beaten for two hours before Paris witnessed 150,000 citizens under arms, although it beat for hours, there was not the tenth part of that number seen. In the evening the guard-house on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle was attacked by the insurgents, who after a few shots, fled. A small body of the national guards in the Rue d'Aboukir were fired at by the people; they retreated, several being killed and wounded. A similar conflict took place in the Rue de Clery, in which the national guards were successful. Before two o'clock the artillery was planted in a position to command the barricades on the Boulevards. Several barricades were carried by the troops, at the point of the bayonet, in the neighborhood of the Palais du Justice and the Faubourg St. Antoine. At five o'clock a force of artillery was sent up to the railroad St. Denis, when the second legion attacked the barricades at the Porte St. Denis, the national guards being fired upon by the insurgents, answered by a discharge in platoons, firing in the air. This was replied to by an effective discharge by the insurgents; after which the national guards discharged volleys for a quarter of an hour, to which the insurgents answered by a continual dropping fire like that of sharpshooters. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by these fusilades upon the masses which crowded the boulevards, who fled in terror. This was increased when the national guards, from want of amunition, retired before the insurgents.

Dreadful Struggles at the Porte St. Denis and St. Jacques.

In the course of the morning 500 men of the garde mobile were diarmed by a body of the insurgents, headed by an individual in the uniform of an officer of the national guard. At six o'clock the fighting continued, and the number of troops had been increased. 15 national guards were killed at the Porte St. Denis. By a fatal mistake two legions of the national guards fired on each other. The cries among the populace were various.—"Vive Henri V.!" "Vive Napoleon!" "Vive

la Republique !" were severally heard. A member of the Assembly raised a flag at the Porte St. Denis, bearing the inscription, "Du pain, au la mort." (Bread or death.) M. Caussidiere at this hour joined the members of the Executive Government on horseback, and they passed along the boulevards. The insurgents occupied a house in the Faubourg St. Denis, from which they fired on the troops. Two hundred prisoners were taken by the national guard on the Place de la Sorbonne.

At nine o'clock, the struggle in the quarter of St. Jacques was most terrible. The insurgents strongly barricaded, fired warmly on the national guard and the troops of the line, who replied.—Cannon was at work. The staff was at the Hotel de Ville. The artillery was at the Pont Notre Dame. The cannon fired from this point on the Rue de la Cite, and the bottom af the Rue St. Jacques, appeared to engage them very much.—Strong barricades existed in the Rue de la Harpe. Much blood was shed there, and Gen. Francois was wounded. In the course of the evening the insurgents captured a post of the garde mobile, and made them march with them. All round the Temple the town was in possession of the insurgents, who were defending themselves with intense energy. The platoon discharges replied to them every five minutes.

It was estimated that not less than 150,000 of the ouvriers and the dregs of the population of Paris and the banlieu were gathered together in the desperate attempt to make another revolution, and recover the mastery.

SATURDAY.

The City declared in a state of Siege.

On the morning of the 24th the Place de la Consorde was crowded with cuirassiers, lancers, and artillery. These troops, with infantry of the line, and the garde mobile occupied the Champs Elysees; the bridge opposite the Chamber and the quays on both sides were similarly filled. The gardens and palace of the Tuileries, and the Place Carousel, were filled with national guards. From nine till twelve o'clock the boulevards continued to be patrolled by troops.

Members of the Assembly also patrolled the principal streets about noon, each escorted by detachments of national guards. At one o'clock notice was given that the capital was declared in a state of seige, and all individuals except those in arms as national guards were ordered to remain in their houses. It was announced that the Executive Commission had abdicated, and that Gen. Cavaignac was appointed Provisional President of the Republic, with powers of a dictatorship. At two o'clock P. M. the streets were swept by columns of the national guard.

Official Decrees and Resignation of the Executive Government.

The following is the decree by which the National Assembly declared Paris in a state of siege:

Art. 1. The National Assembly remains *en permanence.*

Art. 2. Paris in a state of siege.

Art. 3. All power and authority is delegated to General Cavaignac.

The National Assembly also voted unanimously a decree by which the wives and children of the citizens who had fallen or might fall in the defence of order were to be adopted by the country.

After this decree was passed, the Executive Council resigned its powers in the following letter:

Monsieur le President—The Executive Committee would think it was wanting alike in its duty and its honor if it withdrew before sedition and a public peril. It withdraws only on a vote of the Assembly. In remitting to it the power with which it invested us, we return to the ranks of the National Assembly, to devote ourselves with you to the common danger, and to the safety of the republic.

LAMARTINE, ARAGO, LEDRU ROLLIN, GARNIER PAGES, MARIE, the members of the Executive Committee. PAGNARRE, Secretary.

24th June.

The following proclamation was published:

National Guards—As on all occasions, you have responded with courage to the appeal of the country. Wherever barricades have been set up by the factions, you have up to this moment destroyed them. Their colors, which are those of all pretenders, have been trampled by you under foot. In a few hours the republic has shown that, with the ever ready and ever spontaneously admirable succour of all its citizens, national guards, army, garde mobile, and garde republicaine, it has nothing to dread from factions. Citizens, you have done much in the interest of order and liberty, but remain on foot as long as there are duties to perform; and these duties are immense. Your enemies, the enemies of the country, are on the alert; be also on the alert. Be vigilant on every point, be vigilant during the whole night in every quarter. Be vigilant in order to secure the triumph of order and respect for property, if insensate men should dare to attack it. National guards of the great city, show to every body, by your attitude and your energy, that you are really the first children of the republic: and that you will defend it everywhere and against all enemies. (Signed by the members of the Executive Government.)

Very large detachments of national guards from the environs and farther points, arrived during the day, in the capital. From 1 till 4 o'clock all communication between the Madeleine and the Assembly and the eastern part of the town, was stopped. Detachments were placed in the Foreign office, and across all the streets leading towards the Palais Royal and the eastern quarters.

On the dictatorship being conferred on General Cavaignac, he issued the following notice:—If at noon the barricades are not removed, mortars and howitzers will be brought, and by which shells will be thrown which will explode behind the barricades, and in the apartments of the houses occupied by the insurgents.

Defeat of the Insurgents at the Pantheon.

At half-past 3 the insurgents were driven to the Pantheon and there surrounded; they fought desperately and with a courage which would be admirable if devoted to a just cause. The Pantheon was recovered from the insurgents, after 300 discharges of cannon, about 5 o'clock.

Fourteen battalions of the line and the 21st regiment were around the chamber during the day. A battery of artillery with matches lighted were on the quay. Under the peristyle of the chamber two field howitzers were placed. The cuirassiers were in great force on the Place de la Concorde.

Desperate Contest and Slaughter at the Church of St. Severin and the Clos St. Lazare.

The contest near the Northern Railway was most desperate. The head-quarters of the insurgents was the Church of St. Severin, situate in the quarter of St. Jacques, near the river. The fortress and citadel was the Faubourg St. Antoine, occupied and barricaded throughout. On the other side the insurrection was in the quarter of St. Marcel, St. Victor, and the lower part of the quarter St. Jacques. Paris was thus lapped in a large semicircle by a line of fortifications. The Clos St. Lazare was fortified so as to be rendered almost impregnable. It was protected by immense bar-

ricades, and the insurgents were entrenched in an hospital now erecting. This post was connected with advanced works extending to the heights of the Faubourgs St. Denis, St. Martin, La Chapelle, La Villette, the Temple, the quarter called Popincourt, and the Faubourg St. Antoine.—There was great slaughter here. The national guards arrived from Poissy and Pontoise drew up before the barricade of the Clos St. Lazare, and at the first fire fifty of them fell.

The Pantheon the insurgents defended with four pieces of cannon. They had also seized the College Henry IV. behind it, and this church was the key of the position extending through the quarter of St. Jacques to the church of St. Severin. According to the *Siecle*, there were 1500 national guards lying dead in the church of St. Severin, who fell in the slaughter at this spot.

The church St, Gervais, immediately behind the Hotel de Ville, had to be taken from the insurgents with cannon. The bridge of Notre Dame had to be swept by cannon, as well as the Quai aux Fleurs. A house of business, six stories high, called "La Belle Jardiniere," on this quay, was demolished by cannon-balls. It had been taken possession of by the insurgents. At six o'clock, by the reduction of the place Lafayette, the Clos St. Lazare was isolated.

Horrid Butcheries by both the Troops and Insurgents.

A dreadful act of butchery was committed on this day (Saturday) by the insurgents at one of the barricades in the Faubourg St. Germain.—They had taken five of the garde mobile prisoners, and held them apart without injury. Hearing, however, that the troops of the line were coming down in force, they determined to abandon the barricade, but at the same time they came to another terrible determination, which they forthwith carried into execution—they cut the throats of the five prisoners! The lifeless bodies of the unfortunate lads, for none of them had exceeded the age of eighteen, were found still warm when the troops of the line and a party of the guard mobile came up. This act had the effect of exciting the most intense exasperation, and particularly amongst the garde mobile. 1500 of the insurgents had surrendered on the Place du Pantheon. These men were being led across the garden of the Luxembourg, when a large body of the garde mobile, who were then guarding the palace and gardens, being unable to restrain their desire of vengeance for their murdered comrades, sent a volley into the body thus passing, and killed upwards of 100.

Prisoners were brought in from time to time to the building in which the National Assembly sits. Amongst one batch of twenty-five was a young girl dressed in male attire, who was most active in supplying ammunition to the insurgents.

List of Killed and Wounded.

The wounds of General Bedeau, M. Clement Thomas, and M. Dornes were not severe, but they were confined to their beds. It was hoped that the life of M. Bixio would be saved. M. Bixio was Minister Plenipotentiary of the Republic at Turin, and a representative of the people.

M. Amadee Thayer has died of his wounds. He was the son-in-law of General Bertrand, the friend of Napoleon.

The 24th regiment had lost 200 men. The 29th regiment had suffered severely. A party coming from Amiens to the assistance of the insurgents, had been stopped at St. Denis and disarmed.

The number of dead and severely wounded is terrific. The following statement was given: "Commander Mason, killed; General Francais, killed: Aascal, Lieut. Colonel, 11th legion, killed; the Representants Vavin and Kuinet, killed.

SUNDAY.

Hostilities Recommenced — Reinforcement of Troops—Numerous Arrests of the Populace.

On Sunday morning the insurgents had collected in those quarters of the faubourgs which are beyond the Canal St. Martin, and in the Faubourg Poissonniere. Every house in La Villette and La Chapelle was converted into a fort, and every window was a loophole.

On the Place Maubert, after two hours, the insurgents were driven out, and took refuge at the top of the Rue St. Victor. The troops followed, and kept up a fire on them In the Faubourg St. Marceau the insurgents defended their barricades with obstinacy. At this point the women threw boiling oil and water from the windows on the troops.

Regiments of the line, infantry and cavalry, continued to arrive during the morning from the departments. At six several legions of National Guards from the provinces marched into Paris.—The quarter of the capital around the Chamber and the Tuileries was literally covered with troops, who bivouacked in the streets and places. The Place de la Concorde and Champs Elysees presented the aspect of a camp.

The engineers soon began the work of mining the houses where the insurgents had taken refuge, the staircases of which had been destroyed. Several thousand prisoners were taken among the insurgents; many of them were immediately shot. The vaults of Notre Dame, the Louvre, the Tuileries, and the assembly, were filled with them.

All circulation through the streets was interdicted, except to such as were armed as National Guards, or those who bore passes, or servants going for the necessary articles of provisions.

Vehicles from the Pompes Funebres were seen passing everywhere, to carry away the dead.—Never was such a spectacle witnessed as Paris presented.

The Faubourg St. Antoine attacked by the Troops, with great Slaughter—Determined Stand of the Insurgents.

A delay allowed the insurgents in the Faubourg St. Antoine to surrender having expired without any reply, the operations commenced. The first barricade was vigorously attacked and carried, but not without considerable slaughter on the side of the assailants. Col. Banaud, of the 48th regt. of the line, and several officers, were killed.—General Bouquet, of the engineers, arrived at the Place de la Bastille, with the firemen and sappers.—Some houses were in an instant blown up, and several barricades thus turned were captured without loss. On some points the insurgents had dug trenches, against which artillery was unavailable. They fired from within, and, on the approach of the troops, escaped through passages opened in the cellars of the houses.

A large body sallied from the suburb towards noon, entered the island of St. Louis, and formed a barricade on the Pont des Tournelles, which was undergoing repairs. They were then kept in check by troops stationed in the wine stores on the opposite side, and were actually placed within two fires. The enclosure of St. Lazare was reoccupied in the morning by the insurgents, who carried away ten small pieces of artillery belonging to the Chateau Rouge, which they loaded with stones and pieces of broken bottles. On the Quay de la Megisserie some ruffians fired from a window on a battalion of troops of the line, and escaped by a back door in the street. Others were, at the same time, erecting a barricade close by, in the Rue de Bethizy; but a patrol of National Guards dispersed them, and they fled, throwing their arms in the streets. A battery of

artillery had been placed on the hill of Montmartre, and measures were adopted to prevent the insurgents from gaining possession of that important position.

At two o'clock it was announced that a resolution had been taken by Gen. Cavaignac to bombard Montmartre. Several places in the Clos St. Lazare and its environs were set on fire by the insurgents.

The combat continued during the day on many points, but became isolated on all for want of communication. The insurgents still held out in the Faubourgs St. Antoine and du Temple, on the heights of Montmarte, and the Barriere St. Denis. At the Faubourg St. Antoine barricades had been made, and were still occupied by the insurgents, but no attempt was made to take them: the troops surrounded them to oblige the insurgents to lay down their arms. At the Faubourg du Temple, the Rue du Faubourg was occupied by the line, by the pompiers, and the garde national or garde mobile, but they were still fighting on the banks of the canal. The boulevard was also occupied by the troops to the top of the Rue Filles du Calvaire. The barricade of the Barriere Rochechouart was taken. At Montmartre they were still fighting, but the firing was stayed until the Clos St. Lazare was carried by assault; the greater number of insurgents found there were taken prisoners. About 6,000 muskets and ammunition were taken.

MONDAY.

Suppression of the Insurrection on the left Bank—the Archbishop of Paris acting as Mediator.

On Monday morning there was an awful stillness. Few individuals were seen, and no carriages, except ammunition wagons and those which brought supplies for the soldiers. The "generale" was beaten at 5 o'clock in all quarters.

At 9 o'clock the President of the Assembly called together the members then in the palace, and announced that the insurgents were altogether suppressed on the left banks of the river; on the right bank the Faubourg du Temple was taken in the night; the barrier of the Temple was free: the Faubourg St. Antoine alone resisted.

On a mission of peace of the Archbishop of Paris and the representatives Larabit, Galli-Cazale, and Drault, four delegates of the insurgents presented an address to the Assembly, demanding an armistice, and promising to surrender the Faubourg on condition of preserving their titles and rights of citizens. The President replied, that if they wished to re-enter the ranks of the Republic they must destroy their barricades themselves and make their submission. If the barricades were not destroyed, General Lamoriciere, and General Perrot, who took the command of the Hotel de Ville after General Duvivier was wounded, were simultaneously to attack the two opposite sides of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

TUESDAY.

Results of the Insurrection.

On Tuesday morning the rappel was beaten again. The barriers were strictly guarded.

An exact estimate of the loss of life, and the number of wounded was unattainable. The prisoners taken among the insurgents were immediately deposited in the vaults and dungeons under the Tuileries, the Louvre, the Palais Royal, the Chamber of Deputies, the Hotel de Ville, and in the various prisons. Four or five of the members of the Assembly were among the killed and about as many the wounded. Fourteen general officers have been put *hors du combat*, several being killed. The loss in superior officers has been greater than in the most brilliant engagements during the wars of Napoleon.

Although the insurrections was considered quelled, it was not expected that the capital would be altogether free from partial distrurance for many days. A body of the insurgents who had not submitted, and intrenched themselves in the cemetery Pere la Chaise, and other detached bodies had taken refuge in La Vil ette and other parts of the northern and eastern "Banlieue." They were surrounded by some regiments of infantry, and summoned to lay down their arms. They refused, excepting on condition that they should be set at liberty, appeared to be preparing to make some resistance, when some shots went off from their side, one of which struck a soldier. The troops imagined themselves betrayed, and without further ceremony opened a murderous fire upon the insurgents, drove them from their position in the cemetery into the neighboring vineyards, and as quarter was no longer the order of the day, almost every one of the unhappy men were destroyed. In other parts of the same neighborhood a vast number of prisoners were taken, who were carried into Paris.

The leaders and instigators of the insurrection are to be brought before a court-martial, and tried as rebels taken in arme. The other prisoners are to be immediately sent beyond the seas.

The Bureaux have named a committee to investigate the affairs of the 15th May, and the cause of the insurrection on the 23rd of June. The commissioners named *are* M. M. Pougeard, Waldeck, Rousseau, de Darcy, Delespaul, Wirhape, Laudrin, Odilon Barrot, de Beaumont (Symme,) Goudehaux, Flandin, Beauchart, do Mornay Dahirel Lanjuinais, and Latrade.

A great number of the insurgents were led away by demagogues and if some of them had money a very great portion were induced by excess of misery.

A Female Pedestrian.—A woman of about thirty-five years of age arrived in our city a few days ago, from New Jersey, accompanied by an idiot child seven years old. She says the whole distance from New Jersey to Evansville was accomplished on foot, carrying at the same time her child and a heavy bundle. At Evansville, the kindness of some citizens procured her a passage on a boat to this city. Upon her arrival, being entirely destitute of means, she applied to Major Armor, keeper of the calaboose, for assistance.—That gentleman immediately made her condition known, and raised a sufficient amount to take her to her friends, who reside on Spoon river, in Illinois. She represented that her family—four in number—died shortly previous to her leaving New Jersey, and having no relations in that section of country, made this extraordinary effort, after a failure to obtain sufficient means, to reach her friends in the west.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Wood-Carving.—This has hitherto been a slow and expensive process, which seemed to set machinery at defiance, But *Invention*, which in other branches of art has achieved such wonders, has at length extended its triumphs to this. By a process, the nature of which we do not understand, perfect *fac similes* can be produced, of the most rich and costly carvings, at a cost so low as to bring them within the reach of all. Samples of panels, &c., produced by this process have been shown us, and are all that could be desired. In one hour, a machine will turn out work that would occupy the most skilful manual laborer weeks, if not months. A patent for the invention has been secured, both in England (where it originated) and in the United States.—*Tribune.*

O! Listen, Man.

The following impressive passage is from the "Husband and Wife's Grave," a poem by Richard H. Dana. It is worthy of its transcendent subject, and appeals with deepest significance to the inner consciousness of man.

A voice within us speaks the startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it around our souls; according harps,
By angel-fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality!
Thick, clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
O, listen ye, our spirits! drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating in day's setting glories; night,
Wrapp'd in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears:
Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast, mystic instrument are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in the great jubilee:
The dying hear it, and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

VIOLATING THE SABBATH.—A rigid Sabbatarian, who occasionally exhorts in Church, and fills the office of Justice of the Peace in a Western village, not long since, went on a deer hunt, with a party composed of five or six young hunters. By some unaccountable mistake he lost his reckoning, and much to his mortification he found, on reference to his papers on the third day of the hunt, that it was Sunday, when he had supposed it was Saturday. He opened the morning with prayer, and told his companions that as a Christian and a Magistrate, he could not hunt that day, and accordingly drew forth his pocket-Bible and commenced reading.

His wordly-minded companions, who thought with the Baltimore bank men, that 'there were no Sabbaths in revolutionary times,' took the hounds and started in pursuit of game. It was not long before the whole pack were in full cry, and the worthy Magistrate, on looking up from the sacred volume, discovered a fine buck making for the camp. Without a minute's deliberation, he seized a loaded rifle and plugged the deer between the antlers.

"Gentlemen," said he, when his friends came to the spot, "it is contrary to the laws of Moses and the Revised Statutes of Pennsylvania, to travel on Sunday, and for that reason I shot that fellow, still I have violated the Sabbath as a Christian, while I have maintained the dignity of the law as a Magistrate, and acting in the latter capacity."

"If we should scare up another?"

"*I'd shoot the rascal for travelling on Sunday!*"

Price Current—July 19, 1848.

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Pork, bbl.	$10	Chickens, each	12½@18¾
Do slaugh. cwt.	$5 00	Ducks, each	18¾
Beef, cwt.	$4 50@5 00	Clover seed, bu.	$3 50
Butter, lb	10½@12½	Timothy seed, bu.	$2 00
Lard, lb	6¼@6¾	Flax seed, bu	$1 00
Cheese, lb	5@8	Whitefish, bbl.	$7 25
Hams, lb	5@5¾	Codfish, cwt.	—
Shoulders, lb	3@3½	Potatoes, bu.	75@1 00
Corn meal, cwt.	$1 00	Salt, bbl	$1 22
Wheat, bu.	75@92	Apples, bu	1 25
Corn, bu.	36½@37	Dried apples, bu.	87½
Oats, bu.	32½@32½	Onions, bu	$1
Slaughter hides, lb	3½	Eggs, doz	12
Dry hides, lb	7½@9	Saleratus, lb	6½
Calf, lb	6½	Soap, lb	4@5
Sheep, slaughtered, lb	35@75	Whiskey, gall.	18
Lamb, slaughtered, lb.	18¾	Highwines, gall.	20
Hard wood, cord	$3 00	Lead, cwt.	$4 00
Hemlock, cord	$2 00	Beans, bu	$1
Bit. (O.) coal, ton	$5 50	Wool, lb	20@30
Blossburgh, ton	—	Hay, ton	$8

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
Western Literary Messenger.

VOLUME ELEVEN.

The time has come when Buffalo, with a population of forty-five thousand inhabitants, is able to support a MONTHLY MAGAZINE; consequently, on the first of September, the Messenger will be merged into such a periodical, and be issued promptly on the first of each month.—It will be printed on new type and beautiful white paper, the pages to remain the present size, and their number to be the same as the Columbian Magazine and the three dollar periodicals generally. The pages, however, will be set in solid matter, and thus afford, at least one fifth more reading on an equal space, than is ordinarily found in magazines, making the Messenger, with the terms unaltered, the cheapest monthly magazine of which we have any knowledge.

The features of the publication will not be materially altered, except that the monthly summary of news, foreign, domestic and local, will all be carefully sifted, by the editor, re-written and condensed; and such incidents mainly, will be recorded, as will be embraced in the future history of our city, the country and the world. The literary department will be composed of the choicest selected miscellany and original articles on the greatest variety of subjects—such as will tend to instruct as well as amuse.—The publication of the lectures before the Young Men's Association we are happy to say, will be continued, probably one a month. These are the most useful reading we can give, and the fact that our country subscribers are pleased with them, speaks well for their taste and mental cultivation.

Mr. J. CLEMENT, to whose energy and ability the Messenger owes, in a great measure, its wide circulation and high reputation, will remain the Editor.

The terms of the publication for single subscribers and clubs in the country, will remain the same as heretofore. City subscribers, whose copies are delivered, will be charged $1.75 instead of $2, 0. Will our present subscribers, and all persons friendly to the work, aid in extending its circulation. Old subscribers who have had it in clubs heretofore, can receive it another year at the same rate, allowing the money is forwarded strictly in advance.

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Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1848. NO. 26.

For the Western Literary Messenger.

A November Day in Midsummer.

How sensitive to sadness such a day
As this doth make the soul—there seems a deep
And deadening dimness which doth slowly creep
Upon our very lives, and steal away
The bliss of being. Then the gushing play
Of that bright fount, existence, seems to sleep
Within our pulseless hearts. We cannot keep
Awake to all the beings bright that stray—
The myriad beautiful and happy things
That are rejoicing 'round us, and a shroud
Binds the benummed soul, or it is filled
With shapeless phantoms; and a thick dark cloud
Seems hovering o'er us with its damp cold wings
Till heart, and soul, and breath seem clogged and chilled.

ROYALTON, N. Y., July 16, 1848. J. H. BIXBY.

A Tale of the Desert.

FROM THE FRENCH.

In these days of diffusive benevolence and sentimentality, when acts of individual devotion and generosity seem to be forgotten, or their performance deemed unnecessary, by the constant increasing influence of combinations and societies of all sorts and names, the following incidents, related by Dumas, in his "Le Sinai," have a peculiar beauty and significance—not the less to me, because the actors belonged to a race whom we, in our self-righteousness, are accustomed to style, "poor' benighted heathen." The unwearied devotion of the poor, old father touches the heart, but the disinterested generosity of that wild Arab of the Desert claims our admiration and reverence—it was heroic; nay, more—it was Christ-like.

All travellers speak enthusiastically of the beauty of the valley of the Nile. Annually, God causes the water to overflow the banks, thus performing a miracle, as it were, for the benefit of the whole nation; but the pacha alone reaps the profits. The harvests along the fertile banks, from Daimetta to Elphantine, are his. Beyond this limit live many independent wandering tribes, whose riches, like those of the patriarchs of old, consist in their flocks and herds.

The nearest are the negro tribes of Darfaur and Kardofur, and, more than once, the pacha has made them feel that they constituted a part of his dominions, by raising human contributions, instead of those paid in golden grain by his subjects, in Lower Egypt and the Delta. Once in five or six years, he sends a regiment of cavalry, and some companies of infantry, into those regions, and then commences a chase, similar to those in which the princes of India pursue the wild beasts of the jungles.

A great circle is formed, which gradually converges towards some given point—usually a mountain—which forms the centre. Old men and young, women, children, and cattle, all retreat before the fearful band which surrounds them, until like the wild beasts of Camboul and Deccan, all the different races are crowded at the base, side or summit of a mountain, which they cover like a moving, parti-colored carpet, while the rocks echo with their fearful cries, uttered in twenty different idioms.

Then commences one of those scenes of which we, in Europe have no conception. Some preferring death to slavery, sell their lives as dearly as possible, or throw themselves from the rocks into the deep abysses below—the feeble in body and mind, crawl, like reptiles, into the deep caverns from which they are forced by the fire and smoke.

Then a selection is made. All that will serve as slaves, servants, soldiers or mistresses, are taken, conducted in droves to the banks of the Nile, and go to people the bazars of Cairo, Suez and Alexandria, or to swell the armies of the pacha.

None but old men and children are left in their villages. All the intermediate generation disappears in a day, as at that time, when Jehovah to punish the oppressors of his people, struck the first-born of Pharaoh, seated on the throne, to the first-born of the maiden that turned the mill

The caravan of slaves thus taken from Kordafar and Darfaur, follow the banks of the White River to its junction with the Nile—then, as that river makes a circuit of about fifty leagues or so to the north, the stern drivers of this troop of men deem it a waste of time to follow its course longer. Preparations are then made to traverse the seventy leagues of desert that extend between Halfay, where they leave the Nile, and Korti, where they again strike its course. Water and provision for eight days, are taken, and the whole caravan plunges into that sea of sand beneath the burning sun of the tropics. Once in motion, nothing is permitted to arrest their march Necessity drives them; she unleashes behind them those demons of the desert, hunger and thirst, and through the whole day they speed onward, like waves before a tempest.

The weak and weary fall, but no one stops to raise them; the mothers, who have not been forced to leave their babes behind, lie down with them in their arms, by the way-side, and *remain there*. The hyenas and jackalls follow in the rear, as the wolves followed the army of Attila, while each night is passed at some ancient station, recognised only by the scattered bones, and, each morning, on departing, they leave behind several corses to augment the fearful ossuary Sometimes it happens that the Simoon rises like a giant, and shakes over them his wings of fire, until master and slave disappear beneath the Nubian sand, like the army of Cambyses, in the desert of Ammon. Then the pacha awaits his soldiers and prisoners in vain—he makes anxious inquiries, but their voices are silent—their footsteps effaced, they have disappeared like a single man, under whose feet the earth has suddenly opened.

Such was the account given by Malek, the wandering Arab, who joined our encampment at night fall. Eighteen months before he had started as guide to an English traveller, from Cairo, and had followed the Nile, to the mouth of the White river, where, as the traveller wished to continue his journey across Abyssinia, he expressed a wish to return to his tribe. The traveller payed him double the sum he had promised, and dismissed him. Malek purchased a

camel, and set his face toward home, following no particular route, after the manner of the Arabs, guided only by the stars.

He reached Kordovan, and traversed its entire length, now bivouacking with his camel, wanting like that, both water and food, now asking hospitality at the door of some *poor* negro cabin, where, to his great astonishment, he invariably found none but old men, ready to fall into the grave, and young children. On the northern frontier of the State, two days journey from Obeid, its capital if such a collection of huts deserves the name, he was hospitably entertained in a cabin, containing, as usual, an old negro and a young child. The old man and the child both wept bitterly—one asking for his daughter, and the other for its mother. The former recognised Malek as an Arab of Lower Egypt, and related to him the above history.

When the troops of the pacha swept the country the last time, his son-in-law, after defending his family to the last, preferring death to slavery, threw himself from a rock: the daughter was carried into slavery, and the old man and young child left behind as useless.

Taking the child by the hand, the old man left his home, followed the chain of mountains that extend from Darfaur to the Red Sea, and along the banks of the White river, until he arrived at Senaar, or the Blue river. There bent every day, for six months, over the water, he sought the gold dust which is mingled with it. Part of this he exchanged for the plumes of the ostrich, and returned into Kordofar, with wealth sufficient to ransom his daughter. But, feeble and old, exhausted by his long journey, and months of labor, his strength failed him: he could not reach Cairo, and had lain down in his cabin, to weep over his useless wealth, when Malek came and begged his hospitality.

When the old man had finished the relation of his misfortunes, Malek said—

"The tents of my tribe are near Mount Sinai. Sinai is eight day's journey from Cairo. Give me thy gold dust and thy ostrich feathers; I will go to Cairo and ransom thy child."

When he encountered us in the desert, Malek had nobly fulfilled the sacred promise he had made to the old negro, and was on his way to rejoin his family, after an absence of eighteen months.—*Nonpariel.*

The Nautilus.—The interesting poetical fiction connected with the argonaut or paper nautilus, wherein it is represented as sailing on the surface of the sea, its fragile shell forming the hull of its vessel, the two expanded membranous arms being erected and acting as sails, while the six tapering arms were used as oars, has, for ages, rendered that animal an object of interest; and notwithstanding that these particulars have been proved fictitious, recent researches into its true history have shown the mollusk to be no less deserving consideration from its every-day actions, than from the exploded functions poetically ascribed to it. From the excessive thinness of the beautiful shell, to which by the way, the animal has no muscular attachment, and its extreme fragility, it is constantly liable to fracture by being tossed about at the mercy of the waves. When this happens, and it is no unusual occurrence, the animal instinctively repairs the fracture by a new deposition of shelly matter to the broken portion, by means of the membranous mantle. This circumstance, observed in a number of argonauts kept in confinement in an open cage sunk in the Bay of Messina, by Madame Power, removed the doubts of naturalists as to the animal being really the architect of its own habitation; since the regular increase in the size of the shell to correspond with the growth of the animal was witnessed, as well as the power of repairing the shell when broken either intentionally or accidentally. —*Westminster Review.*

The Moral Dignity and Influence of Humble Life.

True dignity of character is as often found in the ranks of humble life, as in the higher conditions of society. The humble occupations of life are, perhaps, quite as congenial to virtue, as are those dignified with a higher place in the conventional arrangements of society. They are, doubtless, more so. The occupations of the Farmer well illustrate this. All his acts have a direct relation to, and a close connexion with the laws of God, as instituted for the sustenance of life—the ultimate end of the highest moral virtue. He casts the seed into the earth—a picture of humility; and the very highest order of moral dignity is only accessible to the foot of humility. Obedience to law, faith and hope, are impressed upon his mind, at every turn. The teachings of his daily toil are those of omnipotent truth, and his labors are productive only as they are in harmony with immutable laws. As he looks out upon his lands, especially at this season of the year, he may "drink in" beauty and loveliness; and if the farmer does not grow in moral dignity, it is not because God does not urge him to do so by every argument that can be addressed to him through his honest, severe, but glorious occupation. There is a voice in every thing around him, and in all the landscape that skirts the walk of life, that woos him on to virtue.

The social affections in humble life are strengthened by its condition of dependence. The practice of the highest order of moral duties is essential to true dignity, and therefore, in humble life are often found the brightest examples of moral worth, although they may, and often do escape the notice of the world.

A humble parent, who has drank at the fountain of pure morality, whose very condition is the plainest path to that fountain, and who is moved toward it with an intensity of affection that a humble condition only can inspire, is a sublime spectacle of moral dignity that kings may well envy. See that widowed mother, for instance, whose very existence here is wrapped up in that of a large family of children, dependent on her daily labors for the food they eat, the clothes they wear, and all that makes life possible, endurable, or its manner respectable. Notice the servitude to which she nerves her mind! notice the humility which she moves to her purpose! notice the thousand ingenious shifts and contrivances to which her mind resorts, to make her labors acceptable to those for whom she is employed, and then the hundred other turns, to make the little pittance count as much as it can be made to do, in furtherance of her holy object! Is there no moral dignity there? Do not angels of mercy commune with her? Every tear of sympathy that falls in secret, is it not weighed in a balance that gives no false meaning, and is it not counted and laid up for her as "treasure in heaven?"

We do not say, that moral dignity does not exist in the higher walks of life; but, we do say, that, strip the examples that this condition furnish of their artificial embellishments, and perhaps even pride might look a little surprised at the comparison with the examples of those who walk along through life without display or ostentation, and who are not troubled much, even if their labors are not appreciated, nor their motives understood by those who have no power to apprehend them.

The true nature, dignity and influence of humble life, have, doubtless, never been fully understood. The great body of the People belong to, or claim kindred with this class. It is the hope of our country. When corruption in high places has put the nation in jeopardy, then this great power moves itself, and sets all things right. It stops not to inquire the way of those who would only misdirect them. By the plain quiet fireside, in the humble and unpretending cabin, with none to overawe, 'molest or make afraid,' the mind has looked out upon the strife which corruption breeds, and knowing no party but truth, virtue and honor, it consigns corruption to its fate—a fate that always awaits it when it becomes dangerous.

How admirably our political system is arranged! including in its composition the important element of self-renovation—securing its perpetuity! The humble and virtuous mother, prompted by a mother's affection, in imparting moral instruction to her darling boy, with an earnestness and interest of which a mother only is capable, may not be aware that she is contributing an important portion to that element which is to preserve her country and its institutions, and ameliorate the condition of the world!

Intellectual Reading.—As *understanding what is read* is the great rule for good reading, children should be *habituated* from the first, to give an uninterrupted attention to the meaning of what they read. With this view, they should be frequently and regularly called upon to close their books, and to give in their own language the substance of the sentence or passage just read. Such questioning, it is evident, fixes the attention of the children upon the subject of their lesson; and the answering in their own words, gives them a habit of expressing themselves in suitable language.

At first, and perhaps for a considerable time, teachers will find some difficulty in applying the *explanatory* or *intellectual* method. Children will often be slow to speak, or perhaps silent, even when able to give the required explanation, and time, so precious in a large school, will, in consequence, be lost. But this is because they have not been *accustomed* to give explanations. "Exercise them," therefore, from the beginning, "as much as possible upon the *meaning* of such words and sentences as admit of being defined and explained." *Begin with the easiest and most familiar words;* and express yourself satisfied with almost any explanation the child may be able to give—provided he has a conception of its meaning. Do not *wait* for, or *expect* accurate, or *any definitions* from children. Encourage them to say *just what they think of it*, and they will learn to describe it with ease and correctness.

Flood in Canada.—A correspondent of the Journal of Quebec, writing from St. Paul's Bay under date of 5th inst., says that a heavy rain of 24 hours on the 3d caused a rise in the river Du Gouffre, of twelve feet at least, which caused it to overflow its banks North and South, carrying away mills, bridges, wharves, trees, and every thing it met with. Is enveloped the whole of the village on the North side, throwing down bridges, fences, &c., and forming deep ravines in its devious course. Nearly all the bridges were carried away, and the scows and passenger boats having shared the same fate, the inhabitants were without any means of communication with each other.—Wood yards were completely emptied of their contents of timber and plank. A schooner had disappeared, gone no one knows whither. The damage must be very great.

The Seventeen Year Locust Again.

From the Rochester Daily Advertiser.

As this Locust now abounds in the counties of Monroe, Livingston, and some others, the first question asked is, *the reason of the name?* Linneas called it *Cicada septem decem*, because the cycle of its appearance is *seventeen* years. It appeared in this county in 1814, 1831, and 1848; in Orange county in 1775, 1792, 1809 and 1826; and at Marietta, Ohio, in 1795, 1812, 1829 and 1846. The earliest record I have seen, is in Pennsylvania, in 1715.

Its re-appearance in seventeen years had been noticed and recorded long before the earliest of these years. It is, however, evident, that in different and distinct sections of the country, its re-appearance has not been in the same years.—From Florida to Maryland and Pennsylvania, it has appeared the same year, but not the same as in the eastern part of Massachusetts, in this county, on the Susquehanna in Pennsylvania, and in Ohio.

It is very different from *Cicada Canicularis*, the Locust which annually appears in small numbers in July. The seventeen year Locusts come in vast multitudes, covering fences at first, and filling the air and forests, and often producing a roar by their buzz which is really stunning, and greatly annoying to the inhabitants. During a shower their din ceases wholly.

The *time* of their appearance differs in different climates; much earlier in Georgia than in this state, and earlier too in the same place in the warmer seasons and warmer soils. This year they appeared in Mendon in this county, on a warm and dry soil, covered with winter wheat, on May 27th. The grubs crept from their holes in the earth, upon the herbage, trees, fences, &c., fastened themselves by their strong claws, and burst open on their backs, and the Locust came forth with his six legs, two pairs of wings, a bill or probosis for sucking up the gum, honey and mucilage on the surface of the leaves, (for this is their food,) and the males furnished with their drum and air-sacks for their music, and the females furnished with a cutter and borer for depositing their eggs in the branches of trees. They live till this work is finished, or about a month.

In about sixty days the young grubs, hatched from the small eggs, having eat out from the bark or wood, moved by a wonderful instinct, give up their hold upon the twigs and fall to the earth. They are then small, having six legs, two well fitted for digging, and at once make their way into the earth, there to live and grow for nearly seventeen years. When they come to the surface to be transformed into a Locust, they are about an inch long, and more than one-fourth of an inch in diameter, strong, plump, a good looking grub, and so fat that they are excellent food for turkeys and hogs, and have been made into good soap. That they find food enough in the earth, is obvious from their growth and condition. The Locusts seem to be harmless insects, not injurious to vegetation, except as the limbs of trees are destroyed by the eating out of the young.

I have heard of one authentic instance of the female stinging a person and inflicting a severe wound. The insects had been put into a hat, which was then worn, and the stinging was probly in self-protection and self-defence. Y. D.

Mr. Brownson denounces the Italian liberals, who are laboring in behalf of the regeneration of their native land, as "miscreants—the spawn of hell, who are doing their best to desolate Europe, and replunge the nations civilized by Christianity, into the darkness of barbarism." That will do.—*Boston Transcript.*

LAURA BRIDGMAN AND HER BARREL OF FLOUR.—We wonder if any of our young friends have not heard or read something of this interesting American girl? If there are any of our young readers to whom the story of Laura Bridgman is unknown, we would merely say, that she is a young girl, in the Institution for the Blind, in Boston, Mass., United States of America, deaf, dumb and blind. Just think of that condition a moment. Every avenue to her mind is cut off, except the sense or feeling. We believe that her sense of smelling is impaired so as to render her insensible to the sweet breath of flowers. Poor girl, had she been born among the heathen, she would have been left to perish as a worthless thing, to whom life was of no value. But there were those who saw in her a candidate for immortal glory, a being that could be made to sing, and hear the angels sing in heaven, and see and taste all the beatitudes enjoyed there by spirits that never were pent in clayey tabernacles as windowless as hers on earth. And they went to work and educated that single sense of feeling to the nicest susceptibilities. And they made a wooden alphabet, wooden model of ideas, all that had been, are and shall be in the world. And these she touched most thoughtfully, as if listening for the music of a new existence; and wonderful! her fingers' ends became endowed with faculties almost miraculous, and filled her mind with astonishing revelations of things present, past and to come. Her little white, whispering, loving, listening fingers touched the record of the olden years, beyond the flood, till they felt the branches of the forbidden tree, and the locks of murdered Abel, and the surges that beat against Noah's helmless ark, and the cradle of the Hebrew baby in the bullrushes, and the tremulous base of Sinai, and David's harp, and the face of the infant Emmanuel in the manger, and the nails that fastened him to the cross, and their deep prints, that unbelieving Thomas felt after the resurrection; and with his faith, on shorter evidence, she had cried, in the voiceless language of the heart: "My Lord! and my God!"

How she plied at morning, noon and night, those fingers! wonderful fingers! It seemed that the very finger of God had touched them with miraculous susceptibilities of fellowship with the spirit world and that around her. She put them upon the face of his written word, and felt them thrilled to her heart with the pulsation of great thoughts of love to man. And then she felt for others' woe.

Poor child! God bless her richly. She reached her short arms to feel after some less happy than she in the condition of this life! some whose fingers' end had not reached such sweet paragraphs of heaven's mercy as hers had done; some who had not seen, heard and felt, what her dumb, silent, deaf-fingers have brought into her heart of joy, hope and love. Think of that ye young eyes and ears that daily feast upon the beauty and melody of this outer world. Within the atmosphere of her quick sensibilities are felt the presence of those whose cup was full of affliction. She put her fingers, with her throbbing sympathies, upon the lean, bloodless faces of the famishing children of Ireland, and her sightless eyes filled with the tears that the blind may shed for griefs they cannot see. And she plied the needle with those fingers, and quickened their industry by placing them upon the slow, sickly pulse of want, that wasted her kind at noonday across the ocean.—Days and nights too—for days and nights were alike to her wakeful sympathies—and for weeks she wrought on with her needle. And then the embroidery of those fingers was sold to the merchants—would it had been sold to England's Queen, to be worn by the young princesses on days of state—it was sold and its purchase-price a barrel of flour instead of a country's harvest which it was well worth. And that barrel of flour was stowed away among the thousands that freighted the Jamestown on her recent mission of brotherly love to Ireland. That barrel of flour would that it might be to all the children of want in Ireland what the barrel of meal was to the household of her who entertained the prophet of old! Would, at least, that those whom it supplies with bread might know what fingers wrought for their sustenance!

Laura Bridgman and her barrel of flour should teach the world a lesson worth the woes of one year's famine. Let all the children of England and America learn that lesson by heart; and Ireland and the whole family of mankind will be the better for this visitation of want.—*Church of England Magazine.*

ASTRONOMICAL.—NAME OF THE PLANET (LAST) DISCOVERED, April 25, 1848. Extract of a letter dated Leipsic, 25th of May, from Dr. Jahn, editor of the "Wochentliche Unterhaltungen der Astronomie, Geographie, und Witterungskunde," to Lieut. Gilliss, U. S. N.:

"Should the astronomers of North America have under discussion a name and sign for the planet discovered at Markree Castle Observatory on the 25th of April by Mr. Graham, I take the liberty to request you will make known that I have already publicly proposed that its name shall be "*Diana*," and its symbol, a crescent transfixed with an arrow.

Neptune, *Iris* and *Hebe*, were also first proposed by me and adopted for the successively discovered planets."

Extract of a letter from Mr. Graham, printed in the "Monthly Notices" of the Royal Astronomical Society for May 12, 1848:

"Two names have been suggested to Mr. Cooper: "Thetis," with a wave for a symbol; and "Uretis," one of the oceanides, with an eye for the symbol. *Metis* (a *prudent plan* or *counsel*) is appropriate so far as the name is concerned, the discovery of the planet having resulted from a plan of observations devised by Mr. Cooper. He has directed me to choose, and I have selected the latter name, (Metis.) I trust, therefore, that astronomers will adopt this name, with an eye and star for symbol."

EDUCATION PROMOTIVE OF CIVIL LIBERTY.—To habituate our children from early life to rules of order, and to teach them justice, benevolence, sobriety, industry, truth and the fear of God, is no less necessary to perpetuate our liberties than to secure their personal enjoyment and respectability. This, indeed, goes into the correct idea of civilization, in distinction to barbarism. Whatever in the education and training of your children, goes to restrain and subdue bad passions, is so much gained on the score of civil liberty and social order.

"Kirwan" commences a series of letters in the New York Observer this week in reply to Bishop Hughes, who is writing against him in the Freeman's Journal. He proposes to follow him thro' all his arguments in vindication of the Roman Church. Sydney Smith, complaining of the proseiness of theological discussion, said it is usually conducted "as if sin was to be taken out of man like Eve out of Adam, putting him into deep slumber." This debate will at least avoid this mistake. It will scarcely put anybody to sleep, whatever else it may do.—*Newark Adv.*

THE CLINTON MONUMENT.—Messrs. MILLARD FILLMORE, LUTHER BRADISH and WILLIAM PARMELEE, a committee of the Trustees of the Clinton Monument Association, give notice that plans for the proposed Monument, accompanied with specifications of dimensions and materials, and estimates of expense, will be received by them until the 4th day of August next.

The Committee also inquire "where, and on what terms, suitable land can be obtained for the erection of the monument."

Communications giving such information in relation to the locality, along the central line of Internal Navigation and the shores of the Hudson, from Buffalo to New York, inclusive, are solicited. They may be sent to the Chairman at the city of New York.

The Rochester *Democrat* suggests that the summit of Mount Hope is the very best location for such a Monument. It is in full view for miles of the Erie Canal and Genesee Valley Canal, situated at their junction, 190 feet above their level, and about 500 feet above Lake Ontario. A Monument erected at this point would be visible for a great distance upon the Lake, and to a very large region of the surrounding country.

We are inclined to second the suggestion. Although we should be glad to have the monument of New York's immortal Son with us, yet we know of no place it would adorn so well, as the pinnacle of Mount Hope—no place so appropriate—so beautiful—so attractive, whereon to rest New York's memorial of gratitude to her great benefactor. Mount Hope is a wild, romantic spot—a fit resting place for the dead, where away amidst its shades and variegated scenery of hill and winding dale—its deep dells and swelling elevations, even the living find quietness, and its solitudes fill the soul with sublime emotions, as in their deep silence we hold communion with our own thoughts, with the sleeping dead around, and with God above.

The highest point of Mount Hope overlooks the surrounding country, for a long distance. It commands a view of a portion of the monument which has already been completed to CLINTON's memory, the Erie Canal—the City of Rochester, which has grown up on the fruit of this work. And we have no doubt but that the usual public spirit of our neighbors will be put forth in behalf of this State enterprize.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

FRONTIER POSTAL TROUBLES.—The Postmaster of Highgate, Vt., on the borders of Canada, advertises in the Montreal papers about two hundred letters which remain in consequence of the postage not being prepaid. The postage on each letter is stated, upon payment of which the letters will be forwarded.

"How is your wife to-day!" said a friend of ours to a French gentleman.

"Oh! moch de sem," said he; "she is no better; and I am 'fraid ver' little waas. If she is *gon* to die, I wish she would do it soon; I feel so unhapie; my mind is so much unset-tel. W'en she die, I shall not be so moche dissatisfied."

HAMILTON COLLEGE.—The Literary Anniversaries of this Institution will take place next week in the following order:

On Sunday evening, July 23d, an address will be delivered before the Society of Christian Research, by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher of Brooklyn.

On Monday evening, there will be Prize Declamations by members of the three lower classes.

On Tuesday afternoon (25th,) the Rev. Dr. Parker of Philadelphia, of the class of 1824, will deliver an oration before the Association of the Alumni, immediately after which the annual dinner of the Alumni will be discussed at the Clinton House. The memory of last year's meeting of the Alumni will no doubt attract great numbers of graduates to this celebration.

On Tuesday evening, the annual oration before the Literary Societies will be delivered by Dr. Thomas M. Foote, of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, and a Poem will be read by Wm H. C. Hosmer, Esq. of Avon.

On Wednesday (26th,) the usual Commencemencement Exercises will be held.

The class of 1838 will remember that 10 years have elapsed since they bade adieu to their Alma Mater.—*Utica Gazette.*

PROF. HENRY.—The *Journal of Commerce* relates the following:

We are reminded in this connection of an anecdote related to us by one of the most eminent counsellors in this State, while it illustrates our remarks pays a very just compliment to the learning of Prof. Henry. It is known to scientific men that the field of this gentleman's most extensive and important investigations and discoveries, has been Electricity. In the course of a trial of a cause in the city of Albany, said Judge ———, I was employed by the defence, and called on Prof. Henry, then in the Albany Academy, to give the court and jury some information in regard to the variations of the magnetic needle. I was surprised and interested at the clear, dignified and forcible character of his testimony, and the readiness with which he explained the most difficult points. So much was I interested, that I made my notes of his testimony very full and after the conclusion of the cause, I filed them away with the papers.

Many years later I was employed in a cause in Albany Co., which originated in the variation of the landmarks from those laid down in the old deeds. Six country surveyors had been employed to run the lines, and none could hit the old marks. We examined them all, day after day, and could reach no result. It occurred to me to open the testimony of Prof. Henry, which I had forgotten for years. I took it into Court with me, and selecting the most intelligent of the surveyors, I asked him a series of questions framed on that testimony. His replies were satisfactory. I then requested him to take a pencil, and giving him certain data from my notes, I requested him to calculate what his line would have been under such and such circumstances, variations, &c. He spent a long time in the calculations, but the result was to confirm the old deeds. All were astonished but myself.

A better illustration of the utility of many studies and discoveries which appear at first to be useless, could not be asked.

Western orators have said a great many smart things, but it was a homesick Irishman who said: "Sir, I was born at a very early period of life, and if ever I live till the day of my death, and the Lord only knows whether I will or not, my soul shall see sweat Ireland before it leaves Ameriky."

For the Western Literary Messenger.

To the Bereaved.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. F. OF CHERRY VALLEY.

Though daily by examples shown,
The end of all beneath the sky,
Still, the fond heart is loath to own,
That these we love must also die.

And ne'er from tales of other's woe,
And never from the stranger's urn,
But only from bereavement's blow,
The depth of mourner's grief we learn.

Who, then, can tell, save those who feel,
A mother's anguish for the dead?
Would that my words had power to heal
A heart that hath so lately bled.

Bethink thee—may not He recall
In kindness, what His bounty lent?
For e'en our best beloved may fall
Beneath a shaft in mercy sent.

Sweet is the sleep of those who lie
Where mortal ills intrude no more;
And blessed are the dead that die,
Ere life's unclouded morn is o'er;

Ere sorrow bows, or guile assails
The heart yet buoyant, pure and young,
Or blighted love its woe bewails,
Or broken ties that heart hath wrung.

No broken ties, no bitter tears,
Await the child whose loss *you* mourn;
No thickening griefs of lengthen'd years—
That weary load which we have borne.

Why should we wish *her* doom'd to tread
The thorny path that we have trod?
Better, ere youth's bright dreams have fled,
"To sleep in Death, and be with God."

BUFFALO, July 26th.

Progress of Liberal Institutions in British North America.

From the Journal of Commerce.

The North American Review expresses its belief that the day is at hand for a final and complete separation from the mother country, of the British Continental possessions in North America. That the development of liberal principles in the provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, has been astonishingly rapid, is evinced by the establishment in power of the party that represents them, and by the predominance of all the measures for which it contended previously to its assumption of office, as the law of the land. But the very comprehensiveness of the changes introduced into the system of colonial government, and the readiness, almost amounting to anticipation, with which concessions are made to colonial demands, have so effectually redressed all real grievances and left so few personal disabilities existing that there scarcely remains a basis for dissatisfaction or discontent. And in view of the vast substantial benefits which are constantly accruing to the Colonies, especially in the province of Canada, from British sagacity, enterprise and capital, there seems no motive for disruption, but every inducement of interest to strengthen the tie that secures to them a participation in the resources of the British Empire. Even the writer above referred to, somewhat inconsistently with his anticipations of Canadian independence, says, in allusion to the relinquishment by the British government of control over the commerce of the Colonies, to the impending abolition of the imperial custom houses and the withdrawal of revenue officers—it is fortunate for us that such concessions were not offered to the Whigs of our Revolution, or they and their descendants would have remained British subjects down to the present day.

But the appetite for freedom is only stimulated by the enjoyment of its sweets; and we should not be surprised, if, having secured what is termed responsible government—to wit, a ministry representing the predominant public feeling of the province—and, further, the exclusion of natives of England from holding any other office in the Colony than that of Governor—the men of Canada should ultimately insist on a practical recognition of their right to participate in all the employments of the British Empire, on the appointment of a Governor born in the Colony, and on a representation in the Imperial Parliament, as the alternative of their independence. Even now the most popular writers on political topics constantly present to public view the contrast between the rights and liberties enjoyed in the United States, and the restrictions imposed upon the Colonists—a practice which only a few years since, the public sentiment of the British provinces refused to tolerate.

A brief exposition of the course of public events in Canada, Nova Scotia ond New Brunswick, during the last three years, will serve to show the rapid development of liberal ideas. The attempt of Lord Elgin, on his arrival at Montreal last year, to conciliate the Liberals, by offering them an equal representation in a coalition ministry having failed, that party continued to offer a strenuous opposition in the Assembly, and renewed an agitation in the country which resulted in a complete triumph at the hustings early in 1848, the Liberals having returned a majority of thirty-four in a House of eighty-four members. The most prominent of these are men who, during Lord Durham's prefecture, were imprisoned, or banished, or declared traitors and outlaws, with a price set upon their heads, for participation in the rebellion of 1837; and some of this proscribed class occupy seats in the cabinet of the Governor General.—Yet the Assembly is conspicuous above all its predecessors for the talents, political experience and wealth of its members, and the country is prosperous under an enlightened rule.

At the close of Lord Falkland's unfortunate administration of the government of Nova Scotia, in the summer of 1846, Sir John Harvey was transferred from Newfoundland to that province; and much was anticipated from his moderation, coolness and sagacity—evinced while Governor of New Brunswick, in the negotiation respecting the Northeastern boundary of the United States, the satisfactory settlement of which he was greatly instrumental in producing—when the same qualities should be applied to reconciling and healing the differences and personal enmities that prevailed in Nova Scotia. He pursued the same course subsequently adopted by Lord Elgin in Canada, and with a like unsuccessful result. The Liberals refused to overcome their personal and political repugnances so far as to unite in council with the Conservatives, preferring an appeal to the country at a general election. Their course was approved by the Colonial Secretary at Home, who instructed the Governor to take no further steps towards a reconstruction of his cabinet, till a decision should be pronounced by the people at the hustings. The sense of the country was thus taken in the summer of 1847, and the Conservatives were signally defeated. Soon after the meeting of the new Assembly in January last, the Governor's Council resigned their offices, and the Liberals formed a ministry of their own leaders, and occupied all the great places of profit and

trust. Thus for the first time was responsible government practically established in the province of Nova Scotia.

The first outbreak of discontent in New Brunswick occurred in December, 1844, in consequence of the appointment by Sir Wm. Colebrooke, the successor of Sir John Harvey, of his son-in-law Mr. Reade, to the office vacated by the death of the Provincial Secretary. A portion of the Governor's Council, disapproving of the appointment, not for want of ability on the part of the new incumbent, but for the sole disqualification of his being a native of Great Britain, and not a permanent resident of New Brunswick, resigned. Lord Stanley, the then Colonial Secretary, sanctioned the principle thus avowed, by instructing the Governor to give the Secretaryship to a Colonist, and to recall the members who had resigned their seats in the Council. And this decision is held to have established the principle in this particular, on which the colonial governments are to be administered. But the formal adoption of the system of responsible government in this province, was resolved on early in the present year, by a deliberate act of the Assembly after a discussion of two days. The proceedings excited a very general interest, and the resolution passed by a large majority. This plan of administration, therefore, is now in operation in each of the three Colonies.

Interior of Africa.

This is almost as yet a *terra incognita*. We know Europe pretty thoroughly. Asia has been traversed all its length by civilized travelers.—With the geography of America, we may call ourselves familiar. But how little do we know of the vast continent which lies wholly within the topics, and of which the greater part seems shut up as effectually against the advance of civilization as if it were upon another planet! Indeed the "Mountains of the Moon" would be subject to more accurate observation were they situated upon the satellite from which they derive their name.—The efforts of civilized travelers have been for centuries directed to the recess of this continent, yet four fifths of it is blank upon our maps. Its whole centre is one broad unexplored region, and the information obtained by recent travelers is of the most aggravating kind, showing us mines of wealth which it is impossible to work.

Before giving the result of these discoveries, let us look on Africa as described, and it may be familiar to most of our readers. Egypt, an old worn-out country, in its antiquities one of the most interesting places on the continent, occupies a small portion of its northeast border. The river Nile has been explored to its sources by Bruce and other travellers, who have given us some curious facts. The Barbary States occupy the northern portion bordering on the Mediterranean. South of this, and stretching from the Nile to the Atlantic, is the Great Desert of Sahara. Along the whole western coast are small establishments or factories for trade in slaves, gold dust, ivory, palm oil, and other vegetable productions. This trade has been nearly monopolized by the English until lately, but now American enterprise has taken a large portion of it out of their hands. On this coast are the settlements of Sierra Leone and Liberia, established as colonies of emancipated slaves, but both, we have reason to believe, are in a wretched condition. The English possessions are at the Cape of Good Hope. On the eastern shore there are a number of independent sovereignties, which carry on a limited trade.

Quite recently the English have made a settlement at Aden, near the mouth of the Red Sea.—Having once obtained a foothold, they, English like, began to push about them, and one of their first discoveries was a river where none was marked upon any chart, and upon this they steamed 300 miles without finding the least obstruction.—Having now passed round this continent, let us look up in the interior. For half a century the English government have been expending lives and treasure in a partial exploration. They have found that this whole tract of country is one of amazing fertility and beauty, abounding in gold and all sorts of tropical vegetation.

There are hundreds of woods, invaluable for dying and architectural purposes, not found in other portions of the world. Through it for thousands of miles sweeps a river, from three to six miles broad, with clear water, and of unsurpassed depth, flowing on at the rate of two or three miles an hour, without rock, shoal, or snag, to interrupt its navigation. Other rivers pour into this tributary waters of such volume as must have required hundreds of miles to be collected, yet they seem scarcely to enlarge it. This river pours its waters into the Atlantic, through the most magnificent delta in the world, consisting, perhaps, of a hundred mouths, extending probably 500 miles along the coast, and mostly broad, deep and navigable for steamboats. Upon this river are scattered cities, some of which are estimated to contain a million of inhabitants, and the whole country teems with a dense population.

Far in the interior, in the very heart of the continent, is a nation in an advanced state of civilization. The grandeur and beauty of portions of the country through which the Niger makes its sweeping circuit, are indescribable. In many places its banks rise boldly a thousand feet, thickly covered with the richest vegetation of tropical climes. But all this vast and sublime country—this scene of rich fertility and romantic beauty—is apparently shut out for ever from the world. It is the negro's sole possession. He need not fear the incursions of the white man there—for over this whole lovely country moves one dread malady, and to the white man it is the "valley of the shadow of death." In expedition after expedition, sent out from the English ports, on the island of Ascension, not one man in the ten has returned alive; all have fallen victims to this seemingly beautiful, but awful country. It seems impossible for an Englishman to breath that air. So dreadful is it—so small the chance of life, that criminals in England have been offered pardon on condition of volunteering in this service, more terrible than that of gathering the poison from the fabled Upas. This country, tempting as it is, can only be penetrated at the risk of life; and it is melancholy to think that those who have given us even the meagre information that we have, do so at the sacrifice of their lives.—*Simmond's Colonial Magazine.*

Dr. Channing on the Postoffice.—The following is extracted from the recently published life of William Ellery Channing:

We have not yet exhausted the question, how government may best strengthen and perpetuate our Union. There is one of its establishments which, in this point of view, we highly value, and which we fear is not sufficiently prized for the benefit it confers. We refer to the Postoffice. The facilities which this institution affords to the government for communication with all parts of the country, are probably regarded by many as the most important national service which it renders. But it does incomparably more for us as a community. It does much towards making us one, by admitting free communication between distant parts of the country, which no other chan-

nel of intercourse could bring together. It binds the whole country in a chain of sympathies, and makes it in truth one great neighborhood. It promotes a kind of society, between the seashore and the mountains. It perpetuates friends between those who are never to meet again. It binds the family in the new settlement and the half-cleared forest to the cultivated spot from which it emigrated. It facilitates, beyond calculation, commercial connexions, and the interchange of products. On this account, we always grieve to see a statement of the revenue accruing to government from the Postoffice.

It ought not to yield a cent to the treasury. It should simply support itself. Such importance do we attach to the freest communication between all parts of the country, so much do we desire that the poor, as well as rich, may enjoy the means of intercourse, that we would sooner have the Postoffice a tax on the revenue, than one of its resources.

The Departments of France.

From the Journal of Commerce.

Respect for property, ambition to acquire a corn-field or a vineyard, to extend its limits and to transmit it by inheritance, are the moving influences that control the population of the French provinces. The minute subdivision of territory, the practical equality of condition among its numerous proprietors, the personal interest at stake in the security of property and in the common prosperity, peculiarly qualify the peasantry of France for republican institutions. Hence it is no matter of surprise, that on the successful accomplishment of the Revolution of February, the Departments received with joy the proclamation of a Republic, in the confidence that institutions framed to secure an equality of rights, would bring relief from existing burdensome charges and painful restraints. Under the King, France had been oppressed with taxation. The Provisional Government that succeeded, promised a frugal expenditure, now that the people were no longer burdened with the costly splendor of a monarchy. No doubt these assurances were made in good faith; for till experience of the operation of the *ateliers nationaux*, no one could have foreseen what boundless treasures would be absorbed in the support of that unruly population, whose temporary maintenance was a condition of the government's existence. It gave the government being, and during the infancy of its progeny it had the power as well as the will to visit disobedience with death. Of the needy population of Paris, part were provided for in the national workshops, the rest were attached to the standing army under the name of *gardes mobiles*. The establishment of the *ateliers nationaux* was the first step towards the practical development of communism, which was professed by at least one of the members of the Provisional Government, and was contended for by all the needy whose wants it promised to supply. But beyond the limits of Paris, with a partial exception perhaps in some of the larger cities and towns, where a like miserable population is influenced by the same predial instincts, the doctrine was regarded with horror. The declaration that the possession of landed property by individuals is a spoliation of the republic, was a direct attack on the self-interest of the French peasant.

The inndustrians propagation of this theory by emissaries from the capital, alarmed him for the security of his property. He had already felt the influence of its practical recognition at Paris, in decrees of the government, first demanding the payment in advance of a portion of the tax for the ensuing year, and then imposing an additioual tax of 45 per cent. rendered necessary by the odious experiment of providing for the unemployed. The urgency of the crisis, and the conviction that the burden was only temporary, produced a reluctant and partial assent to these demands for resources from a country already drained. The elections were at hand, and the period was approaching when the direction of affairs would be confided to the representatives of the whole country; and the result justified the confidence felt in the soundness of public sentiment. The country had accepted a republic, but a republic of peace and order, based upon moderate principles; and, in spite of the most indefatigable efforts on the part of an active minority of the Provisional Government and of the clubs of Paris, to disseminate the principles of ultrarepublicanism, a National Assembly elected by universal suffrage on its broadest basis contained an overwhelming majority of men of moderate principles—the determined opponents of the violent and reckless republicans who so largely controlled the destinies of the nation. The consequence was, a series of measures tending to the repression of socialism and to the security of property. The communists and ultras resolved on a desperate effort to establish their supremacy; a conspiracy of the violent, discontented and needy broke out in Paris on the 15th of May, and for a few hours the government was overthrown, and the fate of the nation was suspended in a balance. The conspirators seized the telegraph, and in lying despatches to the provinces announced the success of the anarchists and their establishment in power. So great was the alarm excited in the departments, that before they could be made aware of the true state of the case, the National Guards from the remotest parts of France, were on their way to the capital, to re-establish the sovereignty of the Assembly.

The Assembly having secured its rightful escendancy, determined on the gradual abolition of the *ateliers nationaux*. A considerable proportion of them were strangers to Paris; and there it was proposed to disperse throughout France, in the districts to which they severally belonged. To those who remained, work was to be offered, for which they were to be paid, not by the day as heretofore, but by the piece, and at its market value. Nor were these to be permitted to dictate as heretofore, the species of labor in which they were to be engaged. Labor is the source of wealth only when appropriately and opportunely applied; and the representatives of the people properly determined to designate the employment of those who were to derive from the people the remuneration for their labor. Up to this time the workmen had been supported in idleness, and now they refused to accept the alternative of labor or starvation offered them by the Government. They resolved on revolution, and, combined with monarchists and men degraded by criminal conduct, they waged an unavailing war against the Government. For four days and nights the streets of Paris ran with blood. Many were the willing victims—martyrs of good order,—and finally the victory declared itself in favor of that holy cause. There was no time when the result was doubtful. Even if the anarchists had succeeded in achieving any considerable success, their triumph could have been but temporary. The whole of France was pouring in to the rescue of the government. A friend of ours who went from London to Paris with the knowledge that the difficulties were commencing and that some conflicts had taken place, writes: "At Boulogne the news seemed more decisive. A call had been made upon the Garde National there and at Calais. Many were answering to it, some with alacrity, some reluctantly: heads of families were leaving with small

prospects of ever returning. The young and old who were left behind, all were anxious—not a few agonized. I saw what I had never before seen in France, the external expression of inquietude by the rigid muscles on the brow."

The same writer says: "The Republic is now safe. The result of the four days is decisive.—There may be more difficulties, but they will be overcome. The Constitution will be calmly considered: minor differences will be yielded, and the desire will be to establish a form of government assimilated to the progressive capacity and genius of man."

Editorial Department.

J. CLEMENT, EDITOR.

Close of the Volume.

With this number closes the Tenth Volume of the Messenger, and the seventh year of its existence. The first four years it was printed in the quarto form and made one volume a year; the last three years it has been printed in the octavo form and has made two volumes a year. This explanation is intended for our later subscribers, who might not understand how there could be ten volumes in seven years.

The question has often been asked us, "When is Buffalo to have a monthly magazine?" We are now prepared to answer the question. By reference to the Prospectus on the last page, it will be seen that the Messenger is to be changed into such a periodical. The conclusion to make this alteration has not been arrived at hastily: for five years we have been looking forward to the period when Buffalo would demand such a work. And in our humble opinion—and in the opinion of older and wiser ones—the time has fully come.

Thus changed, our patrons will find the Messenger handier to read and *easier to preserve*. At the same time, as stated in the Prospectus, they will not find its character materially altered. It will contain, as heretofore, less fiction than solid reading; and what of the former is admitted, will be replete with healthy sentiment. In short the aim will be to publish nothing that is not worth preserving and re-perusing in future years. The news department will embrace *multum in parvo*, and be as valuable as any other portion of the work. The local department will contain every thing truly worthy of note that transpires, from month to month, in our thriving and noble city.

Let our readers be patient, and in four weeks they shall have a magazine which will delight their vision to scrutinize—fair to look upon, clean in proof, and pleasant and edifying to read.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.—Our thanks are due to the Hon. ANDREW STEWART of Pa. for congressional documents.

MR. J. E. ANNIN, late agent for the Messenger at Ann Arbor, Mich., and now residing at Detroit, will do well to make returns to us without delay.

DEATH OF JUDGE WILKESON.—We are grieved to record the death of SAMUEL WILKESON of this city, who died at Kingston, Roane Co., Tenn., on the 7th instant. The cause of his death was the bronchial erysipelas, a disease with which he had been afflicted for two years. At the time of his death he was on his way to visit a daughter, Mrs. Johnson, residing at Telaco Plains. He was within forty miles of the place, accompanied by another daughter, when death overtook him.

JUDGE WILKESON was one of the early settlers in this place, and witnessed the growth of Buffalo from a little village to a great city. In 1836 he was elected Mayor of the city. Strong in mind, energetic in spirit, and warm in heart, he has been for years one of our most active, efficient and useful citizens, and not only his relatives and the church of Christ, but the whole city, will lament his loss. His age was sixty-seven.

THE LITERARY WORLD, of which we have before had occasion to speak, is the most valuable work for publishers, booksellers and editors in the country. It is published by Osgood & Co. New-York, at $3 per annum.

SUBSCRIBERS wishing for back numbers of volumes nine and ten to complete their files, can be supplied with most of them, by addressing us a line *post paid*. Can any of them send us number *eight* of this volume?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications from H. W. Rockwell, Esq., "Florine" and others, are filed for insertion in the first number of the next volume.

THE HOME OF SHAKSPEARE, a beautifully illustrated little volume, has lately been published by WILLIAM BROTHERS, New-York, and is for sale at Peck's bookstore.

THE STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR occurs in this city on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of September.

THE ADVENTURES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT, is the name of a new and very agreeable work, which may be found at Hawks'.

SLAVE CASE AT DETROIT.—The Detroit Daily *Advertiser* of the 13th says that the jury in the case of *Giltner* vs. *Charles Gorham and others*, had not been able to agree, and were discharged. This was the celebrated trial brought up by some Kentuckians for indemnity for ten slaves whom the defendants had assisted to escape to Canada.

ARRIVALS AT SARATOGA.—Within the week ending the 14th inst., there were 883 arrivals at Saratoga.

THE FIRST PIG OF COPPER.—We were yesterday shown the first pig of copper manufactured in this State. It was smelted in Birmingham from ore brought from the Sault, and was of a rich appearance. How long will it be before we shall begin to announce the shipment from this State of cargoes of "the same sort."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Arrival of the Hibernia.

The steamer *Hibernia* arrived this morning at 6 o'clock. Sailed on the 8th from Liverpool.

MARKETS.—Corn 30a32s-6d. Meal 13s 3d a 13s 9d. Flour 27s 6d a 28s.

Wheat 6s 6d a 8s per bushel.

The revolution in France assumed a more promising aspect, the late insurrection having been completely quelled and tranquility restored. Gen. Cavaignac is the almost irresponsible Dictator of France. He seems to be zealously occupied in consolidating the government. The funds are rapidly improving and for the first time since the overthrow of monarchy, the hope is raised that France will secure for herself, after all her bloodsheds and sacrifices, an effective, just and moderate Executive.

Lamartine and Ledru Rollin are constantly watched. It is generally believed that Caussidiere was at the head of the late insurrection.

There are reports of a revolution in St. Petersburgh in which 300 lives were lost.

The Cholera is making fearful progress. Six new hospitals have been opened in Moscow.

Chateaubriand died on the 4th of July.

M. Carnot resigned.

Over 100,000 soldiers in Paris.

An armistice of three months concluded between Germany and Denmark.

Great excitement in Berlin. Arch Duke John appointed Lieut. General of the German Empire.

Charles Albert is inactive.

The Austrians have re-possessed themselves of nearly all the thirty-six Venetian provinces.

Rome is in a disturbed state.

Carlists rising in Spain.

Several convictions in Ireland for drilling.—Warrants issued against the publisher of the "Felon." Bill found against Devin Reilly for drilling.

Riot at Edinburgh. Resistance being made to amnesty tax.

Fire in Morrel district, Russia. Loss at 685,000 pounds. 3,000 houses burnt.

Lombardy and Piedmont are to be reunited.

The Pope had an epileptic attack.

Prague is still in trouble.

Naples is quiet.

SERCHOKKE died in Switzerland.

POTATO DISEASE.—The following extract in relation to the appearance of this disease at Utica, is taken from a letter just received from the Rev. C. E. Goodrich, who furnished a valuable article on the Potato Disease for the Vol. Transactions of the State Society, just published:

Yours, B. P. J.

AGRICULTURAL ROOMS, July 18.

"The grounds of that essay (on the Potato Disease) are now receiving unfortunate confirmation, in the gradual approach of the Potato Disease once more. Its first manifestations were seen on Friday last, (14th July,) since which time its progress has not been rapid. Unless the very unfavorable weather of the last two days should give it fresh impulse, I hope it will pass off without affecting the tubers."

THE LATE JUDGE WILKESON.—The gentleman who furnished us with the information in regard to Judge Wilkeson's death, yesterday morning, adds:

"He died on the banks of Tennessee River, in Cumberland mountains, the land of *hospitality*, where the name *stranger* is held a passport to every kindness. Many are the weeks that I have traversed those mountains, and I found an open door and a welcome home at every dwelling.—This is a land of plenty and of hospitality—*a stranger's home.* My correspondent, a distinguished citizen of Tennessee, for 40 years a neighbor of Andrew Jackson, was travelling across the mountains, tarried to follow the stranger to a stranger's grave, and wrote me immediately on his return to his lodgings, after performing the last act of duty and kindness."—*Jour. of Com.*

Mitchell, the Irish Agitator.

It will be seen by the following, says the *Journal of Commerce*, that the story of MITCHELL'S being harshly treated at Bermuda is entirely without foundation. It is an extract from a private letter, and dated—

ST. GEORGE, Bermuda, July 7th.

Mitchell is said to be in very ill health, and is not permitted by the Governor to be put on the public works, but has private cabins allotted to him on board the Medway. He is allowed his own servant, and I hear, treated in every respect like a gentleman.—T—— says he is a gentleman convict.

The following particulars of the voyage of the exile, and his arrival at Bermuda, were received by the *Great Western* at New Orleans. We copy from the *Picayune:*

The man-of-war steamer Scourge having received an admiralty order to that effect, proceeded to Spike Island, in the Cove of Cork, and after taking on board John Mitchell, sailed on the first of June for the Island of Bermuda, where she relieved the Daring, Capt. Peel, which has been for a long time on that station. The Scourge arrived at Bermuda, on the 20th of June, and our informant saw Mitchell on the 22d. Mitchell had been treated during the passage in every respect as a gentleman, dined with the captain of the ship, and was treated as a guest, by the express order of the Admiralty Board. He had the entire range of the quarter-deck during the passage, but a sergeant of marines always accompanied him. The day after he arrived he was sent on shore, and soon afterwards conveyed on board the convict hulk Medway, which lies near Ireland Island, in the harbor of Bermuda. Mitchell was not dressed as a convict, but wore the usual apparel of a gentleman. He appeared sad and low spirited, and looked pale and haggard. It was the impression among the officers at Bermuda, that a private room would be fitted for him on board the hulk, and that he would not have to labor.

A STRANGE BIRD.—The Philadelphia North American contains the following notice of a strange bird recently captured, and brought to that port:

AT SEA, July 14, 1848.

A beautiful, large bird, and graceful in its movements, of the Pelican species, was seen hovering around the schooner Telegraph, Captain Tooker, four days out from New York, in lat. 39 deg. 25 min., lon. 75 deg. 7 min. West, on the afternoon of this day. It was observed by those on board, from its motions, to be greatly fatigued, from being long on the wing, and showed a manifest disposition to alight on some part of the rigging.—On eyeing it closely with the glass, a label, suspended by a string, was seen appended to its neck, which the bird was vainly endeavoring to remove.

After hovering perhaps for half an hour or more, it settled upon the main-mast head, where it was captured, (after making a considerable show of resistance, and picking viciously at him) by Mr. Dickinson, the 1st officer, who at no little personal risk and danger to himself, succeeded in bringing it to the deck.

On examining the label, which was of leather, and shaped in the form of a heart, the following was observen written upon it:

"W. W. BRYON, 2d Master, ship Delia Walker, July 12, 1848."

This bird, as before observed, is of the pelican

race, very beautiful in its plumage and symmetry, its color a dark brown; the feathers around its neck formed in a ring of a deeper shade of that color; the under part of the wings of a snow white; bill long and thick; measures five feet and upward across the wings, and largely web-footed. It has thus far steadily refused all offers of water or food of any kind; it attacks violently any one who attempts to approach it.

Chain and Anchor Camels.—Some very interesting experiments were made on Thursday last, at the Navy Yard, in testing this new invention of Capt. G. W. Taylor.

It is a contrivance for floating out anchors and chains, by the use of air-bags made of india-rubber, instead of carrying them in boats, as is the present practice, to the imminent danger of the lives of the boats' crews. The chain, as it passes the hawser-hole, is attached to air-bags of cylindrical form, 12 inches in diameter, and 20 feet long, which are connected together by brass coupling screws. The size used for the experiments, was calculated for a sloop-of-war's chain, but was found fully adequate to float the chain of a frigate, and when fully distended with air, even the cable of a ship-of-the-line. It showed about one-quarter of its bulk above water, and looking, a short distance off, like a sea-serpent, as the waves gave it an undulating motion.

The anchor is suspended in a similar manner, by a bag of larger dimensions, and globular form, which is also to be connected with those which sustain the chain. After the anchor and the desirable length of cable is thus floated, they are towed off in the direction in which they are wanted to lay, and at a given signal the air is exhausted from all the bags at once, and the anchor and chain of course go to the bottom, with the bags attached, (having sufficient air retained to float them clear of the bottom) and they can be raised again by inflating the camels. Forty-five fathom of cable were floated in the manner described—the spectators being fully satisfied of the practicability of the plan, the experiment was discontinued. In the afternoon, experiments were continued by floating an anchor weighing upwards of 9,000 pounds, which it was ascertained could be towed against wind and tide by a four-oared boat.

This method of managing chains and anchors, it is supposed, will be of great advantage, when a vessel is on a lee shore, and it is necessary to carry them to windward, in a heavy sea, as it is very dangerous, if not impossible, in such cases, to carry them out in boats.

It is estimated that 30 sections of the chain camel (100 fathom) will be sufficient for any ship, and can be stowed away in 260 gallon casks; and that with a proper apparatus in a case of emergency, they could be inflated in half an hour.—The experiments were witnessed by Commodores Downes and Parker, and many other naval officers and nautical men, and were considered as quite satisfactory.

These air-bags or camels can be usefully employed in many other cases. They can be formed into a raft sufficiently buoyant to support and save a whole ship's company. They can be attached to the sides of boats when sent on dangerous service, and thereby render them perfect life-boats. Some of these bags are encompassed by wooden hoops, so that they will inflate themselves upon being stretched out, which can be done in a moment's time. Recently two officers of the U. S. belonging to the Iris and Vixen, of the Gulf Squadron, Lieutenants Harris and Pinckney, were lost in the surf on the bar of one of the Mexican ports, when if they had been furnished with these contrivances, they might have avoided the fatal catastrophe, as it need not be five minutes' wore to inflate and attach them to the sides of the boats. These camels can also be used to float cannon and other heavy articles ashore, and also to obtain water from shore, in certain cases of difficulty, and probably for many other useful purposes.—*Bunker Hill Aurora.*

A New "Voice in the Wilderness."—On Sabbath last, for the first time in Madison, the hour of church service was announced by the ringing of a bell! This much needed article, after great delay, finally reached town on Friday noon, and was speedily elevated to its place in the First Congregational Church. The bell is a splendid one, of fine tone, weighing 760 pounds, and with the accompanying frame, &c., 1300 pounds, and is from the foundry of Andrew Meneeley, West Troy, N. Y.—*Madison, (Wis.) Argus.*

Good Sense is as different from Genius as perception is from invention; yet, though distinct qualities, they frequently exist together. It is altogether opposite to wit, but by no means inconsistent with it. It is not science, for there is such a thing as unlettered good sense; yet, though it is neither wit, learning, nor genius, it is a substitute for each where they do not exist, and the perfection of all where they do.—*Hannah Moore.*

Barberous——Mustachios.—The Adjutant General of the Army of the U. States, has published a General Order, prohibiting the Officers, except of the Cavalry, from disfiguring their faces with mustachios, imperials, or whiskers descending below the ear! This is well. The Dandy officers have become too "hideous" to be longer tolerated in this "*costume de la barbe.*"

Death of Hon. Wm. L. Brent.—A letter from New Orleans, dated the 8th instant, states that the Hon. Wm. L. Brent (formerly a member of Congress from Lousiana) died suddenly at St: Martinsville, La., of apoplexy. He had just got into his carriage when he was taken, and died immediately. Subsequent to his retiring from Congress, Mr. Brent, for many years, was a prominent member of the bar in Washington city; and under his auspices there his son, Robert J Brent, Esq., of the Baltimore bar, embraced the profession. Mr. Brent's late residence in Louisiana has been for about five years.

Mr. Hale and the Buffalo Convenlion,—Many inquiries have been made respecting the views of Mr. Hale in relation to the Buffalo Convention. We are authorized to state that, personally, he would be pleased to see such a state of things as would justify him in the opinion of his friends in withdrawing his name from the canvass, but he will not do so without the concurrence of his friends in the measure. He is anxious that Liberty men should attend the Buffalo meeting, if their judgment dictate such a step, and aid, by their counsel and presence, to such a course as shall unite on a proper basis all the opponents of Slavery and Slavery Extension.—*National Era.*

We have a report that the blacks, on the Island of St. Croix, have revolutionized and been successful in overthrowing the government at that Island. Upon the receipt of this information at St. Thomas on the 4th of July, the Governor declared the blacks all free, thereby preventing an outbreak. He despatched a steamer from St. Johns to quell any attempt at insurrection.

NONSUITING A CREDITOR.—There was a certain lawyer on the Cape a long time ago, the only one in those "diggins," then, and for aught I know, at present. He was a man well to do in the world and what was somewhat surprising in the limb of the law, averse to encouraging litigation.

One day a client came to him in a violent rage. "Look-a here, Squire," said he, "that 'ere blasted shoemaker down to Pigeon Cove has gone and sued me for the money for a pair of boots I owed him." "Did the boots suit you?" "Oh! yes—I've got 'em on—fust rate boots." "Fair price?" "Oh! yes." "Then you owe him the money honestly." "'Course." "Well, why don't you pay him?" "Why, 'cause the blasted snob went and sued me, and I want to keep him out of the money if I kin." It will cost you something." "I don't keer a cuss for that. How much money do you want to begin with?" "Oh, ten dollars will do." "Is that all. Well here's an X, so go ahead," and the client went away very well satisfied with the beginning.

Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker and asked him what he meant by commencing legal proceedings against M———, "Why," said he "I kept on sendin' to him for money till I got tired. I knowed he was able to pay—and I was 'termined to make him. That's the long and short of it." "Well," said the lawyer—"he has been a good customer to you, and I think you acted too hastily. There's a trifle to pay on account of your proceedings—but I think you had better take this five dollars, and call it all square." "Certain—Squire—if you say so—and glad to get it," was the answer. So the lawyer gave one V and kept the other. In a few days the client came along asked him how he got on with the case. "Rapidly!" cried the lawyer, "we've non suited him! he'll never trouble you." "Jerusalem! that's great!"

Price Current—July 26, 1848.

Flour, bbl	$4 25	Turkeys	75
Pork, bbl	$10	Chickens, each	12½
Do slaugh. cwt	$5 00	Ducks, each	16
Beef, cwt	$4 50@5 00	Clover seed, bu	$3 50
Butter, lb	10½@12½	Timothy seed, bu	$2 00
Lard, lb	6½@7	Flax seed, bu	$1 06
Cheese, lb	5@8	Whitefish, bbl	$7 25
Hams, lb	5@5½	Codfish, cwt	—
Shoulders, lb	3@3½	Potatoes, bu	62½
Corn meal, cwt	$1 00	Salt, bbl	$1 20
Wheat, bu	73@77	Apples, bu	—
Corn, bu	39@40	Dried apples, bu	87½
Oats, bu	33½	Onions, bu	$1
Slaughter hides, lb	3½	Eggs, doz	11
Dry hides, lb	7½@9	Saleratus, lb	6½
Calf, lb	6½	Soap, lb	4@5
Sheep, slaughtered, lb	35@75	Whiskey, gall	18
Lamb, slaughtered, lb	18½	Highwines, gall	19½
Hard wood, cord	$3 00	Lead, cwt	$4 00
Hemlock, cord	$2 00	Beans, bu	$1
Bit. (O.) coal, ton	$5 50	Wool, lb	20@30
Blossburgh, ton	—	Hay, ton	$9@10 00

QUOTATION OF UNCURRENT FUNDS.

Canada West.	℘ ct. dis. 2	Baltimore	℘ ct. dis. 1
Canada East	2	Philadelphia	1
Ohio	1	New Orleans	3
Indiana	1@1½	Missouri	2
Kentucky	1@1½	Virginia	2
Pennsylvania	½ to 1	Michigan State Bank	1@1½
Relief notes	2	F. & M. Bank, Detroit	1@1½
Pittsburgh Scrip	20	Mich. Ins. Company	1@1½
Alleghany Scrip	20	Wis. F. & M. Ins. Co.	1@1½
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MARRIED.

On the 20th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Thomas, Mr. JOHN R. DENIO, and Miss CAROLINE COAN, both of this city.

DIED.

At Kingston, Tennessee, on the 7th instant, the Hon. SAMUEL WILKESON, of this city, aged 67 years.

In Hamburgh, on the 15th instant, Mrs. MARY ANN, wife of Capt. John R. Brady, aged 31 years.

At Williamsville, on the 21st instant, HIRAM FRANKLIN, son of V. D. and Eliza Ford, of this city, aged 1 year, 5 months and 10 days.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

Western Literary Messenger.

VOLUME ELEVEN.

The time has come when Buffalo, with a population of forty-five thousand inhabitants, is able to support a MONTHLY MAGAZINE; consequently, on the first of September, the Messenger will be merged into such a periodical, and be issued promptly on the first of each month.—It will be printed on new type and beautiful white paper, the pages to remain the present size, and their number to be the same as the Columbian Magazine and the three dollar periodicals generally. The pages, however, will be set in solid matter, and thus afford, at least one fifth more reading on an equal space, than is ordinarily found in magazines, making the Messenger, with the terms unaltered, the cheapest monthly magazine of which we have any knowledge.

The features of the publication will not be materially altered, except that the monthly summary of news, foreign, domestic and local, will all be carefully sifted by the editor, re-written and condensed; and such incidents mainly, will be recorded, as will be embraced in the future history of our city, the country and the world. The literary department will be composed of the choicest selected miscellany and original articles on the greatest variety of subjects—such as will tend to instruct as well as amuse.—The publication of the lectures before the Young Men's Association, we are happy to say, will be continued, probably one a month. These are the most useful reading we can give, and the fact that our country subscribers are pleased with them, speaks well for their taste and mental cultivation.

Mr. J. CLEMENT, to whose energy and ability the Messenger owes, in a great measure, its wide circulation and high reputation, will remain the Editor.

Will our present subscribers, and all persons friendly to the work, aid in extending its circulation. Old subscribers who have had it in clubs heretofore, can receive it another year at the same rate, allowing the money in forwarded strictly in advance.

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Buffalo, April 20, 1847. F. W. BREED.

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